

# DRUMMERS: THE HEARTBEAT OF JAZZ

*Drummers: The Heartbeat of Jazz*

MARCH 18, 1971

50c

# down beat

jazz-blues-rock

CHICO HAMILTON:  
TIME IS THE ESSENCE

ART BLAKEY'S MESSAGE:  
JAZZ MUST COMMUNICATE

THE BUSY WORLD OF  
ROY BURNS



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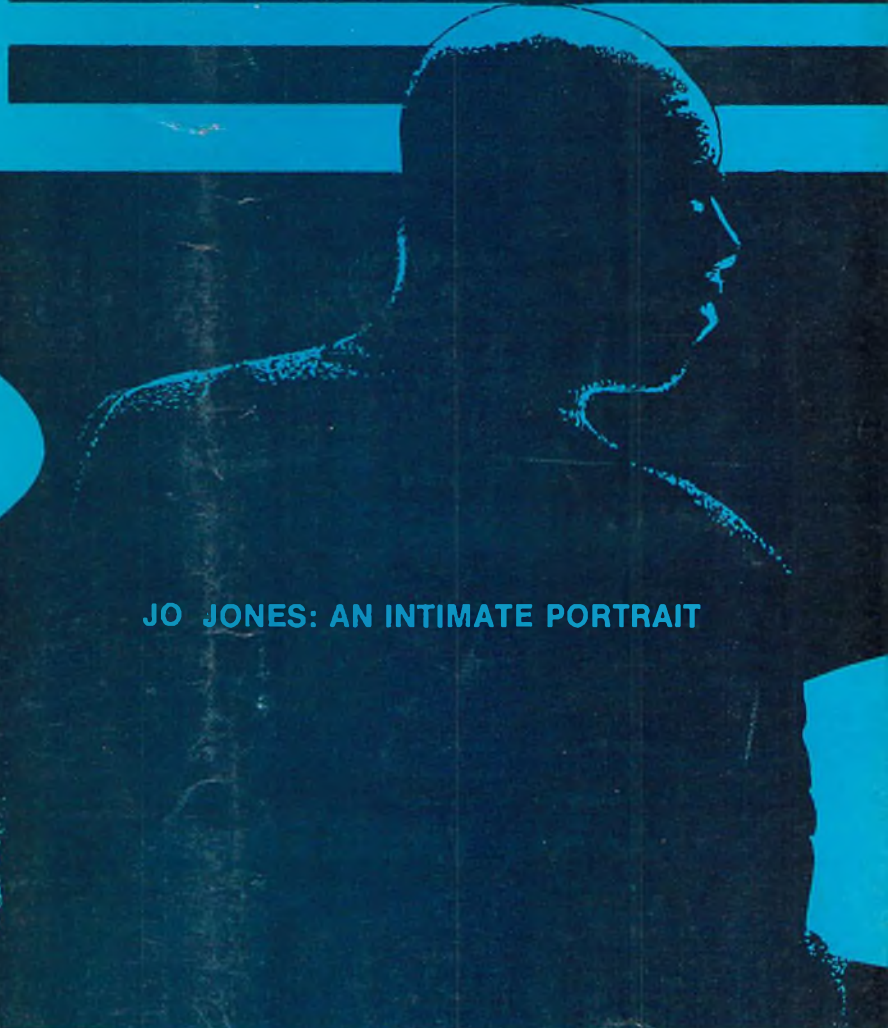
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ROY BURNS



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## THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THIS IS A REPORT of three variations on the theme of improving (jazz) education. As in all successful ventures, many kinds of people combined their individual (and different) motivations, ideas, and skills for an important purpose: how to enjoy something more by doing it better.

The first event (in time sequence) was Jazz at Severance Hall, a continuing program conceived by Sanford Curtiss of the Musical Arts Association which operates The Cleveland Orchestra, with the encouragement and assistance of Pierre Boulez, the orchestra's Musical Advisor and Principal Guest Conductor, and the music department of Case-Western Reserve University. The foundation of the program rests on a series of Saturday jazz seminars with the likes of David Baker (Indiana University); Bill Dobbins (Kent State); Nate Davis (University of Pittsburgh), and Dizzy Gillespie (universal musician). I can report personally on Gillespie's role (I played a muted interlocutor to his tour de force) before an audience of 300 high school and college musicians. He charmed them. He made them see the oneness of music and the oneness of people. He was the peerless Diz from whom there is much to learn.

On Sunday night, a tangible result of the seminar program was demonstrated. The Dizzy Gillespie Sextet and the Modern Jazz Quartet played to a standing-room-only, hundreds-turned-away crowd of 2,040—the first jazz concert in Cleveland since February 1969. Plans are now generating for an expanded seminar series, a high school jazz festival, a college jazz festival with guest players, as well as more Jazz at Severance Hall. Cleveland is learning.

The following Saturday, I attended a Jazz Band Reading Clinic for Chicago public high school musicians organized and hosted by Don Minaglia, Director of the Division of Music for the City of Chicago. The clinician was George Wiskirchen, the noted jazz educator (Notre Dame high school, Niles, Ill.) who assembled 47 recently-released big band arrangements. Transparencies of the first trumpet and conductor's parts were shown on overhead projectors to the audience of educators and students. A "band pool" of 55 high school players nominated by their directors for their reading ability and jazz facility played down the charts under Wiskirchen's direction. The best 20 players stayed in their chairs for the last third of the clinic which featured the more difficult numbers. Wiskirchen's command of the idiom was, as always, most impressive. By example and by analysis, he demonstrated what jazz interpretation should be, as well as making the audience aware of what new published music is available and worthwhile. He also had good reason to lay out several publishers and arrangers for the "stock" quality of their arrangements. (We will get more into this in *down beat's* Big Band issue, April 15). Out of this clinic activity will come an all-city Jazz Ensemble, a jazz festival, and the proliferation of more organized activity in the Chicago schools. And if you can do it in Chicago, you can do it anywhere.

The third program also involved the Reverend Wiskirchen. He and three other high school directors from the Chicago suburbs conceived the Illinois Invitational

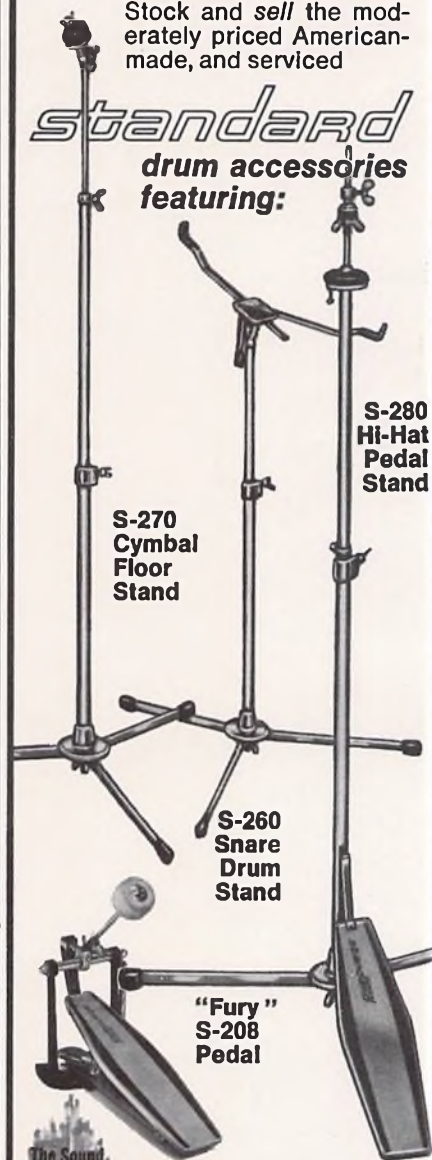
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- April 2-3** . . . Southern College Jazz Festival\*  
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- April 3** . . . Pacific Coast College Jazz Festival  
San Fernando Valley College  
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- April 16-18** . . . New England College Jazz Festival\*  
Quinnipiac College (Hamden, Conn.)
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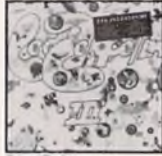
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## contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 11 Chords and Discords
- 12 News
- 13 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 Art Blakey's Jazz Message: Thomas Tolnay elicits the views of the influential drummer-leader.
- 16 Jo Jones: Percussion Patriarch: A charming profile of one of the true giants in a unique setting. by Lewis K. McMillan Jr.
- 18 Youthful Time: An Interview with Chico Hamilton: The dynamic percussionist talks to Mike Bourne.
- 20 Percussion Discussion: An Interview with Roy Burns: The master clinician discusses his career with Charles Suber.
- 22 Record Reviews
- 28 Caught In The Act: Marty Grosz and the Sounds of Swing • Herbie Mann • Ken McIntyre
- 32 Music Workshop: Drum Shop Talk with Bob Tilles. By Charles Suber

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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

## Gold In Silver

In regard to your record review of Horace Silver's new LP, *That Healing Feelin'* (db, Jan. 21), I have bought it and listened to it intently and find it most stimulating.

I suggest your reviewer listen to it with a spiritual ear and read the liner notes with a spiritual eye and open up his mind to the beauty of Horace's music and words.

This is the "Aquarian Age," the age of spirituality, and Horace's new music reflects the new age. I patiently await Phase II of "The United States of Mind."

Al Freeman

New York, N.Y.

## King Carter

I have seen nothing in your excellent magazine regarding Benny Carter's recent visit to Europe. I don't know which other place he appeared, but he did play with Henri Chaix' Swiss swing band at the traditional Swing Session at Baden in September, an event that was recorded and broadcast around Europe.

Let me tell you here and now that Carter has lost none of his zest

and tremendous power of improvisation. He was featured as a soloist on alto sax in five tunes, doing an average of three choruses, and greatly impressed the audience, particularly, perhaps, on his own tune, *Swing in November*. Benny Carter is still your king of swing, or at least mine.

An old swing jazz fan can only wish that we'll be hearing more



of Benny Carter in the year ahead. Could anyone tell me, by the way, why we seem to hear him so seldom these days, on records and otherwise? And another question while I'm about it: Has Carter put away his second instrument, the trumpet, altogether?

Jan Fr. Lochen

Oslo, Norway

One reason why Carter is so seldom heard and seen is that he keeps busy with studio work, scoring for films and TV. Another is the

singular lack of imagination among bookers, producers, clubowners, etc. Carter has not put away his trumpet; as reported in these pages last year, he played it at a Princeton University concert, but the instrument requires consistent practice. —Ed.

## Praise For Jacquet

We saw Illinois Jacquet several times during his recent stay at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, and he proved once again that he is the greatest of living tenor players. We know of few musical giants who would blow as hard and long as Illinois did for the 11 or 20 people who came to see him each night. We consider ourselves lucky to have been there. We would like to thank Illinois for giving so much of himself to so small an audience.

Most of us voted for Illinois in your poll, but evidently there seem to be at least 30 other tenor players who rank above him, including Boots Randolph. We think the results of your poll are absurd in many categories, especially that of tenor sax. We urge *everyone* to see and appreciate the genius of Illinois Jacquet and then decide who is the most expressive, emotional and swinging tenor player.

Dave Brogdon Gary Sargent  
Cookie Towle John Sargent  
Joshua Schneider

Weston, Mass.

# milt jackson

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## ACJF '71 SET FOR MAY AT UNIV. OF ILLINOIS

The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts will present the 1971 American College Jazz Festival in association with *down beat* at the Krannert Center on the campus of the University of Illinois in Urbana May 14 to 16, it was announced by George London, Artistic Administrator for the JFK Center, at a press conference held in Chicago by the sponsors of the ACJF, American Airlines and American Express.

Willis Conover of the Voice of America will be executive producer and emcee. The format for this year, he said, will be similar to that of the 1970 event, also held at Urbana.

Big bands, combos and vocalists representing the seven affiliated regional college

composer-arranger will receive a \$250 commission for a work to be premiered at the 1972 ACJF, to be held at the JFK Center in Washington, D.C. This year, Fred Hamilton of the Univ. of Northern Colorado will conduct one of the guest bands in the premiere of a work commissioned at the '70 event.

The National Association of Jazz Educators is assisting the ACJF as well as the seven regional festivals in formulating adjudication procedures, selecting judges, and organizing clinics connected with the festivals.

The regional festivals will each host about 20 college jazz groups chosen on the basis of audition tapes. Some regionals are non-competitive, but a panel of judges will select the big band, combo (and if the quality is on a par with the instrumentalists, vocalist) to go to the ACJF. An impressive lineup of judges, clinicians and guest performers is scheduled for the regionals, including David Baker, Louis Bellson, Urbie Green, Mundell Lowe, Marian McPartland, Lou Marini, Oliver Nelson, Alec Wilder, Ernie Wilkins, and Clark Terry.

For complete details and ticket prices, contact the individual festivals, or write *down beat/CJF*, 222 West Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

The festivals, their dates, and the chairmen are as follows: *Southwest CJF*, March 13, Dick Goodwin, Univ. of Texas, Austin, Tex. 78712; *Midwest CJF*, March 27-28, Jim Sorenson, Elmhurst College, Elmhurst, Ill. 60122; *Southern CJF*, April 2-3, J. C. McAleer, P.O. Box 1098, Mobile, Ala. 33601; *Pacific Coast CJF*, April 3, Joel Leach, San Fernando Valley College, Northridge, Calif. 91324; *New England CJF*, April 16-18, Dom and Sam Costanzo, Quinnipiac College, Hamden, Conn. 06518; *Inter-Mountain CJF*, April 23-24, William Fowler, 100 S. West Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101; *Northwest CJF*, May 9, Ralph Mutchler, Olympic College, Bremerton, Wash. 98310; *American College Jazz Festival*, May 14-16, c/o Krannert Center Box Office, Univ. of Illinois, Urbana, Ill. 61801.



Dizzy Gillespie

festivals will perform in five concerts (evening of May 14; afternoon and evening of May 15 and 16), and added attractions will include two or three college jazz groups chosen "at large;" three outstanding Illinois high school bands (at the opening concert); improvisation and arranging clinics (morning of May 15), and at least one professional jazz star performing at each of the five concerts. Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry have been confirmed, Conover said, with others to be announced soon. (The guest professionals appear with the cooperation of the American Federation of Musicians. Last year's guests were Cannonball Adderley, Gary Burton, Benny Carter, Quincy Jones, Gerry Mulligan, Lalo Schiffrin, and Terry.)

There is no formal competition at the ACJF. However, a panel of judges will hand in comment sheets on the groups and select outstanding student performers and arrangers to receive various awards and scholarships. The outstanding student

## ENDOWMENT APPLICATION DEADLINE IS MARCH 15

The deadline for applications for National Endowment for the Arts grants in jazz for the fiscal year 1971 is March 15.

In order to obtain official application forms, a letter of inquiry must be written to: Office of Music Programs, National Endowment for the Arts, 1800F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20506. Such letters may be written in the applicant's own style, but must contain specific information pertinent to the category applied for.

There are four such categories. Category

I is for individual non-matching grants of up to \$1,000 to American jazz composers and arrangers for commissioning new works and funding completion of works in progress. Information must include description of the work, the applicant's training and experience, and pertinent details if the work is to be composed for a specific ensemble and plans have been made for specific performance(s).

Category II is for matching grants up to \$1,000 to colleges, universities, or schools of music to establish short residencies for jazz composers, arrangers, instrumentalists, instructors, and critics (funds to be applied to jazz specialists' fees only). Information must include a brief description of the project, when and where it would be carried out, and a brief budget outline.

Category III is for individual non-matching grants of no more than \$500 to musicians and qualified students to provide travel and living expenses enabling them to tour and/or study with professional jazz artists for a period of approximately two weeks. Applicants must specify five or more artists in preferential order, indicating also if the proposal has been discussed with any of these, where and when the project would be carried out, a budget of anticipated expenses, a biographical resume, and three personal references.

Category IV provides matching grants of up to \$1,000 to public and private elementary and secondary schools or other non-profit, tax-exempt community and religious organizations for presentation of on-premises jazz concerts (funds to be applied to artists' fees only). A description of the project, when and where it would take place, and a budget outline are required.

Category V is a general category providing for such additional grants as the Advisory Jazz Panel may approve.

No projects taking place prior to June 1, 1971 will be eligible. Nancy Hanks, chairman of the Endowment, has stated that funds for jazz grants under the 1971 budget will total \$50,000—more than twice the 20,050 awarded last year.

## GILLESPIE AND HACKETT MEET IN SUPER SUMMIT

Dizzy Gillespie and Bobby Hackett—a combination as sublime as it was unlikely—made memorable music together on a Sunday afternoon at the Overseas Press Club in midtown Manhattan, enchanting a crowd which overflowed the club's spacious parlor, garlanded the stairwells, and packed the downstairs bar, where the music was relayed through a speaker system.

Backed by a superlative rhythm section of Mary Lou Williams, piano; George Duvivier, bass, and Grady Tate, drums,

the two grand masters of jazz trumpet traded solos, eights, fours and even horns in a demonstration of wholly individualistic but thoroughly complimentary styles.

The event was sponsored by the OPC's Jazz Club, a recently formed organization with a flair for imaginative programming. It also marked Hackett's 56th birthday. He was serenaded by Gillespie with a unique version of *Happy Birthday*, to which he responded with a few bars of *Silver Threads Among the Gold*, and was presented with an elegant birthday cake by singer Maxine Sullivan, an official of the club.

In a program of ballads, jazz standards, and a few unusual items such as Fats Waller's charming *Jitterbug Waltz*, Hackett and Gillespie conducted a post-graduate seminar on the improviser's art, inspiring each other to heights rarely reached in any music. Miss Williams contributed solos that maintained the level, and Duvivier and Tate never stopped swinging.

Events of this nature, rare to begin with, are as a rule ephemeral. This one, however, was recorded by Perception Records, the label to which Gillespie is signed, and the results are something to look forward to. To this reporter, the summit meeting set a mark for 1971 that is unlikely to be surpassed.

—D.M.

## FINAL BAR

Clarinetist **Harry Shields**, 71, died in New Orleans Jan. 19. He was the younger brother of Larry Shields, clarinetist in the

famous Original Dixieland Jazz Band, who died in 1953.

Shields received early instruction from his brother and began to play professionally around 1916, working with Alfred Laine, Emmett Hardy, and Sharky Bonano. He retired in 1942, but began to play again nine years later, with George Girard, the Dukes of Dixieland, and Bonano, visiting New York with the latter in 1959. He appeared with Bonano at the 1969 New Orleans Jazz Festival and worked at Preservation Hall the night before his death.

## POTPOURRI

Tom Reichman's film *Mingus*, acclaimed during its brief theatrical run in 1968, has been acquired by National Educational Television and will be shown on NET network stations throughout the U.S. at 10 p.m. on March 7 and again on March 10. The documentary portrait of a great jazzman is recommended viewing.

**George Wein's** Festival Productions, Inc. is making special rates available to jazz societies wishing to arrange for members to attend any one of three major festivals presented by the organization this year. These are the Hampton Jazz Festival (June 25-26), Newport (July 2-5), and the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival (July 30-31). The offer includes European as well as U.S. and Canadian jazz societies. Inquiries should be addressed to Festival Productions, Inc., Tour Office, 2526 Ob-

servatory Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45208.

A benefit concert for Phoenix House, the drug rehabilitation foundation, will take place March 11 at New York's Town Hall, with the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** and the quartets of **Kenny Burrell** and **Frank Foster** as the featured attractions.

Tenorist **Dewey Redman**, known for his work with **Ornette Coleman**, will be featured in concert with his own group (**Cecil McBee**, bass; **Eddie Moore**, drums) at Washington Square Methodist Church in New York March 5.

The unprecedented success of Columbia's **Bessie Smith** reissue project has led the company to initiate a similar venture involving the recorded legacy of **Billie Holiday**. According to producer-collaborator **Chris Albertson**, there will be at least 10 volumes, offered at the same 2-for-1 price as the Bessie sets, and including alternate takes.

What is probably the first college-level course on rock 'n' roll in the U.S. is under way at the New School for Social Research in New York. Called *Atomic Youth and the Rock Mushroom*, the course is presided over by **Michael C. Luckman** and places heavy emphasis on the "socioeconomic aspects of rock culture," with guest appearances by performers, critics, producers, and even groupies.



COURTESY LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Louis Armstrong was honored in a special "Salute to Satch" held recently at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas. Among those on hand to pay tribute were Ella Fitzgerald and Duke Ellington. Others, not shown, included Red Norvo, Si Zentner, Eddie Miller, and Xavier Cugat.

## STRICTLY AD LIB

**New York:** Louis Armstrong was set to open a two-week stand at the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room March 2. Satchmo's chops were in fine shape when he appeared on Channel 9's Cerebral Palsy marathon a month before . . . The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra** celebrated its 6th birthday with a weekend at the Village Vanguard in February, sharing the week with **Pharoah Sanders'** group . . . **Buddy Rich** and crew returned to **Barney Google's** for a two-nighter Feb. 21-22. The **The Magnificent Men**, a jazz-rock group, has been appearing at the club . . . **Miles Davis** pulled one of his "no show" stunts at the Bitter End, where he was billed to appear in early February . . . The **Cookery**, at 8th St. and University Place, where **Mary Lou Williams** and bassist **Michael Fleming** continue Monday through Saturday, has added Sunday music to its schedule. Solo guitarist **Ted Dunbar** (on hand from 1 to 6 p.m.) and solo pianist **Dill Jones** (from 6 to 11) kicked off Feb. 7 . . . The opening concert in Carnegie Recital Hall's *Jazz: The Personal Dimension* featured pianist-composer **Toshiko**, with **Lew Tabackin**, tenor sax, flute; **Bob Daugherty**, bass, and **Mickey Roker**, drums . . . **Kimako's**, at 2240 7th Ave. in Harlem, continues to present week-ends of new black music. Recent attractions included **Norman Connors** and the **Black Experience**, and **Archie Shepp's** Sextet (**Joe Gardner**, trumpet; **Sonelius Smith**,

/Continued on page 38

# ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSAGE

by Thomas Tolnay

ART BLAKEY has a mission. He had it back in 1934 when he began playing drums for keeps. He has it in 1971, at a time when he is considered one of the kings of his instrument.

"Jazz is truth," says Blakey, and his mission is to prevent jazz from drying up creatively so there will always be enough truth to go around.

Certainly he has been carrying more than his share of the missionary McCoy already, from the time he established the original 17 Messengers in 1948. When the big bands began to break up in the '50s, with not enough work to sustain large units, Blakey and Horace Silver formed the five-piece Jazz Messengers. In that first version of the group, Doug Watkins fingered the bass, Hank Mobley wielded the tenor, and Kenny Dorham manned the trumpet.

Today, many personnel changes later, the group is one of the oldest small jazz units around with the same name, same leader, same philosophy.

"From the beginning," Blakey said, "we have worked for jazz from without and within." He meant that the musical messages decoded by his outfit have always had two main purposes: to excite the audience, and to develop the musicians within the group. Through the years the head man has maintained a constant belief in this double-barreled credo.

Bebop was making its mark about the time the Jazz Messengers were born. "In that era the music was a little raggedy," he said. "We came in with organization—arrangements, uniforms—trying to be sharp in appearance and music-wise. Before the public, jazz is show business, and I believe in that too."

But he also believes that jazz is the stuff that dreams are made of—the music that can lift people out of their troubles.

"Jazz washes away the dust of everyday life," he said. "When people come into a club, they don't want to be bothered with the problems out there. All they want is to be happy and have a ball. It's the musi-

cian's job to take them away from all that world. To hypnotize them, lead them out, and then bring them back to reality."

Blakey contends that all the great jazzmen understood this basic function of the music. "That's what made them kings," he commented. "Charlie Parker had it, Sonny Rollins has it, Clifford Brown, Stan Getz—all of them. Dizzy Gillespie can take you and sweep you right away. You're eating food—you forget you got a steak on your fork. The greats tell their story, and they got you. And when they're finished, they let you go.

"That's always been true of jazz," he continued. "The viewpoint may change, the form may change, but if it's jazz it still has to swing. It has to take you away. If it stops swinging, it'll all perish. People like to pat their foot. They want to be happy. And the best way to be happy is to forget. And the best way to forget is to pat your foot."

The drummer suggested that one reason jazz has experienced a decline is that many musicians have forgotten that this is the primary purpose of playing.

"The average layman, listening to some of the things they're coming out with lately makes him think—well, what the hell is that? I'm telling you straight, in recent years that has happened to me!" he confessed. "I've asked myself more than once about some music—just what is it? Where is it? I can't find it. Now if it's supposed to be Indian music, African or classical music, I expect the different approach. I'm looking for it. I just want the punishment to fit the crime!"

Jazz, he says, is a music of great feeling and listeners have a right to be wired up to that feeling. "You don't have to be a musician to understand jazz. All you have to do is be able to feel. That's why true jazzmen play—because they want other people to share what they feel.

"To pass through life and miss this music," Blakey remarked, "is to miss out on one of the best things about living here and now." What he seemed to be saying, in his own way, is that jazz makes the world go 'round. Strong sentiments, but Art Blakey's passion—and that, after all, is what we're talking about—is openly religious in its fervor.

Blakey, one of the most positive forces ever to embrace this music, was reluctant to point the finger directly at the avant garde as the weak link in the chain of jazz. The drummer did say, however, that "knowledge gained and not applied is no knowledge at all."

He put it this way: "If you come up and say 'I'm a jazz musician,' and you learn how to play the music, but you never apply what you've learned, and you go off into something else, you're not jazz at all! And it won't be long before you finally lose any jazz you originally had. That leaves you without roots. That leaves you nowhere!" The exclamation points, incidentally, come from the drummer, not the writer. That's his energy coming out all over.

"What they don't seem to realize is that once you play inside, you can always play outside." Blakey was referring to the fact that once a man understands his instrument, knows his music, he can go beyond

set patterns and still play in a way that adds up, that doesn't alienate the listener. "But how can you play outside if you can't play inside?" he said.

While the musician in him understands that "guys want to play something different—be way out," he believes the most important thing is to establish oneself on record. "Develop your style," he advises young musicians. "Don't follow the crowd into the latest fad. Don't play something just to be different. Find yourself first," he emphasized, "and the rest will fall into place."

This advice leads directly into the second part of Art Blakey's philosophy of spreading the truth of jazz. Specifically, spreading the word to the musicians in his group. Providing a training lab, a launching pad for fresh talents in jazz. By doing this he hopes to keep the music gassed up, vibrant and versatile—flying high. Without new talent coming up, he realizes, the life-blood of jazz would be shut off as tight as a faucet.

Bobby Timmons, Benny Golson, Kenny Dorham, Walter Davis Jr., Freddie Hubbard, Doug Watkins, Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter—these are just a few of the musicians that have spread their wings in the

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**"The viewpoint may change, the form may change, but if it's jazz it still has to swing. It has to take you away. If it stops swinging, it'll all perish. . . ."**

---

framework of the Jazz Messengers. Over the years, the leader estimates, as many as 200 different musicians have picked up something with the group, and this total will continue to rise as more new talent passes through the Blakey ranks. But he made it very plain that this learning process within the group is strictly a round-trip ticket.

"I'm always learning from these new cats too," he said, "not to mention from other kinds of music. You can't put down other kinds of sound. I learn from everything. Everyone. From Indian music, classical. I go to Japan, to Africa—I listen. Believe me, I am always learning from other musicians, other music. Maybe not always immediately. Sometimes years later I find myself coming out with something I picked up on tour or right in the group.

"You never know it all," he said. "Many guys unfortunately want to start at the top and work their way down. They figure they already know everything. I know some black musicians who say: 'I don't want to play no blues. I want to play black music.' Well, I say to them, 'What do you mean black music? Jazz is American music. No America, no jazz. That's the way it is.'"

Blakey is perhaps the most optimistic jazzman on this or any other side of the Hudson. He admits that sometimes he may be concerned about the state of the



ALAIN BETEX

music "for a minute or two," but he remains convinced that jazz is a potion that will continue to cure the malaise of people. Jazz, he insists, will always be played because the need that it fulfills will always exist.

The important thing to him is having a chance to play. "If you can produce the music, if you have the talent," he explained, "the world will beat a path to your door. A lot of musicians worry about the financial fix of jazz, about the bread they're going to get out of it. That's not the musicians' purpose. Their purpose is to play. Period.

"Some musicians today have gotten to the point where they are raggedy on the bandstand," he continued. "People see them before they hear them. Attitudes have changed. Musicians come in late. Or they make like they're doing the audience a favor by showing up. This is not good, because we're still employees. At the end of the week we have our hand out. Some guys have lost sight of this.

"If those musicians were born in another country," he said, "they would be in a world of trouble. Look at the people in other countries who are dying to have just a little opportunity to do something. Anything." This statement was one of several which seemed to indicate that the optimism of Art Blakey spills over from the music we call jazz to his view of that state of mind we call the United States.

When asked about the many people in the country today, including some of his colleagues, who find that America is not the best of all possible worlds, he said: "Either they are naive, or they're just missing the boat. They haven't traveled much. Or if they have, they did it with their eyes closed. I'm not saying everything is perfect here; all I'm saying is look around and compare."

Nearly 40 years of practicing what he preaches has not dulled his purpose. The drummer continues to work on his musicians, to stir them up, excite them. He perhaps has more influence on the musicians that play with him than any other leader in the business. Certainly the current crop will attest to this—Ramon Morris on tenor saxophone, Donald Smith on piano, Bill Hardin on trumpet, and Art's long-time bassist, Jymie Merritt.

Musical influence is only part of the plan, however. By also teaching his men leadership, Blakey provides the impetus for new groups in the future, for he even worries about the club owner. Building a strong group, with important billings, he feels, enables the club owner to have more name attractions to draw customers, to keep his business up.

"With mostly non-name groups playing throughout the year," said Blakey, "the jazz club can't stay open. We need more names that can be billed.

"Part of the problem," he conceded, "is that a lot of leaders won't bill any of their musicians. They just bill themselves. I don't believe in that. If the young musician coming up is good, people ought to know it. Young cats have to have somebody to help them along. Besides, you teach them and they teach you. It's a fair exchange—no robbery."

When asked whether this attitude of

helping young musicians applies to white as well as black musicians, he was emphatic in his reply. "Absolutely," he said. "This is jazz musicians we're talking about, Americans—not black or white."

His generous attitude, love for the music, and warm manner have earned him the affection and respect of scores of musicians who have worked with him. "They love me like a father," he said with a pleased grin. "They don't want to leave the group."

"I love the men I work with. I love the thing we have going together. It's truth. It's beauty." This rapport between Blakey and his musicians comes out very clearly in the playing itself—a riotous, joyful combustion. "Our music really comes across when everybody is feeling good about everyone around them," he said. "First you've got to remove the barriers they may have in their minds, and then



they can really play their hearts out."

The drummer's warmth is especially apparent when he dips into his long, fascinating jazz past to pull out an anecdote. The story of how he came to play drums is a delightful example.

The time is 1934, the scene the Ritz Club in Pittsburgh, Blakey's birthplace. "It was run by gangsters," he said jovially. "I had a 16-piece band in there and I played piano—couldn't read a note! Played in about two keys," he laughed. Keys or not, he was able to pull musicians together and get them to do things, as he's been doing ever since.

"Then this big show came in from New York—Tondelayo and Lopez. They had special music written by Raymond Scott. It was called *Powerhouse*. Really impressive stuff—bamp, bomp, be-doodle-lee-doo-doo-de-lee. All written out. Looked like fly shit on those sheets. It scared the hell out of me.

"I'd come in late, you know. The star. Wearing a sweater, big towel around my neck. 'All right brass,' I says, 'run that down.' Now these guys' chops are getting

tired. And they got to play that night. But I had to keep stalling so I wouldn't have to play my part. 'All right reeds, play your part.' Finally, Tondelayo comes over and says to me: 'Mr. Blakey, we'd like to hear the piano part.'


"That's all right, take your time. You'll hear it, you'll hear it.' Soon she played the business on a record machine. Now I tried to listen to it, to pick it up—but they were playing too damn fast. And it wasn't in my key! All the while, this kid has been sitting in the corner wiping his nose on his sleeve, listening.

"Anyway, I kept fooling around," he went on, "instead of being honest. Brother, that was my first lesson in honesty. I stood in front of that band and told them to go through it one more time, and it was so way out I didn't know what to do, so I hollered: 'You know damn well I can't read!' Finally this little cat in the

corner came over and said, 'Mr. Blakey, can I try it?'

"'Sure kid. Go ahead,' I told him. So while the kid is mounting up at the piano, I go over and start showing the drummer how to do it. I knew something about the drums, and I wanted to make somebody think I knew what the hell I was doing. Well, that piano part came around and the cat not only played it but he added his own dressings. Fantastic. And that kid's name was Erroll Garner.

"Through all this, the owner of the club was sitting in the back with his big .38. Finally, he calls me over and says, 'Look kid, I think you better let that other feller play the piano and you play the drums.' I didn't like the idea too much, but he says to me, 'You want to work here?' 'Sure,' I says. 'I been working here a year and a half. I got a contract with you, ain't I?'

"This gangster looks me in the eye and says, 'You ain't got a contract if you're playing piano.'" That's how Art Blakey came to play the drums full time, and he's been wailing ever since. 

THE YOUNG FELLOW standing at the counter in Frank Ippolito's drum shop had just purchased some bass drum heads and was waiting for Frank to wrap them. On his left he spotted the practice pad which drummers use to try out sticks before buying them. He pulled the pad over and was reaching out for a pair of sticks lying by themselves beyond the bunch nearest to him.

"Don't bother those; you can't play them!" The wiry, bald black man spoke with a tinge of authority in his voice.

"What?" said the youth quizzically.

With an air of intensity one could easily have mistaken for anger, the older man rose from his seat near the counter and almost snatched the pad from the younger man's hands. "I said you can't play those sticks! You know what these are? One is one size and the other is another size!" he shouted.

"Oh, I see," the young man said calmly.

"No, you don't see!" retorted the bald one. "These are specially paired, and nobody plays them but me, and I play them even."

It was evident that the young man was somewhat amused by this statement.

"So you play even-handed? (A term that means switching holding positions from right-handed to left-handed.) I don't believe it. Let me see you do it!"

This, plainly, was what the older man had been waiting for. Oddly-matched sticks in hand, he quickly went into a warmup

that ownership of a musical instrument magically imbues them with the ability to play that instrument and to know all there is to know about it.

The young man, obviously repentant, just stood silently, listening respectfully to Jo Jones' every word. Then he bid us all a most humble goodby.

I'll make no bones about it. I was mad as hell. To me, as to an almost endless number of drummers and would-be drummers, Jo Jones has through the years been the personification of tasteful drumming at its best, an almost mythical figure who possesses some kind of magical insight enabling him to play just the right thing at the right time.

Since the days when I was a youngster in South Carolina, the apex of drumming to me did not mean the fiery pyrotechnics of Chick Webb or Gene Krupa, but the sly, subtle, tricky brush and cymbal work produced by a man named Jo Jones who played with the Count Basie Band. But then, during the '30s, to me Basie's band was really Jo Jones' band.

In that part of the country, the only live musicians we kids had any opportunity to see were those who infrequently played for prom dances and minstrel shows (imagine my pride when at 12 I was sitting behind a drum set, playing for what were called "Jig" [minstrel] Shows).

Most of our exposure to music came by way of phonograph records. I broke many a chair and wore out many a 78 rpm disc

Well, miracles happen. The little kid from South Carolina who always wanted to play drums like Jo Jones finally met his idol and they became fast friends.

As you walk down 8th Avenue toward 50th Street in Manhattan you have to look hard to spot the signs on the second-floor level which point to the location of the Professional Percussion Center—"The 'In' Place For Drummers." If you miss the signs, you just might catch sight of the cymbal mounted outside the door on the street level which also proclaims the shop's location.

Going up the stairs and turning left, you enter what at first looks like any other drum shop. But before long, you realize that this is a place like no drum shop you've been in before.

There's the usual display of sets, accessories and books. There is even a drum repair section, where Al Duffy and his 16-year-old apprentice Paul Kimbarow are nearly always busy at work on some piece of percussion equipment. But at this point the similarity to other drum shops ends.

You detect the tasty aroma of coffee (brewing constantly in the office). You also begin to feel the easy, relaxed air of the place. No one is pushing anyone to buy. In fact, many times owner Frank Ippolito can be found behind the counter chatting with some visiting musician about anything except a purchase.

The special character of the drum shop is further underlined by the presence of an

## JO JONES: PERCUSSION PATRIARCH

by Lewis K. McMillan Jr.

routine. Building from a simple hand-to-hand single stroke, he progressed steadily to strokings of such complexity as to defy description.

There was only the sound of the crisp, well-executed taps of the nylon-tipped sticks hitting the india rubber of the pad. The young man's mouth hung open in amazement. Ippolito and I stood spell-bound as the man changed adroitly to the position of a left-handed drummer, losing none of his light, easy facility, accenting NOW on the beat, NOW off, effecting crisp, clean triplets, open rolls, diminishing them into flawless press rolls that barely whispered yet loudly proclaimed to all present that here was a master at work.

The man responsible for this demonstration now replaced the pad in front of the young man, placed his own sticks on the side, and handed a pair of evenly matched ones to him. Without a word he returned to where he had been sitting and I withdrew from the counter to join him in shared silence.

I looked back at Ippolito as he mouthed the words, "That was Jo Jones, one of the best drummers of all times!" to the unknowing would-be drummer whose mouth again fell open at this revelation.

"God, what a perfect ass I made of myself!" he said as he walked over to where Jo and I had now begun talking about young people who seem to think

—especially those by the Basie band (with Jo Jones on drums).

Running away from home at 15 to join the Army, I wound up—by the grace of the gods—in Special Services. Not as a drummer, but as a ventriloquist/magician/emcee! But what army bandmaster could keep me away from all those beautiful drums . . . and away from his musicians, many of whom had played with well-known bands before entering the service?

Whenever these guys sat around in "breeze-shooting" discussions, the names of Lester Young and Jo Jones invariably entered the conversation as examples of masters of their instruments.

I don't remember where I first saw Jo in person, but he was behind his familiar white-pearl set with the big 16-inch floor toms on each side.

While I had been drawn to him because of his fascinating work with brushes, when seeing Jo in person I realized what a hell of an all-around drummer he was. Sticks, mallets, brushes . . . he proved to be the master of them all, creating that special brand of subtlety with anything he held in his hands, and even playing up a storm with just his hands: fingers, thumbs, heels . . . EVERYTHING!

I used to nearly go crazy trying to fathom this smiling cat who could make the drums do everything in the book (and out). How does a cat like Jo think? What goes on in his mind while he's playing?

attractive brunette, but make no mistake, Kathy Myers if far more than decoration. A very capable singer who proudly lists a tour with Duke Ellington among her "dues paid," she is equally capable as Frank's Girl Friday.

A line often spoken by Kathy (as well as by others among the staff and visitors) is, "Where's Jo?"

Ippolito's percussion center is one of Jo's homes away from home (the other being Jim&Andy's, a famous bar/restaurant hangout for citizens of the world of music).

Almost any day, if you climb the stairs to the drum shop, you'll be sure to find Jo Jones there, talking animatedly with some friend from the Basie band or Jazz at the Philharmonic days. Or there might be a young drummer who is presently working with Jo's old friend Erskine Hawkins in the Catskills. You are struck by the respectful way the young drummer addresses Jo as "Mister Jones," before he launches into relaying a message to Jo from Hawkins.

Being Jo Jones, he has to send back a cheery word in the form of a cryptic reference to some humorous happening.

However, if anyone thinks Jo Jones spends his time reliving and cherishing the old days, like some musical horse out to pasture, he would be sadly mistaken. For he is very much with life today.

As he talks, his eyes flash with excite-

ment as he tells of the planned workshop which will be in continuous operation on the floor above the drum shop, or of some projected concert or recording session.

Suddenly, he'll stop talking. "Wait a minute," he'll say as he cocks his head sideways, listening for a moment to the young man standing in front of the counter tapping his new snare drum with a look of confused dissatisfaction at the sound he gets.

Jo walks over to him.

"Let me have those sticks for a minute."

Like a physician checking a heartbeat he taps the head, then listens closely. His fingers move first to the snare gate, then to the muffler knob, making slight adjustments as he continues to tap the head. He suddenly smiles as a crisper, cleaner, more resonant sound emanates from the drum. Still smiling, he wordlessly hands the snare and sticks to the young man whose face is flooded with a look of mingled gratitude and amazement. Now he speaks to the young man.

"You got those things on your drum . . . use them!"

"Gee, thanks a lot!" the young fellow happily replies. He turns to Ippolito. "I guess it was me and not the drum. I'll take it; wrap it up."

By now Jo has resumed his running narrative. Maybe he's telling of the time he, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge were playing together and kept a joke going between them about the gaudy band uniforms they had to wear. Or it could be about the time many years ago when a certain Kansas City gangster faction favored the Basie band so much that anyone refusing to applaud at the end of a number might find the floor under his feet ventilated by bullet holes.

Sometimes, when the shop is empty of customers (which is rarely) Jo has a little time to really relax and go into himself. If you happen to be among his trusted intimates, he'll share some part of his life with you. Some part you know is something you just don't put in print. For you respect Jo far too much to violate his confidence.

There are, however, some things he doesn't mind everyone knowing. In fact, I'd risk saying that he wishes more people knew about them. While most of the talk centering around musicians seems to ring with one four-letter word, there is a six-letter word which is far more important to Jo and to a lot of the musicians with whom he has been associated: prayer.

Many is the time I've heard him say, "The last thing I do at night is shut my door and get my Bible down, and read!"

Not long ago, Rev. John Garcia Gensel, the well-known minister who serves as Pastor to the New York Jazz Community, asked me to relay an invitation to Jo to play his drums at one of the regular Jazz Vespers workshop services held on Sundays at 5 p.m. at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan.

"Yeah Mack, I'll play for him," he told me. "But, before I do, I've got to take a week or two and get off to myself . . . to cleanse my mind and get everything out of mind but that one service." Pastor Gensel wasn't a bit surprised when I told him of

Jo's reply. For he, like the others who really know him, love and respect Jo for his deep, unfeigned spirituality.

I shall never forget a night not long ago when a group of jazz fans gathered to see a private showing of some jazz films in which Jo had appeared. One was *Jamming The Blues*, in which he shared the spotlight with another great drummer, "Big Sid" Catlett. The other was the immortal CBS Television production, *The Sound of Jazz*, which was the last film appearance of Billie Holiday. Along with Billie and Jo and most of the Count Basie band, there was also Lester Young. (I refuse to refer to any to these wonderful people as "the late," for to me they are as much alive today as 20 years ago).

Not only did we see Jo Jones at his usual drumming best in the films, but the show itself was introduced as it should have been: by Jo Jones himself.

Always one to place things in their right perspective, he was emphatic that everyone in attendance know that the TV show was dedicated to the memory of his dear friend and associate in the Basie band, Walter Page.

It was just at the time of the filming of *The Sound of Jazz* that the celebrated bassist contracted pneumonia. He died without taking part in the actual show.

It was Page whose Blue Devils Band,



The author works out

in which Basie was the pianist, joined the band of Benny Moten. From this merger the Count Basie band eventually was born.

There is a certain "get-it-straightness" about Jo which some might find to border on the abrupt and impolite. But I find no difficulty in accepting this aspect of the man. For instance, there is the case of a picture taken of Jo and Lester Young in Army uniforms at Ford Ord, Cal. in 1944 (this photo appears on page 314 of Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, 1955 edition). In the picture, Lester and Jo are shown playing their respective instruments. This would lead the unknowing viewer to think that even while in service they continued to play. But Jo is quick to



point out that when the picture-taking was over, Lester went back to his non-musical service assignment and Jo returned to his company area, where he had been assigned as latrine orderly!

"And you know, somebody should finally know the truth about something else," he declares indignantly. "All these years, the various jazz writers have had me joining Basie in 1935, '36, and '37. But I went to Basie's band in 1934!" he says with finality. After all, shouldn't Jo Jones know when he joined the Basie band?

There's a sort of standing joke-hobby he maintains: locating the many instances where his name was misspelled "Joe."

The crowning twist to this came not long ago, when smilingly he handed me a copy of a French jazz magazine: "Mack, how do you like this?" I looked at the words prominently displayed in boldface type on the page before me. They were "JO JONES." But the face in the picture accompanying the name was that of Philly Joe Jones.

(Speaking of inconsistencies: I wonder when Columbia Records is going to get someone to change the spelling under Jo's picture on the back of the album *Ellington at Newport, 1956*?)

Not many weeks ago, Buddy Rich dropped into the drum shop to pick up a snare. However, what was to have been a simple drum-buying expedition turned out to be "Old Home Week" as two old friends tussled playfully, battled each other with sticks and practice pads, talked about the old days at Harlem's Apollo Theater and in general had a real reunion ball.

But the high spot of Buddy's visit came when he played a rhythmic accompaniment to Jo's neat and agile time-step dance figures. It got to feel so good to Buddy that he jumped from behind the drums

/Continued on page 38

# YOUTHFUL TIME: an interview with CHICO HAMILTON

by Mike Bourne

CHICO HAMILTON is and has been an exceptional musical artist for many years, from his early emergence as an accompanist and a light of "west coast" jazz until now with his new electric ensemble. We spoke in his Manhattan penthouse just prior to the recording of his current album, *El Exigente* (Flying Dutchman FDS-135).

**M.B.:** The word "original" is a bit worn, but through your career you've consistently maintained a newness that seemed to precede or at least keep abreast of directions in music. You and Charles Lloyd were into impressionistic jazz long before any artists I know of; the kind of music Miles is somewhat into now. And on *The Dealer*, you were the first I heard to use rock not as some artificial adaptation of beat or licks but as a viable musical form in terms of your own playing. And now, in your new group with Arnie Lawrence, you have that spontaneous electric pulse which is the sound of the time.

**C.H.:** You're right. You've done your homework well. From the beginning, even way back when I first recorded with the trio, with George Duvivier and Howard Roberts, that was something different at that particular time. No one ever had thought about recording a guitar, a bass, and a drum. . . .

And then, when we got into the original quintet with Buddy Collette and Jim Hall and Carson Smith and Fred Katz, there again, oddly enough, we were really playing in *self defense*. It was very difficult for musicians to play a good sound and make a living of it. And it just so happened that we found guys who were all together at the right time. Here again, like they tell me about a group called the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble that play things like cello—hey, we did this 15 or 16 years ago. Which also is a point I'd like to make: there's really virtually nothing *new* about music. We're still playing the European school . . . and virtually there won't be anything new in music or about music until someone comes up with a new instrument and invents a new type of scale or a new whatever. But getting back to the current group . . . all of last year I had a little workshop group, a sextet with two trombones and two saxophones and bass and drums—and, man, that was a dynamite group; it was a wipeout!

But here again, that group was a very well-organized type of sound and type of playing, a very heavily arranged type of group. And after having done that for almost two years, I needed a change. Because predominantly, I'm a very *free* player; I play very loose. And with this new group, we don't even let each other know what *key* we're playing in! You know, everybody's just *playing*, which is the most important thing right now. And we play because my whole thing today and for the balance of my life is to be able to play what I want to play when I want to play. Music has been very good to me, and I want to give something back to it. And the way that I feel I can give something back to it is by being very honest in what I do as far as my playing is concerned: the way I play my instrument, and letting guys just feel free and being loose in playing.

**M.B.:** Your new group has a kind of avant spontaneity, but in a music people can get into with more ease, especially in the kind of tunes you do. Like the quartet is so intimate, playing in and through each other, and then a tune like *Felicidade* or *Comin' Home Baby* happens, which is hardly what one expects from the intense energy music being made.

**C.H.:** I think the key to it is the fact that you as a listener—you might find it just looking around that room when we're playing—that we're keeping a basic rhythm foundation going. Man, as long as people can pat their foot, this is the whole thing as far as the element of jazz is concerned; trying to keep a grooving rhythm going that's so strong that you can't hardly keep still—this is what people relate to. This allows the horn and the string instruments to play anything they want to play. Fortunately, I'm able to develop these rhythm patterns that'll just carry on; that's the key, really, in a sense. We go into what we call either a long line or just a vamp-till-ready, that old bit, and, man, we get into one of those things and when it gets so groovy, like whoever takes off, shoots out there, that's who we go with.

**M.B.:** We're talking about—and it's becoming another drag term—vibrations.

**C.H.:** Definitely, man—this is the beauty. You know, having played all types of music and been limited and restricted with a set arrangement, to play like this now is heavenly. It's just beautiful, because if you can't get vibrations off the people you're playing with, then there's really no sense in playing—because you're feeling each other; everybody's contributing to everybody. The result is people dig it: the reaction's been absolutely fantastic.

You know, any smart promoter—I mean this sincerely, without trying to hustle the group—but any smart promoter would take this group out. And with all the talk about jazz vs. pop-rock or the combination of the two, you know, the whole bit that they'd like to see happen—hey, man, we're doing it. Any smart promoter should take this group and just put concerts all over the country, or just joints; I don't care where we play. . . .

**M.B.:** I think too much jazz that's becoming popular is too often catering—like either bubblegum soul or trying to take the place of acid-rock, some kind of pseudo-religious experience.

**C.H.:** That's another aspect of what we're doing—hey, man, we don't have no *message*. We're just playing, man. We're playing music for music's sake, and we're playing what our emotions tell us to play.

**M.B.:** Human energy.

**C.H.:**—which is the name of the game. Because unfortunately, from what I understand, business is very bad all over the country. Even rock groups are finding it hard to get work. And if they're finding it hard, man, you know what is happening with the poor jazz musician. But I have high hopes because it can't stay bad forever, and maybe through this depression kind of syndrome we will bring forth a lot of brand new players.

**M.B.:** It seems that rock may be exhausting itself in many respects, rapidly.

**C.H.:** You know, people are finding out the limitations of rock. And they're de-

manding more, because it's not enough; it does have a statute of limitations. Predominantly, man, it's all because of the sound; it all sounds the same. And there's very little individuality there, period. Words are beginning to play out, because unfortunately that's the only thing that people in general would relate to. The other thing is the fact that they're finding out that—hey, jazz is a little deeper than that. Not so much like it's deeper, but it's *broader*, 'cause you got 12 whole tones to play with.

**M.B.:** You're been playing for. what. 20 years?

**C.H.:** No, I've been playing longer than that. I've been playing ever since I was a kid 15 or 16. And as a young man I was fortunate. I grew up in an era when everybody who played was fantastic. You know, we had idols like Jo Jones. Lester Young; and I met people like Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, all those giants. When I came up, they were giants then, and they're still the giants. And I grew up in that era, early '40s, as a player. You know, Bird, Diz. And I fortunately had a lot of experience playing with large bands, because big bands were the thing at the time. I played with Lionel Hampton—as a matter of fact, I was with his first band. Then I came out of that and I was thrown into something that I realize is where I got my foundation in music, about becoming sensitive in regards to awareness of other people playing with other people—when I started accompanying singers. And through singers, in a sense, I really learned what having touch and feeling was about.

**M.B.:** Who did you play for?

**C.H.:** Billie Holiday, Lena Horne, Ella Fitzgerald, Billy Eckstine; you name them, I played for them. As a matter of fact, I was with Lena for eight years. And like I said, as an accompanist, you learn a whole new world that opens up to you as a player. Your ears open up, and it's quite demanding, but it's a great lesson in *control*. You find that practically every drummer who has ever accompanied a singer is a very *sensitive* type of player. He goes beyond playing himself, just being a drummer; automatically, he becomes a percussionist. And there's much more demand on his skill because he has to create a touch, he has to develop a sound, as opposed to just playing with a horn. But having the experience, from there I started my own group. And from then on it's been history. I've introduced a considerable amount of people, you know; Eric Dolphy, Buddy Collette, Jim Hall, Charles Lloyd, Gabor Szabo, Ron Carter, George Bohanon.

**M.B.:** Al Stinson.

**C.H.:** Albert Stinson. He was one of the *best*, man.

**M.B.:** How have changing attitudes affected you as a player? It seems to me that you've always maintained a delicate sense of rhythm, rather than any hardened timekeeping.

**C.H.:** Well, that's a good question there. First of all, I never played like anyone else in my life. I don't know whether anybody plays like me. But the way I play and the way I developed as a player, my approach to the instrument, will enable me to play when I'm a hundred years old,



physically as well as mentally. Because I don't play with brute force; I'm not how-long-can-you-hold-your-breath-to-make-some-fast-triplets, that type of playing. I've never been interested in speed. My concept has always been dynamics and approaching the instrument to get the *sound*; I more or less play for sound and effect. And this way, having a pretty good sense of balance of rhythm, of time and meter, actually I guess I play like a dancer. There's nothing forceful. It's just like a trumpet player using the wrong embouchure: when he goes to play his high notes, guys who play with I guess they call it a non-pressure system, they'll be able to blow the notes forever, 'cause it doesn't tear anything down. And that's the same way I approach my way of playing. . . .

Unfortunately, speaking of attitude, that's something else, too; what kind of attitude you have. I've been on the scene quite a while, I've been quite fortunate, and I've watched a lot of them come and go, styles. But fortunately, my way of playing I don't think is antique. . . .

I've found that unfortunately a lot of



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

younger players don't know anything about music as far as the instrument is concerned. This is the one thing I have to get critical about rock 'n' roll: rock has made drums become very *decadent* again. Because, man, Jo Jones, Max Roach, Elvin Jones, Roy Haynes, all these beautiful players, have uplifted that instrument into a more melodic instrument. And unfortunately, the rock 'n' rollers have come right around and just pounded that instrument back into the ground: where people want to hear it as a GOON-GOON-GOON, what they call a beat. And drums is more than that, man.

**M.B.:** I've always found your solos remarkable: how you take your time and build into a melodic percussion that's not always force.

**C.H.:** I'll tell you, in my personal opinion, don't let anybody kid you—there's only just so much you can play on them drums, man. And it all depends on how you invert the patterns that you know.

You have to think when you're playing: you have to think how many ways you can invert a particular rhythm pattern. You have your own sound because you have your drums set up.

**M.B.:** I was wiped out when you played

a brush solo. I hadn't heard brushes played in so long, not even by me. And you're one of the great mallet specialists. I don't know one rock drummer that even owns a pair of brushes.

**C.H.:** They don't realize maybe that there's a certain amount of humor that prevails in drums and rhythms and man, that volume thing can be a monster. Here again, it's dynamics, and I don't solo just for the sake of playing a drum solo.

**M.B.:** Do you think it's possible to escape time, to become completely free from playing time?

**C.H.:** No one can escape time, no one in the world as a drummer, a percussionist, or a keeper of time. It's totally impossible not to play time; you can't play music unless you play time. It's all rhythmic, whether you play a note now or play a beat now and 15 minutes later you play another beat: that 15 minutes has transpired; that's time, an element of time, or the suspension of time. It's always gonna be in time; everything we do is in time. You have to make a decision—that's the duty and the charm of drum-

ming—when to hit the cymbal, hit the bass drum, or hit the snare drum; that's suspension of time. You're always playing time.

**M.B.:** What about Sunny Murray and Milford Graves?

**C.H.:** Man, they do play in time, regardless if they play a beat today and wait three weeks and play another beat; it's still time. Everybody's got their own time. . . . Perhaps what they refer to is the fact that they don't want to be restricted to keeping tempo.

**M.B.:** One of the many aspects of your group is that even when the tempo breaks, the combination is so strong between the musicians that the time is maintained, that the beat is floating, waiting somewhere in the music to happen again.

**C.H.:** That's the fruits of, I suppose if anything, experience; being involved with very experienced players of music. Because, music is no *secret*! Everybody knows what a C major chord is, what a C minor chord is, everyone knows how the meter runs. So you can have a 32-bar phrase or even a montuna-type figure; everybody knows where *one* is, where the feeling of it is, where the vibrations are. So in a sense, there's really nothing new.

**M.B.:** Where do you think the music is going in general?

**C.H.:** I don't know. I wouldn't even attempt to predict where music is going. I know where it came from. I think if an abundance of finances was suddenly thrust upon the industry, not the industry but the players themselves—say, for instance, some unknown came in and gave them all money, I'd like to see what happens then musically.

**M.B.:** You mean like "Here's money, play what you want!"? Remove the air of the struggling musician?

**C.H.:** Well, I don't think you have to struggle to play. I mean, I don't think because you struggle you play any better or any worse. I think a musician who has become a professional musician—man, if he's dedicated, and you know that he's dedicated because otherwise he'd be doing something else, I think these people should be compensated the same as any professional person, such as a doctor, lawyer.

**M.B.:** The struggle is part of that you-made-it-so-you-can't-sing-the-blues-anymore jive.

**C.H.:** You know, everybody wants to be a winner and yet nobody wants to go along with a winner when a winner is a winner in the field of entertainment. To me, *commercial* isn't a dirty word at all, because everything is commercial that sells. You do what you do because you're trying to sell it. . . .

**M.B.:** What is Chico Hamilton Productions?

**C.H.:** I have a company. We compose and produce music for advertising commercials. I have a partner, Jimmy Cheatham, and that's what we do: for radio, TV, and we do films, features.


**M.B.:** You got any biggies?

**C.H.:** Yeah, I got a spot that's running for Revlon now that's just won an award: Gina Lollobrigida. Last year during the football season, all the Firestone Tire stuff, that was ours. We've been in it three-and-a-half years, and we've done, hell, a zillion commercials. We've been very fortunate.

**M.B.:** Do you think you've been critically well-treated throughout your career?

**C.H.:** I don't know. I'm not concerned about—hell, my name hardly ever gets mentioned in a jazz magazine anymore. Fortunately, thank God, that doesn't bother me. Because, man, my compensation comes out of playing: I'm still able to play, and I'm able to play with young players—that's where my rejoicing comes in, in fact, that I get my *oogies* playing music! So I could care less whether I'm talked about or not.

**M.B.:** Your music is—and this is another worn phrase—so youthful.

**C.H.:** Well, I'll tell you something else, and maybe this is an ego trip, but by the same token, you see the people that predominantly . . . there's no young *writers* around either. You're an exception; no young people that are so-called critics are around. So subsequently—all them old dudes that can write about all them other people and write "hey, they're great," they won't take the time to come out and hear what I'm doing, period. So I could care less. You better believe my music is *youthful*, 'cause I'm young myself. 

# PERCUSSION DISCUSSION: an interview with ROY BURNS

by Charles Suber

THERE IS SOMETHING about Roy Burns that communicates very well. It may be that freckled, always boyish map-of-Ireland face that goes with his red hair. It may be his playing and experience. He has done the whole scene: the big dance bands and the big jazz bands; the hard jazz groups and the quiet, cool combos; and the recording and radio-TV dates. His main interest these days is his clinic work for the Rogers Drum Division of CBS Musical Instruments. It seems from hearing him tell it—and watching the audience at his clinics—that everything he has done up to now has been in preparation for helping young musicians find their way.

His own start began at the age of four when he kept time with two sticks to the beat of a cadet marching band from a college nearby his hometown of Emporia, Kan. The story goes that the cadets spotted the kid one day and urged him to take lessons. He did.

**R.B.:** I practiced so much I drove my mother out of the house and into a job. My wrists were constantly sore. But I persisted in my studies throughout high school and played with the marching band there. In fact, for a time, I traveled four-and-a-half hours by train to and from Kansas City in order to study with a drum teacher. Even in college, I took my courses from 8 a.m. until noon, worked in a music store until 5:30, and then practiced until 11:30 at night. Those early days got me into a life-long habit of constantly practicing.

**C.S.:** How and when did you go professional?

**R.B.:** I guess I was about 13. I worked with a local dance band in Emporia with guys who had been in service and were going back to school. Louis Bellson came through Emporia when I was about 17 and encouraged me to go to New York to study. So about six months later I went. The first thing I did was to contact Jim Chapin, who was the best teacher around at that time. I studied with him for five or six months when he got a call for a Dixieland gig. He couldn't make it so I went. I was 18 but looked about 12. The leader almost had a heart attack when I showed up. But he liked me and gave me a few dates, which was just about enough to live on.

My first experience with a name group was when I took Cozy Cole's place for two weeks at the Metropole with Sol Yaged's Sextet. Then Al Cohn and Sonny Igoe recommended me to Woody Herman. He came by to hear me play at the Metropole at a time when I was playing there again with Buck Clayton, Gene Seducic and Marty Napoleon—I think Arvell Shaw was playing bass. The Metropole was a drummer's paradise—the louder you played, the more the owner liked it.

**C.S.:** So you could be heard out in the street?

**R.B.:** Not only that, but the owner had a hearing aid and his way of auditioning you would be to turn off his hearing aid. If he could still hear you, you were hired. **C.S.:** Did you feel any similarity to Cozy Cole's style? The hard press role, for example?

**R.B.:** No, I never really played like that—my influences really were Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich, then a little later on, Philly Joe Jones and Kenny Clarke. Those are the guys who influenced my playing. The only one I never talked with was Kenny. I got to know the other guys.

**C.S.:** Did you have any older influences from records, like Chick Webb?

**R.B.:** Not really. The guy I heard on records that killed me was Sid Catlett. I only heard Davey Tough on 78s, which are so hard to evaluate.

**C.S.:** Was Herman's the first big band you worked with?

**R.B.:** It was. I was too young and dumb to be scared, which I think was the thing that saved me in New York—sometimes being innocent and naive can be in your favor. I was with the Herman band for about three or four months in the early part of 1957, with guys like Danny Stiles, Jack Nimitz . . .

**C.S.:** Which Herd was that?

**R.B.:** About the 29th, I think. Woody was very nice to me, I must say. I wished I'd had more experience when I got on the band, but I went right from Woody to Benny (Goodman). There was more money and less traveling and he had all the publicity with the picture (the *Benny Goodman Story*). Actually, Benny's band was easier to play with. You didn't have to play as loud—there were four trumpets instead of five. The band wasn't as top heavy, and the way the arrangements were written, if you knew the Fletcher Henderson things, it wasn't so tough. You didn't have to play as many fill-ins. If you played time you sounded good, and the whole band felt lighter—not so much weight on you. Also the rhythm section was great. There were Israel Crosby on bass, Kenny Burrell on guitar, and Mel Powell on piano. I just followed them. When I first came on the band, Benny said: "Look, don't try to swing this band. Just play the drum part. If the trumpets are rushing, don't try to play louder because then I've got something out of balance in two sections. Don't be a sheep-herder in this band. You play the drum part, I'll play the clarinet part. I can tell who is not making it, and if they're not we'll eventually get someone else. But I don't want you to worry about what

anyone else is doing—just worry about what you do. And although we later had some disagreements over money, I really never had any serious musical problems with Benny.

**C.S.:** That brings up a point about your clinics. What is the relationship between the rhythm section and the wind players?

**R.B.:** Well, Benny would rehearse the band without the rhythm section. So after three times on a new chart, a drummer would come in and it was easy. If a band rehearses a new chart the first time with the rhythm section, it's a struggle, especially if it's tricky. But he would say: "No rhythm, just instruments." That would burn me up. I always wanted to tell him that a drum set was an instrument.

**C.S.:** How did you feel about playing in the Goodman small groups?

**R.B.:** It was easy for me because he was using bass all the time. It wasn't like trying to recreate that old trio or quartet sound with a heavy bass drum or all that. I just played brushes.

**C.S.:** Which big band helped you the most as a musician?

**R.B.:** Working with Benny undoubtedly helped. While I was with him, I met so many guys through the band—Zoot Sims, Hymie Schertzer—all the guys who worked with him previously like Doc Severinsen and Jimmy Maxwell. So I got started doing TV and recording work as a result of the contact I made on that band.

**C.S.:** What was the first record date you did?

**R.B.:** An album with Teddy Wilson, *The Touch of Teddy Wilson*, with Teddy, Arvell Shaw, and me. I asked Teddy if I should play brushes or sticks and he told me: "Play what's appropriate."

**C.S.:** Were you studying or teaching while with Woody, Benny, etc.?

**R.B.:** When I was with Benny, I had a real endurance problem. Like on *Sing, Sing, Sing*—after all that tom-tomming, you had to play a solo. My hands just got tired. So I took some lessons from Henry Adler and he straightened me out on my endurance problem, and I've never had one since.

I should also mention Jack Miller in Kansas City. I met Bellson at his studio. What happened is that I got involved in this finger control thing. And I got an idea about a book while with Benny so I went to Henry Adler. He liked it and I wrote the book. That was in early '58 and I was 21. It just took off and pretty soon I had 11 books out.

What really helped me, though, was doing a program called *Saturday Prom* with Merv Griffin. As a result, I played *Play Your Hunch*, also with Griffin, and then did Merv's NBC show in the afternoon with Danny Stiles, Art Davis, and Bill Berry. The great thing with that show was Merv kept something from the *Prom* bit—a guest bandleader each week. Basie, Duke, Sammy Kaye, Lester Lanin, Xavier Cugat, Peter Nero, Sal Salvador, Si Zentner—they were all on. We'd do one or two tunes each day out of their book—it was a unique experience to play with Basie one week, then Duke, then Sammy Kaye. I think that show, as much as anything, really helped me get ready for

what I'm doing now, which is clinics. I had to play all kinds of styles, then turn around and play the Fritos commercial.

**C.S.:** What about show drumming?

**R.B.:** That came about when I was working on bands . . . Woody, Benny . . . playing acts like Eydie Gorme, who had the only decent music that I can recall. Also, there was an accordion player who said: "Hit the cymbal when my pants fall down." A high class act.

**C.S.:** Speaking of cymbals, did you ever have hassles with them?

**R.B.:** I've always been fussy with cymbals. My biggest problem with them was what to ask for to get a certain sound. I knew what kind of sound I wanted but not what cymbal to use to get it. If I wanted a high-pitched sound, I thought a thin cymbal would do it. It's actually the opposite. Most drummers don't know anything about

it are symphonic drummers, because that's all they do.

So when I go to a high school, I can teach a guy how to play a nice musical buzz roll, how to practice it—all in about five or ten minutes. You have to know how to hold the sticks and have some idea of . . . when you adjust a snare drum, for example, with the top head tight and the bottom head loose, to know what type of sound you will get. Or what happens if you reverse this, or use a larger stick, etc. Like, don't use a 1S stick on a five-inch drum—the drum can't handle it. Or don't use a pencil stick on a six-and-a-half inch drum—you won't get a good sound.

Back in '62, when I started to do clinics, 90% of the questions involved technique and how fast can you do this with your left hand. Today, there are more ques-

years and then finally get to play in a group and feel like they're starting all over. But technique is just a means to express yourself, not an end of its own.

**C.S.:** How about styles? Elvin Jones and Buddy Rich, for example?

**R.B.:** What impresses me about Elvin is that instead of playing ding-ding-a-ding on the snare, tom, cymbals, etc. and setting up accents, he sets up a rhythmic pattern. The pulse stays strong, all over the set.

**C.S.:** Does Buddy Rich keep good time?


**R.B.:** I beg your pardon. That seems absurd to me. Here's a guy playing in a band every night with 16 guys. If he couldn't keep time, the band couldn't play. The guys who criticize Buddy Rich, it seems to me, criticize him for things they can't do nearly as well. If you want to talk about a master time player, I'd say Kenny Clarke. But he can't play the drums like Buddy Rich. I think Buddy Rich has great time. I've never heard a really swinging drummer that kept metronomic time. I've heard swinging bands that got faster, or slowed down. I've heard dynamic drum breaks that dropped half a beat or picked up slightly. If you want a metronomic band, get Guy Lombardo—his drummer doesn't even use a sock cymbal.

You start talking about time playing and you have to talk about emotions, human beings. A lot of the black drummers that have a strong feeling also rush. But if it's really swinging and doesn't get too fast, it feels great. It has a lot to do with how the people around you play. If you hear a guy on a night when everyone else is with him, it sounds swinging and great, they'll say. But on another night, if they guys are laying back and the drummer is trying to keep it up on top, he sounds out of place.

**C.S.:** Which contemporary drummers do you like to listen to?

**R.B.:** There's one guy, Dan Seraphine of the Chicago group, that I like very much. And Bobby Colomby with Blood, Sweat & Tears, he's fine. There are many good ones. When rock first started, so many of the young drummers weren't really instrumentalists. They were drum beaters. But rock has moved ahead and so have rock drummers. Now I notice, in the past two years or so, that even the kids who prefer rock still want to learn the whole percussion scene. I see them getting with vibes, tympani, as well as all the drums. As I said before, they want to be total musicians.

**C.S.:** Some final comments?

**R.B.:** The performer that relates to his audience seems to survive. There has to be some magic thing that allows a performer to communicate with an audience. I've seen ballet dancers do it . . . I've seen singers do it . . . I've seen jazz players do it . . . I've seen rock players do it. There is a certain charisma that is given off by some performers that gets to an audience. I'm not sure that I always have it. I think I have it sometimes. Sitting behind a pile of equipment makes it difficult unless the audience knows of you beforehand. But, in my clinics, when I am able to walk down the stage and talk with the audience, then I think I can get through to them. Then the playing brings us even closer. It's a good feeling. 



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cymbals in this sense: they may know how to play them and they know the sound they want to get, but don't know what to ask for to get a particular sound. You can't make a cymbal do four or five different things—at least not usually. Occasionally you'll find an exception.

**C.S.:** How do you approach clinics?

**R.B.:** I think the biggest thing with doing clinics is to be honest. I tell them about basic techniques, what works for me, what other guys are using that works for them, etc. I talk about the basic things you need to know in order to play the drums, regardless of style. How to hold the drum sticks, how to play a roll. Tell a drummer: here's a properly-tuned snare drum, go out and play a roll behind this act, and he'll start sweating. Because it hasn't been taught. The only guys who can do

tions about interpretation—the difference between the roll you play in a percussion ensemble and the roll you play on a field drum. Or how do to approach a certain kind of thing to get a particular feeling.

The music business is so strange now. You've got the rock drummers, the jazz drummers, and a lot of it's all mixed together. I think the younger kids have a more overall attitude. When I first got to New York, the whole thing was to sit by yourself and practice eight hours a day to be able to play faster than anyone else. And then you'd get on the drum set and find out it was entirely a different type of problem. That attitude has changed somewhat. The kids now want to know enough basic things to play music right away. They don't want to sit around and play a lot of boring exercises for ten

# record REVIEWS

## GARY BURTON

GOOD VIBES—Atlantic SD 1560: *Vibrafinger; Las Vegas Tango; Boston Marathon; Pain In My Heart; LeRoy The Magician; I Never Loved A Man (The Way I Love You)*.

Personnel: Burton, vibes, electric vibes, piano, organ; Sam Brown, Jerry Hahn, Eric Gale, guitars; Richard Tee, piano, organ; Steve Swallow, acoustic, electric bass; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Bill Lavorgna, Bernard Purdie, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

If you can keep your feet, head, and other metronomic parts at rest while this album is on, you either have remarkable control or you're dead from the toes up. Rhythmic interest is paramount here, from the floating feeling achieved in Gil Evans' *Tango* to the down-home intensity of *LeRoy*. There are several fine solos from Burton and the guitarists, but the LP seems designed to elicit maximum emotional rather than intellectual response.

The title tune is a further adventure in the hip hoedown idiom which Burton first explored on the RCA *Tennessee Firebird* album. The guitars set the rural atmosphere and the electric vibes are most effective.

*Tango* is a lush, faintly Middle-Eastern Gil Evans melody voiced by Burton so that the vibes and guitars give the impression of a full orchestra. This is the most subtle of the pieces on the LP; nonetheless it is full of rhythmic excitement. *Boston* is closer in spirit to the old Burton quartet of the Victor days, with the leader and one of the guitarists (my guess, Hahn) soloing beautifully. (The liner notes do not inform who plays which solos.)

To greater or lesser degree, all three guitarists are in B. B. King's debt, and the influence is particularly noticeable in the funky music that comprises most of this LP. Burton, within the limitations of his instrument, gets as funky as any of the guitarists. It must take some wizardry of technique to bend a note on a keyboard instrument, as he does on *Never Loved*.

*Pain* is reminiscent in mood of the ballad tracks on the *Firebird* album and emphasizes Burton's affinity for the country idiom. The drumming has a great deal to do with the success of this LP. As with the guitarists, we're not told who does what, but most of the crisp rim shots and hi-hat work on the left channel sound like Purdie, possibly the perfect drummer for this kind of music.

Whatever happened to endings? Four of the six tracks here are ended not by the musicians but by the engineers, a production gimmick that has been done to death. Down with board fades! —Ramsey

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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## BUCK CLAYTON/ HUMPHREY LYTTTELTON

LE VRAI BUCK CLAYTON VOL. II—77 Records 77 LEU 12/18: *Say Forward, I'll March; Russian Lullaby; Talkback; One For Buck; An Evening in Sobo; The Jumpin' Blues; Blue Mist; The Swingin' Birds; Poor Butterfly*.

Personnel: Clayton, Lyttelton, trumpets; Chris Pyne, trombone; Kathy Stobart, tenor saxophone; Eddie Harvey, piano; Dave Green, bass; Tony Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Although this splendid LP was recorded and released in 1966, it has only received U.S. distribution recently.

It contains some of Clayton's finest playing of the last decade—he said a couple of years ago that he was prouder of this and the earlier volume than of the famous Columbia *Jam Sessions*—and surrounds him with worthy colleagues.

Lyttelton plays marvelously on a number of tracks, although he generously grants the lion's share of solo space to his guest. Lyttelton was originally identified with traditional jazz, but for some years has favored a more contemporary style. Here he often plays with a plunger in the Ducal mold, but usually his best moments are open.

Two selections come from the old Jay McShann book—*March* and *Jumpin' Blues*. The latter literally swings from the first beat, kicking off with two bars of high-hat cymbal. Clayton plays beautifully on both. His ideas flow effortlessly and logically, but rarely predictably. And as is true of everything he plays here, his lip is in top form, never getting in the way of his natural eloquence.

As a player of slow ballads, he comes off brilliantly on *Poor Butterfly*, where he's paired with Mrs. Stobart's tenor. The combination is beautiful and often moving, graced with Clayton's rich open tone and broad vibrato. The interplay on the last chorus is completely satisfying.

*Talkback* is a fairly earthy blues marred, unfortunately, by a few plunger clichés from Lyttelton. Overall, it's the weakest track, partially because it's excessively long for reasons which no soloist can justify except Clayton.

*Blue Mist* is steeped in the Ellington sound, with the two trumpets in plunger ensemble. Clayton and Lyttelton trade fours throughout, Buck leading the sequence in both the muted and open portions.

The rhythm section is satisfying and occasionally impressive, though one regrets the absence of a guitar. Kathy Stobart's tenor has a very light, airy tone suggesting a cross between Lester Young and Paul

Desmond. Her playing floats gracefully. Pyne gives the ensembles a good boost.

But it is Clayton who dominates the LP from start to finish, producing his finest playing on record in years. A great session by a great musician, and a real if belated treat for American audiences.

—McDonough

## AL COHN

AL COHN: BROADWAY/1954—Prestige S-7819: *Help Keep Your City Clean Blues; Broadway (two takes); Suddenly It's Spring (two takes); Ballad Medley: These Foolish Things; Everything Happens To Me; Sweet Lorraine; When It's Sleepy Time Down South*.

Personnel: Hal Stein, alto saxophone; Cohn, tenor saxophone; Harvey Leonard, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Christy Febbo, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This platter is a very tasty dish, indeed. Although the sound of the horns immediately dates it, the substance—what is played and how—stands up extremely well.

In retrospect, it seems to me that Cohn's music has been taken too much for granted. He has never achieved the fame (nor fortune, I dare say) of a Stan Getz but his work has been in many ways just as vital. Recently, I heard Cohn support Jimmy Rushing in two sets at the Half Note in New York. That night's work was the most inspiring and exciting jazz I have been treated to in some time. Rare stuff. Cohn's tone is heavier and fuller now, his attack stronger, and his ability to *compose* in improvising undiminished. He is a musician who has fulfilled many promises.

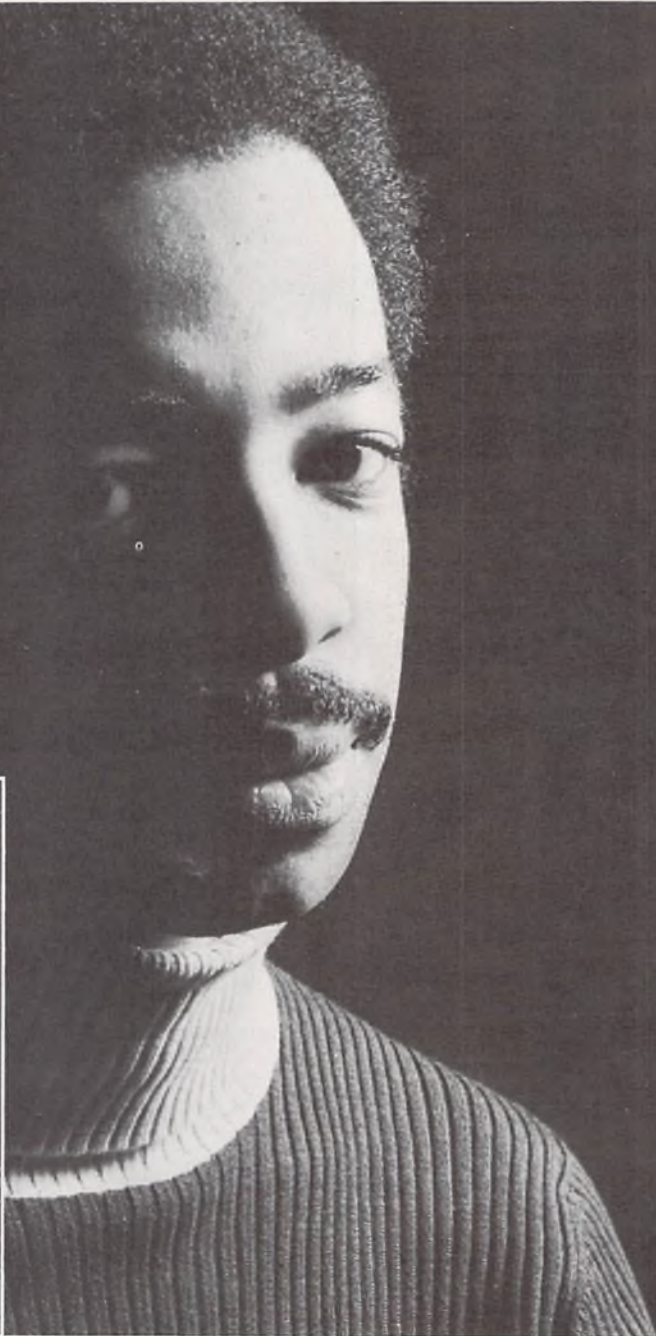
But back to 1954. *Broadway*, one of the most popular choices of jazzmen in the '40s and early '50s, gets (like *Spring*) a double airing. Herein lies my one small beef. To me, the only justification for including two takes of a tune on the same album should be either that the takes vary a good deal in quality or that the interpretations are substantially different.

Like annotator Ira Gitler, I prefer Take 2 of *Broadway*, but its superiority is not, in my judgment, marked at all. Take 2 of *Spring* is more free and inventive, but again, I stand by my view.

The structure of play on this album (except for the ballad medley) is a familiar one almost invariably employed as a format in those days: a chorus (or two) of ensemble intro, then a series of solos: first the horns, then piano, bass, and drums in that order, and another ensemble chorus out.

Leonard and Mitchell are exemplary.

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It's been so long since I've heard Leonard I'd forgotten how good he is (or was—as Gitler points out, the pianist hasn't frequented the jazz scene for years). His lyrical, singing playing enhances all tracks and his portrait of *Lorraine* is a sweet piece of unsentimental romanticism, disarmingly simple and true.

What to say about Mitchell that hasn't been said? He is one of the great bassists, and I do not use the term lightly. For sheer consistency, he is the most rewarding musician on the date.

Stein displays a genuine communal feeling with Cohn. A good, solid craftsman, he solos well on medium and up-tempo tunes but his high point is the plaintive, touching *Foolish Things*. Febbo is a new one on me. I've not heard him before. He sounds like a good section man, unobtrusive and uncluttered. He doesn't solo.

Altogether, the album appeals to more than nostalgia. Truly good music remains good music however long ago it was produced. This is good music.

One warning, though: the label on my album advertises, LIVE! AT THE BOHEMIA/1955. Figuring the company had slipped the wrong waxing into the jacket, I checked with Cohn. No, he said with a sigh, it's just the label that's wrong. The music is right.

And it is.

—Nelsen

## BILL EVANS

BILL EVANS: MONTREUX II—CTI 6004: *Very Early; Alfe; 34 Skidoo; How My Heart Sings; Israel; I Hear a Rhapsody; Peri's Scope*.  
Personnel: Evans, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; Marty Morrell, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

I sometimes speculate, in moments of abandon, on why Evans' records are reviewed at all. Surely, this musician's conception, style and what the industry lads call quality control must be known to anyone who has lent an ear to jazz in the past decade.

Evans has it all here again, in this concert recorded live in Montreux, Switzerland: harmonic richness, enviable execution, exquisite use of accents and dynamics and two sidemen who obviously share his musical goals. If the set sounds a trifle familiar, think of it this way: hearing Evans is like visiting a brilliant friend—you know pretty much what he's going to say, but he says it so well and with such sensibility and clarity that you are charmed every time. And, besides, *he* may have a friend there who really turns you around.

Evans' "friend" in this outing is Gomez, who is superb. His melodic conception and chops are something to hear. But that's another Evans resource: he knows what partners to choose in the matter of musical rapport and direction. Recall the bassists he has sought out: Scott La Faro, Chuck Israels, Gary Peacock and Gomez.

Perhaps the most rewarding Gomez solo (and Evans gives him plenty of room to stretch) is *Rhapsody*. His single-line progressions combined with strumming are structured so well that everything fits. And a beautiful "fit," in any area of creativity, is what art is all about.

His interplay with Evans is, throughout,

a lesson in the shaping of communication. They play *together*. Maybe Gomez should be wary that his great technique might become an end in itself; but no matter.

Morrell's one real solo (*Scope*) is no paragon of inspiration, but his support of Evans is impressive.

Some listeners delight in comparing performances of songs that a musician has recorded repeatedly through the years. Evans, like, say, Lee Konitz, Thelonious Monk and Lennie Tristano sees depths in some pieces of music that demand to be plumbed further. *Israel* and *Sings* are two examples on this album.

After listening to this *Israel* I ran off a 1961 performance with La Faro and drummer Paul Motian, then a '65 exercise with Chuck Israels and Larry Bunker.

The '61 offering was simple, straight-ahead and fine. La Faro was, for the time, awesome. He still sounds great. The '65 version is Evans at his best, surging and fiery. Israels sings, both behind Evans and in his solo. They and Bunker soar. In this new version, the attack is just as fiery and beautiful. Gomez is more technically accomplished but not as lyrical as Israels. Morrell is fully as good, if not better, than Bunker, playing drums and cymbals as a complete instrument. To me, the later two versions are superior, but I dig all three.

What Evans has is the ability to provide what he wants most: desire fulfilled.

—Nelsen

## THE GRATEFUL DEAD

AMERICAN BEAUTY—Warner Bros. 1893: *Box of Rain; Friend Of The Devil; Sugar Magnolia; Operator; Candyman; Ripple; Brokedown Palace; Till The Morning Comes; Attics Of My Life; Truckin*.

Personnel: Pig Pen (Ron McKernan), harmonica, vocals; Phil Lesh, piano, guitar, electric bass, vocals; Jerry Garcia, piano, guitar, pedal steel, vocals; Bob Weir, guitar, vocals; Bill Kreutzmann, drums; Mickey Hart, percussion; David Nelson, guitar (track 1); David Grisman, mandolin (tracks 2, 6); Howard Wales, organ (tracks 5, 10), piano (track 7); Ned Lagin, piano (track 5); David Torbert, electric bass (track 1).

Rating: ★★☆☆½

Warning up front: I'm not a Dead freak. Those who are will therefore add the requisite grain of salt to my opinion that this is their best album to date. The format is roughly the same as that of the preceding session, *Workingman's Dead*, but Bob Hunter, who did all the lyrics for both sets, seems sharper here.

The music is sharper, too, and I can only wish that there were some way of wedding the fire and spontaneity of previous Dead music to the control and precision here. No reason why not; they're all first-class musicians possessed of imagination and audacity. But they seem to have decided it's either black or white; either acid rock or country rock.

Perhaps the latter term is misleading. This is *not* over-amplified c&w, which so many purvey in the name of synthesis. Some of the changes and instrumentation and fills are c&w-oriented, but you'd never hear this material performed in this way by any country artist.

Instrumentally gassy: Garcia's acoustic flat-picking on *Devil*, luxuriantly cushioned by Lesh's big-fat-mama bass; Garcia's swirly, whiney pedal steel on *Candyman*; and his electric guitar solo on *Morning*,

which keeps threatening to bust into acid-y snarls but is miraculously restrained. The album represents, for me, Garcia's most consistent recorded playing.

All the other musicians do well, too— one should note Kreutzmann's delicate percussion under Garcia's solo and the vocal on *Morning*. I'd like to hear just a bit more Kreutzmann and Lesh in the mix; otherwise the ensemble playing is incredibly clean and together.

The lyrics are all good, too. *Rain* is lovely, a song about what the road is like for a band (could be about any group at the beginning, but becomes more personal to the Dead): "Busted down in New Orleans/Set up like a bowling pin." Nice line.

And Hunter isn't without a sense of humor. *Magnolia* is a southern-fried paean to a woman, all the cliches taken to their furthest and funniest extreme. (Is the *doo! doo-doo!* group, singing under the solo vocal at the end, a parody of the Crosby, Stills, Sacco and Vanzetti style? Sounds like.) *Operator* begins in the *Memphis* vein: tryin' to locate my baby. But it, too, gets further out; one realizes about halfway through that the broad could be anywhere in these here Yewnited States, and the tag is: "I don't care what she's doing/I only hope she's doing it right."

I think, anyway, that this album is about as good as a band can get in this mode. Beats The Band by about ten miles. My own preference is for music that lets the creative powers run with fewer restrictions, but if you like this kind of performance, you'll want *American Beauty*.

—Heineman

## EDDIE HARRIS

**FREE SPEECH**—Atlantic SD 1573: *Wait Please; Boogie Woogie Bossa Nova; Pentology; Bold and Black; The Things You Do; Free Speech*.  
Personnel: Harris, electric saxophone, reed trumpet; Jodie Christian, electric piano; Louis Spears, acoustic and Fender bass; Billy Hart, drums; Felix Henry, percussion.

Rating: ★★

One of the first things I do when I get a record to review is to have my 15-month old son Atticus listen to it. If it turns him on rhythmically then I know at least that's happening. Then I listen to the record about five or six times, trying to figure out the roles of the musicians and the context of the music itself. Some records are so contrived that even to give them consideration seems unjustified. But there are also records which have a spark of genius, yet the total realization of this genius never happens. This is one of those records.

Eddie Harris is an accomplished composer, certainly one of the prodigious talents on tenor, and is able to transmit his concepts of sound. Some purists would scoff at his using a reed to play trumpet, but that's their problem. It's almost immediately apparent that he's trying to create a continuum of sound, especially in *Pentology* and *Free Speech*. And he does this by several different means: on *Pentology* and *Free Speech* he begins this continuance without warning; on *Wait Please* he plays it at the end like an old-time riff. It is a series of sounds, sometimes continuous, sometimes overlapping,

sometimes juxtaposed.

But in listening to this record I found myself repeatedly wondering how Charlie Parker or John Coltrane would react to the date as a musical situation. The rhythm is monotonous and the energy level by the other performers is extremely low. They play sluggishly, almost as if they were resting up for a colossal gig. Their playing is over-balanced intellectually and there is very little emotion or fire. Yet the responsibility for that can't be laid on the rhythm section because it's Harris' date and he should have taken the initiative to put some heat under them.

That's one of the problems when you stand on the fence. Harris has the skills to stretch out—I mean really stretch out. That's fairly obvious on this record and especially in some of his compositions (*Freedom Jazz Dance*). But for some reason, which is probably in the head of Harris, this potential is never realized. So this album has only that—potential.

—Cole

## MANFRED MANN

**CHAPTER THREE**—Polydor 24-4013: *Traveling Lady; Snakeskin Garter; Konekuf; Sometimes; Devil Woman; Time; One Way Glass; Mister You're a Better Man than I; Ain't it Sad; A Study in Inaccuracy; Where Am I Going*.  
Personnel: Bernie Living, alto sax, flute; Manfred Mann, organ, vocals; Mike Hugg, piano, vocals; Steve York, electric bass, guitar, harp; Craig Collinge, drums; Brian Hugg, guitar soloist (track 4); Harold Becker, trumpet soloist (track 6); Mann, Hugg, Derek Wadsworth, brass arrangements; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

## ARGENT

**ARGENT**—Epic BN 26525: *Like Honey; Liar; Be Free; Schoolgirl; Dance in the Smoke; Lonely Hard Road; The Feeling Is Inside; Freefall; Stepping Stone; Bring You Joy*.  
Personnel: Rod Argent, organ, piano, pianette, vocals; Russ Ballard, piano, guitar, vocals; Jim Rodford, bass, vocals; Robert Hewitt, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Somehow neither of these albums received the notice each surely deserved, for both offer some of the most creative rock (if indeed the music may be termed so, which perhaps it should not) released last year. Both pioneers of the Mersey Beat (Argent are the ex-Zombies), they each prove well-contemporized and far more interesting than the recent efforts of the Mersey hotshots—the Fab Four, remember?

Expecting either bubblegum a la *Doo-Wah-Diddy-Diddy* or hard-nosed burning like *Little Red Book*, I was wiggled as the sound of *Time*, the first cut I heard on the Manfred Mann date, came on somber, almost funereal, with Mike Hugg's bizarre voice (like Beefheart with finesse) over a macabre funk of spare horns and rhythms and the mystical flute of Bernie Living. Clearly, the makers of *Chapter Three* were hardly the Manfred Mann of old, but for the better a new quintet led by Mann and Huggs, well-set with simpatico studio horns, working sensually into several wierdly pithy original songs, and all without benefit of a superstar guitarist (or even much guitar).

Mainly reflective ballads of a kind rather than boisterous jumpers, the music is more intimately personal than most being played, especially on quasi-tone poems like Hugg's *Mister* and *Going*. Still, the music may be a bit difficult for the ordinary pop

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seeker, since a strange, almost morbid bottom characterizes the arrangements, without much variation except for Hugg's delicate, somewhat Donovan-esque *Sometimes*. And yet the solo work by Living is always tough, his hard alto bursts on Mann's *Konekuf* the most avant pop moment I've heard, while Hugg's introspective piano and Mann's eerie organ maintain taut pace and emotive undercurrent throughout, now and then surfacing for a special glimmer, although generally more attentive to the dark passions of the sound. *Chapter Three* is unusually fascinating music, like the soundtrack to a fun nightmare.

Argent especially deserves a listen, as



bright, soulful but never rough, rhythmically intricate far more than merely beautiful, well-orchestrated, evocatively vocalized, all the platitudes. The quartet offers a quite uncommon invention in their compositions, particularly in their ability to punctuate and vary the mainly mid-tempo ballads of the date. One of the meaner tunes, *Liar*, opens with the verse above a bass/drum rumble, then explodes on the title accusation, with an aftermath of piano and guitar bursts; and this emphasis on melodic interplay rather than strict tempos is the root of the group's music. Seldom does bassist Rodford push any heavy lines, but weaves instead, as do the sensitive patterns of drummer Hewitt, so that the rhythm becomes far more participatory than the usual rock arrangements, even on fairly funky songs like *Schoolgirl* and *Lonely Hard Road*.

In this manner, Argent overcomes a distinct peril of most rock, as the burden of melodic energy is equally distributed among the four contributors rather than the vocalist or lead instrument establishing the tempers alone while the accompaniment simply follows without much initiative. And because of this special rhythmic nature, especially in its delicacy, much of what would normally seem bubblegum, the sugary lyrics of *Joy* or the folky harmonies of *Smoke*, escapes as a far more engaging pop, even though the instrumental forays by leader-pianist Argent and guitarist Ballard are seldom spectacular, if ever more than simply tasty.

*Stepping Stone* is by far the LP's best moment, featuring rambling but close interaction, smooth harmonies and considerable soul, and should have been a monstrous hit, as should the album—since "argent" does translate as "money" in French, and they deserve it much more than the more popular bunksters.—*Bourne*

## OPERATION BREADBASKET ORCHESTRA AND CHOIR

ON THE CASE—Chess LPS 1549: *I Wish I Knew; Nobody Knows; What A Friend We Have In Jesus; Precious Memories; Lift Ev'ry Voice and Sing; Too Close; Nearer My God To Thee; Country Preacher; What the World Needs Now Is Love; We Shall Overcome.*

Personnel: Maury Watson, Hobie James, Cleo Griffin, Paul Serrano, Tim Galloway, trumpets; John Watson, Steve Galloway, Nadeimer Butler, Charles Taylor, trombones; Charles Forester, Arthur O'Neil, Ben Branch, Edwin Daugherty, Johnny Board, Herman Bowden, reeds; Wayne Bennett, Warren Bingham, guitars; David McCollough, Floyd Morris, Donny Hathaway, Freddy Young, keyboards; James Willis, Phil Upchurch, bass; Master Henry, congas; Prince Shell, chimes; Terry Thompson, Morris Jennings, drums; The SCLC Operation Breadbasket Choir, vocals; Prince Shell, Gene Barge, arrangers.

Rating: ★★ ★

I recall once reading an article by anthropologist Melville J. Herskovits in which he observed that most spirituals do not use the words "hell", "damnation", and "punishment" and that they were, instead, an affirmation of God and Jesus. I think this album, if one were to scrutinize the language, would justify this hypothesis. It's a collection of religious and semi-religious songs sung by the Chicago-based choir. The songs are all very well arranged and, as music for music's sake, they are fine pieces of work.

However, I feel there are other implications to this album. These are political implications. Not that I think that music is not a very political medium. And people who do not think that music is political—just consider Nazi Germany and check out the status of the musicians and what they were playing. You might even check out whether or not political leaders through the ages had any musical talent.

But that's not the point. The point is that the liner notes say that this album represents Black people. At best, it represents a very small segment of the Black experience in music. It has none of the new music played by Shepp, Clifford Thornton, Ornette Coleman, Pharoah Sanders, Cecil Taylor, etc. It has none of the secular blues, no rock, not even any of the popular music sung by Black people heard on radio station after radio station throughout the land.

David Baker, in a down beat interview, made the point very emphatically that the music of Black people is a tremendous spectrum, encompassing many styles and periods. If we are going to represent that music and claim that this representation is the TOTAL experience, then the TOTAL experience should be reflected.

As Black people, we can no longer turn our backs on any one aspect of our musical heritage because we think it inappropriate. —*Cole*

## STANLEY TURRENTINE

ANOTHER STORY—Blue Note BST 84336: *Get It; The Way You Look Tonight; Stella By Starlight; Quintin' Time; Six and Four.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, fluegelhorn; Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

SUGAR—CTI 6005: *Sugar; Sunshine Alley; Impressions.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Tur-

rentine, tenor saxophone; Lonnie L. Smith, Jr., electric piano (track 1); Butch Cornell, organ (tracks 2, 3); George Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Billy Kaye, drums; Richard "Pablo" Landrum, conga drums (tracks 2, 3).

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Stanley Turrentine is a robust, straight-ahead tenorist who has developed a faithful following since making a name for himself with Max Roach in the late '50s. His sound has always reminded me strongly of Illinois Jacquet and his style has strong mainstream roots. He always swings.

On these two albums (the *Blue Note* was taped in the spring of '69, the *CTI* in the fall of last year), he travels in fast company but always holds his own.

The *Blue Note* is an unusually (for these days) straightforward jazz date with no commercial frills. It is greatly enhanced by the presence of Thad Jones, who is too rarely heard in a small-group format. He solos on every track except *Stella* (a ballad showcase for Turrentine at his warmest), and each solo is a little gem. Jones is a truly original player, a musician who uniquely combines the cerebral and the emotional. Using fluegelhorn throughout, he also adds spice to the ensembles. His compositional gifts are on display in *Quintin' Time*, an attractive and unusually structured piece with a surprise ending. Oliver Nelson's *Six and Four* is another good piece.

The rhythm section is faultless (Roker, an unsung hero, is among today's best all-around drummers), and Walton utilizes his solo space with characteristic thoughtfulness.

The programming on the LP is attractively varied, and this puts it a notch above the later record with its three long tracks, of which the first two are medium-tempoed, blues-flavored, and minor-hued. It is on Coltrane's *Impressions*, which at 15:30 takes up the entire second side, that the players really get into something.

This is not to say that *Sugar* and *Sunshine Alley* are uninteresting; Turrentine has one of his strongest solos of the two sets on the former, and Benson drives down the blues on the second. But the over-all conception and feeling are quite predictable in a contemporary soul-jazz vein, and enhanced mainly by Hubbard's inventive and sprightly work.

On *Impressions*, however, the feeling is looser and more swinging, and everybody stretches out. Organist Cornell (like drummer Kaye a member of Turrentine's regular working group) has a fleet, Jimmy Smith-inspired solo, Benson shows why he must be ranked among the top guitarists in modern jazz, Turrentine swings and stomps, and Hubbard unleashes ideas that are fresh and sometimes startling (particularly in his use of tonguing). He demonstrates that the freedom of invention offered by good changes and a swinging underpinning can still yield innovative results. It's "inside outside" playing at its best.

Carter is, as usual, the ideal bassist, and Landrum is a conga player with jazz soul. Smith doesn't solo, but comps effectively, and Kaye is a solid, uncluttered rhythm man. In all, a very good session of its kind, with Hubbard adding something special. The cover is, to say the least, unusual.

—*Morgenstern*





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# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## Marty Grosz and The Sounds of Swing

Chicago Historical Society, Chicago, Ill.

**Personnel:** Norman Murphy, trumpet; Harry Graves, trombone; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Franz Jackson, tenor sax; Joe Johnson, piano; Marty Grosz, acoustic guitar; Joe Levenson, bass; Bob Cousins, drums.

The Sounds of Swing is the working name of a group of top Chicago musicians who get together all too infrequently to do their thing, which is swing. Not imitations of the standard repertoire of Goodman, Basie, Ellington, Dorsey, Shaw, etc., but living examples of mainstream jazz in which the spirit of the swing era lives and thrives on its own musical merits.

On a snowy afternoon, the band assembled for the second in a series of free concerts (the other three covered traditional, bop, and avant garde) at the Chicago Historical Society, sponsored by the Jazz Institute of Chicago and Local 10-208 of the A.F.M. After introductory remarks by former *down beat* editor Don DeMicheal on the origins of swing, the band got down to serious business and made some magnificent music.

Under the musical direction of Marty Grosz, the group is not interested in nostalgia. No efforts are made to breathe life into familiar old solos. Moreover, the arrangements themselves are only loose sketches containing the most basic elements of Fletcher Henderson, Don Redman and other key arrangers of the period. Grosz is interested only in the essence of swing, not in literal recreation. And he captures that essence supremely well.

There are several important things the

band has going for it. First, the rhythm section. It has a gentle, throbbing drive, not unlike the great Basie timekeeping apparatus. It nudges incessantly but never gets overbearing. This is largely due to the marvelous rhythm guitar work of the leader and Bob Cousin's solid drumming. (Some may recall Cousins' work in the nationally televised Coleman Hawkins-Roy Eldridge TV show for NET in 1969.) His work with the Sounds of Swing seemed a bit less fiery and propulsive than on some past gigs, but he integrated himself well into the total rhythm section.

No less important than the rhythm section is the front line of soloists Grosz has assembled. Norm Murphy is no stranger to swing, having sat shoulder to shoulder with Roy Eldridge in the Gene Krupa brass section 30 years ago. He continues to play beautifully—crackling and fiery at swift tempos and sensitive and full-bodied on the ballads. He was particularly effective on *I Surrender Dear* and *Honeysuckle Rose*.

Franz Jackson is best known among the traditional crowd as a clarinetist, but it's on the tenor sax that he really unburdens himself. His, big, virile tone and charging, slashing attack recall Hawkins at his peak. On tenor, I can only report that Jackson stands with the very best—Webster, Jacques, Byas—you name them. Although never an innovator, he has absorbed the lessons of the greats so well that he's truly a match for anyone today. He proved himself over and over, especially on *I Can't Believe That You're in Love With Me*, *Christopher Columbus*, and *Honeysuckle*. Jackson was deputizing for regular Billy Usselson.

Jerry Fuller's piercing clarinet (formerly heard with the Dukes of Dixieland and Jack Teagarden, among others) tingled with excitement, and the audience responded with enthusiastic applause for most of his solos. His smooth, rolling contours floated over the band's riffing with grace in the best Goodman tradition. His tone was striking, especially in the upper register, where his control was reminiscent of the perfection of Artie Shaw. He did a Goodman trio routine on *Oh Baby* that went down well, but seemed to strike

his brightest sparks with the band. Normally he doubles on tenor, but the horn was out of commission.

Harry Graves' trombone performed adequately in solo but made its most valuable contributions in adding to the ensemble.

Above and beyond individual solo excellence, however, is the ensemble sense among the musicians that makes nine pieces sound like a full band. Above all, the band swings as a unit. Although they work from arrangements, there is an in-



Franz Jackson: A match for anyone

formality and spontaneity at work that made this listener think they might be working from "heads." This is not Time-Life music. Its freshness and honesty made it thoroughly contemporary, as reflected in the enthusiasm of the largely youthful and hirsute audience.

The Sounds of Swing have not yet recorded, but they should. A session should be arranged, perhaps with a visiting guest star such as Roy Eldridge, who will be in Chicago soon. —John McDonough

## Herbie Mann

Paul's Mall, Boston, Mass.

**Personnel:** Mann, flute; Sonny Sharrock, Robert Pogo, guitars; Tom Copolla, electric piano, organ; John Sigler, bass; Dave Johnson, conga, "toys"; Markham Rosengarden, drums; Ayr, piano, organ, vocals.

Herbie Mann and his newest group ("Herbie Mann, featuring Ayr") had arrived in Boston to occupy Paul's Mall for a couple of weeks. But this was a really new Mann, with the whole band in jeans and leather (save the debonair leader, resplendent in a modish suit) and each member ready and able to do his thing, or at least giving the appearance of doing so. And therein lies the problem.

Perhaps opening nights should never be reviewed, if they are by new groups experimenting with new styles. But this aggregation doesn't need any more re-



Marty Grosz: Capturing the essence of swing

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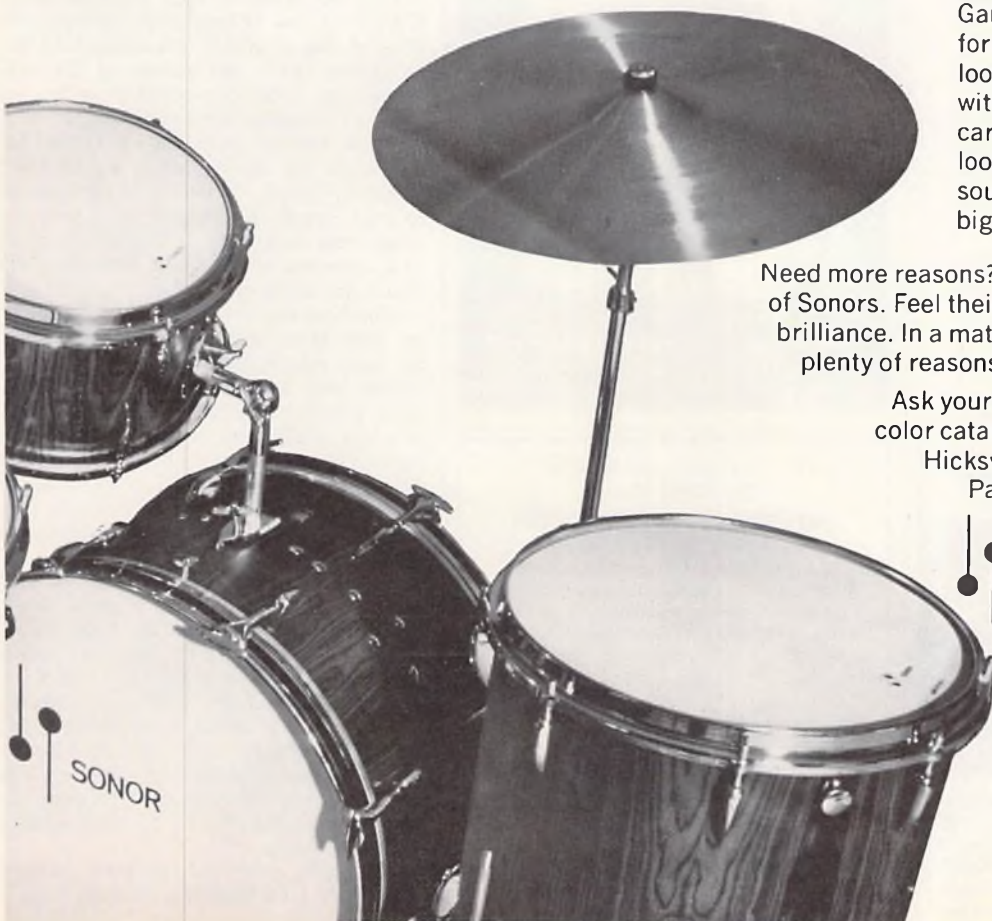
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hearsals, particularly for the repertoire they performed. If anything, the professional sheen was such that little feeling came across to the audience—which responded in kind. Which puzzled the band. Which further turned off the audience. Which chilled the band even more. And . . . but you know the rest. The last set went about 15 minutes and then everybody, audience and band, silently folded their tents and stole into the snowy Boston night.

What went wrong? The group started off the evening with Steve Still's *Judy Blue-Eyed Suite (Second Movement)* and swung into it with gusto. If you're a lover of amplified guitar, there was much buzzing and reverb there to please you. In

fact, the leader's flute got lost in the electronics. Since most of the audience was over 25 and remembered a different Mann, the next tune, a more traditional blues, appeared to offer a brief rock respite. Mann at times did sound like the Mann of a few years back, but then Dave Johnson entered on conga and followed with, as Mann pointed out, various "toys". An assortment of washers, springs, wires, etc., the miscellaneous instruments gave off even more miscellaneous sounds. Jiggings and poundings were the order of the day. Innovation, yes. Halloween noisemakers, no.

A few months ago Mann was quoted as saying, "the amplifier thing is over . . . more and more bands are going acoustic.

They've gotten past that loud thing, and now they're getting into music . . . it's not just two chords and a loud guitarist" (db, Dec. 10, 1970). Alas, this front-row table occupant wished it were so. Sharrock boosted his Yamaha volume to the top and took off—glasses shaking and eardrums popping. But Sharrock also looked incredibly bored: "You expect me to do this; it's a drag for both of us, but I'll do it."

The result was neither freedom nor improvisation, but more just technological fireworks. Much sound, much fury, signifying little. Sharrock himself has talked of his dislike for the club scene, but there he was. Even if it is just another gig, the audience deserves better and he certainly (as witness his previous albums) can do better. A couple of times he looked ready to go into something, but then—maybe it was the mood of the evening—he seemed to hold back and rely on sheer volume instead.

And then came Ayr. Slight but palely pretty, she sat down at the electric piano and began to play and sing. Remember Jackie Cain? That's Ayr, but not as good. The Jackie and Roy album *Grass* used the rock and electronic music world as its jumping-off point, but Jackie could always ride above it, singing the lyrics with impeccable swinging taste—not to mention Roy Kral's articulate comping. Unfortunately, Ayr seemed unsure, the voice a remarkable double for Miss Cain's, but lacking the model's confidence and conviction. And her piano playing, added to the Voxes, Fenders, and Yamahas, simply tended to drown her out.

Thus the lyrics to such songs as *Baby, I Don't Know Where Love Is* and *The Creator Has a Master Plan* remained unintelligible. Ayr's sad glances at the non-responsive audience—coupled with her habit of wringing her hands—might have softened another gathering, but this one had come for Herbie Mann and not for sympathy-giving. It would be interesting to hear Ayr do a standard; as it was, her songs were unfamiliar to this audience and of a sameness that made it difficult to envision her doing much else.

*Can You Dig It?*, sans Ayr, closed the set with Mann more aggressively leading. So most people hung around, hoping the opener was simply a slow start. Paul's Mall, a favorite Boston jazz watering hole, is a very professional room. When it really packs 'em in, it seats around 250 patrons. By the close of this particular evening, the crowd had shrunk to about 60 hardy folk. Even the waitresses were commenting on the lack of artist-audience rapport.

The abortive last set again opened with promise. *Memphis Two-Step* drew strong applause. The Band's *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* kept the mood. But Ayr then began a dirge-like *I'll Never Deceive You* and she didn't: the audience was turned off, drinks were rediscovered, old conversations were revived. Finally the group simply ambled off the stage. The Mall's manager gamely tried to cover up the abrupt ending, but by this time nobody seemed to care.

This new group is competent enough, but hasn't developed any identity. This is not a plea for Mann to go back to *Mem-*

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phis *Underground* or even to *Muscle Shoals Nitty Gritty*. But freedom has its limits, particularly in a mixture of jazz and rock. The mismatched styles clash, and Mann himself seemed particularly uncomfortable. He didn't really lead or take extended solos. Sharrock, the next strongest player, was sacrificed in an amplifier show.

By the time this is printed, the new Mann group will have its first album out on the Embryo label. But past respect for Mann makes one hope the album will surpass the personal appearance. Maybe the Boston trip was a try-out to iron out bugs. I hope so. —William H. Young

### Ken McIntyre

Wesleyan University Chapel, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: McIntyre, alto saxophone, oboe, bass clarinet, flute, bassoon, traps; Richard Harper, piano, melodica; Ahmed Abdul Malik, bass; Warren Smith, drums; Daahood Haroon, conga.

This was the third concert in the Wesleyan jazz series, held at the University Chapel. It was given by the co-ordinator of the total series, Ken McIntyre, Assistant Professor of Music at Wesleyan and one of the people responsible for developing a viable Black Music program here.

The concert presented an impressive array of instruments and instrumentalists, all creating moments of intense excitement. The best description is intense free improvisation for the entire evening, beginning before all were even set up—drums, piano, congas and bass—and then McIntyre, straight, free, fast and hard on alto, with one of the best drummers in New York behind every impulse. The conga was sensitive to changes providing patterns to play off.

Smith reaches up and hits cymbal with two sticks, stands up for more leverage to beat. The sound is out. The music, within the collective push outward, had that rare quality of energy in force, and clarity was present. It was obvious that the audience had been lifted into the pulse.

McIntyre previously played only his own tunes, but this concert and a few others of recent times show a dramatic change—not unexpected if his history is taken into account (one of the first to add oboe, bassoon, etc. to jazz, he has now added drums to his own instruments).

He is incredible on alto—ranging from growl to voice-like cries, with maturity of musical motives and richness in phrasing. On flute, he also explores the total physical range of the instrument, even to triple stops (3rd is sung tone). His oboe could have been more effective, but backup by melodica could be heard as out of tune. Amplification of oboe, bass clarinet, and especially bassoon were inadequate.

It is obvious that McIntyre is an extremely versatile musician, but his dancing begins with alto. He was happy on drums, but clarity in polyrhythm against conga and the other trap set was questionable, and again not as pleasing as his alto. All McIntyre's years of growth, chain of experience and connection to arranging and composing seem to be beautifully expressed in his improvisation and performance. Phrases from his tunes appear, but as a

motive; in whatever context is happening.

Harper, a young pianist of incredible energy and flow, can play any style, apparently, and deal with different dimensions in dominance (rhythm, line, percussion), all available on and in a piano. He uses the middle range like a rich, flexible voice, and counterpoint like horns that don't run out of breath—lines so long. Energy is so prepared that the output can overload; obviously perceptive, he does not always choose to respond as expected. A freely creative pianist.

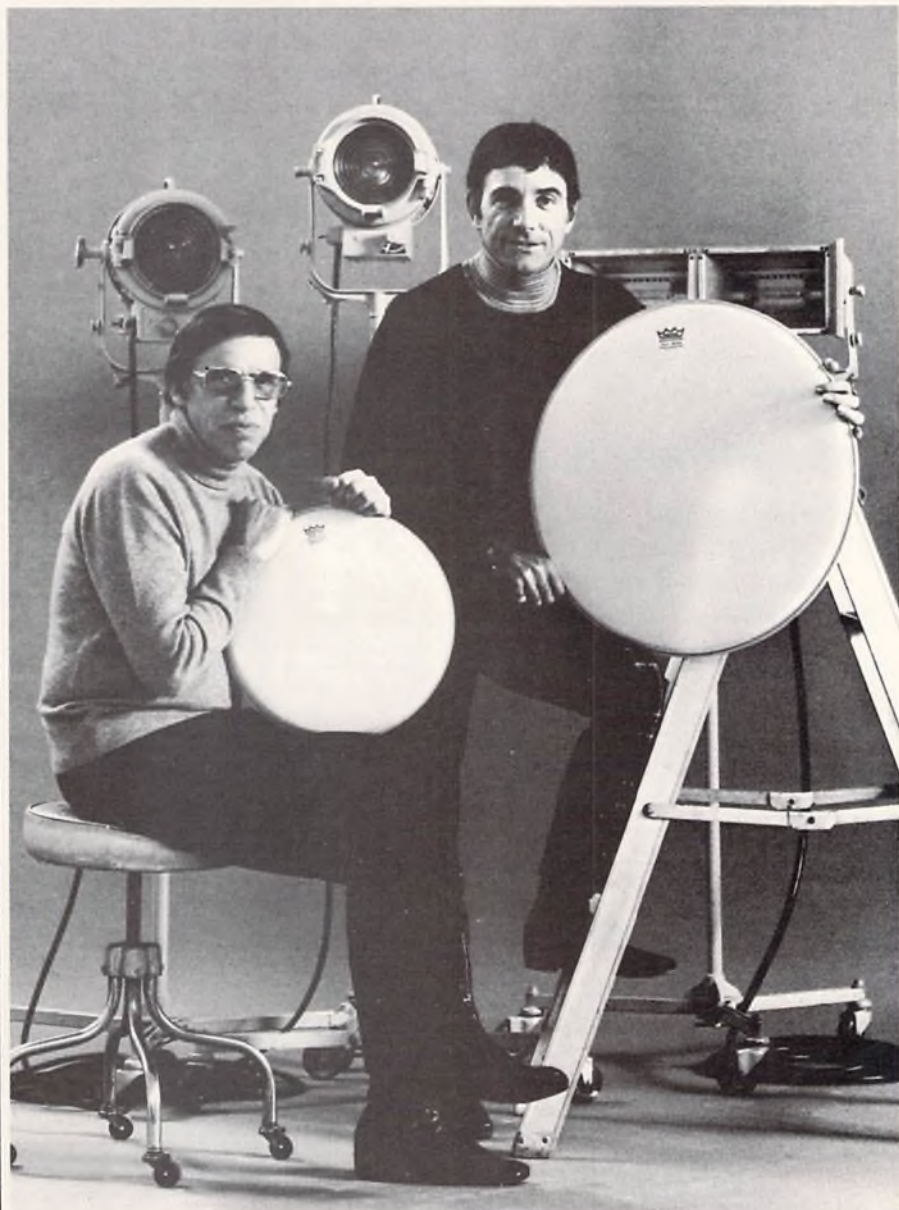
Warren Smith adds two outstanding qualities: a driving back-up, never overbearing, just seeming to always hear what is happening, and a level of musical integration of new-wave African influence

on the trap set. Smith appeared in this context to be the most sensitive of the four, and provided the most consistently coherent energy of the unit. No side glances: he is there from the first moment.

Haroon was not really amplified sufficiently, but a rich enough musician to discover how to be heard. He moved the other players into changing tempos, rhythmic patterns and accents. He listens, and clearly adds to the sound.

Abdul Malik seemed confused during about three-fourths of the concert. He arose and played all when the time came, but I was sorry it came so late in the concert. From the sound he released at last, it is hoped that he will play in such a free environment again. —Janice Jarrett

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## Drum Shop Talk with Bob Tilles

by Charles Suber

IT WASN'T TOO LONG ago that only a symphony musician was referred to as a "percussionist", regardless of whether he specialized on triangle, tympani, or snare drum. The term "drummer" was used for someone who played any and all percussion instruments in the jazz or popular music idioms.

But, today, the emphasis is on total musicianship. The term "drummer"—particularly in jazz—no longer carries the stigma of humorous condescension it once did. Most of the young drummers performing in school ensembles or out in the profession are well-schooled musicians who can read and play what the score demands.

This new image for drummers didn't happen by accident. Behind the new crop of percussionists are hip, dedicated teachers such as Bob Tilles. Tilles is presently head of the percussion department at DePaul University in Chicago. He also teaches a limited number of private students at Frank's Drum Shop, works many clinics on drums and vibes for Ludwig/Musser, writes jazz percussion ensemble arrangements for **down beat**/MUSIC WORKSHOP PUBLICATIONS, has authored several instructional books on improvisation and advanced drumming, and still manages to keep his hand in professional playing.

His professional background has equipped him for a total approach to music. He was on CBS staff in Chicago for 13 years, cut hundreds of jingles for Dick Marx and others, worked the hotel and club circuit, and backed all the vaudeville acts.

But it is today's music that Tilles is most interested in. In the following interview, he talks about the teaching and learning of percussion.

C.S.: How did you get into teaching?

B.T.: Do you want a fast answer? Roy Knapp! I had this obsession about playing the drums when I was about 17—my mother was so discouraged about my piano practicing that she sold the piano—and everybody I talked to said that Roy Knapp was the *only* drum teacher in Chicago. I even wrote a letter to Gene Krupa asking him—I didn't know him, I was just a fan—about a teacher. He, or someone from his office, wrote back that Roy Knapp was the man. I studied with him for four years, then after four years in the army, I studied with him again on the G.I. Bill. After I was back with him for about a year, about 1947, he asked me to sub for him in his classes. His school was getting so big that he had to delegate work.

C.S.: What about your own playing?

B.T.: Well, very soon after I started to study with Roy I began to get calls for club dates. So I joined the union in 1937.

My first dates were the usual things: dances, parties, bar mitzvahs . . . you know. I remember doing dates with Herbie Kaye—that was after Dorothy Lamour—and several nights with Ted Weems when Perry Como was his vocalist. I also did a lot of subbing with the good hotel and club bands. But my days were usually taken up with studying mallet work with Jose Bethancourt and tympani with a player from the Chicago Symphony. Come to think of it, before World War II I got some good experience playing mallets and tympani with the Chicago Civic Orchestra, the training unit for the Symphony. So by the time I went into the Army I had my dues paid on everything except military sticks. And I got that for four years courtesy of Uncle Sam. But I also got a lot of experience in playing acts with the post show band.

C.S.: What about jazz?

B.T.: No matter what I was doing, playing or studying, jazz was my first interest. After making a living, that is. I did some good jazz sides with Dick Marx on Mercury but my recording work and jingle work suffered when I was on CBS staff. However, there were many opportunities for jazz playing on the station. I was on first call whenever any jazz singer or group was on radio or TV so I played with and behind Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington, Nat Cole, Tony Bennett, and also with Erroll Garner, Duke Ellington—that was a kick—and Dizzy Gillespie. Depending on their arrangements, I would play either drums or vibes. Of course, it wasn't steady jazz work. The day after playing with Diz, I had to cut the Shrine Circus.

C.S.: Were you teaching during that time?

B.T.: Always. I never let the studio work or anything else get in the way of the students. As a matter of fact, I taught for Roy Knapp until 1959 when I joined DePaul University's staff. Tom Fabish, the band director there at the time, thought the school needed a shot in the arm, particularly in percussion. DePaul is a commuter school and many of the students have to work and need the training to make money to stay in school or go on to a career. So I started there one day a week and it grew until now we have a department.

C.S.: Do you approach college teaching any differently from private teaching?

B.T.: No, the basic problems are the same. I have a mental check list I run all my students through. Even though college students may have more musical background, I find that everyone starts and develops the same when it comes to drums. In all cases, I start the student off with a few



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hand-holds and some warmup exercises. As soon as possible we get into music—playing something, accomplishing something. At the same time, I put him to work with paper and pencil on theory and harmony. He has to understand how the music is constructed while he is learning the mechanical things. As soon as possible, we get into the idiom in which the student is most interested. In many cases, he wants to learn rock. Like right now because he can earn money with it. Okay, why not? I'll show him the two or three things that rock is based on if that is what it takes to keep him in music. I will not let him settle for that, however. I can't see any musician today specializing in rock, or symphony work, or anything else. He has to get it all down—and not just different styles. I try to get the student on vibes after a couple of months on drum basics. With the mallets he goes into scale and chordal things, which make sense to him if he has learned anything at all from his paper work on theory and harmony.

**C.S.:** What is most important for the student to learn?

**B.T.:** Coordination is far and away the most important thing for a drummer but I don't think it can be learned. If you lack coordination, you lack the primary physical skill for a drummer, and perhaps, for any other instrument. It takes about four or five lessons for me to know if the student has enough coordination to go on.

**C.S.:** How can you tell?

**B.T.:** I usually teach him a couple of jazz brush beats, then I'll play vibes, with him on drums. Now, he's in an ensemble situation and you can tell very quickly if he has it. If he doesn't, I try to tell him right away or suggest that he take up some other line of work.

**C.S.:** How about the ear? Can you learn that?

**B.T.:** Except for some rare cases, most tone identification is a learned thing, even though some people have an easier facility for learning. It's best if you can get to a student when he is young enough so that his ears are still open. I teach him to tune his drums as part of ear training. Roy Burns, a good friend of mine and a great drummer, is so careful to tune his drums sympathetically with his cymbals. Even though this is a rather sophisticated point, I try to get my students to think that way early in their training.

**C.S.:** Can you teach time and improvisation?

**B.T.:** No and yes. Either you have a sense of time or you don't. I can teach you 19/4 as well as two-beat if you have the sense of time. As for improvisation, it can be taught. It must be learned by anyone who fancies himself as a musician. It's usually much easier to teach improvisation on the vibes—going back to the scale and chordal things—with a simple 12-bar blues pattern. You know, there are some drum parts for symphonic work that call for some improvisation. In jazz, it's an absolute necessity. Getting back to time, I believe that a crude drummer with time can play better than a symphonic player without time. And I'm not talking about strict metronomic time. I mean a sense of moving time. It has to swing.

**C.S.:** Is the drummer the band's timekeeper?

**B.T.:** I hope for the band's sake that wouldn't be the case. The band should be able to maintain a good rhythm without the rhythm section. But, let me confide something to you, "a confession of a band drummer"—the bass player is the number one timekeeper. If the bass player is strong, he can carry along a weaker drummer and band—but not the other way around. A weak bass player lets everything down the drain.

**C.S.:** Do you find this problem when you do clinics around the country?

**B.T.:** You mean the rhythm problem? Yes, but the whole field of percussion has been a problem in schools. It's getting a lot better because of the newer directors coming into the schools from Berklee and North Texas State, etc. Also, the new music today, even for concert band, demands attention to percussion training.

**C.S.:** Do you dig what you hear going on at the schools now?

**B.T.:** Are you kidding? First of all, the kids today are 800,000 times better than when I began. And they want to be into so many more things. Look at the way that rock is fusing back into jazz or rhythm&blues. Look at what the kids are doing on tympani. Great things. And I don't mean just my students; I mean so many young musicians around the country.

**C.S.:** Can you give me a rundown on your students?

**B.T.:** I though you would never ask—these are the guys who keep me young and moving. There is Danny Seraphine with Chicago, Don Hammernik at WGN-TV in Chicago, Norm Jeffries at ABC in Hollywood, Warren Hard with Merv Griffin, Bob McKee (formerly with the *Mike Douglas Show*, now on Cleveland TV staff), Rick Frigo at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, and a lot of hotel, jingle and symphony people.

**C.S.:** What about your writing? Does it go along with teaching?

**B.T.:** I guess it does. Most everything I have had published I did originally as teaching material for my students. Even the percussion ensemble pieces for down beat. *Practical Improvisation* came out about three or four years ago and it's applicable, I think, for any instrument and is a good beginner approach to improvisation. My first book, *Practical Percussion Studies*, is basically a hard reading book for advanced students. I try to encourage my students to write arrangements, melody lines . . . anything that will give them facility and knowledge of how music is put together. It makes for a far better player.

**C.S.:** We can't leave without asking for a comment on Buddy Rich.

**B.T.:** He's ageless . . . a fantastic technician . . . maybe the best we have ever heard or seen. He refuses to date himself. He keeps moving with the times, always tasty, always so strong. It's great for my students—and all other drummers—to listen to Buddy and what he has done for the past 30 years. His genius lies so much in the way he interprets any idiom he plays. He always remains fresh.

**C.S.:** Should we close with that?

**B.T.:** One more fill: I am very optimistic about the future of our music. The level of instruction is up, the level of playing is up, and the drummers are becoming musicians. Now, rim shot and off.





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**JONES**  
 (Continued from page 17)

and did some nice steps himself. I found myself almost disbelieving that these were a couple of guys past 50 (Buddy is 53, Jo 59). While it is generally known among musicians that Buddy was a professional dancer at one time, Jo will remind you of the little-known fact that at one time he was the World Champion of Charleston dancing.

Later, after Buddy had selected a drum. Jo invited us all up to what he calls his "cellblock" (a practice room where his drum set always stands ready to be played). It was a thrill to see these two drum giants behind the set, not only trading four and eight-bar solos, but playing as one person: Buddy doing part of a paradiddle-like figure and Jo completing it without as much as losing a fraction of a beat.

Buddy was smiling as broadly as I've ever seen him smile. Suddenly, faking grimness, he said to Jo: "You know, this is going to make me lose my image." At which the often serious face of Jo Jones broke out in a smile more radiant even than when behind his beloved drums.

And to Jo Jones, his drums are his beloved . . . his life. After Rich had left, Jo said: "Mack, you know why Buddy's like he is, and I'm as I am? Because drums are our life! We've practiced and practiced, and thought and thought drums . . . all our lives."

There was part of the answer to my boyhood question of what Jo Jones was thinking as he sat behind those drums, playing all those intricate figures. Yes. Jo Jones lives drums . . . he loves them with a passion!

His love for his drums approaches reverence. A little something which happened the first time I visited his "cellblock" clearly showed me this.

We were both smoking as we entered the room. As Jo moved toward the set, preparing to take his seat behind it, I reached for an ashtray to hand him.

"That's all right, Mack, I won't need it." With that he crushed out his cigarette in the tray and turned back to sit behind his drums.


"Something I never do—smoke behind my drums . . . I love 'em too much! Got too much respect for them to do a thing like that!"

I made a mental note to adopt that habit myself.

"But," the reader might ask, "you're supposed to be a writer, not a drummer. What kind of drums are you going to be sitting behind?"

To that I'll have to answer very honestly: The set I bought about two months ago from Frank Ippolito. Who in hell is going to hang around Jo Jones as much as I do these days and not have a set?

Oh, by the way, the day I got my set Jo told Frank: "Give Mack a pair of my 'private stock' mallets." Turning to me he said with mock sternness. "And you better play 'em so you don't break 'em!"

Every time I look down at my bass drum and see Jo Jones' 'private stock' mallets there, I'm tempted to frame them and go out and get a pair to play with. 

**AD LIB**  
 (Continued from page 13)

piano; Pete Pearson, bass; Michael Shepherd and Maurice McKinley, drums) . . . Award-winning Dutch flutist Chris Hinze, who attended Berklee, returned to the U.S. to attend graduate courses at the old home-stead. Hinze's *Stoned Flute* album will be released here by Columbia in March . . . Featured at Slug's in recent weeks have been the groups of Donald Byrd, Leon Thomas, Elvin Jones, Lee Morgan and McCoy Tyner . . . The East Village "In", where Freddie Hubbard has been on hand, now has regular Monday night jam sessions presided over by drummer George Scott's house trio . . . Gene Ammons' twice-postponed opening at the Club Baron (previously foiled by N.Y. State Liquor Board bureaucrats) finally came off in early February. Monday night sessions at the uptown club continue, and a recent one had trumpeter-fluegelhornist Danny Moore's quintet (George Coleman, tenor, alto; Harold Mabern, piano; Wilbur Little, bass; Harold White, drums) . . . Other uptown doings: organist Billy Gardner at Gene's (Lenox Ave. at 145th) with James Forbes, Jr., guitar, and Michael Shepherd, drums) and organist Seleno Clark at the Blue Book . . . *Jazz Adventures* at the Downbeat on Friday from noon to 3 continue to gather momentum. A packed house greeted Gene Roland's 25-piece *Horns of Manhattan*, a band with plenty of punch. Fred Gaud, Nilo Argudin, Tony Cofresi, Stan Shafran, Frank Rappa and Ronnie Padov, trumpets; Bobby Pratt, Sam Burtis, Charles Sherman, Abdul Hameed, Clint Sharman and Jack Jeffries, trombones; Marty Oberlander, Bob Torrence, Gary Klein, Kenny Berger and Dennis Brault, reeds; Lou Volpe, Allan Demeuse, guitars; John Carbone, bass; Ronnie Bennett, drums; Ray Romero, bongos, and Juan Pepin, conga, plus a 7-piece vocal group made up the personnel. Shafran, Pratt, Klein and Volpe were the major soloists. The multi-instrumental team of Ray Nance and Eddie Shu followed, with Barry Miles' group in the next frame and the debut of the Al Cohn/Willis Conover New York Band (Feb. 19) ensuing . . . Brooklyn happenings: Charles Davis and Friends (Curtis Fuller, trombone; Clifford Jordan, tenor; Cedar Walton, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Billy Higgins, drums; Claudette Brown, vocals) in concert at the Id, followed by Jimmy Heath, then Joe Lee Wilson Plus 5 (Monty Waters, alto; Danny Mixon, piano; Stafford James, bass; Art Lewis, drums; Thomas Orti, timbales); and Sun Ra for two nights and Andrew Cyrille for two (one with quintet, the other with fellow drummers Milford Graves and Rashied Ali) at the East, where Sam Rivers' band holds forth on Sundays . . . Singer Wilson also appeared at the Village Door, with Ed Lewis, trumpet; Hank Edmonds, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Clyde Lucas, drums . . . Al Cohn followed Jimmy Giuffre at the Half Note and was in turn followed by Clark Terry (splitting a week with Joe Newman) and then by Budd Johnson, all with the house rhythm section (Ross Tomp-

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kins or Don Friedman, piano; Vic Sproles, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums) and weekend guest star Jimmy Rushing . . . Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 did Carnegie Hall . . . Barbara Simmons, poet-singer who appeared on Jackie McLean's 'Bout Soul LP, opened her own advertising agency, Eden, with a well-attended party featuring entertainment by Joe Lee Wilson and Danny Mixon. Guests included Leon Thomas and the Staple Singers' Jerry Butler . . . Captain Beefheart was at Ungano's . . . Al Cohn, Max Kaminsky, Ed Hubble and Tony Parenti were among recent guests with Balaban and Cats, Sundays at Your Father's Mustache. Pianist Chuck Foldes, who works solo at the Gas House on 1st Ave., has taken over Dick Wellstood's chair with the band.

**Los Angeles:** The Hollywood Palladium was jammed for a special tribute to Muhammed Ali. H. B. Barnum's band provided the music and the parade of guests included O. C. Smith, Gloria Lynne, Billy Preston, Abbey Lincoln, Kim Weston and The Jackson 5 . . . Jimmy Smith made his debut at Donte's after a long period of negotiations. It's not easy pinning Jimmy for a commitment considering his schedule . . . The rest of Donte's February schedule was filled out with "returning veterans:" Phil Upchurch, Craig Hundley, Frank Severino, Ollie Mitchell, Herb Ellis, Allen Beutler, Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land, Willie Bobo, Bola Sete, Richard Boone and Dolo Coker, and the bands of Louie Bellson, Dick Grove and Dee Barton . . . Trumpeter Blue Mitchell fronted a quintet with tenor man Jimmy Forrest sharing the front line; and a rhythm section of Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Larry Gales, bass; and Doug Sides, drums . . . Gabor Szabo jammed Donte's with his quintet: Lynn Blessing, vibes; Bob Harris, piano; Wolfgang Melz, electric bass; John Dentz, drums . . . Interesting item for the my-how-the-time-flies department: in the trumpet section of Louis Bellson's band, sitting next to the ageless Sweets Edison, was Neal Hefti's teen-age son, Paul . . . John Klemmer ended his Monday night series at Shelly's Manne-Hole; Gabor Szabo followed. Freddie Hubbard followed Willie Bobo in the "extended gig" category at Shelly's . . . Bobby Troup seems headed for a characteristically extended gig at the Left Bank in North Hollywood. His trio plays there Tuesday through Saturday, with Jimmy Rowles on Sunday and Monday. With Troup are John Collins, guitar, and Don Bagley, bass . . . Another long stay is in the making at the Bill of Fare, where Bobby Bryant heads a quintet with Charles Owens and Curtis Amy on tenor saxes; Henry Cain, organ, and Carl Lott, drums. Also working with the combo; Yvonne Rae, one of the many vocalists trained by Bobby Bryant. She is also under contract to Bryant and his management company, Taureans Ltd. . . . Contraband—the name of Pete Robinson's new quartet, played a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena. It was another presentation by Ray

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Bowman, who champions avant garde groups in the Los Angeles area. Personnel of Contraband: Robinson, electric piano, organ; melodica and ring modulator; Dave Pritchard, guitar; Ray Neapolitan, bass; Brian Moffatt, drums . . . Marty Harris' trio keeps getting extra kicks in its job as house trio at Hogie's, in Beverly Hills. Not only from backing some of the singers who work there, like Spanky Wilson (who had to quit after two weeks instead of four due to illness); but also from another happy thing: the sitting in. The latest list includes: Erroll Garner, Buddy Greco, Gloria Lynne and Blue Mitchell. Others in Harris' trio are John Heard, bass; John Baker, drums. The trio, plus Georgie Auld, tenor sax, and Lon Norman, trombone, played for a talk show TV pilot . . . Tommy Vig fronted a quintet for a special matinee concert at South Park Recreation Center, using Buddy Collette, Phil Upchurch, John Duke and Roy Burns . . . Teddy Wilson and Cannonball Adderley "shared" the Hong Kong Bar—but not simultaneously. Wilson opened Feb. 15 for one week, then Cannonball played the next week. Wilson returned March 1 to play two more weeks, then Cannonball was scheduled to begin a month-long engagement March 15. This ruled out the original booking for March 15: Gene Krupa—without any explanation . . . Kid Ory was given a special tribute on his 84th birthday at the adopted home he refuses to leave: Hawaii. Prevented by doctor's orders from playing, he sang his own *Muskrat Ramble* at the concert.

Chicago: Richards Abrams and members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians were featured in the finale of a four-concert history-of-jazz series sponsored by the Jazz Institute of Chicago. In addition to the leader-pianist, listeners heard Edwin Doherty, alto sax; Vandy Harris, tenor sax; Wallace McMillan, baritone sax; Lester Lashley, bass, and Thurman Barker, drums. Each of the four concerts was attended by capacity crowds . . . Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt battled it out on a recent Sunday at the North Park Hotel. Their rhythm section consisted of pianist John Young, bassist Rufus Reid, and drummer Wilbur Campbell. An overflow crowd attended the evening session . . . Marian McPartland's Trio (Rufus Reid, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums) was followed at the London House by Oscar Peterson, whose three-weeker will be followed by Roy Eldridge (also three weeks). The Vernell Fournier Trio is the new off-night band at the popular steak spa . . . The 11th Annual Folk Festival of the Folklore Society of the University of Chicago, a weekend event held recently at Mandel Hall, featured the Lightnin' Slim Blues Band and Robert Pete Williams, among others . . . 67-year-old trombonist Preston Jackson, who came to Chicago from New Orleans in 1917 and played with Louis Armstrong, Jimmy Noone and others, was feted by Don Gibson and the Ragtimers at the

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Village Tavern in nearby Long Grove . . . Frank's Drum Shop, in cooperation with the Deagan Co., will present An Evening of **ELECTRAVIBERations** featuring vibist **Stu Katz**, pianist, **Willie Pickens**, bassist **Rufus Reid**, and drummer **Arlington Davis**. The free March 15 concert will start at 7 p.m. at Frank's Drum Shop, 226 S. Wabash Ave. . . . Pianist **Art Hodes'** group played a free concert recently at the Pickle Barrel in the Park Forest Shopping Center. Personnel: **Ros-telle Reese**, trumpet; **Ron Goldman**, bass, and **Hillard Brown**, drums . . . A new local jazz-rock group, **McLuhan**, debuted recently at the Wise Fools. The band includes **Dave Wright**, trumpet, guitar, composer; **Paul Cohn**, reeds; **Marvin Krout**, organ; **Mark Rabin**, lead guitar; **Neil Rasner**, electric bass, and **John Mahoney**, drums . . . Chase returned from a month-long stint at the Pussycat A-Go-Go in Las Vegas to play several area college concerts and a two-nighter at the Ramada Inn in suburban Schiller Park (which marked the beginning of a Sunday-Monday jazz-rock policy at the O'Hare-area inn). The Ides of March were featured the following week . . . **Kenny Soderblom's** Big Band appears every third Monday at the Wise Fools. Personnel at a recent session included **John Howell**, **Warren Kime**, **Art Hoyle**, trumpets; **Bill Porter**, **Tom McNamara**, **Ralph Craig**, trombones; **Soderblom**, **Johnny Board**, **Joe Daley**, **Ronnie Kolber**, reeds; **Dan Shapera**, bass, and **Wilbur Campbell**, drums. A former Soderblom bandsman, and a past regular at the Wise Fools, trumpeter **Oscar Brashear**, has moved to Los Angeles where he joins his former **Count Basie** compatriots **Al Anrons**, **Grover Mitchell**, and **Marshall Royal** in the house band at the Now Grove . . . **Buddy DeFranco** brought his **Glenn Miller Orchestra** to Ruggles for a recent one-nighter. The band's pianist was **Bob Dogan**, a former Chicagoan who worked with **Maynard Ferguson's** band in the late 1950s until Uncle Sam beckoned. His replacement was a then recently-arrived **Josef Zawinul**.

**Japan:** Pioneer, the Japanese stereo equipment manufacturer, and Lufthansa Airlines brought the German All Stars to Japan for a joint recital with Japanese musicians at Sankei Hall Feb. 27. The midnight-to-dawn bash was co-produced and co-emceed by jazz writers **Shoichi Yui** and **Joachim Berendt**. Japanese jazzmen taking part included the **Sadao Watanabe Quartet** (Watanabe, reeds; **Yoshiaki Masao**, guitar; **Yoshio Suzuki**, bass; **Hiroshi Murakami**, drums), tenorist **Takeru Muraoka**, pianists **Masahiko Sato** and **Hideo Ichikawa**, bassist **Keiki Midorikawa**, and drummer **George Ohtsuka** . . . **Count Basie's** Orchestra toured Japan until the end of January . . . Japanese jazz writers in *Swing Journal* magazine picked **Miles Davis' Bitches Brew** as the top foreign jazz record released in Nippon. Best non-Japanese vocal LP was **Mel Torme's Swings Shubert Alley** LP, released by Verve-Nippon Gramaphon. Best Japanese Jazz record pick was *Plan-*

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etary Poetry by Masahiko Sato and the New Herd big band . . . The Tigers, the biggest of the so-called "group sounds" (teeny-bop rock) of three years back, have finally disbanded after laying claim to record sales of 8,000,000 and personal-appearance audiences of some 3,000,000 during their five-year existence. Only 300 fans attended their farewell concert in a 2,500-seat hall. At least two dozen other well-known groups of similar persuasion have broken up in the past six months . . . Blood, Sweat&Tears were in Tokyo for several concerts in late January . . . A huge benefit program, *East Pakistan with Love*, was held at Sankei Hall Jan. 17. The event was co-sponsored by an organization called Shiro and Hal Sloane, the latter the frustrated promoter of a would-be gala rock festival on the slopes of Mt. Fuji last fall. The four-hour concert featured top Japanese jazz, rock and folk artists.

**Germany:** The German All Stars, who made a successful South American tour in 1968, began a three-month Asian tour in January. The group, led by trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, also included Manfred Schoof, Emil Mangelsdorff, Wolfgang Dauner, Gerd Dudek, Michel Pilz, Rudi Fuesers, Aek van Royen, Heinz Sauer, Gunter Lenz, Ralf Hubner, and vocalist Will Johanns. The tour was organized by the Goethe Institute and will involve approximately 40 concerts between Istanbul and Djakarta. Other Institute programs will send the Dave Pike Set to South America (40 concerts, April-June) and the Barrelhouse Jazzband to Africa (September-October) . . . The Dave Pike Set was the first jazz group featured in the German-Swiss TV show, *His A-Go-go* . . . Chick Corea's group, Circle, performed club and concert dates around Germany in January . . . Among other visiting artists performing concert dates in January and February: Ike&Tina Turner, Jethro Tull, John Mayall, Steve Lacy, and Jacques Loussier . . . Lionel Hampton and his All Stars, featuring Illinois Jacquet and Milt Buckner, will tour Germany in March and April. Concerts are set for Berlin (March 7), Hannover (March 30), Frankfurt (March 31), and Stuttgart, Inzerlohn, Hamburg, and Dusseldorf on April 1-4 respectively . . . Brazilian guitarist Baden Powell experienced much success during his first European tour, which ended late last year. The Junket, which included many sold-out concerts and TV shows (one with vocalist Astrid Gilberto), paves the way for another such tour next October through December . . . The John Surman Trio concertized in many cities in January.

**Denmark:** Pianist Kenny Drew played two weeks in January at the Montmartre in Copenhagen with Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, bass, and Ole Streenberg, drums . . . Don Cherry's Trio, enroute from Stockholm to Paris, stopped in Denmark long enough to play at the Tag-skaegget in Aarhus and at the Stalden in

Silkeborg . . . Tenorist Brew Moore worked a five-nighter at the Tagskaegget in early February . . . The newest Danish jazz-rock group, Trouble, has recently recorded. Personnel: Allan Botschinsky, trumpet; Ray Pitts, soprano and tenor saxes; Ole Koch Hansen, piano, organ; Ole Berndorff, guitar; Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, bass, and Bjarne Rostvold, drums . . . The Danish Radio Big Band has started an informal exchange program with leading arrangers and composers from Czechoslovakia. The first guest in Copenhagen was Gustav Brom. The Radio Band has been without a permanent leader for the past few years, but on April 1, saxophonist-composer Ray Pitts, who has been living in Denmark since 1962, takes the helm of the 22-piece aggregation . . . The Youth and Music Organization has arranged a four-week series of concerts in Danish schools with Dexter Gordon. The program, which will occupy most of February and March, will feature the tenorist along with pianist Thomas Clausen, bassist Mads Vinding, and drummer Ole Streenberg. Simultaneously, the organization is continuing its annual series of school concerts in cooperation with the Danish Jazz Academy. The first week of the program featured Ole "Fesser" Lindgreen's Big City Jazzband with featured soloist Steen Vig on soprano and tenor saxophone . . . Recent rock concerts have featured Eric Burdon and War, Iron Butterfly, and Jethro Tull . . . Charles Mingus' group was recently seen on Danish TV's *Jazz-Rock Magazine* show, which was filmed during last October's Copenhagen Jazz Festival. Freddie Hubbard's Quintet was also on the show recently . . . The Nordic Cultural Organization has donated funds for the formation of a 13-piece orchestra to be comprised of musicians from Sweden, Norway, Finland, and Denmark. The Danish musicians involved will be trumpeters Allan Botschinsky and Palle Mikkelsen, and saxophonists Jesper Thilo and Ray Pitts.

## CHORUS

(Continued from page 4)

Jazz Festival "to provide the most educationally-oriented experience for student jazz bands . . . and as a positive alternative to rigid competition with all its attendant pressures on both student and directors." Each of the four bands had a chance to musically stretch out. Each played forty minutes of high-level jazz by such writers as Oliver Nelson, Gary McFarland, Don Ellis, Clark Terry and Lalo Schiffrin as well as several outstanding original student arrangements. The remainder of the hour was clinic time with Howie Smith (reeds and ensemble playing), Ken Ferrantino (brass), and Chuck Braugham (rhythm)—all members of the University of Illinois Jazz Band.

We will have more to say about these and other events in issues to come. The fact that down beat and this writer were involved in each of the above cases only defines the purpose of a catalytic agent and an "involved" magazine. The truly important things are the aspirations of the musicians. Because of them, anything is possible.



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... with a demonstration on how cymbals are played to complement soloists in the big band.

... on the evolution of cymbals as related to instrumentation in today's broadcast and recording orchestras.



... with ideas and suggestions to a summer workshop group at the Southeastern Percussion Symposium.

... to young drummers at an informal, "in-store" clinic with Lipham Music, Gainesville, Florida as hosts.



... to an enthusiastic future pro asking about New-Beat Hi-Hat Cymbals... Roy tells him like it is...



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