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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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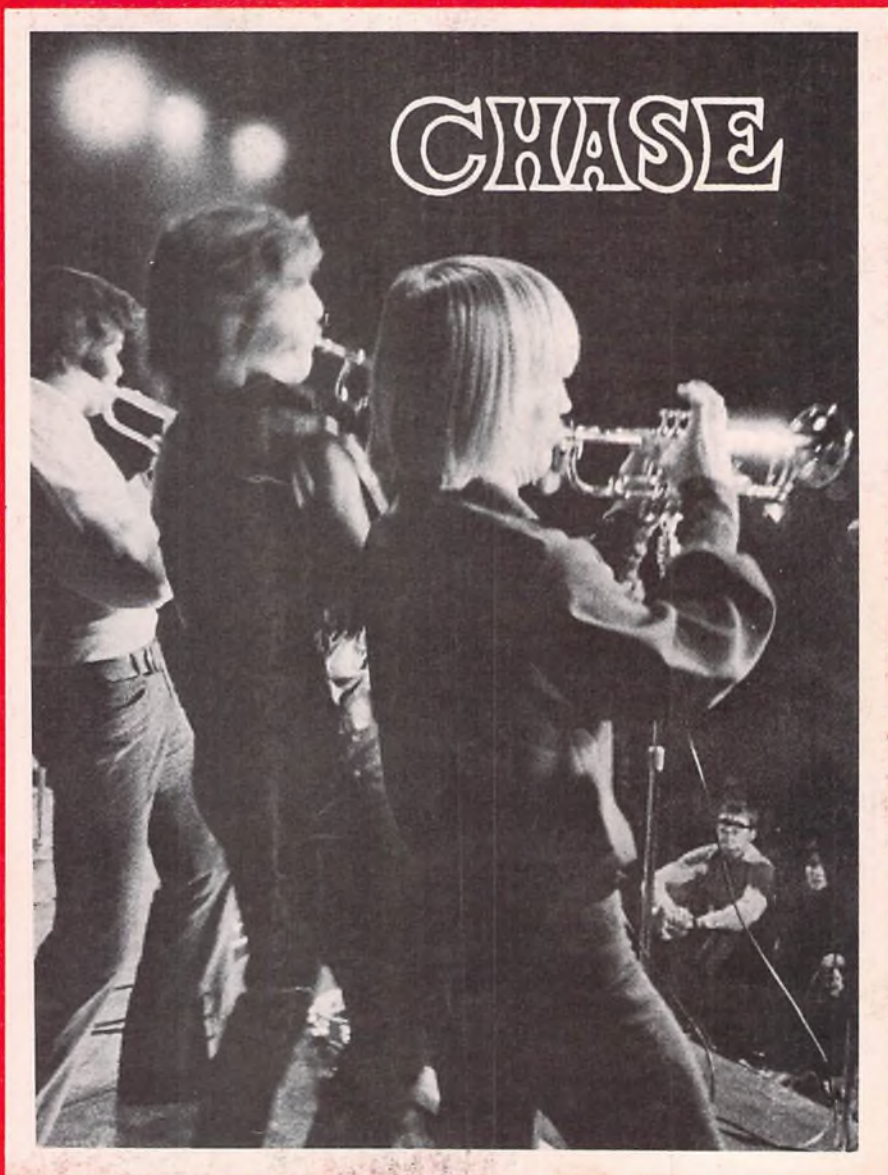
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

"DON'T TAKE THE GENERATION gap seriously unless you can make money from it. Suckers come in all ages." "Don't take your sense of reality from the communications media or you will be paralyzed and your head stuffed with trash that is utterly arbitrary. There is the actual and there is the representation. They have almost nothing in common, except insofar as people begin to act according to what they hear, but they can almost never pull it off properly."

These words by Thomas Berger (*Vital Parts*, Signet, 1970) are applicable to several areas of current music activity, particularly if you subscribe to the notion that music is a reflection of society.

Look at the "generation gap" for example. It is a handy-dandy tool for anyone



—young, middle-aged, old—to cop out with when they can't (or will not) hear a cry for help and understanding. And, most certainly, the marketers become not only the chief apologists for the words but the main prop for the advertisements, the surveys, and the products "designed" for the "youth market" or the "now generation market" or the "geriatric market".

For there sure is money to be made from it. There are all those posters, pot kits, underground comic books (sometimes called newspapers), records, clothes, FULLY ILLUSTRATED sets of the *Kama Sutra* to sell to the "affluent youth of today". *Playboy* is the quintessence of the whole thing. Not just Hefner's sneak-a-peek puerility but his fashion editors' advice on "how you men can express yourselves as creative individuals. We suggest this daring, mauve corduroy jacket with matching tam." And the underground schticks look wistfully at the neuter-ground slicks and go on to glamorize the rock-dope-lib trinity for all it is worth.

The world of rock culture is dead if it ever did live. The hippy-dippy rock musician is fulfilling his own forecast of self-destruction. The image remains—like something vivid that remains on your retina when the lights go out—because too many people can't afford to let it die. The music trade papers, not long ago, carried on page one a plea from the president of Capitol records for the record industry to unite and not allow rock festivals to die. How sad, really, that he and so many others didn't notice the sure, inevitable signs of rigor mortis. But those signs are becoming obvious in a way that the hucksters can recognize. The record dealers and rack jobbers are glutted with unsaleable product. Many rock groups are playing dates for three low figures. A lot of groups have broken up. In short, the reality is: business is lousy. It's almost funny to listen to the mod-rock businessman despair of "what those kids are doing to me. I tell you, they don't know what they want."

Well, Sam, you never knew what "they" wanted. You just knew what you wanted from them. Money. Put your dough into hula hoops—"a recent survey proves" that a whole new generation needs them. [E.S.]

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Poll Positions

Protest!

Up until this year, the Hall of Fame category of the Readers Poll has served as a vehicle to acknowledge—even, in some cases, late—truly deserving, outstanding jazz artists for their contributions to jazz. For 34 years, there have been intelligent *down beat* readers filling out their ballots.

The victory by Jimi Hendrix, even posthumously, is not a travesty, but a disgrace, to the significance and intent of the Hall of Fame category. Going one step further, I would urge that, if at all possible, a correction be made which would eliminate Hendrix as a candidate because he does not qualify. In the Readers Poll Instructions, it specifically states, "Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz."

The key word to the above is "jazz." I contend that those who voted for Hendrix (and Janis Joplin, for that matter) could not have read the instructions. Hendrix clearly did not make a "great contribution to jazz!"

Veryl Oakland

Carmichael, Cal.

As one of the people who voted for him, I somewhat resent your insinuation that Jimi Hendrix's victory in the Hall of Fame in the Reader's Poll was undeserved. I agree that it is unfortunate that a lot of your readers do not know how to follow instructions about not voting for previous winners, but I wonder why you haven't indicated the extensiveness of this kind of wasted voting in the past. . . .

That Hendrix did win is an indication that many of your other readers agreed with me that he made important contributions to jazz which have not been fully recognized by many critics and members of the general public who were content to categorize him as simply a pop musician. . . .

Alexander Belinfante

Oshkosh, Wis.

Jimi Hendrix in *down beat*'s Hall Of Fame is most disgusting and degrading! Anyway, it proves no one on the *down beat* staff tampers with the votes.

Pamillia S. Teeters

Indianapolis, Ind.

Words For Joe Alexander

The longer one is involved with jazz and jazz musicians the less surprised one is by the names that appear in *down beat*'s Final Bar. However, I was more than a little shocked when I checked out the Dec. 10 issue and saw that Joe Alexander had passed.

My mind immediately recalled the night

in the spring of 1966 when Elvin Jones came to the Jazz Workshop in Boston with a quartet that included Joe. After hearing him that evening I was convinced that there was nobody west of Copenhagen playing that good a tenor sax. Subsequent listening during the remainder of the week merely reinforced that opinion. I had a chance to chat with him and I asked him in a roundabout way why he had never gotten into the New York jazz scene. His answer: a steady gig in Cleveland that lasted four and a half years, about two blocks from his home. Such are the reasons why the general public never hears some musicians.

I didn't have the opportunity to hear Joe during the period he was with Woody Herman but I'll bet he was good. As an addenda to the previous obit, Joe did record an album under his own name. It is *Blue Jubilee* (Jazzland LP 23) now out of print but well worth looking for. Joe didn't care for the album because of the lack of preparation for the date. In all truth, his playing on the LP is not his best, but on *Teri's Blues* he shows what he could do when right.

I wonder how many others, like Joe Alexander, are great players rarely heard? Probably too many. And they won't even be remembered in Final Bar.

Bob Porter
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P.S.: The Tadd Dameron album on which Alexander can be heard will soon be reissued as Prestige 7842.



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Rahsaan Roland Kirk was feted by his home town, Columbus, Ohio on Dec. 10.

Mayor M. E. Sensenbrenner proclaimed "Roland Kirk Day" and honored the musician as "a talented Columbus son" at a press conference at the Agora Club, which was the scene of an evening concert featuring Kirk's group and the Ohio State Jazz Ensemble led by Thomas Bettenberg. It was the first jazz event booked by the club.

Earlier in the day, Kirk gave a free lecture on jazz on the campus of Ohio State.

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH, JAZZ WRITER, IS DEAD

Pioneer jazz writer Charles Edward Smith, 64, died Dec. 16 in Knickerbocker Hospital in New York City. He had been in ill health for many years.

Along with Roger Pryor Dodge and the late Wilder Hobson, Smith was the first to publish serious pieces on jazz in the U.S. His earliest major magazine article on the subject appeared in *Esquire* in 1934.

Smith wrote the scripts for the first network radio jazz show, CBS' *Saturday Night Swing Session*, supervised Jelly Roll Morton's recordings for the General label (later reissued on Commodore) and RCA Victor, and was instrumental in persuading that company to reissue early jazz classics.

But it was as chief editor (with Frederick Ramsey Jr.) of *Jazzmen*, first published in 1939, that Smith made his main contribution. The book, still in print, was the first to seriously probe behind the legends of the origins of jazz with solid research, mainly in New Orleans. Though Smith and his associates perhaps relied too much on the sometimes erratic or egocentric memories of the veteran early jazzmen they interviewed, their work nonetheless changed for good the perspective of jazz history and research and uncovered much solid information.

The book, in rediscovering (or discovering) Bunk Johnson, provided the impetus for the subsequent New Orleans Revival, but Smith was never as parochial as this movement later became. His second major work, *The Jazz Record Book* (in collaboration with Ramsey, William Russell, and Charles Payne Rogers), published in 1942, contained an excellent brief history of jazz and intelligently analyzed more than 1,000 recordings, from the OJJB and country blues to contemporary modernists.

In later years, Smith wrote an important series of articles for the *Record Changer*, contributed to *down beat* and *Metronome*, often reviewed jazz literature for the *New York Times* and other publications, and

also wrote album liner notes. He also contributed significantly to *The Jazz Makers*, published in 1957, and was a founding member of the Institute of Jazz Studies.

—D.M.

POTPOURRI

Al Porcino, who has played lead trumpet for almost every major big band in the



business (among them Krupa, T. Dorsey, Basie, Kenton, Herman, Rich, Barnet, and Jones-Lewis) has decided to step front and center. Since mid-December, he has been rehearsing his *Band Of The Century* in New York, with a personnel subject to change but including Bernie Glow, Al De Risi, Marky Markowitz, trumpets; Bob Burgess, John Messner Jr., trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, George Young, Sol Schlinger, reeds; Dave Frishberg, piano; George Duvivier, Hal Gaylor and John Beal in the bass pool; Don Lamond or Ronnie Zito, drums, and Sally Jones, vocals. The book so far includes vintage charts by Cohn, the late Tiny Kahn, Johnny Mandel and Jimmy Mundy, but will be expanded with contemporary and Latin material. The leader, a more than competent soloist, has features including Louis Armstrong's *Jubilee* (which he also sings), Buck Clayton's *Fiesta in Blue*, and Dizzy

Hawkins Query

I am writing a book on Coleman Hawkins, whom I was privileged to know during the last years of his life. I would be pleased to hear from anyone, musician or not, who has any information regarding any phase of his life or travels, particularly the years before his stay in Europe (1934-39). All communications will be acknowledged.

Charles Graham
c/o down beat

Gillespie's *Minor Walk*. He also has going for himself a line of inspired patter that should be the envy of many a professional comedian, keeps the rehearsals happy, and eventually should do the same for the public.

Michael James, nephew of Duke Ellington, has formed a record production company in association with critic Stanley Dance. Their first date co-starred Ray Nance and Paul Gonsalves, who've wanted to record together for years, with a rhythm section including Hank Jones, and Norris Turney guesting on flute. In mid-December, Earl Hines, passing through New York on his way back to California after a successful eight-week European tour, recorded with Gonsalves, bassist Al Hall, and the great Jo Jones on drums.

Sy Oliver celebrated his 60th birthday and 42nd year as a professional musician Dec. 17 at the helm of a swinging nine-piece band at New York's Riverboat, which features his trumpet, vocals, and inimitable arranging style.

Miles Davis canceled his scheduled New Year's engagement at the Village Gate opposite *Dreams*. His replacement was Richie Havens.

Las Vegas was heavy on jazz during the holiday season, what with the bands of Duke Ellington and Woody Herman at Caesar's Palace and Louis Armstrong at the International. Satchmo travels light these days, with Tyree Glenn as his musical director lining up and rehearsing sidemen as needed on location, but clarinetist-soprano saxophonist Joe Muranyi came along for this trip. A TV special of Louis' fall visit to London, where he performed at a royal benefit concert with Dizzy Gillespie and Tony Bennett, is scheduled for early '71 release under the title *Louis in London*.

A joint concert by the *Modern Jazz Quartet* and the *New York Brass Quintet*, a noted classical chamber ensemble, at Carnegie Hall Dec. 27 premiered two new works by John Lewis for the combined ensembles, which also performed works by Bach and French pianist-composer Raymond Fol. Each group also performed individually.

German jazz fans will be able to sample varied imported fare in upcoming months. The *Pharoah Sanders Quintet* will visit in February, Lionel Hampton with guest stars Illinois Jacquet and Milt Buckner, Junior Mance, and Ornette Coleman's quartet are set for March, and Horace Silver's quartet will swing in April. In reverse, the German All Stars (Manfred

Schoof, Albert Mangelsdorff, Heinz Sauer, Gerd Dudek, Wolfgang Dauner, Gunter Lenz) are currently touring Asia for the Goethe Institute, and the Dave Pike Set (an Austrian and two Germans led by the American expatriate vibist) will tour Latin America in April and May under the same auspices.

The Glenn Miller Orchestra, led by Buddy De Franco, begins an extensive tour of Europe Feb. 19. England, Germany, Switzerland and France are included in the itinerary, which will keep the ghosts on the continent through April 5.

Veteran jazz writer Rudi Blesh will teach a course, *The Blues: Sound of Protest*, at New York University's School of Continuing Education from Feb. 4 to April 29. The course will include records, films, and field trips and covers all forms

of black music in America.

Mike Melvoin has come up with a novel idea for a series of Tuesday night gigs at pianist Don Randi's new club, The Baked Potato, in North Hollywood: "I've Got Rhythm Sections." Melvoin, armed with an electric piano, is going to use a different bassist and drummer each Tuesday and, with a little help from the electronic keyboard, adjust his playing to match the rhythm section. According to Melvoin: "I've got enough to last me through May without repeating, and they're all different. There's r&b, Motown, hard rock—so many ways to go." Opening night heard from Jim Hughart, bass; Colin Bailey, drums. The second week found Joe Osborn, bass; Hal Blaine, drums. In the coming weeks, Melvoin will call on: Monty Budwig and Nick Martinez, Chuck Domani-co and John Guerin, Jerry Scheff and

Ron Tutt, Chuck Berghofer and Nick Ceroli, Max Bennett and Earl Palmer, Leroy Vinnegar and Donald Bailey, Roland Haynes and Shelly Manne, and Wilton Felder and Paul Humphrey. The idea stemmed from the variety angle of the club's menu. Until the club gets its liquor license, it will feature eighteen types of baked potatoes!

In January, Ovation Records began releasing all new LP products in 4-channel stereo (compatible with the 4-channel Electro-Voice music systems) and all existing Ovation LPs, remixed and repressed, are also now available in 4-channel.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Half Note's New Years Eve "open house" featured Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, the house rhythm section, and singers Jimmy Rushing and Maxine Sullivan . . . McCoy Tyner's group followed Charles Mingus at Slug's . . . A benefit jam session in memory of Albert Ayler was held at the East Village "In" Dec. 20 . . . Freddie Hubbard's Village Vanguard stint was followed by Raasaan Roland Kirk, and the New York Bass Violin Choir (Bill Lee, director; Richard Davis, Ron Carter, Milt Hinton, Lisle Atkinson, Michael Fleming, Sam Jones and percussionist Sonny Brown) did a Sunday matinee at the club Dec. 20 . . . Bill Evans, who had bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Marty Morell with him at Top of the Gate, has signed with Columbia Records . . . Singer Eloise Laws and Bob Rosengarden with the Dick Cavett Show Orchestra brightened the holiday season at the Rainbow Grill. The band opened the show with two numbers, ably backed Miss Laws' excellent singing, and played for medium-sedate dancing. Personnel: Virgil Jones, Victor Paz, Jim Morrealle, Ray Crisara, trumpets; Chauncey Welsh, Tommy Mitchell, Charlie Small, trombones; Walt Levinsky, Harvey Estrin, Boonie Richman, Jerome Richardson, Leon Cohen, reeds; Bernie Leighton, piano; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; Everaldo Ferrerra, percussion, and the leader on drums. Jones, Paz, Welch, Richman and Richardson (on tenor) were the featured soloists, and the gig was a busman's holiday for the studio-locked former big-band sidemen in the band . . . The lovely trumpet sound of Joe Thomas was heard Dec. 5 at the St. Regis Roof, where he led Dickie Wells, trombone; Joe Muranyi, clarinet, soprano sax; Dick Wellstood, piano; Al Hall, bass, and Gene Brooks, drums . . . Wellstood is a regular at Red Balaban's Sunday sessions at Your Father's Mustache, recently extended until closing time. Other regulars are Ed Polcer, trumpet; Dick Rath or Herb Gardner, trombone (Gardner also doubles on an instrument of his own devising, the Alltoon: trumpet with trombone mouth-piece, amplified and echo-chambered); Bobby Gordon, clarinet; Kenny Davern, clarinet, soprano sax, and Marcus Foster, drums. Among recent guests: Wild Bill Davison, Ed Hubble, Bob Wilber, Jack

/Continued on page 40

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

MANY PENS AND VOICES have been lifted in anger lately with respect to the short supply of jazz and/or black music on network television. This topic has been dealt with in another department; meanwhile, it is pleasant to make a report of a more affirmative nature.

An hour-long program bearing the title *Profiles in Cool Jazz* was recently syndicated through the 191 educational stations around the country. Though admittedly it represented neither black music nor network television, this absorbing segment of the *Homewood* series made for consistently tasteful listening.

Actually the show was a package of two half-hours, each originally taped about a year ago for local use in Los Angeles, with Charles Champlin of the Los Angeles *Times* as moderator. The *Homewood* series has offered, on a regular basis, quality music in every idiom.

In the amalgamated two-part version, the Bill Evans segment was seen first. That this intensely lyrical artist has been kept off television, presumably on the grounds that his personality is not visual, can be ascribed to the lack of imagination on the part of most producers of variety and musical shows. Seen in a conservative, unspectacular context perfectly attuned to the trio's musical values, Evans and his colleagues (Eddie Gomez on bass and Marty Morell on drums) set a gentle mood subtly underlined by the sympathetic camerawork and lighting.

Seated at a fine Baldwin piano, captured with first-rate audio work, Evans played a couple of waltzes that eased into 4/4 (*Someday My Prince Will Come* and his own fragile and lovely *Waltz for Debbie*). His harmonic resourcefulness was brought to bear on *Like Someone In Love*. The most propulsive work heard in the half hour was *So What* in which the solo spotlight was shared by the sidemen. Gomez was particularly effective; in a couple of spots the tight shots on his hands must have furnished an object lesson for

every bass player watching.

The Gary Burton quartet sequence that followed was even more imaginative in its staging. The leader was seen in multiple images, in negative, in quasi-psychedelic shots that changed almost imperceptibly from blue to yellow to green to red. It was as if the audio, the video and the vibes were all matching vibrations.

The singular energy and empathy that mark this group were caught in a series of original works. Among those I believe I recognized were *June 15, 1967* by Mike Gibbs, and a couple of originals by Steve Swallow, the combo's bassist: *Portsmouth Figuration* and *Chickens*. There was also a seldom heard Duke Ellington work, *Fleurette Africaine*.

In effect, the Burton quartet has revived and revitalized the spirit of collective swinging improvisation, half a century after Dixieland—and certainly at least that far removed in terms of execution, though not dissimilar in concept.

The guitarist Sam Brown played a central role, as did Swallow and drummer Bill Goodwin, but one's attention was almost permanently riveted on Burton. There's a temptation to comment that he can say more with three or four mallets than most vibraharpists can with two; this is not meant facetiously—the use of additional mallets, particularly in the harmonically intricate manner of Burton, is perhaps ten times as demanding as the straightforward single line or two-note chords to which the instrument has traditionally been limited most of the time.

Now that the *Homewood* show has gone out on syndication, it should be watched for regularly, since every show, whether dedicated to jazz, folk, rock, symphony or pop, offers reasonable assurance of an artistically rewarding hour. Another pair of earlier programs, one featuring Dwiki Mitchell and Willie Ruff, the other introducing composer-pianist Howlett Smith, was scheduled for coupling and national distribution in mid-December. Leta Mbulu and a big studio band led by Mundell Lowe were also among those on the schedule for this season, for which have been combined some eight or nine reruns and five newly taped shows.



CHASE: BRASS ROOTS JAZZ ROCK

by Jim Szantor

WHEN YOU'VE BECOME KNOWN as one of the outstanding big band lead trumpet players, you follow the tried-and-true path. You reject the one-nighter grind and resign yourself to the virtual anonymity and certain frustration of that musical limbo known as studio work.

But if you're Bill Chase, you choose another road—an unmarked, unpaved, dimly-lit route filled perhaps with wicked, curves, steep hills, and an unknown end. You know this in front, but you take it anyway. Because it's your road—the only road.

Bill Chase built his reputation with Maynard Ferguson, Stan Kenton and most significantly with Woody Herman; not only as a peerless lead player but as a forceful soloist and distinctive composer-arranger. The road he's traveling now, after a post-Herman tenure in Las Vegas as musical director, arranger, and lead-trumpeter-at-large, is with his new nine-piece jazz-rock group, Chase.

The instrumentation—four trumpets, organ, guitar, electric bass, drums and vocalist—is as innovative as the Chase concept: not jazzmen trying to play rock, nor rock players trying to play jazz, but rather a combination of jazz and rock players steeped in and dedicated to doing justice to both demanding idioms. The main commodity is excitement, built upon a crucible of demanding arrangements that wed the versatile group components into a uniquely palatable jazz-rock whole.

A look at the group's personnel illuminates the diversified resources the group can invoke. Trumpeters Ted Piercefield, Alan Ware, and Jerry Van Blair are not only young veterans who would be equally at home in a Las Vegas show band lead chair or a free-wheeling jazz context but are also well-schooled musicians who see additional duty as vocalists and/or arrangers. Organist Phil Porter already has a solo album to his credit along with playing and recording experience with Zoot Sims, Howard McGhee, and Howard Roberts. Guitarist Angel South, a name sure to be soon mentioned in the same breath as Eric Clapton (for openers) and bassist Dennis Johnson are straight-ahead rock players with considerable jazz affinity who have worked with the likes of Janis Joplin, Bobby Gentry, and others. Drummer Jay Burrid has perhaps the most varied background, having worked with Bill Evans, Clark Terry, Benny Golson, and Bobby Darin in addition to a number of rock groups, and featured vocalist Terry Richards has been singing professionally from the age of 4 with pop and rock-oriented groups on innumerable hit records and TV shows.

The unifying element is the Chase Factor—a concept of brass playing known to those familiar with the leader's slashing high-note and lead work with Woody Herman. It's an extroverted style, but one that knows and unflinchingly employs swing, dynamics, taste and an indefinable pulsation.

The brass section, used mainly for high-

note excitement and a respite from electronic pyrotechnics in other rock groups, is utilized to musical advantage by Chase. There are delicate contrapuntal figures, swinging riffs, ingeniously-scored colorations as well as powerful climaxes—all built on the flexible yet potent rhythmic base of Porter, South, Johnson and Burrid. But the hallmark of the Chase brass is a device used sparingly but tellingly—complex cascading lines; a literal waterfall of trumpet timbre and technique. It's heard on the jaunty *Get It On in the Mornin'* and on Chase's magnum opus, the *Invitation to a River* suite, which vacillates between the banks of jazz and rock, spotlights the solo trumpet of Chase and brings the impressive vocal talents of Terry Richards to the fore.

Chase's growing repertoire also includes an insinuating *Hello Groceries*, which begins with deceptively tranquil brass and develops into a stomping feature for Van Blair's vocal. *Kronos* is a roaring vehicle for ensemble brass and *Celebrate*, a Three Dog Night opus, features the leader's scorching trumpet, a group vocal, then Richards backed by screaming brass. There's also an echo-laden trumpet tour de force, *Open Up Wide*, and on the funky side, *In The Years To Come*, which finds its way into 7/4.

The beginning of Chase came with experimentation earlier last year after the leader tired of the frustrations of the Las Vegas music scene. The original concept involved just three trumpets as the nucleus of a six-piece group including guitar, bass, and drums. Then Chase added organ. "The reason," he says, "that we can get such a full sound is because the trumpets, which are usually written up high, are well supported by the organ and guitar and I often have the organ written in with the trumpets. I was familiar with some of the four or five trumpets-with-rhythm recordings with people like Ernie Royal and Clark Terry, but on them the trumpets always sounded thin; with acoustic piano and bass there was no bottom. But with electric bass, I have another voicing. I can write six- or seven-way voicings and get those wild-sounding chords out of

them. So our bass player is like the baritone sax player in a big band. The organ is the next thing, and with the guitar and the trumpets I've got the whole scale to play with."

The fourth trumpet came later but of necessity. Chase couldn't get the sound he wanted, and when he was soloing, "with just two trumpets back there it sounded thin—it sounded like two trumpets. So then we had an eight-piece band." And it remained that way until he heard Terry Richards, who was then working in Vegas with a ten-piece vocal group, the Unusual We.

"Terry had a couple of solo things and he sounded absolutely wild," Chase recalls. "He's such a strong singer, yet he has the intonation and control of a Mel Torme. After we do a screaming rock thing, where he's singing up high and shouting, we'll feature him on *That's All* and it shakes everyone up. That's why we became nine people."

The transition of concept to application also entailed a six-month period of highly selective personnel recruitment. "I could have gone out and hired musicians who just wanted to play rock, but I wanted schooled jazz players who would enjoy playing rock. Like our drummer, Jay, is very much influenced by Tony Williams; his playing has Williams' sound and feeling. But when he's laying down rock—it's rock. Phil Porter was the last one to come on the band who hadn't had much rock experience. But he immersed himself in it immediately and opened his head to it, whereas many jazz players would have tried to shut it off."

Johnson came to the group after several attempts to replace original bassist Brent Alverson (who decided to remain in Las Vegas) had fallen flat. Chase had auditioned several players, each of whom disappointed in one or the other idioms. With Johnson, however, it was another story. "I counted off a blues for him and he really got into it and knocked me out. That was all I needed to know. I already knew he could play rock."

Like most jazzmen, Chase was initially cold to rock ("If someone next to me on



The Chase Brass (l to r): Jerry Van Blair, Alan Ware, Ted Piercefield, and Bill Chase.

the beach had it on the radio—I'd move!") but the Beatles, not surprisingly, put things in a different light. "Then I really started getting into rock," Chase said, "buying all the records and evaluating different groups." But more important in motivating Chase's new direction than the success of any of the individual groups he digs (Ten Wheel Drive, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Creedence Clearwater, Santana, the rhythm sections of Sly and the Family Stone and Chicago, to name a few) was the new freedom in music.

"I'm very happy about where music is at right now, I really am. There's so much more freedom to do what you want without offending people. I remember too well the days with Woody's band when I'd come down in front of the band and play a couple of high notes and see a couple of people sticking their fingers in their ears. That's not a very good feeling when you're trying to make a valid musical point. Now, strong as this group is and loud as we are at times, I haven't seen that yet. The volume thing and the pitch of excitement is accepted today and you can also do interesting things musically."

But deafness on the installment plan



Terry Richards

isn't part and parcel of Chase's approach. What they're striving for is excitement without sheer volume.

"We've got the four horns and a strong singer, so we're using the amplification for presence instead of loudness. We'll have succeeded if we can create excitement and intensity from *what* we're playing rather than by how loud we're playing it."

Electronics, too, plays a part, but only to an extent. "That can be wild to get a certain point across, but the tune must lend itself to that kind of treatment. I want the band to be able to generate its own excitement, and any electronic things we use on recordings we'll be capable of duplicating in person. On *River*, the echo is relevant to the story, as are the cascading trumpet figures. It's not just for effect. When you overdo the electronic part it becomes noise to me. The same applies to octave devices. But it seems to me that the popularity of the effects has dwindled, and I think people are getting

a little more interested in music."

Chase doesn't deny the influence of 1970 Miles Davis on his group. "The things Miles did on *Bitches Brew* really inspired me in the echo area, etc., but then again I've heard a lot of groovy things elsewhere that I've rejected for one reason or another. But the echo thing is really fun to do—it's a groovy satisfaction to hear yourself and it can spur you on to greater creativity. As long as I enjoy doing something like that and there's musical validity to it, being criticized for 'copying' won't bother me."

The only hassle the group hasn't totally resolved is in the inevitably troublesome equipment area. "In a group like this, everyone must be able to hear everyone else and with acoustics varying from place to place it's really rough sometimes. The perfect sound system should make a trumpet sound like a trumpet. And it's hard to produce warm, intimate sounds when you know the sound system isn't going to produce warm, intimate sounds. Also, if the system isn't completely right, it can hang up the blowing. At times you tend to become influenced by what's coming back at you from the speakers rather than by what you're hearing or conceptualizing in your head."

The preamble to the Chase constitution is authenticity. When the group is into jazz, it's undiluted and 100-proof, and Chase has no use for phony rock.

"I can imagine how it must bug rock players, who try to get into jazz but can't swing, to hear a jazz musician playing bad rock. I've heard a lot of rock groups that impressed me until they stepped outside the boundaries of rock and tried to play jazz. Then they lost it completely—their momentum, their audience, and my respect. Because they're attempting something they're not equipped to do. Jazz has to be deep-rooted. So if you're playing jazz, it's got to be good jazz, with good time, swing . . . everything. If you're playing rock, it *has* to be good rock. So the group is really a challenge. We have to be purists in both idioms yet be able to cross over."

If the group is fashioned after the Bill Chase style of trumpet playing, the solo work is by no means restricted to his horn. During a typical set you're likely to hear the warm, flowing lines of Van Blair (an inspired jazzman influenced by Clifford Brown and Jack Sheldon) and the musical organ work of Porter, whose ideas seem to multiply, not diminish, with each succeeding chorus. South, in addition to sparking the group with his fiery guitar, will grab your attention on such vehicles as *Hello Groceries* and Johnson's jazz chops will certainly impress during his reflective moments on *River*.

The vocal department, though dominated by the virtuosity of Richards, includes fine contributions by Van Blair (on *Groceries*, *Evil Ways*) and Piercefield (*Boys and Girls*, *Something*)—both of whom could teach many a non-instrumentalist squaller a thing or two about phrasing, intonation, and sincere communication. Fellow trumpeter Alan Ware, however, prefers to do his singing on paper. A skilled, experienced arranger, he's



Angel South

responsible for the imaginative *Boys and Girls Together* (which contains a remarkably effective fugue section), the dynamic *Groceries* (a heavy bagful of sundry goodies) as well as some of the group's newer pieces, *Glad Rags and Handbags* (an extraordinary piece of writing) and *With A Little Help From My Friends*, which is Lennon-McCartney in origin but distinctively Ware-Chase from beginning to end.

The genesis of the Chase Factor can be traced back to the leader's days in his native Boston when a musician-neighbor urged him to catch a one-nighter by Stan Kenton's Band. Up until that point, Chase's deep involvement with the trumpet was totally classical and he was later to become a prized pupil of the Boston Symphony's renowned Armando Ghittalo. But the Kenton gig, attended mainly out of curiosity, was to become an existential experience that was to re-orient his musical aspirations most dramatically.

Totally unaware of the implications, Chase stood right in front of the band, "the one with Maynard Ferguson, Lee Konitz, Buddy Childers, Conte Candoli, Frank Rosolino, Stan Levey . . . It was the first jazz that had reached my ears but that was it. I went home singing that night! Maynard? I couldn't believe it!"

Subsequent record purchases, logically, began with Kenton and involved not only close listening—Chase played along with the lead trumpet of Buddy Childers as far as his yet undeveloped range would allow. It was the beginning of a concentrated study of lead styles that wound up with an ear for individual conceptions that could distinguish Gozzo from Porcino as readily as the earlier Chase could distinguish Bach from Beethoven.

After the inspiration of Kenton, Ferguson and associates came the guidance of Berklee's Herb Pomeroy, who was perhaps most influential in shaping Chase's musical direction. "Very few lead players had the advantage I had—having someone with Herb's ears out in front of the band able to tell me that what I thought was making it from back in the section was coming out quite differently out front. He would point out that a certain note should be clipped a little shorter, because by the time it got out front it sounded longer, due to the acoustical properties of the room, the horn itself, or whatever. We had such a good rapport. So when he said 'cut this one off, put a little more on that', I got the message immediately. I knew exactly why he said it. I was really

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LITTLE JAZZ: THE FIRE STILL BURNS

by Dan Morgenstern

Jimmy Ryan's is a small jazz club in mid-Manhattan. Though now located two blocks north and one block west of what used to be "Swing Street," it was the last bastion of jazz on that fabled thoroughfare, and is today, if not geographically then at least spiritually the sole physical remnant of 52nd Street.

Especially so since Roy Eldridge took over the house band a few months ago. Prior to that, the music at Ryan's was often a rather tired brand of "Dixieland," sparked mainly by the presence of Zutty Singleton, and after Zutty left, rarely sparked at all. But Little Jazz has changed all that with his sparkling horn and vibrant personality. There is nothing tired about the music now, not with Roy in charge, and business has never been better. It's hard to realize that Roy will be 60 come Jan. 30 and has been blowing his horn professionally for nearly 44 years, his love of playing still burns so brightly.

ROY DAVID ELDRIDGE was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. in 1911. At 6, he began to play drums, then picked up a bugle, and soon graduated to trumpet, receiving early tutoring from his brother Joe, three years his senior and later to become a fine alto saxophonist and arranger.

Characteristically, Roy's first big job was as a leader. He left home in 1927 (ran away, in fact) at the helm of a juvenile band (including the brilliant drummer Alvin Burroughs) which provided the music for a small touring company called *Rock Dinah*. It folded in Sharon, Pa. and Roy quickly received the graduate diploma of the working musician—he was stranded.

Not for long, however. He left town with another traveling show, the Greater Sheesley Carnival, tripling on trumpet, tuba, and drums. This group, too, ran into bad luck and young Roy was soon stranded for the second time—in Little Rock, Ark., where he found a job with Oliver Muldoon's band.

Back home in Pittsburgh, Roy formed his own band, changing his name for the first and only time in his career. "Roy Elliott and his Palais Royal Orchestra" gigged for a couple of months, and then, Roy Eldridge once again, the young trumpeter began several years of barnstorming with some of the best territory bands in the midwest. Among them: Horace Henderson, Zach Whyte, Speed Webb, and Johnny Neal's Midnight Ramblers. All provided valuable seasoning, and the latter job—in Milwaukee—also offered a radio wire and first-hand experience with the peculiar codes and mores of the underworld: the club was a cooling-off spot for "hot" Chicago gangland figures.

Roy hit New York for the first time in late 1930, soon finding berths with the best Harlem bands of the day—Cecil Scott, Charlie Johnson, Teddy Hill, and Elmer Snowden. The latter's band included Dickie Wells, Al Sears, and Otto Hardwicke, and made a short film, *Smash Your Baggage*, which offers the first glimpse of early Roy, soloing in *Bugle Call Rag*.

It was around this period that Roy met Hot Lips Page, the trumpet star of Benny Moten's Kansas City band. Up to then, Roy's main influences had been Red Nichols, Jabbo Smith, and maybe Rex Stewart—he

admired speed and precision. And he'd very early taught himself, off the Fletcher Henderson record, Coleman Hawkins' famous solo on *Stampede*, already fascinated by the mobility of saxophone lines. But he was sacrificing sound and soul, apparently, for Lips, in a friendly manner, told him that he "sounded white," and urged him to listen more to Louis Armstrong.

Though skeptical, Roy took the advice. Louis was playing at the Apollo, and Roy "sat through three shows with my mouth open—especially when he got going on *Chinatown*." The rest is history.

At Ryan's, with a small band including trombone and clarinet, a traditional flavor is at least an occasional must. Like most swing players, Roy had to learn the Dixieland repertoire when bop came in and his kind of jazz went underground. It presented no great problems, but while he plays it better than many a lifetime Dixielander, it's still not where his heart is. So while you'll hear "That's A Plenty" and

as Clyde McCoy, but he plays it very well," opined the lady while Roy dished out the real McCoy. (When the remark was conveyed to him, Roy cracked up. "But they'll be back, you'll see," he added.)

A visit home to Pittsburgh in 1933 led to the formation of a band with Brother Joe and a youngster named Kenny Clarke on drums. (An excellent drummer himself, Roy always picked good ones.) Roy left town again with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, a once-famous band in its final stages. A never-to-be-heard-from again trumpeter named Buddy Lee was featured and impressed Roy. In 1935, he was back in New York, playing with Teddy Hill's band at the Savoy Ballroom. Such fine musicians as Dickie Wells, trumpeter Bill Coleman, and Coleman Hawkins' first serious rival, Chu Berry, were in the band. Chu and Roy struck up a friendship that was to produce some of the decade's greatest music and ended only with Chu's untimely death in a car crash in 1941.



LEE TANNER

Roy Eldridge Today

"Muskrat Ramble" and a very occasional "Saints," you'll also hear "Somebody Loves Me," "Blue Lou," "In A Mellotone," ballads like "The Man I Love" and "I Can't Get Started." And such Eldridge specialties as "No Rollin' Blues," "School Days," "Let Me Off Uptown," "Knock Me a Kiss," and "After You've Gone"—all but the last featuring Roy's vocals. He is a wonderfully warm, natural jazz singer.

He also sings on "Saturday Night Fish Fry," Louis Jordan's tale of a New Orleans party, which is a portion of Roy's nightly "Tour of New Orleans" set—typical of his inventiveness within what some musicians would consider a restricting setting. It starts with "South Rampart Street Parade," features Joe Muranyi's liquid clarinet on "Closer Walk With Thee," Bobby Pratt's fine trombone on "New Orleans," a Muranyi vocal on "Bourbon Street Parade," Claude Hopkins' piano in a number of his choice, and an Oliver Jackson drum spectacular.

Roy also honors any reasonable request with grace and good nature. Also rather unreasonable ones, such as "Sugar Blues," from an elderly couple. "He's not as good

Hill's band had a national radio wire, and now Roy's crackling, surging and boldly inventive horn could be heard by musicians and fans throughout the land. Among those who made sure not to miss a single broadcast was 18-year-old Dizzy Gillespie in Philadelphia, who came to idolize Roy and tried his best to play like him. Hill also recorded, albeit the material was very commercial, but Roy constructed some remarkable pithy statements in his long overdue recording debut. Later that year, Roy led a small band at the Famous Door on 52nd St., which made two sides for Decca as the Delta Four. Roy recalls that the a&r man, fellow trumpeter Wingy Manone, cut the date short after he heard a sample of what Roy could do. Mysteriously, a tune by Roy was credited on the label to "Leather Lip," one of his early nicknames. The one that stuck, though, was "Little Jazz," laid on him by Otto Hardwicke.

Little Jazz, among other things, extended the operative range of the jazz trumpet. Louis, who certainly could hit them high, mostly saved the uppermost register for fanciful cadenzas or climactic solo passages,

and after 1935 his style became increasingly sober. Roy, on the other hand, might start off a piece or a solo way up high, and stay there, climbing even higher for the climax. Or he might work in the middle range, then suddenly detonate an F or a G with great dramatic effect. To a few, this was "showing off," and some critics have accused him of being "exhibitionistic." But if you understand Roy's music at all, you know that far from being theatrical or pretentious his high notes are a reflection of his natural exuberance and joy in making music. He never does it unless he feels it (except, perhaps, when he has a special feature in a staged setting), and it can be one of the most exhilarating experiences in jazz.

At Ryan's, Roy will get up his "whistling chops" toward the middle of the night, startling some unprepared listeners and brightening his sidemen's faces. He is among those players who rarely are satisfied with their own performance. He claims that on only two or three nights a year things really come off to his liking. Yet he never fights the horn as some perfectionists do. What he plays may not be up to his own high standards, but is liable to surpass anyone else's. Still, the significance of inspiration to his playing is one of the things that make Little Jazz all jazz.

From Teddy Hill to Fletcher Henderson—graduate school. It's Fletcher's last great band, with Chu in it, plus Big Sid Catlett, Buster Bailey, Joe Thomas and other heavyweights. It's still a big-band setting, but Roy is well featured, and on records gets off such classic statements as on *Stealin' Apples*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Jangled Nerves*, *You Can Depend On Me*. He also breaks through on small-group dates with Teddy Wilson, with or without Billie Holiday: *Blues in C Sharp Minor*, *Mary Had a Little Lamb* (his first recorded vocal), and *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*, with its thrilling, Roy-led climax. Young (and older) trumpeters all over the land are picking up on Roy's innovations, speed, range and fire as best they can.

By late 1936, Roy knows it's time for him to go out on his own in earnest. Chicago's Three Deuces, where Art Tatum is on intermission piano (!) is the launching pad and stomping grounds for a band of two altos (Scoops Carry and Brother Joe), tenor (Dave Young), Cozy Cole's brother Ted on piano, John Collins' guitar, Truck Parham's bass, and Zutty Singleton's drums.

With a powerful rhythm section, Joe's good arrangements, and Roy's composing talent (given exposure for the first time), the band's 1937 recordings are the first to really show what he can do. The superfast *Heckler's Hop* has two brilliant choruses that are among the things that gave birth to bebop. *Wabash Stomp* (real title: *Dismal Days*) is almost all Roy at medium tempo, flowing, passionate, and beautiful, and *After You've Gone* is the first version of an Eldridge standby—great new pyrotechnics in the Armstrong mold. This is classic swing music at its best: Roy has become fully himself. (Four slightly earlier sides with an all-star band joining, under Gene Krupa's leadership, Benny Goodman, Jess Stacy and Allan Reuss from B.G.'s band and Roy, Chu Berry and Israel Crosby from Fletcher's, also have top-drawer Roy.

Among them is the prophetically titled *Swing Is Here*.)

Roy takes the band on the road, hitting the Savoy in New York in 1938, records *Body & Soul* with Chu, doubletiming his chorus; disbands, takes time off to study radio engineering (a lifelong hobby), forms a new, bigger band (with Joe, Scoops, Franz Jackson, Prince Robinson, Kenny Kersey and Panama Francis aboard), and now casts himself in a Louis-inspired mold, doing streamlined takeoffs on Satchmo hits like *St. Louis Blues* in a way that spells a direct challenge. (No commercial recordings at this stage, but some fantastic airshots from the Arcadia Ballroom in New York exist.) A confrontation never comes about, for Joe Glaser, Louis' manager, signs both Roy and the other top Louis man, Hot Lips Page.

Today, Roy doesn't think about battling Louis. Those were youthful impulses. At last summer's Antibes Jazz Festival, he plays a much-acclaimed set dedicated to Satchmo, and at Ryan's, he may deliver a sincere tribute in the form of "Sleepy Time Down South" (no vocal, though) or a rousing "Struttin' With Some Barbecue." (They did get together once, at Esquire's All-American Jazz Concert in 1943, but no swords were crossed.)

Like all true and great jazzmen, Roy is intensely competitive. He loves, to this day, to lock horns with a fit adversary, and sparks will fly. Beyond that, Roy loves to just jam. The days of real jam sessions are past, but Roy is always ready when the rare occasion arises. And if there is a place where spontaneous music can be made, he'll know about it. If there's no piano player, he may sit down at the keyboard himself—and while he's no master technician, he plays with the same tremendous drive that inhabits his trumpet. (He recorded a few piano solos in France, one a barrelhouse blues, the other a free improvisation with some astonishing runs.)

In April 1941, after disbanding his large orchestra and leading a small group in Chicago, Roy joins Gene Krupa's popular big band. He is featured on trumpet and vocals, but at his own insistence (and with Gene's blessings) also sits in the brass section as a regular member of the band. Thus he becomes the first black jazz artist to join a white band as a regular bandman. Occasionally, when Krupa conducts or isn't feeling well, Roy takes over at the drums.

Though he quickly becomes a favorite with the public and is extremely popular among his fellow sidemen, it isn't a picnic. Indignities and abuses large and small are almost daily occurrences, and Roy is a proud man. But his awareness of being a pioneer carries him through, and he stays on until Krupa disbands in the spring of '43.

Musically, he not only inspires the band, and charms audiences with his vocal duets with Anita O'Day, but also rises to new heights on feature pieces, above all the classic *Rockin' Chair*, in its recorded version one of the greatest jazz trumpet performances ever put on wax.

Back on his own, Roy leads small bands, briefly joins Paul Baron's CBS staff radio band in New York (another pioneering effort), then goes with Artie Shaw in late

'44 in the same capacity as with Krupa, remaining for 11 months. (Shaw had hired Hot Lips Page not long after Roy joined Gene.) It's a good band, and Roy has such features as *Little Jazz* and also stars with the small group, The Gramercy Five. But when he quits he states he'll never go on the road with a white band again.

However, after another attempt, quite successful, at leading his own big band for a couple of years, he rejoins Krupa for seven months in 1949, leaving to star in the first national tour of Jazz at the Philharmonic. Bop is king now, and while Roy works and gets along fine with Charlie Parker, and of course continues to enjoy the respect and friendship of Dizzy Gillespie, some of the younger boppers taunt him, call him old-fashioned, and cause him grief.

So, when a trip to Europe with a Benny Goodman combo including Zoot Sims gives him the opportunity to remain, he settles in Paris for a year, winning new friends, working steadily, recording, and even writing a column for a Paris newspaper. His confidence fully restored, he comes home and opens in the lion's den, Birdland, with a swinging combo including Zoot and Billy Taylor.

That was April, 1951. From then on, Roy toured annually for years with JATP (also recording for Norman Granz's Verve label throughout the '50s, producing such masterpieces as *Dale's Wail* and many others); also lead his own small groups at such venues as The Embers, played all the major jazz festivals, and often teamed up with his good friend and early idol Coleman Hawkins, including JATP and a long residency at the Metropole in New York.

After the demise of JATP, Roy leads Ella Fitzgerald's accompanying group from late 1963 to March 1965, but while the bread is good, this is no fit role for a still very vital and creative musician—especially since Ella, never the most secure performer, seems to resent any applause going to Roy and gives him progressively less to play.

After forming a quintet with Richie Kamuca as co-leader that regularly works at the Half Note, Roy tries another experiment. In July 1966, he accepts an invitation to join Count Basie. But for unfathomable reasons, Basie features Roy only sparingly. So, on Sept. 17, Roy tells Count he's being paid too much to just sit in the section and resumes his independence. (Among the things that irk him most during the Basie stint are the people who comment that he's taking it easy now and has tired of carrying the ball.)

In the last few years, there have been tours of Europe, festivals (New Orleans, Antibes), many club dates, and now Ryan's, which is near home (Hollis, Long Island), steady, keeps the chops in shape, and, by his own doing, congenial. There has been far too little recording in the last decade or so, but a recent date, albeit for a small label (Master Jazz Recordings), offered an opportunity to do what he wanted.

It was a happy date, with Budd Johnson, tenor and soprano; Benny Morton, trombone; Nat Pierce, piano; Tommy Bryant, bass and Oliver Jackson, drums.

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BIG BAND ROCK and other brassy beastsies

by Mike Bourne

TO PUNFULLY OPINE: there are horns aplenty in pop music lately, but seldom horns of plenty—for in the wake of Blood, Sweat&Tears, among other "big band" rock groups, far more imitative instrumentations than instrumental innovations have emerged. Not that horns have been particularly absent till now, yet as with the sitar two years ago or the country rhythm section more recently, brass and reeds have become a fadistic financial asset, and are often simply gratuitous. Nevertheless, the trend does create two already realized benefits: the range of rock musical expression has been greatly increased, and, especially, horn players can finally earn some coin.

In earlier times, when I first played rock'n'roll, a trumpet or a tenor was somewhat of a luxury. Few of us were conscious of the genre enough to write worthwhile charts (other than adapt jazz licks), and otherwise everyone crabbed over the smaller split of cash—unless one played soul music, for which blats on the bar and groovy bridges were essential, even when most cliched. And so, other than r&b stars like James Brown or Sam & Dave or even Wayne Cochran, the usual early '60s Top-40 employed standard guitars, drums, and vocals, with only a keyboard variety hither and there.

But then BS&T and Chicago burst into popularity, so that even though they were hardly "first", record execs could view in their success a saleable item, which allowed other musicians to expand their compositional consciousness (as it were) with at least the slight safety of commercial approval. And hopefully, record companies (the ultimate necessary evils) won't deny future large ensembles as unfashionable once they become so, as they must—although the plastic purveyors have been known to act that jive.

Anyway, within the last year countless big band rock LPs have erupted, not even listing those established groups who have added horns (like Manfred Mann) or those who play beyond rock (like Ekseption and Don Ellis) and including among the debuts such sundry bunches as the Sons, Dallas County, Symphonic Metamorphosis, Loadstone, Hardin/York, the Tower of Power, Cold Blood, Jellyroll, If, Little John, the Second Coming, et al: all varied in instrumentation (from two to six horns, with sidesteps of violin, cello, vibes, and so forth) but nonetheless well-assuming the fuller instrumental dimensions, if not always compelling in their assumptions.

And though too many still pursue a flavor of BS&T, several are happily both more to their own self and more engaging than the obvious objects of mimicry—and a survey of sorts of the most notable recent big band oeuvre follows herewith.

Blood, Sweat&Tears 3 (Columbia KC 30090)

Naturally, BS&T are the most difficult of the big bands to appreciate, being considered pioneers, being still as adventure-

some as any musicians today, and yet being nonetheless quite dull—for much of the current LP seems only vainglorious sham. From the classic *Child Is Father To The Man* (Columbia CS 9619), which sadly missed adulation when first released, to the less interesting second album (Columbia CS 9720), which by hype and singles hits did exalt the group, until now, a descent into mediocrity has been apparent. Regardless of one's opinion of Al Kooper (and mine is surely low), his influence on the first date was pronounced and later sorely missed, even though the definite change in direction following his departure (from a quixotic pop charm to conservatory-bred ideals) still seems a more viable potential.

But despite this, the repertoire and the general playing since then has never quite equalled earlier heights, not overlooking the often excellent charts of Dick Halligan and Fred Lipsius—mainly, I suspect, because David Clayton-Thomas has become too much the star; surely the most over-rated vocalist going, his contribution to the music has been consistently suspect, if not a decided detriment. Also, the chosen songs have been likewise less than stellar: on the new LP, two so-so originals, *Lucretia MacEvil* and *The Battle* (Steve Katz' poorest feature to date), with the rest non-illuminating replays of proven pieces like Nyro's *He's a Runner*, James Taylor's *Fire and Rain*, Cocker's *Something Comin' On*, the Stones' *Sympathy for the Devil* (expanded into the vapid *Symphony for the Devil*), and particularly the de-funked pedantry of Traffic's *40,000 Headmen* (with pointless interpolations of themes by Bartok, Prokofiev, and Monk).

Perhaps BS&T need only de-swell their collective head, or simply play with a bit more blood, sweat and tears than their overt academic ethos, because the expertise among the players is too good to be drivelled away in such stale pastry as their latest album.

Illustration (Janus JLS 3010)

The Ides of March, **Vehicle**

(Warner Bros. WS 1863)

Gas Mask, **Their First Album**

(Tonsil T-4001)

Whatever, at least by their fame, BS&T has encouraged further big band rock experiments, although with few jewels amid a cache of paste—and among them Illustration, the Ides of March, and Gas Mask, none of whom are that spectacular, but all of whom *cook*—so that if one might argue BS&T or the Flock as the Fletcher Hendersons and Ellingtons of rock, these three must surely prove the Goodmans and Dorseys.

Illustration is the best of the trio, but with reservations—for the similarity of vocalist Bill Ledster with Clayton-Thomas (who is himself an imitation) is unfortunate, even though Ledster is better: a baritone with more natural soul than the quasi-Vegas manner of the BS&T prima-donna. Otherwise, the band burns well, although often the horns sound coarse or patent, whether swinging through fiery

colors like on *Upon the Earth*, *Life Tasters*, *Time Wasters*, and *Was It I?* or softer on the lonely ballad *Distant*. And though the album hardly aspires to the attempted inventions of BS&T, the results of straightforward passion here proves the date far more *moving* than either of the last two by BS&T—so maybe Illustration will bloom greater in the future.

The Ides of March fare much less well, being too often a bit bubblegummed and featuring on some songs another insufferable Clayton-Thomas sing-alike, yet they do play with more consequence than most of the first-shotters with at least several solid cuts: tough funk on *Bald Medusa*, *Aire of Good Feelin'* and the title cut, plus a pleasant top-40 sort of ballad, *Home* (with strings), and two okay instrumental excursions, *Eleanor Rigby* and a crossing of *Wooden Ship* and Jethro Tull's *Dharma for One*. With less smooth pop veneer, the Ides of March could prove among the hipper big bands, but if that veneer consumes all (as it often must to beg popularity) the group will become only another troupe of passable rockers.

Gas Mask may make it more than either, providing their new little label can compete, because the music has a certain sparkle, and is closer to a conventional jazz ensemble sound than most (no doubt due to producer Teo Macero). The tone of the album is easy, even at its most spunky, but the highlights of the date are surely the righteous ballad *Just Like That* and the two instrumentals, *The I Ching Thing* and *The Immigrant*, on which trumpeter Enrico Rava exhibits choice chops. And so, as with Illustration and the Ides of March, and even BS&T, the eminence of Gas Mask may not depend on this good first record, but on their ability to survive until heard much more a second and third disc further.

Dreams (Columbia C30225)

But of all the new bigger band rockers, Dreams seems to me the most promising, even though their debut LP misses so much of their energy and seems, at the least, uneven: bursting out only now and then on the long *Dream Suite*; cooking high and hard into *New York* and *Try Me* only to poop out by both finales; proving their power on the graceful *Holli Be Home* alone, and bumming elsewhere—yet the spirit is nonetheless evident. By far the absolute best of those big bands I've witnessed live, Dreams sports the Brecker brothers as a major asset: Randy on trumpet well-adapting the electronics of his horn, and Mike on tenor and flute—with his brother a compassionate player coming out of jazzier climes into this quick-silver-sleek electric music.

As if somewhat influenced by Miles, the Dreams horns (not to forget Barry Rogers on trombone and Wagner tuba) become lead voices integral to all directions rather than mere accompaniment, which is their most unique aspect, especially as the mel-low vocalists, Eddie Vernon and co-composer Jeff Kent, are used as vocalists should be—sparingly and well. Truly, of

all pop groups, regardless of style, instrumentation, and so forth, Dreams is the band to come.

Ten Wheel Drive, **Brief Replies** (Polydor 24-4024)

Unlike Dreams, perhaps even a polar opposite, Ten Wheel Drive substitutes for compulsive spontaneity a strong chart power that is seldom challenged among hard-playing bands, and is clearly more bright than any, what with three trumpets,

In the brief prelude alone is one indication of the scope at hand: a fusion of electronic whizzles, organ, and electric tenor that somehow sounds both as primitive as the pterodactyls on the cover yet as future as the devices utilized, which then segues naturally into *Big Bird*, with freaky hoe-down violin, a punchy rock vocal, and swinging ensemble passages. Thus, the Flock succeeds in synthesizing varied musical perspectives organically where BS&T still appear to separate one

cious, yet the move away from the more improvisatory freedom on their first LP (Columbia GP 8) to the nonetheless tasty but *calculated* tone of the new date is sad, somehow.

Of course, the usual unreliable source proclaims the band anxious to escape Guercio, so maybe without him in the future Chicago will develop in other directions than this current persuasion—otherwise they will remain an excellent (and conservatory-tainted, like BS&T) en-



COLD BLOOD/COURTESY CONTEMPORARY PUBLIC RELATIONS

a trombone, a hell of a multi-reedman (Dave Leibman), and singer Genya Ravan who has a vocal ferocity that often marks her as if another member of the brass section. Almost too together, once one recognizes the excellent balance of cookers and ballads on their albums, to hear that music reproduced virtually verbatim live is quite a disappointment—for both times I've caught Ten Wheel Drive in concert, their slick *professional* sound seemed even dispassionate, if not for good Leibman solos throughout and the dynamic presence of Ravan.

Really, if she would quit her childish coquette pretensions (all that forced sexy bunk) and simply wail, Genya Ravan would better reveal her strength: a range from gutsy near-screaming as on *Morning Much Better* and *How Long Before I'm Gone* to disarming delicacy like the soft moments on the title cut or my favorite, *Lapidary*, on the first album, **Construction #1** (Polydor 24-4008). Ten Wheel Drive proves more than is usual a fine and tight control as a large ensemble, an overwhelming big sound that will last as long as Genya Rvan remains to fire their dynamite.

The Flock, **Dinosaur Swaps** (Columbia C30007)

Zoo (Mercury SR 61300)

Much less readily tangible than Ten Wheel Drive, at the first hearing, the Flock debut album (Columbia CS 9911) seemed at least strange: a free-wheeling anthology of rhapsodic rock, sometimes as nasty as good funk should be, yet elsewhere with a curious grace, as in the quasi-classical violin *Introduction* by Jerry Goodman—and the current date is equally bizarre.

genre and another—for with the Flock, the musical tides are indeed fluid, not merely sequential.

And then, they certainly deserve much more attention than even what they've already received, especially since they not only well-inhabit big band status, but furthermore sound at times even *orchestral*—and with only one violin, not with exhaustive electronic trickery or mellotron surrogates. *Dinosaur Swaps*, like the first Flock LP, requires considerable listening commitment to get into, but once that's done is ultimately satisfying.

Why I include Zoo here is only because, like the Flock in instrumentation (hardly in style), their big band features violins (doubled by saxists Daniel Carlet and Michel Ripoché) and offers almost as many appealing dimensions. Coming from Europe, that special taste seems in evidence, a charm like good wine as opposed to the heady beer of groups like *Illustration*: easy vocal blendings, wistful arrangement, a sense of delight uncommon among most American bands, like the pop pleasings on *Love Kills a Lover* (a chanson of suicide as if from a Gallic cabaret, but rocked)—so that *Zoo* is surely a welcome import.

Chicago (Columbia KGP 24)

Finally, Chicago poses the greatest critical dilemma for me, since I like their music and know not why—perhaps I cannot bring myself to praise the almost saccharine Top-40 quality that pervades this album, and yet Chicago, if so, must be the most musical of commercial bands. Certainly much of this dis/credit must fall to producer James William Guercio, who once made even the *Buckinghams* deli-

semble of confectioners. Songs like *The Road* and *25 or 6 to 4* or ambitious "suites" like *It Better End Soon* are surely among the finest in conception and execution of that type (although likely too good to beat out the usual Top-40 junk), and the collective virtuosity is to be envied by all, but after an okay take-off on their debut, this latest Chicago opus seems a retard, and I await some sort of rebirth.

Obviously, quick reportage as above cannot appreciate in detail the various talents covered, but presumably it might stimulate enough interest to hear the bands firsthand (which is the object of all criticism, I suppose). Whatever, the big rock band is, I believe, "here to stay," although many groups still exploit rather than integrate horns. Applied to any instrument (I know this having switched from drumming jazz), the discipline of rock is quite different, so simply thrusting in extra instruments with neat hot licks don't get it; nor does the application of music school theory numbers succeed any better without recognizing the powers of the genre.

Some bands, like *Illustration* and Ten Wheel Drive, have learned this well and consequently use horns best for vital hard-burning rock, unlike Dreams and the Flock, who have evolved in their fusion an exciting electric music that defies easy categories, or BS&T, who play well but could play even better with more emotional, less quasi-scholastic pre-occupations.

And, of course, with horns becoming more prevalent, pop music will again increase in volume, and so we'll be deafened even sooner—at which time we won't need to worry who's playing what or anything. . . .



RAY DRAPER: PROBLEMS, PROMISE & POEMS

by Valerie Wilmer

*Good-bye for a while
is not really the end,
good-bye with a smile
to a beautiful friend;
is it the loneliness
that puts me up-tight?
as I wander thru Paris
in the dead of night;
maybe I should split too,
since there's nothing more to do;
nothing more to do?
says who?
write . . . and play . . . yeah,
do your thing;
fight all day (if you have to)
let the music ring;
what are you here for? do it, fool;
and everything will be cool;
don't wait,
the hour grows late.*

* * *

That's part of a poem Ray Draper wrote when his saxophonist buddy Kenneth Terroade split for the Apple and left him alone, an alien wandering the unfriendly streets of Paris with his first taste of free jazz ringing in his rock-filled ears.

Ray Draper writes a lot of poetry—verses to be read as well as sung, and tone-poems for tuba, conga drums, life and living. And maybe you're hip to the book about the promising young jazzman who was jamming with Jackie McLean and Donald Byrd at the age of 15, playing and recording with Max Roach and John Coltrane at 19, then spent two-and-a-half years of his young life behind bars after being busted on a drug rap? Ray Draper wrote that story, too.

He's got big sorrowful eyes that plead with the pain of the ex-junkie finding his feet in a changing society without a crutch to lean back on, and a big splodge of a nose squashed sideways across his mobile, eager face. He sports a huge gold earring in his left ear and usually wears a pair of striped pants that accentuate the excruciating thinness of his ever-moving body. Ray Draper is nothing if not soulful—he's lived a mess of blues and paid a mess of dues and right now his life's in another kind of mess. Again.

Who is Ray Draper in 1971—this man who has experienced every kind of musical and living experience, this man whose wide, full mouth is constantly full of words? "Ray Draper in 1971 has a wife and child and is faced with a world that's changing all the time," is how he tells it. "Music forms have changed so much, and fortunately—or unfortunately—to have worked with cats like Max Roach and Jackie and John Coltrane leaves you in a predicament in view of what's happening today. I'm trying to utilize that experience and put it into 1971 and the future in my association with cats like Kenneth Terroade and Clifford Thornton who are playing this New Music.

"My recent experience in trying to lead a 9-piece band, Red Beans and Rice, was a failure, too. I feel that the music failed and I failed in trying to lead the band to success. Economically it was a failure and we couldn't stay together because there wasn't enough work, though I suppose it might have succeeded had the music succeeded." (The group made an album for Epic Records.)

Draper's dilemma is twofold. Firstly, he comes now to the new music in the guise of a rock musician who has played what many "brothers" consider to be white-oriented music, and secondly, his first experience of total freedom in jazz improvisation only came about earlier this year when he found himself in Europe and he is still uncertain about the experience.

"I really have always dug Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry, and I played with Don in New York in 1962," he explained. "Don showed me a lot of his tunes and we had a group together for a very few minutes—like about three weeks—at a place called the Speakeasy. Pharoah Sanders, whom we used to call 'Little Rock,' was on the lineup, and Don was later replaced by a cat named Clifford Thornton who used to be my very best friend from childhood. The bass player was Ronnie Boykins and the drums were between Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins.

"We were very crazy then, you know, and New York was very wild that summer. There were things beginning to happen New Music-wise, cats were beginning to be more *daring* and do their thing out loud whereas before they were holding back and you could only hear this music through walls or windows. But to walk into a club, man, and everybody just be *blowing*—that was something that hadn't been done!"

In spite of these encouraging associations with the New Music's beginnings, Draper was sidetracked by circumstances and when he finally got out, he went straight into a rock bag on the West Coast. He took LSD and made the whole acid-rock trip. Jazz was further away from him than it had ever been.

"When Ornette first came to New York his music had form, it had beginnings and endings," explained the tubaist. "It was songs, tunes, and the tunes were structured even though they were different from anything anybody had ever heard at that particular time. They were still like *organized*—you dig?—whereas what's happening for the most part today is that five cats will just get together and start improvising. I mean it's OK at times, but it don't mean a thing to me when one goes this way and the other goes that way and they say, like, 'OK. we'll meet you at the pass!'"

Therefore, when Draper found himself at the now legendary BYG-Actuel Free Music Festival in Amougies, Belgium, last year he admitted to a great conflict within himself. "I just went there to play music

and I didn't know who was going to be there. The night I got into town I saw Clifford Thornton. I hadn't seen him for close to 12 years so it was like a beautiful reunion. The whole experience was like a mind-blower for me, getting together with cats that I hadn't seen for a long time and meeting cats that I had only heard about and read about who had risen to prominence in the music world."

The conflict grew stronger when Draper was faced with the prospect of playing at the festival with the free jazz musicians or with the rock musicians who came in the main, from Britain. "I was really torn between wanting to play with these guys and wanting to jam with Aynsley Dunbar's Retaliation." (The Retaliation, which has since broken up, has loaned its drummer-leader to Zappa's re-formed Mothers of Invention). "It was one of the best rock-blues bands that England has been responsible for, a band that laid down music with a *beat*. I wanted to get together with them because there was more of an affinity between myself and this kind of music. I really identify strongly with it."

The tubaist realizes that he has to decide, sooner or later, if he will pursue his first love—music with a beat—or throw in his lot with the "freedom" musicians. "I try to figure out what gives me the most gratification, but it's very difficult to come up with any definite answer," he admitted with a smile. "I remember one time in Oregon with Red Beans and Rice when we had some 3000 people dancing in the park. That in itself turns an artist on—to look out and see what he's doing to those 3000 people!"

"So I fluctuate between these memories and these feelings. Right now I'm swinging like a pendulum between these two things and wanting desperately to find a way to play these two aspects of music together. One thing I've realized, though, is that you can't play free music with just *anybody*. And then the so-called 'freedom' is not really there at all times. There's got to be a discipline within that free setup, otherwise the thing just falls apart and there's nothing happening but sound—noise!"

Draper is also trying to work out a compromise in the economic area: "Do you sell the music? Do you sell yourself or do you just let the music sell itself?" he mused. "The other day I said to my wife, 'I've got to make some money' and you know what Ann said? She said, 'Why don't you think that you've got to make some *music*, and then the money will come automatically?'"

"And I've been thinking about it a lot because what she said opened up another way of looking at things. And I don't think there can be a compromise—a happy medium between making money and making music. I think that one has to be totally into the music and learn to be satisfied with basics, with what you *need* and not what you *want*, because invari-

ably, in trying to make money you've got to cancel out making music. You have to deal with a faction of the music business that in a sense almost discourages what it's selling."

Draper was referring somewhat acidly to what he describes as the "management and booking phase." He has been exposed to the fringe manipulators and merchandisers of musical morsels and he does not approve of people who know nothing whatsoever of music, art or aesthetic realities being concerned with the marketing of anything creative. "If they're in it solely for the money, how can they relate to an artist? Most musicians are bad business-

"This is a trap that a lot of black artists will fall into because economically the scene is controlled by white people. So if a black artist is really good and has any kind of potential as a saleable artist, he's going to be pounced on by whites and pushed out to the public."

Each time I see Ray Draper and rap with him, he points out how much it grieves him to have to have to use such terms of reference as "white world," "black artist" and so on. "That differentiation scene is such a drag because this racial thing has really messed me up. I'm one that never had a problem in relating to white people and I'm very happy with my

ple who say that white musicians can't play. If you take a cat like Aynsley Dunbar—I don't know where he learned to play that shit, but believe me, he can *play!* Of course it's derivative, but then for the most part all the music we have today came to white people from black people. Way back when, whites heard black music and they have tried to imitate it and in doing so have sometimes created forms of their own. I'm not speaking in terms of European classical music, I'm talking about what started out as swing, Dixieland and so on.

Draper feels that in 1971 whites have created an art form all their own which stems from what is loosely known as 'acid rock.' "Where it comes from is irrelevant; it's still their own thing and you either dig it or you don't."

At the moment, Ray Draper is still rootless. What he does have going for him is a busy, creative mind and some beautiful ideas. He recalled an incident when he and several "brothers" met at a European border-point where the bus from Paris met the bus from Brussels. "Everybody was jumpin' off that bus and saying 'Splow! What's happenin' baby?' and it looked like—I mean, I looked out of the window and I said, that's Black Power! All those energies, man, like all these *energetic* cats who had come from all over—that was really something!

"Most of them had come from New York and I feel that all the cats that come out of New York are strong in their ideals because that city makes you that way. There's no room there for a cat who's not sure and strong in his ideals. Any softness, and a person just gets wiped out, he can't exist. You'd wind up on the wayside somewhere if you're not strong enough to stand up and be counted!

"But these cats at the border that day! They'd all gotten to the gig somehow whether they were starving or not, and there were all those beautiful faces and everything. And just to feel that *energy!* That was Black Power to me.

"Later on, at the concert, I listened to the cats play and that was Black Power, too. The cats were putting so much into their sounds and they were very, very strong, regardless of whether what they were doing was pleasing to my ear or not. That's the thing that is most impressive for me in the New Music, in freedom, that there's so much energy going into it you feel that one day, when it does get together, it'll really be a force to reckon with!"

(Since this interview was conducted, Ray Draper has returned to the U.S. and at this writing is forming his own group in New York, tentatively named the New Island Social Club. He has also taken part in a Jack McDuff recording session.)

* * *

*Night time, fight time in my head;
disappointment leaves me all but dead;
O how I dread to make a friend,
to find how jive they are in the end;
Where O where did beauty go,
and why does love come O so slow?
Will there ever come a day,
when I am one, yes, one with RAY . . .*



VALERIE WILMER

men—true—but in the future I intend to communicate directly with club owners, concert promoters and so on. I think I know better than any manager what I should get for my music."

Ironically, Draper, with his free-wheeling image, rock antecedents and gift of the gab, could easily move into the Black Star category should he so desire. Yet, he says, this is something he wants desperately to escape. "It's a drag that many black artists are managed by white people, recorded by white people and surrounded by a white environment so that in a sense they lose their sense of identity.

wife, who is white, and I'm very proud of this beautiful baby we have, Kyela, who I feel is like a Third World child.

"But," and here he hesitated and thought deeply, "I know that environmentally speaking, my life has been much different from a white cat's life. My upbringing, the way I express myself, there's a difference there that anyone can dig. But it's not as big a thing as it's made out to be, and it's one of the things that American youth is faced with today and will probably solve. It's a problem that musicians don't have—or at least they shouldn't have.

"That's why I don't go along with peo-

CAL MASSEY'S ODYSSEY

by
Jane Welch

THE NAME CAL MASSEY may not be familiar to many jazz listeners—but his inspired tunes certainly are. Many top jazz artists have recorded them and often play them in concert. For example, had you attended Leon Thomas' October Town Hall concert in New York you would have heard Massey's lovely *Quiet Dawn*. You can also hear it beautifully done on Cedar Walton's latest Prestige album. McCoy Tyner's recent Blue Note album, *Expansions*, has Massey's lovely *Love Song*. Archie Shepp features his tunes in his current club and concert repertoire, and his Impulse album *For Losers* contains Massey's *What Would It Be Without You?*

Going back into jazz history a bit, Philly Joe Jones recorded his *Fiesta* in his *Blues for Dracula* album—and Charlie Parker recorded it before that. (Bringing *Fiesta* up to date, tenorist Billy Harper, often heard with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, did a big band arrangement of it recently.) Jackie McLean did Massey's *Message from Trane* and *Toyland* on Blue Note's recently released *Demon's Dance*; Lee Morgan alone has recorded six Massey tunes. And Freddie Hubbard has recorded Massey's *Assunta* and *Father and Son*. Not least, John Coltrane recorded Massey's *Bakai* and *Nakaini*.

This list is just a beginning—and it is impressive indeed. So while Massey's name may be strange to the serious jazz audience, his music most certainly is not.

Massey has had a varied career. Born January 11, 1927 in Philadelphia, his parents separated during his infancy, and then he and his mother moved to Pittsburgh, where he lived until he was 17. He describes himself as a normal, active child—tap-dancing and participating in local area talent shows. When he was about 13, Massey's stepfather got him his first trumpet and he started formal lessons about a year later.

He soon started gigging around locally, and even began to compose, but his instrument was always his first love. A major event was meeting his future idol, Freddie Webster, in Pittsburgh when he was 14. Webster was then on the road with Jimmie Lunceford, and young Massey admired Webster and asked his advice. Webster supplied the young man with some instruction and much encouragement. Later, in New York, it was through Webster that Massey met many jazz giants.

While gigging around Pittsburgh to earn tuition money for college, Massey worked

in a band with Ray Brown on bass. When the band's leader was drafted, Cal was voted in as leader. However, he refused, not wanting the responsibility (to this day, Massey still only co-leads his current band, the Ro-Mas Orchestra, with Romulus (Franceschini), who assists him with arranging and directing.)

Even at 15, Massey's name was being established. He was also singing then, and was known as "The Dark Sinatra". After one of his frequent jam session appearances, he was asked to join Snookum Russell's territory band, but declined to stay home and finish his education. After a semester at Pitt Music Institute, where he studied theory and harmony, he received a telegram to join a touring band in Oklahoma. His mother advised him against taking the offer, and she was right, but at 17 Massey left Pittsburgh to go on the road. There was no one from the band to meet him at the station on arrival in Oklahoma, and he had five cents on him. A soul brother in a local gas station told him where to find the band.



JACK LEE III

It was not together, and the gig was short-lived.

After a few weeks, Massey found himself broke in Indianapolis, in a condemned, rat-infested hotel. He heard of an audition for a trumpet with Jay McShann's band. A local girl he had befriended cut his hair and sneaked him her brother's suit and tie, and he got the job. Massey stayed with McShann for about a year, then "ego-tripped" in Dallas, quit McShann and went on to make it alone. McShann's trombonist split with him for Waco Tex., where somebody promptly stole his clothes. A crippled piano player gave him some shirts and a pair of shoes two sizes too big. Conditions were unsuitable in Waco, and the family the band had arranged for him to stay with "didn't want no damn Yankees", so he slept on a ferris wheel all night. Stranded again, his mother sent him a ticket to Pittsburgh.

He was 18 then, it was 1946, and he decided to lay over for awhile in New York en route to a gig. He had \$5, one suit, and his trumpet—and he was fascinated by everything he'd ever heard about New

York. Art Blakey invited him to his home the first night in New York and helped him find a place to stay. While in New York he saw all the musicians he respected, and says he loved the feeling of unity in being with such people as Max Roach, J. J. Johnson, Dizzy Gillespie and the other top jazzmen of that era. Through Webster, he met trumpet stars like Kenny Dorham and Fats Navarro. Many of the musicians didn't know until much later that Massey played trumpet, because he was shy to admit it then.

After about a year in New York, Massey went to Philadelphia to locate his father, who had not seen him since he was 18 months old. When he finally found him his dad suggested he become a cook like himself, and he soon left. Around this time, an extremely important event occurred—he first heard John Coltrane, then playing alto and rehearsing with a band that was going on the road. "Coltrane was my lucky piece," Massey has said. Massey had never heard anyone who could play like that. At 19, Trane was modest and afraid of fast-living New Yorkers—he wanted nothing to do with anything but music. Massey followed Trane to his home and was accepted as a member of the family in their humble quarters. The Coltranes offered him food and shelter, and thus began a 20-year relationship between the two men. On the road, they would practice and play together for hours and discuss chords. Basing himself mainly in Philly at that time, Massey was associated with his cousin, Bill Massey, who wrote music, played trumpet and knew most of the local musicians. The Jimmy Heath 16-piece big band at that time included such members as Trane, Benny Golson and Percy Heath. Bill and Cal were on trumpets. It was a good band, using some Gillespie arrangements on pieces like Tadd Dameron's *Our Delight*. Massey stayed with the band awhile. There was good spirit, but little bread. Howard McGhee wanted to take the band into the Apollo but couldn't use all the trumpets, so Massey was cut out of the gig—an experience which caused him great hardship. He remained in Philly and gigged around with Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones. He also did odd jobs and then in 1950, at 22, his heart still in music, got a job with Billie Holiday's band. Philly Joe was the drummer, and they were scheduled to tour the South, then onto California. In South Carolina, however, Lady Day became ill and couldn't continue touring. The band broke up and returned to New York, hoping to get the balance of money owed them from Lady's husband, John Levy (*not* the well-known manager), but they never did.

As soon as Cal was back in New York, things picked up. It was 1952 and he was doing odd jobs and gigging with people like Eddie Cleanhead Vinson. One day he saw a beautiful girl walking towards him and told her he was going to marry her—which he did one year later. Massey's wife, Charlotte, was then at Hunter College and had hopes of becoming a doctor. When they married, the Masseys went to Philadelphia where they stayed five

/Continued on page 33

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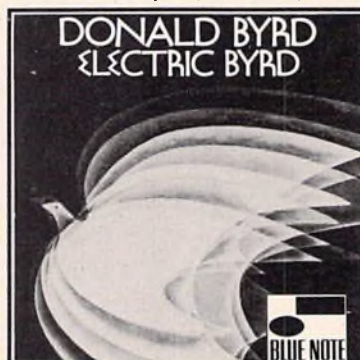
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Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

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DIZZY GILLESPIE

THE REAL THING—Perception PLP 2: *N'Bani*; *Matrix*; *Alligator*; *Closer* (vocal); *Closer* (instrumental); *Soul Kiss*; *High On A Cloud*; *Summertime*; *Let Me Outta Here*; *Ding-a-Ling*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpeter, vocal; Mike Longo, piano; (all tracks); James Moody, tenor sax (tracks 1, 6, 7, 9, 10); Eric Gayle (tracks 1, 6, 7, 10) or George Davis, guitar; Paul West (tracks 1, 7, 10), Chuck Rainey (track 6) or Phil Upchurch, bass; Nate Edmonds, organ (track 6); Candy Finch (tracks 1, 7, 10), Bernard Purdie (track 6) or David Lee, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

During the past year or so, several labels have recorded jazz giant Gillespie in various "commercial" settings. This one is something else again, and much better.

Not that this is a "pure" jazz album. The flavor is distinctly contemporary soul. But the musical content is high. The product of three separate sessions, one co-produced by Diz, it uses his regular group(s), alone or as a nucleus, and much of the material stems from his regular group repertoire.

Personnels indicate that the session which produced tracks 1, 7 and 10 were taped some time ago, while *Soul Kiss* might date from late 1969 and the rest from ca. January '70, when this personnel (with Upchurch on bass) was playing in Chicago.

Since then, there have been other changes, and only Davis and Longo remain in the current Gillespie group. Still, the album is the best impression we have of Dizzy's music as it is today.

He's always been a "rhythm man," as he once put it, so there are no adjustments needed to get into today's beats. Diz has run the gamut from flat-footed swing through bop accents and Afro-Cuban and Latin to 5/4, so the Boogaloo is no problem.

The music here all moves, and hopefully, though this is on a new, small label, some of it has gotten to the hipper jockeys, both soul and jazz. The vocal version of *Closer*, with Diz's engaging, warm singing and gospel flavor, backed with *Soul Kiss*, a rocking novelty, would make a good single, and for all I know, it might be one.

But chances are that the album will be overlooked, also by the buyers, which would be a shame. *Matrix*, *Alligator*, *Let Me*, and *Ding-a-Ling*, all Longo compositions (he also did *Kiss*), have good helpings of splendid trumpet. *Let Me* is a particularly groovy, strictly jazz blues, and Dizzy's slow, Harmon-muted preaching, while not quite up to heard-in-person standard, is a gas. *Alligator* has some stylish

fast stuff in Diz's patented vein. Here and there, there's some experimenting with multiple tracking, used sparingly enough to come off. *High*, a pretty bossa-nova tune, has lyrical trumpet (you can hear where Miles copped), and there's more of the same on *Ding-a-Ling*, which sounds not all like its title.

On that one, there's some fine, strong Moody tenor, but there's woefully little outside the ensemble from him elsewhere. No wonder he quit! His brief bit on *High* is just lovely.

Longo doesn't solo much either, but has a nice spot on *Let Me*. His writing fits Dizzy to perfection. Davis makes effective ensemble contributions, as does Gayle on *N'Bani*, a good piece by Diz. Lee is a fine drummer, with that certain New Orleans thing that still seems to be there (c.f. Ed Blackwell), Upchurch is an above-average Fender bassist, and the rhythm work is good throughout, sometimes even great.

Odd that Dizzy Gillespie, though he's far from being in obscurity, isn't more in the limelight of music today. In all essential respects—as a creative musician, brilliant instrumentalist, master showman, human being—he is qualified to be a superstar. And there is not the slightest doubt that he can reach the young. Major record companies and smart managers, get hip to Mr. John Birks Gillespie! He has it all . . . a lot more than he was able to show here.

—Morgenstern

PAUL HORN

PAUL HORN AND THE CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Ovation 14-05: *Look Of Love*; *Siciliano* (From Bach's *Flute Sonata No. 2*); *Alone Together*; *Magnificat*; *Stolen Moments*; *Presto* (from Bach's *Flute Sonata No. 1*); *Paramahansa*; *Gollinog's Cake Walk*; *The Gentle Rain*; *Concerto in D* (Second movement, by Castelnuovo-Tedesco); *Light My Fire*.

Personnel: Horn, flutes, piccolo, reeds; Libbie Jo Snyder, flutes, piccolo; Bruce Emarine, Tim Weisberg, flutes; Joyce Collins, piano, electric piano, harpsichord; Chuck Collazzi, electric and classical guitar; Dave Parlato, acoustic and electric bass; Bart Hall, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

For the genuine eclectic, this album is a dream come true. For the musicians involved in this undertaking, it must have been a source of great satisfaction. For the executives at Ovation, however, there would necessarily be the mixed emotions that accompany the release of a superior product that has little chance of breaking even.

There is some rock, but not enough to satisfy a bubble-gummer; some classical,

but the symphonic buff is never content with excerpted pieces. As for the jazz fan, his favorite sounds are also intermittent. But as I've already pointed out, the true eclectic will have a field day—like yours truly, who was able to pull out the original classical recordings to hear how arrangers Horn, Collazzi and Lon Norman treated them.

Well Bach, Palestrina, Debussy and Castelnuovo-Tedesco never had it so good. Equally important, even Burt Bacharach never had it so good: his *Look of Love* is prefaced with a high-calorie flute tart right out of the dawn sequence in Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe* ballet score. While the other flutists fade to the background—where they come up with some ghostly echo effects—Horn stretches out on another horn, the alto sax, and the rhythm gets rockier as Parlato's electric bass lines get more adventuresome.

Flute lines intermingle with harpsichord and guitar in a very restful arrangement of the Bach sonata, Miss Collins displays her masculine keyboard approach in a Tatumesque ad lib tempo cadenza to *Alone Together* based on its release. When the rhythm enters, it's straight ahead in all respects: stand-up bass behind the fine piano solo; a good bass solo with old fashioned comping from brushes and piano jabs; exchanges of eights and sixteens between piano and drums. All dated—but so are Bach and Palestrina. The track is just one well-appreciated jam session.

Palestrina's *Magnificat* comes in for a sober, straightforward reading—as straightforward as flutes in an echo chamber can be. It contrasts effectively with the clustered flutes in the Oliver Nelson original, *Stolen Moments*, which finds a set of sophisticated extensions over traditional blues in a minor mode. The tag on the head carries it beyond the usual 12 bars. (Perhaps those are the stolen moments.)

The Bach *Presto* is an excellent reworking: what Bach had originally scored for one flute and an obbligato harpsichord is spread more realistically among at least three flutes, guitar and harpsichord, and what sounds like bowed bass doubling the harpsichord. Lon Norman's conception is more realistic since the *Presto* is built on a no-nonsense, three-part fugue. Perhaps the most impressive aspect of the "updating game" is that *this* version swings.

I don't know what *Paramahansa* means; I only know it gives off a Don Ellis ambience with rock-tinged ostinatos and a

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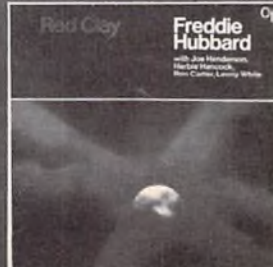


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time signature that seems to graduate from 5/4 to 10/4 when Horn takes a surprisingly Woody Herman-ish clarinet solo. *Golliwoog's Cake Walk* is the only work not worthy of its composer, Claude Debussy. Lon Norman's treatment extracts its showcase value for the Concert Ensemble, but in the end the piece still comes out sounding light-headed.

Talk about showcases, Horn's chart on *Gentle Rain* is an ideal outlet for his alto flute: warm and sensual. Accolades, too, for Collozzi for his tasteful bossa nova comping and solo work. But poor Collazzi is outclassed in the very next track—by his very own arrangement. The second movement from Mario Castlenuovo-Tedesco's *Guitar Concerto in D* (the only movement worth saving from that work) has a main theme of such inspired beauty that it seems wasted on guitar. In this version, when the flute enters with a repeat of that theme, it becomes patently clear that it should have been a flute concerto. Sorry, Chuck.

For the finale, a very upright, Baroque-flavored intro is dissipated by a driving rock treatment of *Light My Fire*. The intensity is there and the fire is lit immediately as Parlato cuts some remarkable figures on electric bass and Bart Hall shows how an establishment drummer can be taught new licks. The fire is kept burning by Horn's outstanding solo, and over the hyperactive rhythm a comparison with Herbie Mann is almost inevitable.

A lot of homework has been done here. The writing and playing are first-rate and the dedication shows. It's worth every star—including an extra one for Horn's cover idea: his entire consort, attired in the Baroque splendor of lace jabots, frilly sleeves, brocaded gowns and ruffled bodices, flanked by two acoustic speakers standing nearly seven feet tall, plus Collozzi holding a guitar covered with the flower decals of today. —*Siders*

ERIC KLOSS

CONSCIOUSNESS!—Prestige 7793: *Sunshine Superman*; *Kay*; *Outward Wisdom*; *Songs to Aging Children*; *Consciousness*.

Personnel: Kloss, alto and tenor saxophones; Chick Corea, piano, electric piano; Pat Martino, six or 12-string guitar; Dave Holland, acoustic and electric bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Kloss came to the fore several years ago as a boy wonder. Not all boy wonders become great or even good artists, but Kloss, happily, is a growing, constantly improving musician. On this LP, Kloss and his sidemen experiment with synthesizing elements of mainstream-modern and free jazz and rock.

The version of *Sunshine Superman* has a choppy beat which I find annoying. Kloss turns in some good, gutty alto work, and Martino's 12-string guitar work is inspired.

Kay is a pretty, uncluttered Kloss composition. Martino takes a complex, very exciting six-string solo here, exhibiting his awesome technique. Kloss's tenor work is outstanding. He builds well, pacing himself intelligently, and, although he plays some many-noted phrases, he still is able to produce an attractively soft tone. Corea, playing conventional piano, turns in ener-

getic, sometimes almost frantic single-note work during his solo on *Kay*. It has both non-swinging and swinging parts, but all of it is fresh.

Outward Wisdom is a driving stop-and-start tune by Martino. The track is highlighted by fine solos by the composer (on 12-string) and Kloss (on tenor).

Joni Mitchell's *Songs to Aging Children* is a pretty tune, but this version doesn't emphasize its lyrical quality. Martino and Corea do a lot of driving double-timing, which is very good in itself but does not have much relationship to the gentle character of Miss Mitchell's composition.

Consciousness, by Kloss, is the farthest out piece here and demonstrates the influence free jazzmen have had on the saxophonist. Kloss and Martino turn in forceful but controlled solo work. Corea, on electric piano, does a fine job as an accompanist, soloist and participant in the collective improvisation. He takes advantage of the electronic characteristics of his instrument to produce some unusual, sometimes eerie effects.

DeJohnette is excellent throughout. His playing is often busy, but not intrusively loud. —*Pekar*

EUGENE McDANIELS

OUTLAW—Atlantic SD 8259: *Outlaw*; *Sagittarius Red*; *Welfare City*; *Silent Majority*; *Love Letters to America*; *Unspoken Dreams of Light*; *Cherrystones*; *Reverend Lee*; *Black Boy*.

Personnel: "Mother Hen," piano; Hugh McCracken, Eric Weissberg, guitars; Ron Carter, bass; Ray Lucas, drums; Buck Clarke, percussion; McDaniels, vocals; Susan, Jane, Mick, Cheryl, Tomas, Ellen, Anna, Billy, Joel, Inc, voices.

Rating: ★★

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

NOW!—Blue Note BST-84333: *Slow Change*; *Hello to the Wind*; *Now*; *The Creators*; *Black Heroes*.

Personnel: Harold Land, tenor; Hutcherson, vibes; Kenny Barron or Stanley Cowell, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Herbie Lewis, bass; Joe Chambers, drums; Candido, conga; Eugene McDaniels, Christine Spencer; Hilda Harrie and Albertine M. Robinson or Ellen Gilbert and Maeretha Stewart, voices.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Inasmuch as I denied most pre-Beatles pop, I never heard *100 Pounds of Clay* and the other McDaniels hits in their time, but now, hearing him on his own LP and as the lead voice with Bobby Hutcherson I can finally witness the talent I missed back when.

Yet *Outlaw* is not that easy to appreciate, for the collision of music and politics presents an always awkward perspective, and McDaniels appears quite committed. Thus, the critical dilemma is to separate message from medium, yet also to recognize the two in synthesis; after all, one does not question love in a love song. Nevertheless, despite the fine gospel-blues flavor, the preaching seems often dominant, which is finally tiresome. Not that I disagree with his despairing sentiments toward America, but protest of any sort quickly dulls—so that, like any poetry, one can only read it so many times. And ultimately, to me, thoughts like that on the liner—"under conditions of national emergency, like now, there are only two kinds of people—those who work for freedom and those who don't . . . the

good guys vs. the bad guys"—are simply polarizing bunk: true but pointless. Revolution and such is bigger than ditties, neat adages, and posing with guns and the Bible on an album jacket.

Otherwise, I wonder if McDaniels is perhaps a better composer than performer, for his voice is often too rough to communicate his lyrics—and especially to hear Roberta Flack sing *Reverend Lee* is to conclude such a thought. Whatever, *Outlaw* is far more provocative than recent troubadour dates, even if the main interest is so extra-musical.

Now!, however, is the opposite in many respects, as the voices are used more as instruments rather than as word vehicles, even though the lyrics are nonetheless pointed. *Slow Change* opens with spunky rhythm, spotting the chorus on the head and good Hutcherson and Land in between. *Hello to the Wind* follows with McDaniels at his finest, either chanting the misty-cum swinging lines or cooking some yodels: both ways better singing than anywhere on *Outlaw*. *Now!* then closes the first side with a short somber elegy for Albert Stinson, made that much more ethereal by the soprano of Christine Spencer (the vocalist on Archie Shepp's *On This Night*). *The Creators* begins the second side with the chorus again the head, then moves into a sensual African mode for improvisations. *Black Heroes* finally concludes the album with Land and Hutcherson swinging and the voices shouting "freedom now!"

It is rather unfortunate that the result of all the notable spirit directed into both these albums is so less than brilliant—but Gene McDaniels is to be heard, and hopefully in a better unity of sense and sound. —*Bourne*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

JAZZ WAVE, LTD., ON TOUR—Blue Note BST 89905: *Don't Get Sassy*; *Reza*; *Greensleeves*; *Body and Soul*; *Slow But Sure*; *People*; *Once Around*.

Personnel: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra (tracks 1, 5, 7): Jones, flugelhorn; Snooky Young, Al Porcino, Danny Moore, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Benny Powell, Jimmy Knepper, Bobby Burgess, Julian Priester, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Joe Henderson, Pepper Adams, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Jeremy Steig, flute (track 2), Kenny Burrell, guitar (tracks 3, 6), Freddie Hubbard, trumpet (track 4) with Hanna, Ron Carter, bass; Louis Hayes, drums, Jimmy McGriff, organ (track 5) with Jones-Lewis.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This double album, recorded during a European concert tour in December, 1969, offers many moments of excellent and intelligently conceived jazz with relatively few lackluster performances. The title is preceded by the phrase "Volume One," which would suggest that the tour's LP documentation will be multiple.

The backbone of these concerts is the Jones-Lewis band, even though its function here is more a backdrop for soloists than as a showcase for the potent arranging skills it often displays. Its big brassy sound, cooking in a swing groove with typically superb drumming by Lewis, strongly enhances the solo work of Marvin Stamm and Joe Henderson on *Sassy*. Henderson's long solo, played against the shuf-

the beat of the rhythm section, is full of the time fragmentation characteristic of those influenced by Rollins and Coltrane. His runs and swirls jell into melodic patterns that give his playing a distinctly horizontal cast. His tone often veers into somewhat agonizing contortions.

Steig's finest moments come on *Reza*. His ideas are compelling and his rhythmic concepts arresting. His playing integrates well into the rhythm section of Carter and Hayes. He is also heard in the finale piece with the band, *Once Around*, although to lesser advantage.

Greensleeves is Burrell's number, which he plays both unaccompanied and with drums and bass. His playing is excellent throughout, offering a varied tapestry of moods and a superb blending of single note and chordal lines. He plays *People* completely unaccompanied in a performance more in the easy listening category than mainline jazz.

Hubbard contributes a glistening rendition of *Body and Soul*. His tone, which is almost completely free of vibrato, is absolutely startling in its purity and clarity, and his swooping runs never fail to articulate each note clearly. His ideas are excellent but hardly unorthodox.

Slow is a showcase for McGriff's organ. He generally confines his playing to frilly fills played against the soft, sensuous, and breathy textures of the band's reed section. It's a pleasant track, and shares side three with *People*. Together they make up a total playing time of about 8 and a half minutes, perhaps the most disgraceful example ever of a record company short-changing the customer in terms of musical quantity on a LP. I would challenge anybody to show me an LP side more meager than that.

—McDonough

VARIOUS ARTISTS

GITTIN' TO KNOW Y'ALL—MPS 15269: *Gittin' To Now Y'All*, part I; *Gittin' To Now Y'All*, part II; *Ved Soerevatin*; *For My Two J.B.'s*; *May Hunting Song*.

Personnel: Track 1 (Baden-Baden Free Jazz Orchestra): Lester Bowie, trumpet, conductor; Hugh Steinmetz, Kenny Wheeler, trumpets; Albert Mangelsdorff, Eje Thelin, trombones; Joseph Jarman, soprano saxophone; Roscoe Mitchell, alto saxophone; Alan Skidmore, Heinz Sauer, Gerd Dudek, Bert Rosengren, tenor saxophones; John Surman, baritone saxophone; Willem Breuker, bass clarinet; Terje Rypdal, guitar; Dave Burrell, Leo Cuypers, piano; Barre Phillips, Palle Danielsson, bass; Steve McCall, Tony Oxley, Claude Delcloo, drums. Track 2 (Terje Rypdal Group): Jarman, flute; Rosengren, flute, oboe; Karin Krog, vocal; Rypdal, guitar; Phillips, Danielsson, bass; McCall, drums; Delcloo, bells. Track 3: Miss Krog, vocal. Track 4: Breuker, Surman, bass clarinet.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

The general tone of this music ranges from optimistic to outright comic, from the impressionist fantasy of Rypdal to the big band's exuberance. Apparently the Baden-Baden Free Jazz Meeting is an annual function to which selected Europe-based musicians are invited to record and present radio-television shows, but not to perform in concert. This is the December, 1969 gathering, which presumably is going to be sold in the United States.

Thirty-two of the LPs 46½ minutes are given to Bowie's big band piece. It reminds me of a typical Richard Abrams-AACM Band set of around four years ago. The eerie guitar and guttural trumpet open over

the band's held note, a tempo appears as Bowie's solo becomes agitated, soon a climax is reached. A piano ballad is superceded by Bowie's whispered call for voices, soon the 21 musicians are yelling at each other, then a small sax theme leads to collective improvisation. And so it continues, solos leading to duets leading to increasingly dense ensemble improvisation climaxes.

There are no complete solo statements, for the groupings of instruments are ever-shifting. Near the end of the first side the rhythm section drops out completely, leaving the tenors to play furiously, alone. Part II then opens with a Jarman-Mitchell duet that's suddenly striking for its originality and ideal pairing. But soon the ensemble thunder returns, and the ending is a reverse of the opening, the guitar making waves breaking over a shore. Bowie's perfectly-timed concluding phrases are beautiful.

Rypdal must have amazed everyone at the meeting. His guitar is heavily amplified, he plays it with a bow (it sounds like two Moog synthesizers at once), and his music is a romantic-impressionist extension of classical electronic music. His own piece is rather an inconclusive group improvisation, a kind of H.P. Lovecraft tale without the menace, during which he makes misty and eerie and whistling sounds behind the vocalist and woodwinds improvising gently in several minor keys. It was inevitable that a Free Jazz player of Rypdal's electronic instincts should appear; some of his ideas are good ones, and he may become an important musician one of these days.

For is a very short but happy piece—the quadruple-tracked Miss Krog improvises “electronic” mouth and throat sounds over a held chord. *Song*, a Breuker conception, opens with a Donald Duck march, then the two zanies duet with exaggerated gestures over the (implied) stiff time. Again, this is ideal pairing of players, quite an imaginative track to play for your friends who gripe that freedom has ruined jazz.

The recorded sound of the big band tends too heavily toward the bass, but this is the only flaw in an otherwise very pleasing LP. May Baden-Baden have many more Meetings like this one. —Litweiler

JIMMY L. WEBB

WORDS AND MUSIC—Reprise 6421: *Sleepin' in the Daytime*; *P.F. Sloan*; *Love Song*; *Careless Weed*; *Psalm One-Five-O*; *Music for an Unmade Movie*; *I. Songseller*, *II. Dorothy Chandler Blues*, *III. Jerusalem*; *Three Songs (Let It Be Me, Never My Love, I Wanna Be Free)*; *Once Before I Die*.

Personnel: Tom Scott, saxophones; Freddy Tacket, drums, tympani, percussion, guitars, bass, trumpet; Webb, piano, organ, accordion, Craftsman 6" power saw, vibes, effects, vocals.

Rating: ★

BOBBY SCOTT

ROBERT WILLIAM SCOTT—Warner Bros. 1886: *Glory*, *Glory Hallelujah*; *Willoughby Grove*; *That's Where My Brother Sleeps*; *Allegheny*; *Interlude*; *Where Are You Going?*; *Interlude*; *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother*; *Woman in the Window*; *I Wish I Could Walk Away*; *Rivers of Time*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Interlude*.

Personnel: Scott, vocals, arranger, conductor, with unidentified personnel.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ ★

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when performing his creations, but with Scott and Webb that nature is polarized: Scott offers passionate evocation while Webb proves a strictly dull performer.

Having written supreme albums for others (*A Tramp Shining* by Richard Harris and *The Magic Garden* by the 5th Dimension are to me among the few best pop LPs ever recorded), Webb sets himself poorly, mostly because he is such a lackluster vocalist. His songs here are passable, although more expert ditties than pieces to be recreated or even remembered (not one is memorable enough to be whistled), and the somewhat clever charts can hardly illuminate such plain stuff.

Sleepin' in the Daytime is bouncy and thereby amusing, but where *Love Song* might have moved well it is instead mangled by the whining and pseudo-expressive Webb voice. I honestly believe that even such a minor warbler as Richard Harris could have done much more service to these tunes than has the composer—because other than the two songs noted, *Words and Music* is an epic of drag: the kind of performance one expects from a singing football hero.

The Bobby Scott album, on the other



originality, cannot be praised more—indeed, I discover myself short of superlatives, for the music is such a fulfilling experience that other vocal dates I've given five stars are actually dull in comparison. This is the first singing I've heard by Scott in a much too long time, and his voice has quite changed, and for the better, from a Sinatra-like casual to the sort of gruff delicacy good whisky tends to bring.

But also a benefit is that his arranging excellence has remained a textbook of subtlety: always easy yet with a definite virility, always spare in his piano or ensemble voicings (like one trumpet moaning on *I Wish I Could Walk Away*) yet with an ultra-evocative caress. In fact, the strength of Scott seems to be his avoiding the spectacular (orchestral landscaping, over-zealous chorales, and so forth) for simply honest absolute spirit—soul, as it were.

The poetic interludes are just that: both lyrical without the usual doggerel pretensions, and fine transitory tangents between the pieces. Mainly bittersweet ballads, except for the pithy upbeat of *Rivers of Time*, the anguish Scott offers rings remarkably true (as opposed to most saloon-singer face-contortion), so that the pathos of *Woman in the Window* (about a prostitute) or *That's Where My Brother Sleeps* (about a young soldier killed in Viet Nam) is never merely pathetic. Of course, now and then the soul is strained, or his voice splinters, but never enough to deter the appeal—for who else could sing *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and make it not only dramatic but sincere?

Other than the latter, the songs are all by Scott, and are clearly definitive. *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother* especially shames the Hollies' hit, and his moving *A Taste of Honey* is to me the classic

performance of a classic sound poem—I can never hear either ever sung again after Scott. And so, if I could urge the purchase of any one LP, and especially one that will wig any head, I urge with all my critical might the hearing of *Robert William Scott*.

Ultimately, just as composers like Isaac Hayes and Burt Bacharach have sought new dimensions in the music of others, so also would I dig hearing Bobby Scott in regular performance. But Jimmy L. Webb can't even make his own tunes interesting. As he carps in *Dorothy Chandler Blues*: "Tell us what records to choose, we need you Mr. Critic, how many songs of love have you ever written in your life, sir"—and so to answer the latter: many—and to answer the first: not *Words and Music*. I would rather listen to Bobby Scott and forget that Webb ever opened his mouth—for compared to the brilliance of Scott, Webb is an outrage to the throat.

—Bourne

FORREST WESTBROOK

THIS IS THEIR TIME, OH YES—Revelation Rev-11: *Begin, Go, Continue, Stop*.

Personnel: Forrest Westbrook, piano; Jim West, vibes and marimba; Paul Ruhland, bass; Dick Wilson, drums.

Rating: ★★ 1/2

The most unusual thing about this LP is the way it was made. A tape recorder and mikes were set up at West's apartment one Sunday. The members of the quartet began to record on the afternoon of that day and didn't quit until next Tuesday morning. They recorded five hours of free improvisation, which was edited down to the approximately 40 minutes of music that fills this LP.

That's a unique way to make a record. The music isn't particularly original, though. It is no longer daring to play free jazz, any more than it was far out to play bebop in 1950, and the type of free jazz this quartet plays is not innovative.

At least there is some variety here. The improvisation is varied in texture, e.g. there is unaccompanied soloing by Wilson, duet work by Westbrook and Ruhland, and collective improvisation by all four members of the quartet.

There is some swinging solo work by Westbrook, accompanied by Ruhland and West. The moods produced by this group vary also, ranging from tranquil to agitated.

Westbrook's playing has been influenced by a lot of jazz and classical musicians. Sometimes his playing is impressionistic, sometimes romantic. Sometimes he plays delicately, sometimes percussively. His work is, at times, dissonant.

However, though he reflects many influences, Westbrook hasn't synthesized them too well. His playing is never very original.

West's playing is angular and sometimes busy. His ideas aren't particularly fresh and his work has a mechanical quality.

Ruhland's pizzicato bass work is just fair. He turns in some nice arco playing on the second half of the first side of the LP, though. His arco tone is much better than that of most jazz bassists.

Wilson does a nice job, playing crisply and forcefully. —Pekar

BLINDFOLD TEST YANK LAWSON-BOB HAGGART

by Leonard Feather

The most remarkable success story of 1970, at least on the orchestral level, was that of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, co-led by Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart.

Organized in 1968 by the wealthy Denver jazz fan and party-giver Dick Gibson, the group has gone from strength to strength, landing unlikely TV gigs (two shots on Huntley-Brinkley), playing rooms where jazz had seldom or never trod (the Roosevelt Grill), and even earning presidential plaudits during an evening at the White House, where the group worked in tandem with Nicol Williamson. (The latter, in addition to offering dramatic recitations, sang to Haggart's arrangements of four Shakespeare sonnets, then topped them off with *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*.)

Colleagues in the Bob Crosby band of the late 1930s, Lawson and Haggart were co-leaders on a dozen traditionalist jazz albums before WGJB was founded. They gave up steady jobs at NBC (both were on the *Tonight* show) in order to resume their jazz careers on the road. A couple of months ago they played a triumphant engagement in Brazil. In the spring of 1971 they expect to work their first European tour.

This was the first Blindfold Test for both.



1. BILLY TAYLOR. *Break-a-Way* (from *OK Billy*, Bell Records). Garnett Brown, composer, arranger; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, Fender bass.

Y.L.: I like the rhythmic pattern of it very much and I like the ensemble. It had a nice bright sound, kind of South American; interesting pattern. A strange introduction, but kind of cute. But I like mainly the ensemble part. The brass sounded good; I liked the saxophones, they sounded like the old Ellington band with the voicings. I would say it was certainly better than the average record. Three and a half stars.

B.H.: I was trying to identify. I thought at first it was the big band I heard at Monterey, I can't think of the name of it; a big modern band that plays so many far out things. Then I thought it was Buddy Rich's band, but then I heard all the electronics, the Fender bass, the guitar . . . the rock rhythm section. . . .

As far as liking it, I like the sound of it, except it sounded a little nervous. The thing they started with and came back to at the end just sounded like they were just learning it. It sounded a little stiff. I do like the writing for the ensemble, and the rhythmic patterns. I'd give it about three and a half stars.

2. GEORGE WEIN. *Sunny* (from *George Wein's Newport All Stars*, Atlantic). Ruby Braff, Cornet; Wein, electric piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

B.H.: I can take it or leave it. I have no idea who it is, except the trumpet player, but I wouldn't want to say . . . well, Charlie Shavers. He's the only guy I know who plays in the low register like that.

They sounded like they didn't know the tune; the whole middle section, everybody who took anything there, it was going off in all the wrong directions.

It sounded like some studio guys in there who really were not jazz players and were just trying to get the three hours over with. It just didn't sound like there was any rapport there. There was no feeling of swing with the drummer, and they're

all fighting each other in the rhythm section. If it's anybody I know, I apologize—I'm probably on it! We play this tune now, and we know it and we love it, and it swings. I'd give it one star, if that.

Y.L.: I thought it was long and contrived. They made a big deal out of the organ over here, and this down there . . . it just sounded like everybody pretending. I didn't like it either.

3. RAY BROWN. *It Happened In Monterey* (from *Ray Brown With The All Star Big Band*, Verve). Brown, bass; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Ernie Wilkins, arranger.

Y.L.: That sounds like a big television band to me. I think it sounded like Doc Severinsen's band. It's just an ordinary record to me; something I wouldn't want to hear over again. There's nothing terribly bad about it—nothing good or bad about it. It starts off like a big kind of old-fashioned dance band. But it just doesn't do anything to me. Mediocre . . . one or two stars.

B.H.: I thought at first that it sounded like an English band, I don't know why. It sounded like these guys deserved A for effort. They were trying awfully hard; in other words the arranger was trying to create a lot of unusual stereo effects with the trumpets pyramiding. It was very over-arranged and contrived and not particularly inspired. The bass player is kind of good. I thought maybe it was Richard Davis, but he didn't make any slides. The bass came through good and clear. I like the ending where the alto and bass did different things at the same time. That's the best part of the record as far as I'm concerned, where they both played a little away from each other. Two stars.

4. HENRY MANCINI. *'Round Midnight* (from *Mancini '67*, RCA Victor). Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Ted Nash, alto saxophone.

B.H.: Of course, all the way through I'm trying to identify the trumpet player, and as close as I can come is Jack Sheldon, because he has that vibrato—one a second, which I like. And I love the tune. It's a great mood. Four stars.

Y.L.: It got me, I loved it. I like the saxophone player and the trumpet player. I don't know who they are either, but I kept thinking it sounded like Phil Woods, its kind of in that vein. I didn't like the ending too much. Everything was so great and all of a sudden it kind of uglies away. Other than that I liked it very much and would give it four stars.

5. TIME-LIFE ORCHESTRA. *Two O'Clock Jump* (from *The Swing Era 1940-1941*, Time-Life Records). Soloists not credited; possibly Joe Graves, trumpet.

Y.L.: It sounded like a re-creation of the old thing. It's just some kind of ordinary ensemble version of it. Rather dull, actually. The guys play their parts well, but so what? It's just something somebody did for money.

B.H.: I guess there's an awful lot of that going on—re-creating and putting it in stereo with modern equipment. I prefer the old versions any time.

Y.L.: Could be Time-Life Records or something like that. I would give that one minus.

B.H.: Musically speaking, in the end there, where the whole band is playing like a chromatic thing in half steps, and the trombones don't—they go right on it, which makes a terrible clash; it hurts my head.

One summer I took a course with Tom Timothy, and he said one section can do whatever they want harmonically, as far as chords are concerned, like the saxophone section could go down a half tone and then come back up again and the brass could just hold organ, as long as it's another color. And these clashes are good as long as it's in another section.

This is one of the little things arrangers store up in their minds, then they break the rules. That was a good example of why that doesn't work. It just sounds hard and harsh. I don't know who the first trumpet player was; it might have been Harry himself—I certainly hope not. I wouldn't bother to rate it.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

First Washington Blues Festival

Howard University, Washington, D.C.

Tints of blue, black, and white composed the prize-winning canvas which portrayed the scene of the First Washington Blues Festival, with an unfortunate preponderance of whites and an incredible dearth of blacks to provide necessary balance and contrast.

This festival, which occurred on an extended, windy weekend was of both social and historical significance, being the first blues festival sponsored by blacks and held on a black college campus. The New Thing Art and Architecture Center of Washington, D.C. sponsored this unique event, which comprised some 22 blues acts, in cooperation with the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and the D.C. Commission on the Arts.

The latter two philanthropic-sounding organizations will hopefully bail The New

changed when fans were exposed to another 90 minutes of the big sound of the Soul Searchers, a local Washington group who play rhythm and blues with jazz overtones with a vehemence. Singer and guitarist Chuck Brown was particularly notable and full of soul in the Buddy Miles tune, *Down by the River*.

Not until the witching hour did fans hear what one would honestly term a blues artist, but Muddy Waters made up for the long delay many times over with his electric, bottleneck sound of the urban blues of Chicago's South Side.

Blues can be divided roughly into the urban, sophisticated sound of the electric guitarists who settled predominantly on Chicago's South and West Sides in their musical migration to the city and the more rugged, rural blues with the accompanying regionalisms and twang of the Deep South where they were born, with the pure and simple melodic lines of the

complished with the aid of King's beautiful brown guitar, Lucille, whose sound soared over *Please Send Me Someone to Love* and *The Thrill Is Gone*. B.B. finished by stating eloquently that "this is the closest I have come to college", and encouraging students to learn all they can.

Singer-guitarist Richie Havens featured long introductions, pulsating with rhythm. We were grateful for his unamplified sound set against surprisingly unobtrusive and appropriate African drums. *God Bless the Child* stilled the house, while Havens' familiar *Freedom* rang out its message like a drug, physically echoed by the sweet scent of pot which wafted through the press and photographers pit—an inevitable by-product of the current festival phenomenon.

Forty-strong and spreading joy was the ebullient Howard University Gospel Choir which traced the musical evolution of the blues back to its church origin. Surging in cadence, the choir represented the youngest of the three-generation span of blues acts presented at the festival, launching Friday night's performance with hymns such as and *All I Want Is a Little More Grace*.

The only female blues singer on the program, other than Gospel singer Bernice Reagan, was the very lovely Elizabeth Cotton from Chapel Hill, N.C. who narrated a tale of hard times. As a little girl, she swept floors for 75c a month, saving enough to buy her first guitar for \$3.75, which she named Stella. She showed a remarkably light touch on acoustic guitar, playing *Hyar Rattler Hyar* and her own composition *Freight Train*, reflecting the train symbolism so intrinsic to the blues.

Rev. Robert Wilkins unearthed the integral Gospel roots of the blues in an extended version of *The Prodigal Son* and a low-keyed *When the Saints Go Marchin' In*.

Then the mood and tempo changed with the antics of Furry Lewis, cavorting about on his artificial leg. Furry came out of that deep-seeded center of the blues known as Greenwood, Miss. which has produced so many blues talents. His style is highly anecdotal and emotionally charged, brimming with tales of hard times. He broke up the crowd.

The tide turned again with J. B. Hutto, who left his homestate of Georgia to work in the steel mills of Chicago, illustrating the fact that the blues is the music of the working class. Hutto and his Southside Blues Band, the Hawks, provided the greatest excitement of the evening, delivering blues with a pervasive boogie beat which set off Hutto's contemporary slide guitar technique. Hutto was cool and controlled, playing from the gut, tossing his head back like a horse to end his phrases—a real crowd pleaser.

Suddenly we were on the West Side of Chicago as electric guitarist Luther Allison moved in staccato, abbreviated steps about the stage with the stance of a matorador. Allison's performance was outstanding in songs which ranged from a slow *Please Send Me Someone To Love* and *One Room County Shack* to a rousing, yodelling, banjo-like version of *Coming Round the*



John Jackson: Intricacy, beauty, and charm

GEORGE GILMORE

Thing out of any financial deficit it may have experienced, even though the festival was fairly well attended. The three-year-old New Thing was formed "to teach kids something other than baseball" by encouraging interest, promoting enthusiasm, and instilling pride in black arts and the African heritage in the 76% black community of Washington.

Instead, however, a young, white, hippy crowd made up three-fourths of the total audience in Cramton Auditorium, clapping and swaying to the music, undaunted by racial innuendos which permeated the festival atmosphere. In sum, blacks create the blues, whites buy and support them!

The program lineup for opening night was a real headliner, drawing a sellout crowd of 15,000. An inordinately long 1½ hour period was allotted the African Heritage Dancers and Drummers who took us back to the African motherland where it all began via dynamic performances of West African ceremonial dances. The pace

acoustic guitarists. Both schools operate primarily on the basis of the traditional 12-bar blues structure.

Muddy was decked out in a green and yellow plaid coat and rust pants, belting out *You Said You Loved Me Baby* and *Another Mule Kicking in Your Stall* in his deep, raw resonant voice, then traveling on to the familiar *Hoochee Koochee Man* and *Got My Mojo Working*, waving his crutch. (Waters was injured in an automobile accident about a year ago). The crowd roared with pleasure.

"The King of the Blues", B. B. King, followed Waters, his polished blues sound rendered with swinging inferences to jazz by a brass section of two saxes, a trombone, and a trumpet. Sonny Freeman, a veteran of 13 years with King, was articulate on drums. *Everyday* evoked a Joe Williams image but raced along in double time. King told his story not only musically, bringing down the house with *I've Been Downhearted Baby*. All this was ac-

Mountain, all rendered with judicious rock vibrations. Allison's emphasis and approach is highly sexual, revealing a wealth of imagery and releasing emotions. Down to the floor went Allison with his guitar, rubbing it against his backside.

Mississippi Fred McDowell, who "doesn't play rock and roll", followed in striking contrast, playing a red guitar and lacing his music with a country twang and a chordal approach. He played his *61 Highway*, one of the numerous highway songs that reflect everyday life in the blues.

Then Howling' Wolf, the "Tail Dragger," crawled on stage, all 250 pounds of him, booming out *I Am the Wolf* and stalking wild-eyed about the platform. He succinctly summed up the situation by saying that "the blues is how you been treated, good or bad," reminding the crowd that "I was raised in Mississippi, I don't know no better." Sonny Boy Slim was fine on barroom piano as pitted against Wolf's harp. *Backdoor Man* and *Decoration Day Blues* rounded out the evening.

Saturday night's performance started on time, again with a noticeable lack of blacks in the audience. Perhaps the new generation of blacks is attempting to throw off its outmoded image, and maybe the slick sounds and tawdry lyrics of the soul fad have them in a commercial grasp.

From Brownsville, Tenn. came blind Sleepy John Estes, now in his mid-sixties, playing and singing some down-home blues, accompanied by clowning Yank Rachel on electric mandolin which proved too loud, and Hammie Nixon on harp. Rachel "has

blues the way a cat has fleas." "has the blues so bad they turned to blacks!"

Perhaps the most graciously received blues artist of the entire festival was John Jackson, a gravedigger from Rappahannock County, Va. whose intricacy, beauty, and charm of delivery on acoustic guitar was in a class by itself. It was a shame that he was given only a brief few minutes. Jackson loves to sing and knows hundreds of songs. He has that sing-song drawl of the Great Northern Neck of Virginia which somehow manages to make two syllables out of one, and Jackson did just that in *Police Dog Blues*, *John Henry*, and the favorite, *Candy Man*. Jackson plays so many changes you can't count them, never resting on his laurels. He achieves his bottleneck sound by holding the end of a knife between his index and middle fingers. (He has recorded on the Arhoolic label. Hear him!)

Then, the professionalism and polish of the South Side Blues Band of Buddy Guy and Junior Wells teased the blues and played with them. Guy, a real showman, sported a suit of watermelon red and was in excellent voice, demonstrating his tremendous range in *The First Time I Met the Blues* followed by the Cream tune, *Sunshine of Your Love*.

Arthur Big Boy Crudup is a charming gentleman who treated the blues subject of old age in *You Don't Have to Mistreat Me Because I'm Old and Gray*.

Next, Mance Lipscomb, wearing a wide-brim hat compatible with his homeplace of Razos County, Tex., played his very

melodic *Texas Blues*, executing long flowing lines on acoustic guitar. Lipscomb's voice is smooth and mellow, his variety of material infinite and historic, including *Shine On Harvest Moon*, *Alabama Jubilee*, and the famous *C.C. Rider*. A pocket knife served as the source of his bottleneck sound.

A glorious finale and family reunion took place with the Buddy Guy-Junior Wells Band, Mississippi Fred McDowell, J. B. Hutto, and Luther Allison—a blues jam session blending the old and the new. The crowd rushed down front, and the musicians could surely have played all night.

There is no question of the sociological significance of this festival of black music taking place at a black university for the benefit of black people, and according to Topper Carew, Director of The New Thing, he hopes to make it an annual event. The blues should be heard now while the older singers are still alive; we have much to learn from them.

My main criticism is that more time was not devoted to the acoustic singer-guitarists who are so basic to the foundation of the contemporary blues sound, which has given impetus to jazz, rock, soul, folk, country music, and all our traditional song forms.

A festival situation provides a potpourri of the art for one to sample, but you can search out the blues on a more personal level at Theresa's or the many other clubs on Chicago's South and West Sides.

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paul hoffert

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—Martha Sanders Gilmore

Mary Lou Williams

The Cookery, New York City

Personnel: Miss Williams, piano; Michael Fleming, bass.

When pianist-composer Mary Lou Williams decides that she's ready to start playing in public again it's good news for jazz. She is an artist who has been heard all too rarely in the past few years because

she has been constantly at work in other areas that give her much pleasure—teaching, writing, working with children, and more recently, making an album of her own recent composition, a Jazz Mass, *Music For Peace*, which was issued on her own label, Mary Records.

When Mary Lou makes up her mind to—as she says—“come out”, meaning out of her house and into the frenetic music scene—it is an event. She does things on the spur of the moment: gets “vibrations”, dreams up ideas that might be unusual but work for her. One such idea led to her gig at The Cookery, a pleasant unostentatious restaurant in Greenwich Village owned by Barney Josephson, who years ago was the proprietor of the new legen-

dary Cafe Society, where the pianist starred during the 1940s. She called Josephson and suggested he should put a grand piano into the Cookery for her. He liked the idea, and so a new venue for jazz has been created.

The Cookery has none of the frills and trappings of a night-club, and this makes it a refreshing place to hear music. It is quite large and brightly lit, a comfortable room with piano and bass set in the middle. Mary Lou needs a warm place with a quiet atmosphere to give the thoughtful qualities in her music a chance to be heard, and here there is space . . . no postage-stamp tables where would-be swingers laugh inanely in the semi-darkness.

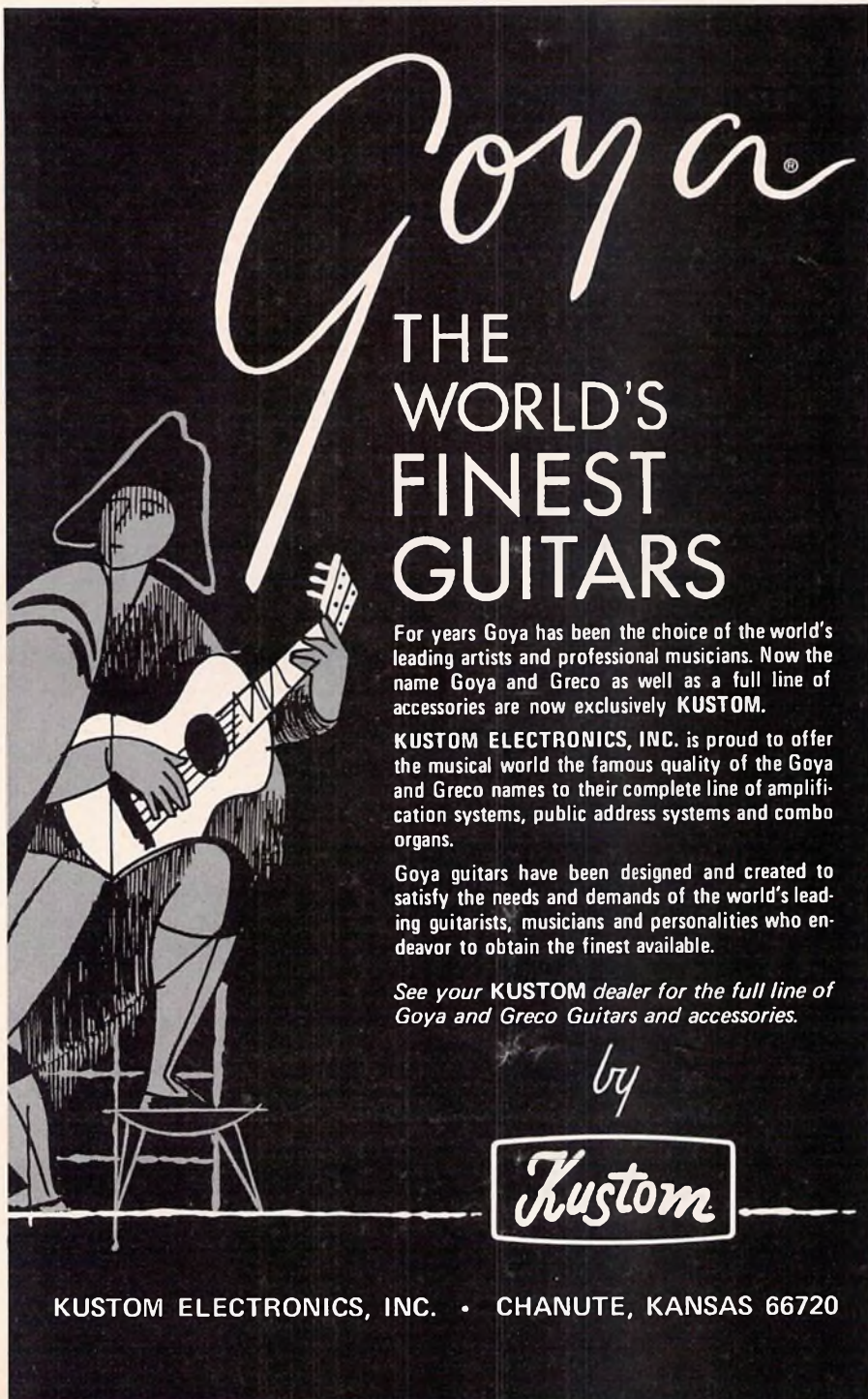
Some of the regular customers, who know The Cookery simply as a good spot for food, come and go, ordering dinner and drinks, appearing mildly surprised to hear live music. Others are frankly curious. A lady leaned over to me and asked: “How long have they had music in here? I think it's rather charming to have people playing.” It is a great deal more than that—it is sheer joy to listen to Mary Lou, as all her long-time friends and fans who are thronging the place know.

She is better than ever—the long respite has given her fresh impetus, and she plays zestfully and often with a joyous smile on her face. There are no drums, and there is no need for any. Mary swings powerfully, as she always has, and she has chosen an accompanist who can give her the kind of support she likes. Michael Fleming is a bass player with a steady beat who plays firmly and evenly up and down the instrument, creating long, full-sounding lines behind her. Fleming is in every way a superb accompanist, and his solos are melodic in construction and always in the middle and low register, making the notes ring with the authority of a man who knows his instrument well.

Although it was a bleak night when I visited with Mary Lou, inside was a warmth of spirit that everyone felt and understood, and rapt attention was given to every tune. A small spotlight illuminated Mary's face and brought out the vivid red-and-blue flower print of the simple dress she wore. She looked radiant. Her repertoire, though familiar to me, sparkled with fresh ideas and voicings. She starts out swinging, and no matter what the tempo, never loses the quiet yet intense feeling that is so much more insistent than mere volume. Her own piece, *Dirge* (written after the assassination of John F. Kennedy) rang with a mournful dissonance, a melancholy majesty.

Mary Lou is an artist. She leans into the piano, closing her eyes and losing herself in the music, yet she is very sensitive to every mood. She smiles toward Michael Fleming to take a solo chorus. It is all very gracefully done; then she picks up the continuity of the tune with little stabbing chords in the left hand while the right hand weaves in and around the melody . . . a very young-sounding, dancing rhythm.

Mary Lou switches from her own songs—*Lonely Moments*, *Kool Bongo* or *Scratch-in' The Gravel*—to standards. *My Blue Heaven* was arranged in an unusual way



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for this venerable tune—a lazy, Latin-style beat strongly accentuated in the left hand, then moving into a hard-swinging 4/4. *It Ain't Necessarily So* became a waltz. *Ill Wind*, a melancholy, moving ballad so often bypassed in favor of more banal tunes, was reflective, and next she introduced a waltz by Melba Liston, *Len-sirrah*.

Mary sets her own pace—mostly in medium and slow tempos—so when she



PETER MOORE

gets into something really fast, it's dramatic. *Caravan*, which began in a lazy, languorous groove, was doubled up and whirled into a loosely-swinging tour de force, an inspired performance that brought a quick rush of spontaneous applause from the audience. Chords on *Autumn Leaves* were spaced far apart, meditative, letting the music breathe. Then she dug into the lower register with dark swirling eddies of sound. In contrast, the next chorus traced a sprightly melodic line. As a ballad, *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You* was tender, evoking memories of Billie Holiday.

"A moment of this is worth ten years of the Jefferson Airplane", someone commented close by as Mary dove into one of her hard-driving minor blues, building chorus after chorus, catching everyone up in it, lifting them, carrying them along, and then setting them down gently—the end of an exciting set which brought a standing ovation.

For a moment, I thought I was back in the little room on West 58th St., The Composer—where Mary Lou and I worked together with our trios in 1958. The same joyful atmosphere prevailed then, and it was a wonderful experience that I remember with much pleasure. Mary Lou probably doesn't realize how much her thinking and her ideas have always influenced me, and still do. She is a continued inspiration to us all—transcending musical styles and fashions as she goes her own way making music that is vibrant and alive, letting us share her world of joys and sorrows. This music tells a whole story of jazz, for Mary Lou has been an integral part of it, from her early years with Andy Kirk, with Benny Goodman, with Ellington, with her own many small groups, up to the present. To hear her play is to know that the spirit of jazz is brighter for her presence.

—Marian McPartland

Yusef Lateef

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, oboe, flute; Kenny Barron, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Kuumba (Tootie Heath), drums.

Lateef was the first jazz musician to pick up the oboe and, in a rather consistent manner, use it effectively. The oboe is a great articulation instrument, but because of the sensitivity of the double reed, it's hard to get any power out of it. (Power in the context of the saxophones.) But it's a great instrument to play the blues on, and Lateef utilized it to its utmost, distorting notes, giving them strange angles and serene sounds, sounds like the Sirens luring Ulysses to the rocks. Sounds compelling one to listen.

The set I saw was a very relaxing one with Lateef playing all three instruments,



each with equal success. He ran through a number of favorite tunes which could mean a number of things, but in this case meant that one could have just as well had dinner and listened because there was no pressure to listen. I have some mixed feelings about that.

This was my first time hearing Kenny Barron and he is a great musician. He combines an almost unbelievable listening ability with an uncanny knowledge of the blues. He's a line player, weaving lines into one another like a great Renaissance tapestry. He has a soft touch like John Lewis which makes his playing unpretentious and his accompaniment smooth and penetrating. His phrasing is similar to Bill Evans', but he plays the blues much better. And the blues is what it's all about.

Cunningham was an adequate bassist. He had a long arco solo on *C. C. Rider* which was interesting but sometimes out of tune. Out of tune may be inappropriate here, since it really depends on what Cunningham heard. But I heard him reaching for notes instead of developing a particular blues effect through glissando.

Kuumba was his usual professional, high-level percussionist self. He evolved out of the Max Roach school which calls for, above everything else, crisp, precise time. And, like Louis Hayes, he can always be counted on to keep the time brisk and right. He soloed on the last piece of the set and dealt mostly with a dialogue between the snares and bass rather than the circular sound one gets from the cymbals with the other combinations.

There were some contradictions in this session. On the one hand, I described it as compelling and, on the other, lacking pressure. I think this was the weakest aspect of the session—an inability to be consistent. This sometimes happens when you don't have a group you play with regularly. Barron is the regular pianist with Freddie Hubbard and Kuumba freelances extensively around New York. But more than anything, Lateef seemed to be content with doing low-activity-level pieces, played at moderate tempos. The audience was unusually small (four people) and jazz needs reciprocity. With the talent he had to work with he didn't have to play safe music, but that's his thing and he did it anyway.

—Bill Cole

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CHASE

(Continued from page 13)

fortunate in getting that knowledge in school—it really set me straight. So when I came to New York to work with Maynard's band, I was already playing decent lead and I got a reputation right away as a lead player."

That reputation led to lead trumpet chairs with Ferguson and Kenton, but it wasn't until his tenure with Woody Herman that his style came into its own. With it also came a realization of the importance and responsibilities of that book marked Trumpet I.

"There are so many things you can do from that driver's seat. You can steer a band wherever you want. There are things

I made Woody's band do that I accomplished without saying a word. Just by taking one note and placing it in a certain position, maybe an infinitesimal fraction of a beat further each night, with the objective in mind that eventually it would get to the point where I thought it should be. And the guys would follow those subtle changes without even knowing that they were doing it. That's a groovy satisfaction."

Chase's influence on the much-heralded Herman Herds of the early and mid-1960s also involved an added dimension of lead trumpet playing. "There were times when I knew I'd simply have to turn on the whole band—like after an all-day bus ride when everyone was totally beat, hungry, unshaven, etc. So I would turn it on

so damned hard that at the end of the night I'd be completely spent. I wouldn't have one note left. Because no matter how tired or swollen your chops might be, when a key high-note passage comes up you pace yourself and you play it. A major part of it is mental. I've found that if you say 'There's no way I can make it tonight' then you will not make it. But when it has to roar and you're the lead player, you can't say that. Because you *have* to make it."

In addition to the experience, development and recognition Chase garnered during his association with Herman, there was something else. That was the influence of Woody himself, which Chase readily acknowledges as a tremendous advantage in his new role. Among other things, Chase learned not only how to survive on the road but how to accept the road as a way of life. Another lesson, one often skipped by musicians, was the value of extramusical interests. "If you're into music 24 hours a day and nothing else, it can really become numb. I got into a photography hobby that really took me away. Many days I'd be out filming things and I'd forget that I was a musician for a couple of hours. But when it came time for the gig, I couldn't wait to play, and that can't do anything but help your music."

"I couldn't begin to credit Woody for everything I learned from him. He's been around and it shows." And being around often meant making the gig at all costs, despite illness, travel hangups, etc., and thus another lesson gleaned from Woody—"if you have an obligation to meet, meet it." But Chase perhaps captured Woody best with these words: "If he's over here and gets up to walk over there . . . that's where he's going."

The Chase focus now, though, is the present, and judging from my observations at Chase club dates, concerts and recording sessions, Bill is well on his way to joining the roster of distinguished Herman alumni who have made more than token waves as individual leaders. Chase is totally involved with Chase. The music, from the bulk of the writing to the finished product, bears his authoritative stamp.

While the group awaits release of the singles and album recently recorded at Epic Records' Chicago studios, Chase will be ensconced at the Pussy Cat A Go-Go in Las Vegas where it all began last summer with a two-week engagement that stretched to ten. From there the itinerary includes jazz rooms (such as Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike near Boston), more college concerts, and visits to such rock havens as Beaver's Tavern in Chicago, one of the many return engagements already secured.

Chase will no doubt regard their recent three-month Chicago stay as the most significant period in their group development. From a strictly personal point of view, that stay afforded me a revealing glimpse into true musical evolution—a sort of time-lapse-camera vision rarely experienced. The main revelation, though, is that the road Chase is traveling has limitless horizons with time-honored guideposts. Musicianship is in the driver's seat.



Meet Mike

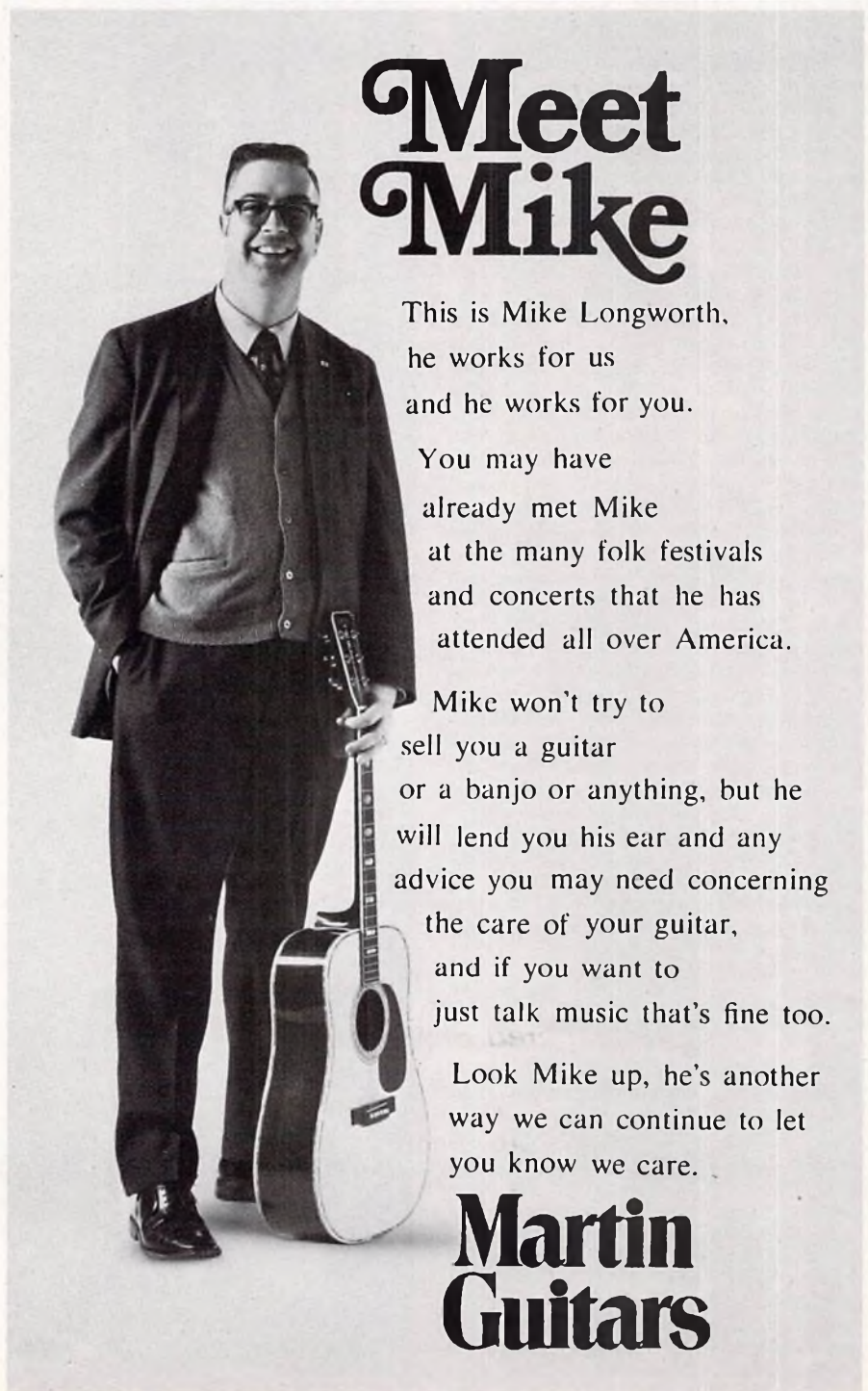
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just talk music that's fine too.

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you know we care.

Martin Guitars



MASSEY

(Continued from page 20)


years—a period more than sufficient to be away from New York. Even though he became disgusted and quit music for awhile, his heart never left it, and then, just as now, New York was the Jazz center. If you had music in you, you had to be there.

Back in Philly from 1956 to '58, Massey began to build a combo using his original music. It was a formidable group including Jimmy Garrison, altoist C-Sharp, McCoy Tyner, Kuumba (Tootie Heath), and Bobby Crowder on congas. Rosemary Davis, Tyner's sister, did the vocals. John Coltrane was in the band off and on. They stuck together for two years.

It was also in 1956 that Massey, disgusted with the lack of gigs, took on yet another role—that of producer. Guests like Coltrane and Donald Byrd were often the stars at jazz specials produced by Massey. In his 14 years of producing concerts, Massey has had much success and has raised thousands of dollars for such diverse causes as Catholic Charities and the Black Panther Defense Fund—not to mention the hundreds of jobs he has given to jazz musicians.

Back in New York in 1959, gigging with B. B. King for a short while and also working for George Shearing, Massey started to build another band, something he always preferred to gigging. Massey's current outfit, the Romas Orchestra, has been together for almost a year, and has had the best of local modern jazzmen in it—men like James Spaulding, Sam Rivers, and Gary Bartz. They play Massey compositions like the beautiful *Quiet Dawn* and the elaborate *Huey Newton Suite*.

Ill health has plagued Massey for the past 10 years. He now has only one kidney, and has suffered from a series of nervous disorders, but the music, somehow, has carried him through everything. (Well, maybe the music plus Charlotte, to be accurate). Massey toured Europe and Algeria with Archie Shepp in 1969 and the countries he visited became familiar with his compositions, *Assunta*, *Things Have Gotta Change* and *What Would I Do Without You*, played live by the composer. His health allowing, Massey hopes to be able to return to Europe to do more benefits, concerts and recordings.

The musical highlight of his life was when Duke Ellington, playing a sacred concert in Paris in the winter of 1969, asked Massey to give him two of his compositions, which he did with alacrity. Recognition of his gifts by the master was the supreme reward for Massey, who never had been happy with his own playing. As Massey says: "I have known some of the greatest musicians in my time, from Duke Ellington to Gary Bartz, and have been very blessed by relationships with the world's greatest jazz musicians, like Pres, Lady Day, Trane, Bird, Fats (Navarro), Freddie Webster, Archie, Lee Morgan, Freddie Hubbard, Cedar Walton, Johnny Hodges, Jay McShann—and so many others. Even with all my illnesses and my ups and downs, I thank God for letting me be Cal Massey." 


ELDRIDGE

(Continued from page 15)

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After the session, Roy is delighted. "I can't believe it," he says. "They let me play my own music. It was like recording in Europe." By his own music, Roy means not just his own tunes, but the kind of mature, solid, contemporary mainstream jazz he loves to play. And that, friends, is the real underground music of today.

At Ryan's, the music is not Roy's real thing. But whatever he touches comes alive. The ranks of the giants dwindle with the passing of each year, but we are blessed to have Roy Eldridge among us, still making music that is no pale echo of past glories but rich and vital and full of the sap of life. The horn that made so much history is still a horn of plenty. Blow, Roy, Blow! 

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Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

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In studying these two solos one is struck by the amazing similarities in construction, choice of musical materials, and their use. Most of the similarities are the result of a phenomenal empathy that existed among the soloists in this 1960 group.

Both soloists are particularly assertive in the two-bar break preceding the solos proper—Johnson with a quote popularized by himself and Miles Davis, and Hubbard with a rising figure combining the diminished and major scales. Both men begin with a simple melodic phrase which is developed via elongation, permutation, inversion, sequence, etc., for the first 20 measures (A to B).

At trombone letter C and trumpet letter B, both soloists use the same kind of rhythmic and melodic configurations. At letter D, with pickups for trumpet and trombone, both soloists use a repeated motif (eighth notes) to build tension. Both Johnson and Hubbard use virtually the entire practical range of their instruments: trombone, one octave and a Major 7th; trumpet, two octaves and a perfect 4th. Both solos, while abounding in technical brilliance and precision, remain nonetheless extremely melodic and lyrical.

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$d = 126$

J.J. Johnson

$\text{♩} = 120$ Freddy Hubbard

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(Continued from page 11)

Lesberg, Buzzy Drootin . . . Wednesday and Sunday jam sessions at Woody's (8th Ave.&34th), organized by pianist **Jay Chasin**, continue to attract both seasoned and aspiring musicians. Wednesday is also session night at the Brooklyn MUSE, where the **Andre Strobert Ensemble** performs Jan. 28, and Monday is jam time at the Club Baron in Harlem, where singer **Irene Reid** was the holiday attraction for two weeks . . . "Punk Music" by **Suicide** was the odd billing for a Village Vanguard Sunday session Dec. 13. Suicide is **Marty Reverby**, **Cool P. Lieberg**, and **Nasty Universe**, and we ain't putting you on . . . **Electric Hot Tuna**, the **Jefferson Airplane** off-shoot sprouting **Jorma Kaukonen**, **Jack Casady**, **Will Scarlett**, **Sammy Piazza**, and violinist **Johnny Creach**, appeared opposite **Taj Mahal** at the Fillmore East Jan. 15-16 . . . The **Galaxy Laser Theatre** was the scene of a December concert featuring tenorist **Dave Lieberman**, vibist **Karl Berger**, bassists **Michael Moore** and **Richard Youngstein**, and drummer **Selwyn Lissack** . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** appeared with the **Jean Erdman Theater of Dance** at Cooper Union Dec. 18 . . . Pianist **Walter Norris** continues to lead the house trio at the **Playboy Club** . . . Singer **Beulah Bryant** toured Vietnam for USO . . . The **James Cotton Blues Band**, plus **Stoned Gas**, were at **Town Hall** Dec. 19 . . . **Roberta Flack** did her first N.Y. solo concert Dec. 26 at **Philharmonic Hall** . . . **Little Richard**

rocked in the New Year at the **Electric Circus** . . . **Larry Coryell**, heard at **Slugs'** and the **Village Gate** in December, also did three nights at **Ungano's** . . . **Count Basie's** band did a one-nighter at **Barney Google's** Dec. 21 . . . A **Collective Black Artists Concert** at the **Brooklyn East** featured the **Sam Rivers Ensemble**, the **Roland Alexander-Kiane Zawadi Quintet**, **Eddie Gale's Ghetto Music**, **Cal Massey**, **Don Moore**, **Charles McGhee**, the **Michael Shepherd-Jackie Blake Quartet** (drummer **Shepherd**, alto-soprano saxist **Blake**, pianist **Leroy Hawthorne**, bassist **Andy Rock**), and others . . . Drummer **Jual Curtis** led **Monty Waters**, alto sax; **Richard Wyands**, piano, and **Bob Cunningham**, bass in a benefit concert at **Columbia Univ.** Dec. 19 . . . **Ray Nance** split from his three-years-plus gig with **Sol Yaged's** group at the **Gaslight Club** and plans to form his own group . . . **Eddie Condon**, who recently celebrated his 65th birthday, took a group of **Jimmy McPartland**, cornet; **Johnny Mince**, clarinet; **Dill Jones**, piano; **Jack Lesberg**, bass, and **Cliff Leeman**, drums to the **Frog&Nightgown** in **Raleigh, N.C.** . . . **Gene Roland** led a 22-piece band at a **December Jazz Vesper** service at **St. Peter's Church** . . . **Attila Zoller** was the holiday attraction at the **Needle's Eye**, followed by pianist **Valerie Capers**. On Jan. 21, bassist **Larry Ridley's** duo took over through Jan. 31 . . . Tenorist **Fats Theus**, with **Ronnie Blount**, organ, and **Richard Taylor**, drums, did a week at the **Blue Book** . . . Pianist **Sammy Benskin** leads a house group at the **Hotel Pierre**.

Los Angeles: **Willie Bobo** followed **Thelonious Monk** into **Shelly's Manne-Hole** and will close Feb. 7. **Willie** managed to get around locally, as he usually does, playing at **The Lighthouse** before going into **Shelly's**. **Les McCann** followed **Bobo**, and **Charlie Byrd** followed **McCann** . . . The **Lighthouse** seems to be alternating between **Latin** and **jazz** for **January** and **February**: following the **Bobo-McCann-Byrd** bookings will be **Herbie Hancock**, then **Bola Sete** . . . **Donte's** continues to run the complete gamut in jazz, with newcomers **Ted Curson** and **Phil Upchurch** (at least newcomers to **Los Angeles**) and old pros **Georgie Auld** and **Marian McPartland**. In between, **Clare Fischer** unveiled his awesome **Yamaha EX-42** electronic organ which, along with its huge amplifiers, took up most of the bandstand. However, there was sufficient blowing room for **Gary Foster** and his various saxes; **Vic Feldman** and his vibes and percussion; **Andy Simpkins** and a standup bass; and **Larry Bunker** and a full set of drums. The quartet played successive **Wednesdays** . . . **Marian McPartland** stretched out for three successive nights, with **Reggie Johnson** on bass, **Frank Severino** on drums. The gig marked **Miss McPartland's** first **Southern California** appearance in over three years . . . **Ted Curson**, from back east, has been doing some sitting in while easing himself into the west coast studio-dominated milieu. His favorite sitting-in spot so far has been **Hogie's**, in **Beverly Hills**, where **Marty Harris** fronts the house trio (**Gene Cheri-**



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Is it that you need more "technique" to express your "ideas", or is the difficulty that you may instead require greater mental clarification of your "ideas"? I have the feeling that what most people think of as "technique" can more precisely be described as manual dexterity. On the other hand, I often get the impression that so-called "ideas" relate more to vague impulses and the wish to make music. To break music down into two parts called "technique" and "ideas" seems to me as unreal as thinking of up without down, fast without slow, left without right. It is like saying, "I know how to spell a word, but I cannot write it down." I tend to believe that in most cases the drummer who thinks he needs more "technique" to express his "ideas" is really in need of greater mental clarification of his "ideas". Some drummers have found greater mental clarification of their ideas in considering the question—
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co, bass, with John Heard subbing often, and John Baker drums) . . . Another pianist fronting a house trio is Joe Masters, at the Trinidad Hotel in Palm Springs. Masters tried to change his setting at one time and gave Los Angeles a try, but decided to return to the Springs where the air is clearer. A similar decision was made more recently by veteran trombonist Trummy Young when he was brought to Hollywood from Honolulu to help duplicate *The Swing Era* for a Time-Life recording project. He sat in with the **World's Greatest Jazz Band** at the Hong Kong Bar, and when conversation turned to working on the mainland, Trummy wanted no part of it; he hightailed it (tailgated it?) back to Hawaii . . . The **Johnny Otis Show**, the r&b package including **Big Joe Turner**, **Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson**, **The Mighty Flea**, **Delmar Evans**, **Margie Evans** and **Otis' son Shuggie**, followed **Freddie King** into the Ash Grove and stayed over the Xmas-New Year's holiday . . . **Bobbi Boyle**, who had fronted the house combo at the Smoke House in Encino for two years, is currently at Whittinghill's in Sherman Oaks . . . The **Albeberts—Louis and Monique**—are currently "duoing" their thing at La Petite Montmartre, in Burbank. The couple was first heard hereabouts when **Bernard Peiffer** fronted a combo at Donte's. Peiffer has since returned to sunny Philadelphia and the Albeberts decided to become the west coast's answer to **Jackie and Roy** . . . The west coast's answer to **Stuff Smith** and **Slam Stewart** combined, **Don "Sugar-cane" Harris**, flew to Germany for a session at MPS Records (formerly the Saba label) under the direction of German jazz critic **Joachim Berendt**. Harris, who plays jazz violin and vocally duplicates his arco, also doubled on bass for the date which included German guitarist **Volker Kriegel**, and British musicians **John Taylor**, electric piano, and **Tony Oxley**, drums and percussion. Harris had to play on borrowed instruments: the night before he left for Germany he was robbed of his car, violin, bass and cash in the Los Angeles suburb of Venice.

Chicago: Visiting royalty enhanced the holiday musical activity: **Duke Ellington** and Orchestra preceded their Las Vegas opening (three weeks beginning Dec. 25 at the Caesar's Palace with **Woody Herman**) with a two-nighter at Ruggles, which is fast becoming a true oasis for big band aficionados. A week earlier, **Buddy Rich's** Big Band played an SRO engagement there and more big band activity has been promised for 1971 . . . Inmates at the Cook County House of Correction had reason to be jolly: they were treated to a Christmas party featuring the **Ramsey Lewis Trio**. Disc jockey **Daddy-O-Daylie** was emcee . . . The AACM presented a *Winter Night Tale* at the Hyde Park Methodist Church Dec. 20. Also featured was the **Oliver Lake Ensemble** from St. Louis (representing the **Black Artist Group**), vocalist **George Hines**, and poetess **Aldalisha** . . . The **McLan-Forrest Stage Group**, a 21-piece rock ensemble employing strings, brass, and woodwinds,

did a half-hour *Chicago Festival* show, aired recently on WTTW-TV. The group also presented a Hull House benefit concert at the Quiet Knight. Admission requirements: a Christmas tree ornament, and a gift suitable for a child between the ages of 3 and 13; wrapping paper was optional.

San Francisco: **Hugh Masekela's** *Chisa Revue*, an Afro-American blend, played concerts sponsored by the Both/And at the Harding Theater. Personnel: Masekela, fluegelhorn; **Hibas Gwanga**, trombone; **Caiphas Semanya**, alto sax; **Arthur Adams**, guitar; **Lenny Hartley**, piano; **Kent Brinkley**, bass; **Ndugu**, drums; **Letta Mbulu**, vocals . . . **Thelonious Monk's** Quartet (**Paul Jeffreys**, tenor sax; **James Leary**, bass; **Clarence Becton**, drums) did weekends at the Both/And in December, with the **Clarence Williams Quintet** featured on Tuesdays . . . Clarinetist **Bill Napier's** Quintet (**Jim Goodwin**, trumpet; **Cyril Bennett**, piano; **Ray Durand**, bass; **Max Leavitt**, drums) has the houseband spot weekends at the new club on Embarcadero's Pier Seven . . . The **Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society** of Half Moon Bay played host to **Gab Stern**, flute, tenor sax; **George Muri-bus**, piano; **Bob Miranda**, bass, and **E.R. Toscano**, drums, along with **Warne Marsh's** Quintet (**Gary Foster**, alto sax; **Dave Partola**, bass; **John Tirabasse**, drums) and pianist **Roy Bogas** with **John Handy's** Concert Ensemble set to follow . . . Organist **Sam Farano's** Trio (**Neal Allan**, bass; **Donald Donaldson**, drums) are the house band at The Elegant Farmer in Oakland . . . **Carmen McRae**, the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, and the **Oscar Peterson Trio** will soon visit El Matador—a departure for the club that relies heavily on Latin-oriented groups.

Paris: The **Modern Jazz Quartet** were presented in concert at the Salle Pleyel, backed by philharmonic orchestra. The works of **John Lewis**, **Andre Hodeir**, **Miljenko Prohaska**, and **Gunther Schuller** were performed . . . **Stan Getz** played two nights at Le Chat Qui Peche backed by the **Eddy Louiss** Trio (**Louiss**, organ; **Rene Thomas**, guitar; **Bernard Lubat**, drums). He was followed by **Art Farmer** with **Jean-Luc Ponty** also due in for a two-weeker . . . Soprano saxist **Steve Lacy** has abandoned Rome for Paris residency where he is playing concerts and club dates with his group (**Ambrose Jackson**, trumpet; **Irene Aebi**, cello; **Kent Carter**, bass; **Jerome Cooper**, drums) . . . **Sun Ra's** *Intergalactic Research Arkestra* ended their European tour with a Paris concert . . . Pianist **Chick Corea's** group (**Anthony Braxton**, reeds; **Dave Holland**, bass; **Barry Altschul**, drums) settled down in Belgium for club and radio dates . . . **Phil Woods** is in the process of signing an exclusive contract with Embryo, a subsidiary of Atlantic Records headed by **Herbie Mann**. The signing would make Woods the only American musician residing in Europe who is under contract to an American record company.



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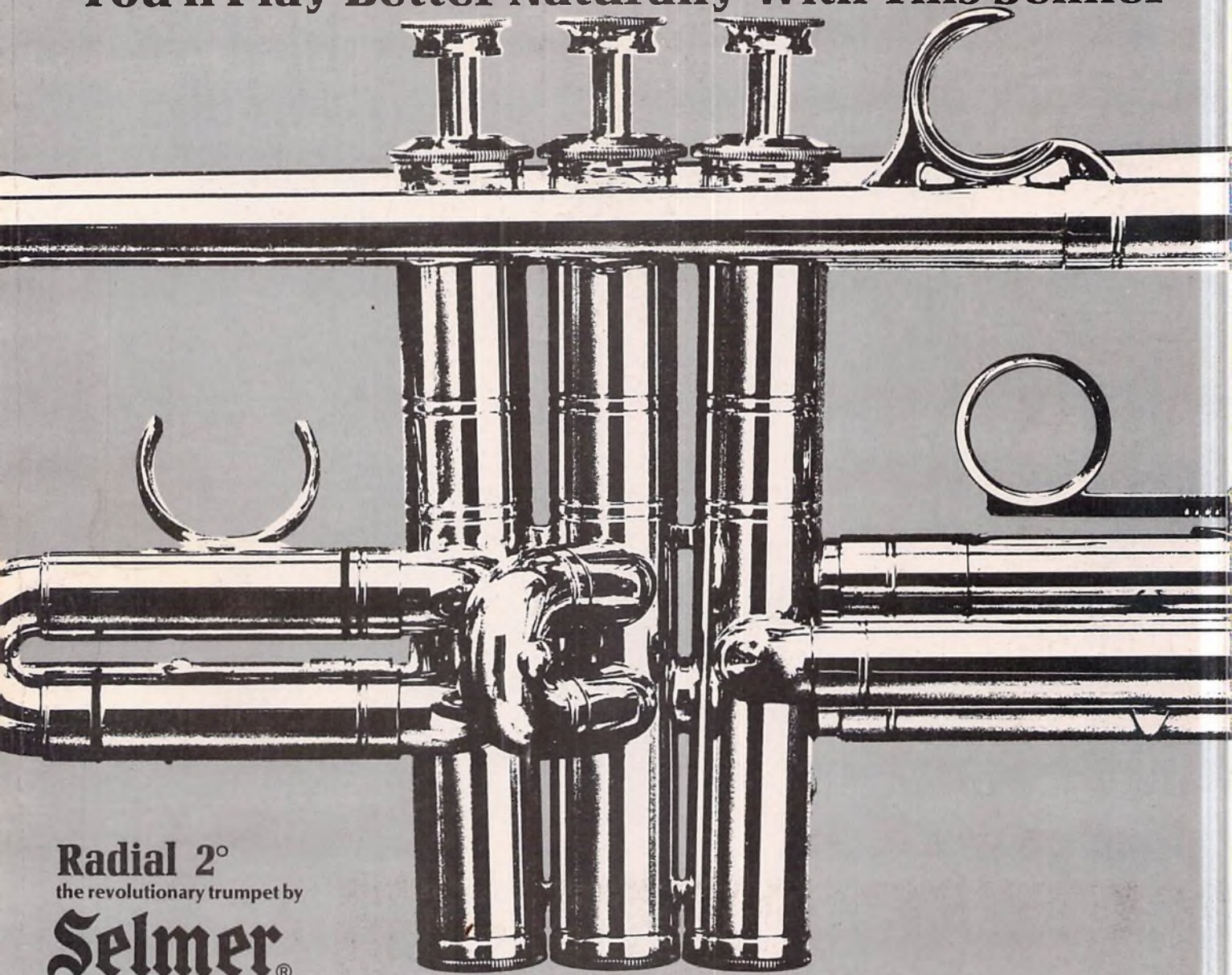
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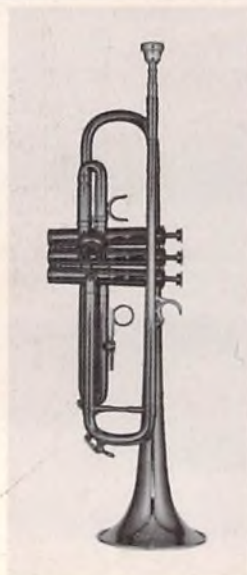
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