

SEPTEMBER 16, 1971 50c

down beat®

jazz-blues-rock

WEST END BLUES
STRUTTIN' WITH SOME BARBECUE
CORNET CHOP SUEY
WILD MAN BLUES
TWO DEUCES
SWING THAT MUSIC
SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH
WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHIN' IN
SOME DAY YOU'LL BE SORRY
MAHOGANY HALL STOMP
LAZY RIVER

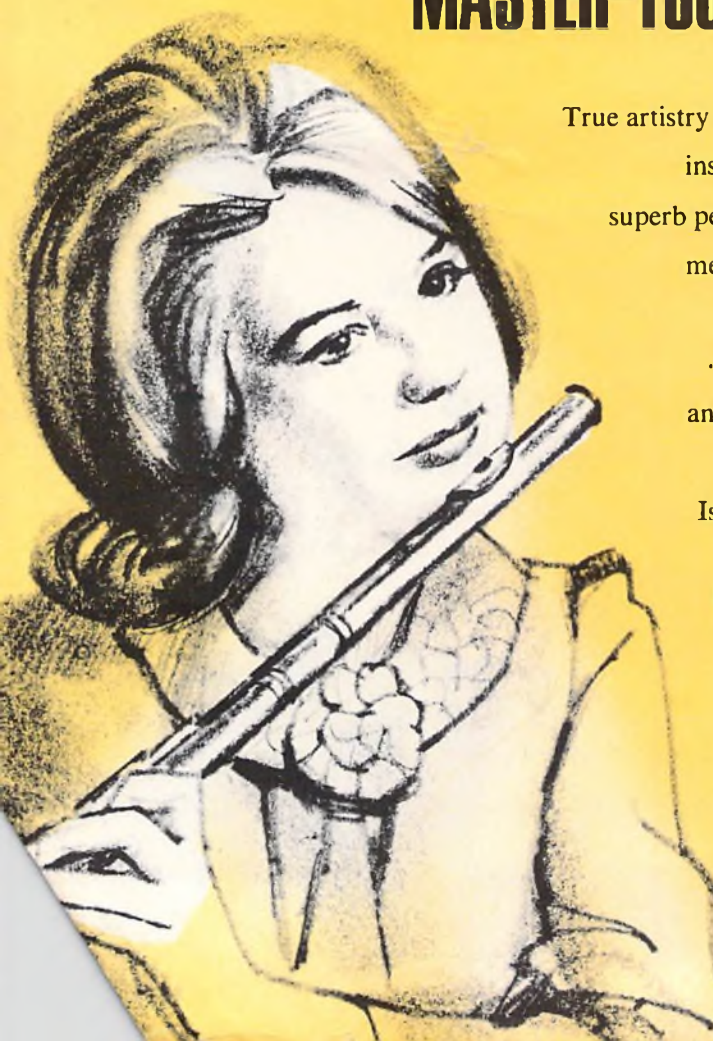


DIPPERMOUTH BLUES
CONFESSIN'
IF WE NEVER MEET AGAIN
AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'
HEARTFUL OF RHYTHM
A KISS TO BUILD A DREAM ON
WEATHERBIRD
HELLO DOLLY
MUGGLES
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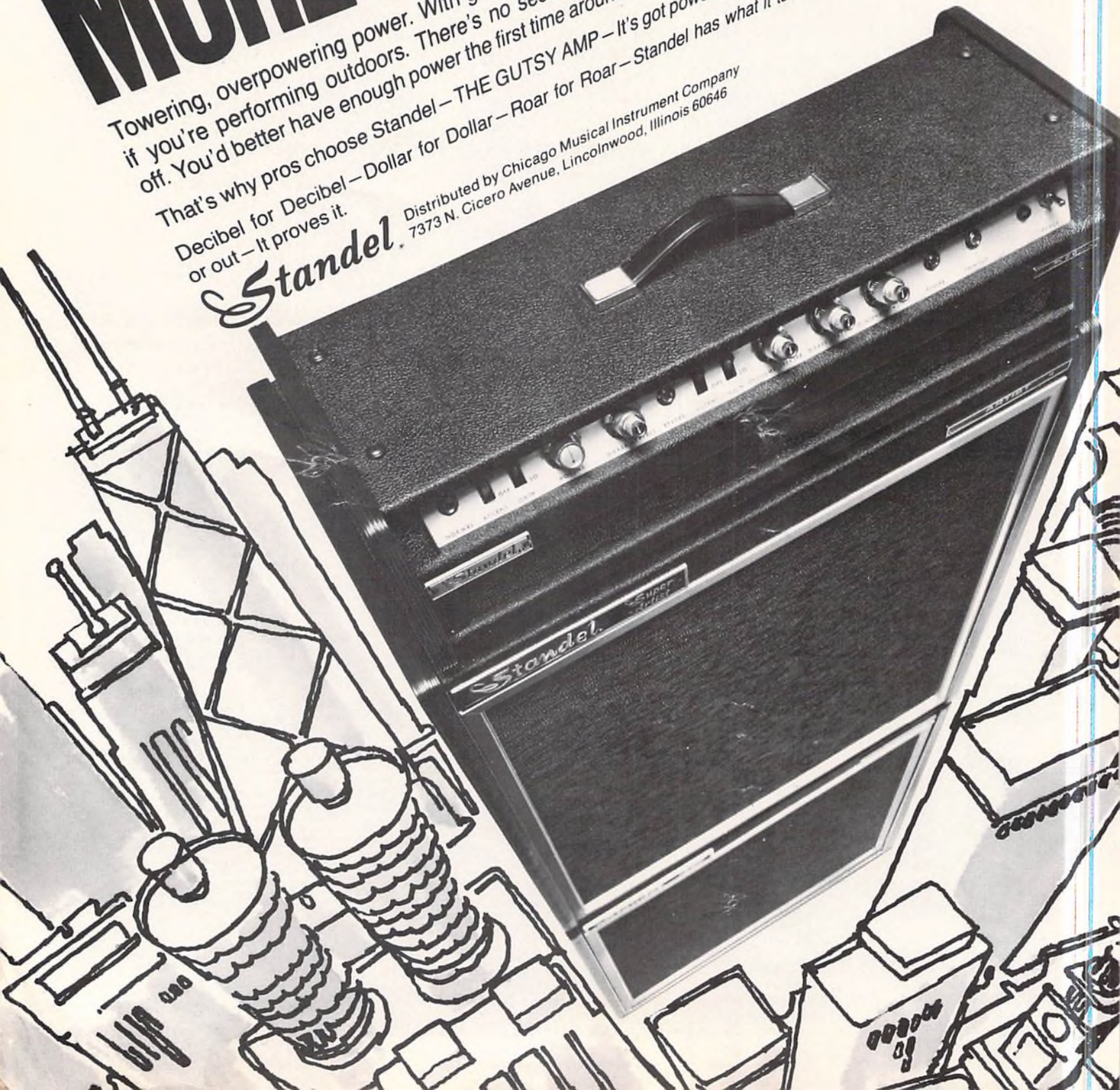
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Walter Cronkite's office called about 8:30 that Tuesday morning: "It's important that we locate Kid Ory and Fatha Hines".

"Hines is here in Chicago and the Kid's on the coast. What's up?"

"Louis Armstrong died this morning and we want to..."

So you react automatically and professionally. What? When? Where? Dan Morgenstern is on his way back to New York from Newport. He'll have his hands full. Jim Szantor can get a box on the first news page on the issue going on press tonight. Leonard Feather and Harvey Siders will take care of things out west.

The telephone again. And again and again. The networks want details and background. So do the local newspapers. They send messengers over for copies of our 70th Birthday Tribute to Louis (July 9, 1970 issue). Photographers come over to shoot from our picture files.

Now people are calling in. Is it true? How old was he? What was the address of the Sunset Cafe? Where is Lil Hardin?

Dan Price, WGN radio, calls. Could I please be on his special Armstrong tribute tonight? And who else would I recommend? Fatha Hines would like to be on but he's too broken up to risk it. Mary Lou Williams is on her way back to Chicago from Newport but we can talk to her on the air (which we did) from her home in Pittsburgh. Art Hodes is out of town and can't be reached. Bill Reinhardt is here and would be glad to pay his respects. And let's see if we can talk to Tom Dorsey—he knew Armstrong in the Ma Rainey T.O.B.A. days.

Dan Morgenstern calls in. The funeral is scheduled for Friday. Newport was trauma—more on that later. Things are hectic but under control. We should think about postponing the Blues Special scheduled for the next issue. Is Dave Baker available to transcribe *West End Blues and Struttin'...*? I call Dave. He has already heard. He says, "Louis was the beginning and so much of all of it. Sure, I'll do the solos. It's an honor."

Then of a sudden, it's late afternoon and the phones are quiet. The whole world seems quiet. I go down for a paper. Nothing in the early editions yet. I turn on the radio. Nothing. Pops is dead and the radio says nothing. Nothing but "live" tapes and dead voices. The program went well that evening. Price has good taste. People called in with genuine sorrow; yet, as they talked about Louis a chuckle would come into their voices as they remembered how good he made them feel.

What did I feel? At first there was the shock and the sense of loss. Now as the days pass since that Tuesday, I feel angry. Angry about what was not said and done during the life and after the death of Louis Armstrong. He was our greatest musician. He turned music around and gave it a whole new dimension. And he was mostly regarded as an affable clown. He wasn't a "serious" musician so how could you take him seriously. Show me any textbook or unit of study that even attempts to explain to kids who and what he really was. Tell me the name of any college of music education that equips its future teachers with the musical freedoms he created.

Every musician everywhere should have laid out a full 12 bars on the Friday of his funeral. The fiddle players at Ravinia-Tanglewood and the rockers at the underground grottos should have had the decency and respect to noodle a little blues on that day. There are some dues that have to be paid. But it's never too late. You can pay your respects to Daniel Louis Armstrong, 1900-1971.

Stay loose and free, and love one another. **db**



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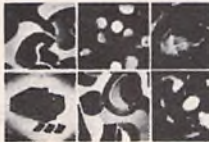
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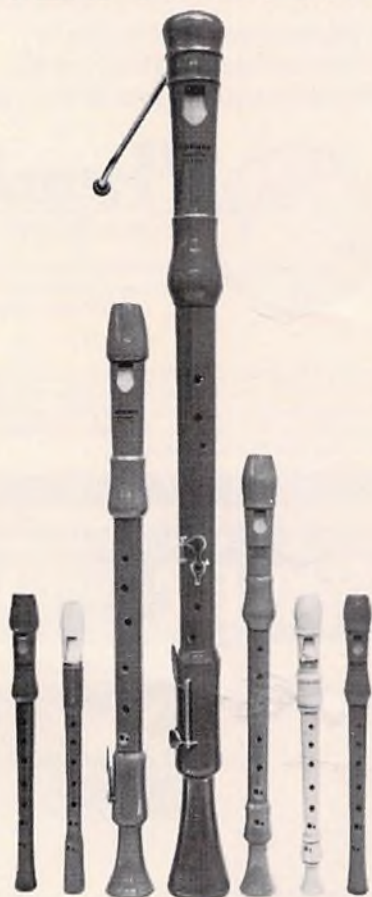
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For Louis

Louis Armstrong was a saint; all he ever did was make people happy.

Brent Orenstein

Toronto, Canada

Louis Armstrong died today.

We've lost some great ones in the last five years—daring innovators, staunch individualists. Today we lost the most daring innovator of all.

I've just played over and over about 20 times a 1947 Town Hall concert track of *Ain't Misbehavin'* with Pops, Jack Teagarden, Peanuts Hucko, Bobby Hackett, Dick Cary, Bob Haggart, and Sid Catlett. I've played it over that many times because in the last three years I've been filling my head with "free" tenormen and rock guitarists, and I've forgotten how audacious . . . is that the word? . . . I've forgotten how *outrageous* it *really* was, even in 1947, for a man to play and sing like that. And to do the same thing in the 1960s and '70s—to make that kind of outrageous, joyous noise in this century—takes the strongest, and gentlest, of spirits.

Every musician in the world who has at any time in the last five decades played one note of any kind of music—from symphony brassmen to jazzmen to "popular" crooners to blues-rock guitarists to the avant garde—every one of those people who realizes where he came from musically/spiritually

(the two are inseparable when you talk about music, especially the influence of Louis Armstrong) must be in mourning today. 'Cause EVERYBODY, whether she/he knows it or not, acknowledges it or not, is straight out of Pops.

I'm young, a "long-hair", a "jazz-rock" drummer. I mourn especially that so many of my generation, musically and otherwise, never heard Pops' message, and might not have listened if they had. You know that line of bull about not trusting anybody of 30? Pops is (I can't say "was", not yet) one of the few people in this century I trusted!

If Louis Armstrong doesn't go down in the history books as the greatest artist of the 20th century, and the greatest humanitarian, something is terribly wrong with the historians.

That statue of Pops in New Orleans, his birthplace, ought to be matched by one in the United Nations. If you dig statues.

Personally, I'm going to go and play *Ain't Misbehavin'* over 20 more times. I still don't believe it—any of it. Carry on, brothers and sisters; I know how you feel because I feel the same. But Pops would have wanted this chorus ending on a high note.

Bob Melton

San Diego, Calif.

The death of Louis Armstrong deprived the world of one of its most noble sons, and jazz of its greatest inspiration. I don't believe that words exist complicated or simple enough to adequately eulogize the man. Maybe the key word for Pops is love. He loved the world, and anybody with a heart

had to love him.

At any rate, I am sure that Gabriel has some mighty tough competition for that first trumpet chair now.

God bless you, Pops.

Jerome Albano

New Orleans, La.

Newport Reactions

Upon hearing that 2,000 young people had broken into the Newport Jazz Festival, forcing its closing, I immediately concluded what I had suspected for some time: that the Youth Culture is in the midst of its death throes.

For instance, one of its outward indicators has always been its music. The rock scene has degenerated to the point where it has become just the monster it has previously despised, purely a money-making operation. This is evidenced by the fact that while Bill Graham closes down the Fillmore East, a tasteless, un-musical group, Grand Funk Railroad, packs 55,000 people into Shea Stadium. I'm sure Graham has no regrets.

Signs of deeper malignancy were demonstrated at the misnomered Celebration of Life Festival in Louisiana, about a month ago. Widespread hard drug use caused two deaths, not to mention thousands of frustrated, embittered young people.

Now, the Youth Culture, with nowhere else to go, desires to share its misery with other innocent people, shown by the Newport incident. This seems to me the final

Continued on page 45



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Fender

down beat NEWS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: 1900-1971

One of the greatest men of the 20th century is dead. In the early morning hours of July 6, two days after his 71st birthday, Louis Armstrong died in his sleep at his home in Corona, N.Y.

Some weeks earlier, he had been discharged from the hospital after a near-fatal illness. Though frail and weakened, he had been permitted to play his trumpet for an hour each day, was in good spirits, and talked about resuming work in the fall. He celebrated a happy birthday with friends and even played a duet with Tyree Glenn for a visiting radio crew.

The news of the death of this beloved man stunned the world. From every corner of the globe, tributes poured in. Jazz bands marched in his honor in Australia. There were editorials in every major newspaper including *Izvestia*. The great Soviet poet Yevteny Yevtushenko celebrated the man "who trumpeted to the world his love" in a poem ending with the lines:

Do as you did in the past
And play.
Cheer up the state of the angels,
And so the sinner won't get too
unhappy in hell,
Make their lives a bit more hopeful.
Give to Armstrong a trumpet
Angel Gabriel

Thousands filed past his open coffin in New York City on July 8, and millions watched the funeral on global television the next day.

That day also, in one of U.S. television's finest hours, CBS paid tribute to Armstrong in a special program of film clips of the great man himself and verbal and musical tributes from Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Tyree Glenn, Budd Johnson, Earl Hines, Milt Hinton, Buddy Rich, and Peggy Lee.

And for weeks thereafter the tributes kept coming.

The fabled life story of the boy from New Orleans, born in extreme poverty and rising to supreme eminence, is too well known to be repeated here. Without the contribution of Louis Armstrong, the music we call jazz might never have become a great art and certainly would not be what we know today.

On this and the following pages, you will find reports of major events attending Armstrong's death, and selected personal tributes to his genius. (For tributes from readers, see page 10).

Last year, on the occasion of his 70th birthday *down beat* dedicated a special issue to the true King of Jazz. He told us that it gave him great pleasure, and it brought us more happiness than we can express to have brought the man who gave us and the world such marvelous gifts some small token in return. We're glad we did not wait too long. God rest his sweet soul. —D. M.

12 □ DOWN BEAT

New York

The Corona Congregational Center, a small, modern church in the section of Queens, N.Y. where Louis Armstrong made his home for more than two decades, was the unlikely site of funeral services for the fallen giant—in keeping with his wishes, the family said.

The services were "private"—by ticket invitation only—and scores of musicians, friends, admirers and members of the international press were unable to attend. Thousands lined the streets in front of the church.



and journalists and photographers from all corners of the globe crowded around the entrance. But many who should have been there and had wanted to come were absent. They had not been invited.

The day before the funeral services, which took place July 9, Louis Armstrong's earthly remains lay in state at the National Guard Armory on Park Ave. and 66th St. in Manhattan. Mrs. Lucille Armstrong, the trumpeter's widow, was able to obtain the site only after direct communication with President Nixon, her earlier efforts to make arrangements through the offices of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller having been to no avail.

The announcement that Satchmo's fans would be able to pay their last respects at the Armory from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. was made in the late afternoon of the day preceding, and an estimated 25,000 persons (probably more) filed by the rose-covered bier. At first there was no honor guard, though a number of musicians had volunteered their services, but later, some young black people, members of the Police Athletic League, performed this service.

Young and old, black and white, famous and unknown, they came to pay tribute to

Pops and catch a last glimpse of the man who'd brought them happiness. Among them were many well-known musicians—friends and colleagues of the dead man—who did not expect to attend the funeral the next day. But the majority of the crowd was made up of ordinary black people, some of whom had come from as far as California—a telling comment on Louis Armstrong's stature among his own people and a refutation of the stupid theory that he was no longer held in high esteem among black Americans because of his supposed non-militancy.

The funeral services, held in sweltering heat, were brief. Billy Taylor, so moved he at times seemed nearly unable to speak, delivered a simple and moving tribute on behalf of ASCAP and himself. Peggy Lee sang *The Lord's Prayer*, and did it well and fittingly, though many wondered why Ella Fitzgerald, who was sitting in the audience, and whose relationship to Louis Armstrong was after all somewhat closer, had not been asked to sing.

Fred Robbins, a radio personality who many years ago was involved in jazz and had been among the organizers of Louis' famous 1947 Town Hall Concert—the event which brought about the birth of the All Stars—delivered the eulogy. He did a nice job, though those with long memories seemed to recognize, almost word for word, the speech he had used years ago to introduce Louis at concerts he promoted. (He also mistakenly included the very much alive Ben Webster in calling an honor roll of departed jazz giants.)

A member of the congregation sang, the local preacher spoke, and Al Hibbler rendered *Nobody Knows* and *The Saints* with deep feeling. But there was no sounding of trumpets or tinkling of cymbals—in accordance with Mrs. Armstrong's wishes, no instrumental music was performed inside or outside the church or near or at the graveside in Flushing.

Governor Rockefeller was there, and Mayor Lindsay cooperatively showed his handsome profile to the TV cameras. David Frost was there, as were Mike Douglas (who loved Pops) and Dick Cavett (who didn't understand him). Doc Severinsen was there, attired in clothes more suitable for a lawn party than a funeral. Moms Mabley was there, and Dizzy Gillespie, Jonah Jones, Wild Bill Davison, Milt Hinton, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Tyree Glenn, Joe Muranyi, Marty Napoleon, Jack Lesberg and many other musicians (including Ornette Coleman, who, like a few enterprising others, had called up and invited himself) were there. And lots of people from the offices of Associated Booking Corp., who handled the arrangements, were there. (Among those who were invited but didn't show up were Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton and Ed Sullivan.)

"If Joe Glaser had been living," said one

of Louis' close friends after the services. "this would have been one of the biggest funerals in history. It would have been in a cathedral, and the whole world would have been there."

Perhaps the service that took place was what Louis Armstrong wanted. Corona was the community he considered his home, and though he was not a churchgoer, he may have had some ties to the local congregation. But not so very long ago, Louis recalled the many funeral parades he'd played as a youngster in New Orleans. When the time came for him to go, he said, he hoped that "all the cats would come and have a blow" over him. The cats were ready—some of the finest. But it was not to be, and instead there was a "private" service, beamed worldwide by Telstar, at which not a note of the music Louis Armstrong dedicated his life to could be heard.

—Dan Morgenstern

New Orleans

They came from all parts of the city and all walks of life, by the thousands, to pay tribute to New Orleans' best known native son. But most of them were black and poor—the man who was at least the equal of royalty had never lost the common touch, had always remained one of them. They didn't forget Louis Armstrong.

In one of its finest hours, the New Orleans Jazz Club set to work to provide a fitting send-off for the man whose name was synonymous with New Orleans jazz and its impact on world music.

They did their work almost too well. So many came that the program could not be held as planned. Newspapers estimated the crowd at over 10,000, but this reporter is certain there were many more.

Two parades started a half-mile from the ceremonial site. The Olympia and Onward Brass Bands began their trek from the Simon Bolivar monument on Basin Street, and the Fairview Baptist Church Christian Band started its march from Union Station. They were to converge on Duncan Square, a grassy area adjoining City Hall, but they never made the final 50 yards due to the density of the crowd.

The Mayor of New Orleans, back from the funeral ceremonies in New York, delivered a brief and fitting address. Then came a flurry of ostentatious speeches which said little and annoyed the crowd. A jazz historian had reached the point in his narrative where Louis shot off a pistol and was sent to the Waifs' Home when someone grabbed the microphone and shouted: "Louis Armstrong isn't dead!" The crowd roared its agreement, and the speaker, who might have taken the line as a cue, finished abruptly. This simply wasn't the occasion for historical oratory.

The throng was then confronted by the Rev. E.W. Henry, who said: "I have a eulogy to deliver, if you're willing to listen. If you're not—I refuse to speak." The crowd was not willing, and the Reverend didn't speak.

While not in the mood for hyperbole, the crowd was respectful when the ceremony reflected their mood. Thus there was hushed silence when trumpeter Teddy Riley played a moving *Taps* from the balcony of City Hall on Armstrong's first cornet, taken from its shrine at the New Orleans Jazz Museum for the occasion, and never to be played again.

The bands played a joyfully rousing *Saints* before the formal proceedings ended. But for

more than an hour after, impromptu groups made their own music on whatever instruments came to hand, lovingly second-lining Pops to the Great Beyond.

Louis Armstrong, who shunned pomposity all his life, would have liked that.

—Paul Lentz



JAN PERSSON

ROY ELDRIDGE

I arrived in New York in mid-November of 1930. My brother Joe Eldridge and Chu Berry had sent for me to join Cecil Scott's band.

I spent two months getting myself together to come to New York. That meant eight or nine hours of playing every day. As you know, in those days there were so many fantastic tales about musicians in New York City.

My favorite story was the one about how when you'd go into a joint to jam, some guy would be laying up in a corner playing he was asleep, and he would let you stretch out, and then he would like wake up, take his horn out of a paper bag, and run you out of the building. I used to watch for that, but it never happened.

What did happen was that I had spent all my time on technique. I couldn't swing and wouldn't play a slow piece without doubling up. I couldn't understand why people would like the trumpet players who could swing and play ballads. My brother tried to get me with Chick Webb's band, but Chick said: "He's fast as greased lightning, but he isn't saying anything." I guess you would call me an early "Bopper".

I was never exposed too much to Louis Armstrong—I got my first job playing Coleman Hawkins' sax chorus on Fletcher Henderson's record of *Stampede*. For trumpet, I liked Rex Stewart (he was fast) and Red Nichols, and I also liked Benny Carter and Buster Bailey.

When I was working with Elmer Snowden at Smalls' Paradise, Louis came into town to play the Lafayette Theater. I caught the first show and thought, so that's Louis Armstrong. I started to leave, but realized that it had been a first show, and decided to stay for another.

I never will forget what happened. They were playing *Chinatown*, and by about the third chorus, everyone was standing up, and

to my surprise, I was standing too. I was completely turned around.

I stayed for another show because something was happening on that stage and I couldn't figure it out. Then I realized that this cat was great in so many ways.

After catching four shows, I got up the next morning and went out and bought Louis' record of *Chinatown*. I played it over and over, and decided that this guy wasn't just playing notes—he was telling a story, just like a great poet or author. His timing was so perfect and his sound was so warm, and he knew how to build to a climax.

What really got me off the ground was my playing of Louis' *Chinatown*. We played a battle of music against Chick Webb, and *Chinatown* really was the hit of the night. Now Chick Webb could see me, and I owe it all to the great Louis Armstrong.

DUKE ELLINGTON

If anyone was Mr. Jazz, it was Louis Armstrong. He was the epitome of jazz and always will be. Every trumpet player who decided he wanted to lean towards the American idiom was influenced by him. He inspired thousands of people to play the same instrument, and to try to play the Louis Armstrong style.

In some cases, their individuality broke through, and some of his best and most sincere imitators became really great, too. He is what I call an American standard, an American original. It is a great loss, because he is irreplaceable, and we are going to miss him terribly. I love him. God bless him.

MIKE BOURNE

The music that Louis Armstrong made throughout his career is not the music I generally dig; at least sometimes I seem to believe this. Then again, when I do hear Louis play I am invariably moved—because despite my usual disinterest for the genre of music he played, how he played that music always touched me.

And to me, this is his glory: not that Louis is an important historical figure, but that he expressed such an elemental joy, perhaps even the most tangible, most ageless, most pure joy ever created in American music. This is his wellspring: not that he is the Father of Jazz, in technique or in attitude, or in style, but that Louis is the one true progenitor of the spirit in the music.

And so, for his joy Louis Armstrong is immortal. And yet what I remember of him far more than his music is his ebullience as a raconteur. Not that his tales of his life were always that funny per se, but again that he evoked such joy in the telling. Louis made me laugh by having fun himself—or simply by smiling like the sun.

And so, I do not lament the loss of the great fact of the man, the creative innovator, the image of an era, not even the great performer, but as with every man I lament the loss of the man himself. Louis Armstrong was a beautiful cat, and since I believe in the soul, he still is.

DAN MORGENSTERN

My first face-to-face meeting with Louis Armstrong was backstage at the old Roxy Theater in New York in 1948. Prior to that, I

adored and idolized Louis; when I met him, I was in awe of him. After spending a few hours in his matchless company, I was in love with him, and from then on, I tried to be near him as often as I could. Not one of those 23 years passed without at least two or three pilgrimages.

Relaxing at home, on the bus, or backstage; working in concerts, theaters or clubs, in recording or television studios, this marvelous man was always gracious, generous and gentle; never too busy to grant a moment or two to a lowly fan, always ready with a smile, a handshake, a joke—if need be, a handout.

But Louis was not a one-dimensional man. I'll never forget his magnificent and fully justified anger at Newport in 1958, when all present, from Joe Glaser and George Wein to gaping musicians and fans, cowered before him and did his bidding. He was like an African king keeping his tribe in line.

I'll never forget, either, seeing him backstage in the mid-'60s, at a last-minute one nighter disrupting some much needed rest. Louis had never complained about tiredness before; even when he was ready to drop. He was the world's champion catnapper and had enormous recuperative powers. But now he was ill and in pain. At intermission, he was relaxing with a few friends, serious and sad. "As Bert Williams used to say, in show business, you have to die to prove that you're sick," he said, and meant it. But then he went out and gave his beloved public as great a show as he was able (and he was never less than great).

There have been mountains of eulogies since his death. Some of them provided the unseemly spectacle of the writer (usually a

white man) trying to come to terms with Louis Armstrong's essential negritude. They quoted his outburst against Eisenhower during Little Rock, or his angry statement about Selma—as if such instances were needed to explain that he was a proud man. And Ralph Gleason, through eight pages of too-late tribute in *Rolling Stone*, delivered himself of some appalling nonsense concerning Louis' social attitude.

No matter. Distasteful as such unconscious insults may be, the essence of Louis is inviolably pure. No man I know of more fully realized Nietzsche's dictum for human greatness: *Werde, wer du bist!* (Become who you are!)

Louis Armstrong was absolutely, utterly himself, as incapable of speaking a false word as he was of playing or singing a false note. He had a limitless sense of self and no ego; the greatest pride but no trace of vanity. The beauty of his soul infused his work, which will stand, as long as man can hear among the choicest of treasures humanity has created.

Louis Armstrong is dead, but he will live forever. Now, perhaps, even those who were deaf to his message of universal love will be able to comprehend it. I can think of no better tribute than his own words. He was speaking of a great friend and fellow creator, Fats Waller, but the words now apply as much to the speaker himself. What he wanted to give us, above all, was the life sustaining gift of joy and laughter.

"Fats is gone now, but to me, he's still here with us. His very good spirit will keep him with us for ages. Right now, every time someone mentions his name, why, you can see the grins on all the faces, as if to say: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Fats is a solid sender, ain't he!"

State U.; Indiana Univ. Foundation; Lawrence U.; Appleton, Wisc.; Memphis State U.; Richmond College, Staten Island, N.Y.; Southern U. in Baton Rouge; Tougaloo College, Miss.; U. of Maryland; U. of Mass.; and U. of South Alabama. (Members of the jazz panel noted with gratification that a substantial number of applications came from black schools, hitherto largely not much interested in jazz.)

Individual grants to musicians and qualified music students to provide travel and living expenses enabling them to tour and/or study with professional jazz artists of their choice (applicants are required to present some proof that the chosen professionals are willing to cooperate) in amounts totalling \$5,870 went to 12 young musicians, mainly from the South.

Grants in the amount of \$4,115 went to public or private schools and other qualified non-profit, tax-exempt institutions to present on-premises jazz concerts (matching grants). These are: Huntington Performing Arts Foundation, Huntington, N.Y.; New Orleans Public Schools; New York Hot Jazz Society (for a program of free summer concerts in city parks) and Rhythm Associates of New York City, a school operated by professional jazz musicians.

Finally, in the fifth category ("Such additional grants as the [jazz panel] may propose or approve") a total of \$10,760 went to the American Assoc. of Junior Colleges, Washington, D.C.; saxophonist Charles Fowlkes; Jackson Municipal Stage Band of Jackson, Miss.; The Jazz Composers Orchestra Assoc. of New York City; Morgan State College, Baltimore, Md.; drummer Stephen A. Reid, St. Albans, N.Y.; pianist Herb Sanford, New York City, and Wesleyan U., Middletown, Conn.

The deadline for applications for Fiscal Year 1972 is *Nov. 15, 1971*. This includes requests for assistance for summer programs extending through Sept. 30, 1972. Information and application forms may be obtained from: Office of Music Programs, National Endowment for the Arts, 806 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20506, phone 202-382-5755. As a rule, individual grants are non-matching, while grants to organizations and schools are on a matching basis only (i.e., the institution must match, dollar for dollar, the sum granted by the Endowment).

Musicians and organizations are advised to apply well within the deadline period. None should be concerned about unfamiliarity with application procedures. The Endowment staff is helpful and informative.

"FESTIVAL OF LIFE" A DEADLY RIP-OFF

From all over the country, they came to "celebrate life" at a speck on the map of Louisiana called Cypress Point—a bend on the winding Atchafalaya River, 40 miles from Baton Rouge.

What had been heralded as a rock festival, a music heritage fair, and "the world's largest party" ended as a gross rip-off. For a \$28 advance ticket price (\$30 at the gate), the would-be celebrants received little but aggravation, sweltering heat, dust and mud.

The Cypress Point location had been chosen after the festival promoters were prohibited from using their first-choice site in Lamar



BILL ABERNATHY

ENDOWMENT GRANTS TO JAZZ TOTAL \$50,000

Grants totalling \$50,000 were extended to 49 individuals and organizations under the Jazz Program of the National Endowment for the Arts for Fiscal year 1971.

This was the second year of the program. Grants during the first totalled only \$20,000 to 30 individuals and organizations, but though Congress at this writing had yet to approve the Fiscal 1972 budget for the Endowment, there is good reason to believe that funds available for jazz allocation will more than quadruple those for '71.

Grants announced in late June include 13

individual discovery grants to composers/arrangers for commissioning of new works and completion of works in progress. Ranging from \$500 to 2000, these went to Karl Berger, Eddie Bonnemere, Leon Bredden, Ruth Brisbane, Dave Burrell, Al Cohn, Andrew Hill, Chuck Mangione, Cal Massey, Roswell Rudd, Lanny Steele, Jim Knapp (for the U. of Illinois Jazz Band) and Town Hall/New York University (for commissions to 4-6 individual composers during a summer concert series).

A total \$12,350 in matching grants went to 12 colleges and universities to establish residencies for jazz artists and instructors. These are: Carnegie-Mellon U., Pittsburgh; Dallas County Junior College District; East Texas

County, Miss. and a substitute site at Frenier Beach, a reclaimed swamp near Lake Ponchartrain, across from New Orleans.

After a series of legal hassles, a Federal District Court reversed a State Court ruling prohibiting the festival because of Health Dept. violations. Thousands had already been waiting at Cypress Point, expecting a favorable ruling. An old-timer, appraising the crowds, said "This is the biggest thing to happen here since the levee broke in 1923."

Promoters had billed the event as "another Woodstock" but decided to employ a motorcycle gang, the Galloping Gooses, as enforcers of love and peace. A corn-pone version of Hell's Angels, the Gooses created a climate more akin to Altamont. Their harassment and pillaging caused near havoc. Armed to the teeth with shotguns and chains, the Gooses were finally escorted to the county line by police after they had repeatedly fired on nude bathers trying to escape the heat in the river.

While the governor (who had earlier alerted 150 National Guardsmen) called them "the scum of the earth" and a Mississippi newsman described them as "hard-core hippies," the local constabulary seemed impressed with the visitors. The sheriff of Coupe Point Parish, who had a staff of a half-dozen to take care of business, showed little of the hostility displayed by officials.

"I've got a son—I understand all this," he said. A deputy, flashing a peace sign, said "Y'all be careful, now," and another asked: "What do they want us to do? Start busting heads? I wish the politicians were out here instead of us."

Meanwhile, a group of about 1,000 had formed a gigantic human peace sign in front of the skeletal bandstand, while the police watched—and then applauded.

Torrential rains delayed the festival's start for two days, and after two more days of activities, things slogged to a muddy halt. The concluding performance—on Saturday night—was representative of the entire festival.

It was scheduled to start at 7 p.m., but nothing happened until 10:30, when an emcee appeared and said: "Give us a minute, folks—it won't be long." An irate customer summed up the audience attitude when he shouted: "You've had two weeks, you . . . !" The crowd applauded.

Rumor had it that the Moody Blues or even the Rolling Stones were to make an appearance, but what the celebrants got was a group called Blood Rock. Then the emcee announced a "real surprise," which turned out to be Molly the Tightrope Walker. (Right on, Molly!) She was followed by a San Francisco group, Stoned Ground.

Late that night, the cops moved in and closed things down: "This is it, folks—the party's over!"

Well, it never began. William Buckley got into the act by devoting an entire column to the festival. Naturally, he placed the blame on Timothy Leary, Eldridge Cleaver, John Lennon, and Paul McCartney—an interesting conspiracy. Buckley never even mentioned the glorious free enterprisers (in the form of three corporations headed by one Stephen Kapelow) who put the rip-off together.

The promoters promised a statement explaining their actions. Three weeks after the debacle, none had been issued. In the meantime, several tax liens have been filed by various governmental agencies, and a class

action suit was filed on behalf of the estimated 50,000 who had bought advance tickets and the additional 10,000 who'd been stung at the gate. The suit estimated that the promoters had taken in \$1,600,000—a considerable sum for some minor rock groups and a circus act.

The box score for "The Festival of Life"? Three dead—two by drowning and one O.D.

—Paul Lentz

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter-arranger Charlie Shavers, 53, died July 8 in Calvary Hospital, the Bronx, where he had been transferred after undergoing major surgery at Memorial Hospital in Manhattan some weeks earlier.

Born in New York City, the son of a trumpeter, Shavers began his musical life on piano and banjo and later switched to trumpet. (He was an excellent pianist but seldom performed on the instrument in public.)

His first important job in New York was with pianist Willie Gant's band, followed by stints with Tiny Bradshaw, Frank Fairfax (where his colleague in the section was Dizzy Gillespie), and Lucky Millinder.

In 1937, he replaced Frankie Newton in the recently formed John Kirby Sextet, and re-



mained with "the biggest little band in the land" until 1944. Shavers' arranging skill and brilliant trumpeting were the primary ingredients in the band's success and unique musical personality.

During his last year with Kirby, Shavers doubled in Raymond Scott's CBS radio group, and in 1945 joined Tommy Dorsey as featured trumpeter, occasional vocalist, and sometime arranger. He was with TD until 1949, but frequently rejoined the band in later years, also working with Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey on their television shows.

In the early '50s, Shavers co-led an all star sextet with Louis Bellson and Terry Gibbs. He toured with Jazz at the Philharmonic 1952-53, was with Benny Goodman on several occasions in the following years, and after the Dorsey Brothers' deaths in 1956 joined the TD ghost band led by Sam Donahue. He remained with the unit when it scaled down to eight pieces and worked with Frank Sinatra, Jr., touring in Asia, Europe, and South America as well as throughout the U.S.

From the early '50s on, Shavers also frequently headed his own groups, and was very active as a free-lance recording artist in a variety of settings. He toured Europe as a

single in 1969 and '70. His last appearance was with the JJP Quartet at New York's Half Note on May 23.

Charlie Shavers was one of the most brilliant and versatile trumpeters of the talented generation that came to maturity during the swing era. His tone was rather more "legitimate" than that of most other great jazz trumpeters, and on ballads he could out-schmaltz Harry James, but on up-tempo swingers (his forte), his phenomenal technique, speed, flow of ideas, and sense of humor could create an excitement matched only by such peers as Roy Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie, with both of whom he had much in common. He was fond of quoting, and his knowledge of the classics was often reflected in snatches from Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven or Rimski-Korsakoff. He could play a *freilach* as convincingly as Ziggy Elman, and was, when the occasion arose, a brilliant big-band section leader.

As a composer, Shavers is best known for the evergreen *Undecided*, but also created many memorable pieces for the Kirby band, among them *Pastel Blue*, *Front and Center*, *Effervescent Blues*, *Andiology*, and *Blues Petite*. His arrangements for Kirby were full of musical wit and imagination, making brilliant use of the three-horn (trumpet, clarinet, alto sax) front line. Such masterpieces as *Blue Skies* and *Sweet Georgia Brown* could serve as textbook examples of creative small-group jazz scoring. His ventures for big bands are less well known, but at least one, *Puddle Wump*, recorded by Tommy Dorsey, shows he was in the top rank. Shavers also sang in a warm, Louis Armstrong-inspired style, and was a witty and thoroughly engaging showman.

Among Shavers' many great recorded solos one might single out *Sweet Georgia Brown*, *Blues Petite* and *Royal Garden Blues* with Kirby; *At the Fat Man's* and *Puddle Wump* with Dorsey; *Laguna Leap* and *Black Market Stuff* with Herbie Haymer and Nat King Cole; *Curry In A Hurry*, *Broadjump*, and *Buffalo Joe* under his own name, and for his ballad style, *Star Dust* with Lionel Hampton.

Funeral services were held July 12 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan, the Rev. John G. Gensel officiating.

An overflow crowd heard eulogies by trumpeter Carl (Bama) Warwick, a lifelong friend of Shavers, and by dancer Honey Coles, who also was responsible for the funeral arrangements. Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry, accompanied by Ray Bryant and Benny Payne respectively, offered moving musical tributes.

Among the many musicians in attendance were trumpeters Roy Eldridge, Art Farmer, Johnny Letman, Jimmy Maxwell, Jimmy McPartland, Louis Metcalfe and Joe Wilder. Shavers' last wish was that his mouthpiece be buried with Louis Armstrong.

Singer Jim Morrison, 27, died in Paris July 3, apparently of natural causes. The death was not revealed until July 9 to avoid "the notoriety and circus-like atmosphere that surrounded the deaths of Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix," his manager said.

Morrison formed the Doors with keyboard player Ray Manzarek in 1965. His singing, own lyrics, and flamboyant stage personality propelled the group to considerable success and occasional scrapes with the law (obscenity and indecent exposure charges).

The Doors had not appeared anywhere

since last December and Morrison, who also published a book of poems, was said to be working on a screenplay in Paris. He directed himself and the Doors in a short film, *The Unknown Soldier*, and was studying film at UCLA when he formed the group. Morrison, who was not involved with drugs, becomes the fourth rock star to die at 27 (the others were Brian Jones, Hendrix, and Miss Joplin).

Drummer **Bobby Donaldson**, 48, died July 2 in New York City. He suffered a heart attack while playing a game of golf.

Born in Boston, Robert Stanley Donaldson came from a musical family. His elder brother, Don, was a pianist and arranger who worked for Fats Waller and Benny Goodman.

After early work with local bands and service in the U.S. Army 1941-45, Donaldson toured with Cat Anderson's band, studied at Schilling House, and worked with tenorists Paul Bascomb and Willis Jackson. He was in Edmond Hall's house band at Cafe Society Downtown 1950-52, and then gigged extensively in New York for many years.

Among the leaders for whom he worked were Sy Oliver, Lucky Millinder, Buck Clayton, Benny Goodman, Andy Kirk, Red Norvo, Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, and Eddie Heywood. In later years, he was mainly active as a studio musician.

Donaldson was a versatile, swinging drummer whose Jo Jones-inspired style was equally at home in traditional or modern jazz settings. He can be heard on LPs under his own name on Savoy and Golden Crest; with Herbie Mann and Bobby Jaspar on Prestige; with Mel Powell and Clayton on Vanguard, and also with many of the above named leaders.

Pianist **Morris Stohlman**, 22, who played with the Al Belletto Quartet, drowned July 7 in a boating mishap on Ponchartrain Lake near New Orleans. An outing arranged by Belletto for members of his band ended tragically when Stohlman swam some 30 yards from Belletto's boat and went under before help could reach him. Several members of the party attempted in vain to retrieve Stohlman's body in an exhausting search.

Stohlman joined Belletto after winning the Mobile Jazz Festival's outstanding pianist award in 1970. He was in his last year as an economics major at LSU, but had decided on a career in music. He won the Mobile Festival award again in 1971, had been acclaimed an outstanding talent, and had contributed several arrangements to the Belletto book.

Trombonist **Earl Humphrey**, 68, died June 26 in New Orleans. Though in ill health for some time, he had been playing two nights every week at Preservation Hall until the end came.

Humphrey left his native New Orleans in 1922 with the Al Barnes Circus, and lived in Charlottesville, Va. for 25 years, later also residing in Los Angeles. In New Orleans, he played with the Manuel Perez and Chris Valley bands, and was a member of the Eureka and Excelsior Brass Bands.

Humphrey had been scheduled to play a concert with his brother, Percy, leader of the Clouds of Joy, on the day following his death. In the best tradition of the music, the concert was held as scheduled and became an eloquent tribute to his memory.

potpourri

The Fillmore West finale July 4 featured the re-emergence of **Creedence Clearwater Revival** (as a trio, minus **Tom Fogerty**), **Tower of Power**, **Santana**, and jamming from a host of artists including **Mike Bloomfield**, **Van Morrison**, **Luis Gasca**, **John Cipollini**, **Sam Andrew**, **Jack Casady**, **George Hunter**, **Lydia Pense**, **Linda Tillery**, **Sammy Piazza**, with **Bill Graham** bringing his cowbells in on most things.

Stan Kenton rejoined his band July 23 in Millbrae, Cal., reportedly feeling fine after an illness which kept him off the road for most of the spring and early summer. During his absence, **Claude Sifferlen** and **Dan Haerle** subbed for him on piano and **Don Ellis** appeared as featured soloist for a time. Most of the conducting was handled by lead trombonist **Dick Shearer** and lead trumpeter **Mike Vax** did the emcee chores. Shortly after the leader returned, the band began a two-week stint as in-residence clinicians at Redland University (Cal.) and were slated to record during August at Brigham Young University in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Monterey Jazz Festival (Sept. 17-19) will pay tribute to **Norman Granz** and **Jazz at the Philharmonic** with a jam session with former JATP'ers **Clark Terry**, **Bill Harris**, **Benny Carter**, **Zoot Sims**, **Lockjaw Davis**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Ray Brown** and **Louis Bellson** at the Sunday night (19) concert. Peterson's trio and **Sarah Vaughan** will also perform. Other artists signed at presstime for the two afternoon and three evening concerts include **Carmen McRae** and **Erroll Garner**. For information please write P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, Calif. 93940 or phone (408) 373-3366.

Cecil Taylor has left the Univ. of Wisconsin to assume a similar teaching post at Antioch College. At Wisconsin, the pianist-composer failed about two thirds of the 150 students enrolled in his Black Music course, charging they had taken the course "just for a ride" and were not about to get away with it. The administration changed most of the grades to "satisfactory" after failed students filed complaints. Taylor quit, charging the action was a condonement of student irresponsibility.

Some time ago, we printed an erroneous report from Japan stating that bassist **Reggie Workman** had taken up residence there. While he did spend some time in Japan, Workman has long since returned to New York City, where he is available for work. We regret if the report has caused this fine musician any inconvenience.

N'Boom Re: Percussion is the name of a new cooperative ensemble organized by **Max Roach** and also including **Joe Chambers**, **Omar Clay**, **Warren Smith**, and **Freddie Waits**. The group has performed college concerts and plans to widen its activities.

During five days ending July 2, the New York Chapter of NARAS presented an in-depth seminar on the creative and com-

mercial aspects of recording for 40 high school students. Events included attendance at a **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Orchestra recording session, and **Jimmy Owens** and **Bill Chase** were among the discussants. Details in our next issue.

Contributions and gifts of money, instruments, etc. are welcomed by the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, 1059 W. 107 Place, Chicago, Ill. 60643, to sustain an on-going program of musical training for inner-city youth. The AACM is tax-exempt.

An astonishing amount of free-of-charge outdoor jazz concerts are being presented this summer in the Greater New York area. In addition to the Jazzmobile's very active and name-studded series, there is a substantial program made possible by a grant from the AFM's Music Performance Trust Funds. It offers more than 90 events, of which the majority are some form of jazz, from Dixieland to "stage" bands. The New York Hot Jazz Society is sponsoring a series under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, and there are additional locally sponsored events in many localities. Much good music can be heard this summer for the price of a subway token.

strictly ad lib

New York: Lots of sounds in town this summer, free, low-priced, and at the usual club rates. In Central Park's Schaefer Music Festival series, **Dizzy Gillespie** was a surprise sitter-in with **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Oscar Peterson Trio**. The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** band, which opened the series jointly with **Duke Ellington**, performed the same service for the AFM free park series with a July 6 stint in Bryant Park (they'll be back Aug. 31, at noon). **Lionel Hampton**, **Sy Oliver**, **Sol Yaged**, **Eddie Barefield**, **Max Kaminsky** and **Jimmy McPartland** are among other jazz names on tap . . . **Phil Woods' European Rhythm Machine** (**Gordon Beck**, piano; **Ron Mathewson**, bass; **Daniel Humair**, drums) made an impressive U.S. nightclub debut for two weeks following the Newport debacle at Top of the Gate. They then took off for Shelley's Manne-Hole and Washington's Blues Alley, and were succeeded by trumpeter-violinist-singer **Ray Nance**, who had **Sir Charles Thompson**, piano; **Al Hall**, bass; and **Ray Mosca**, drums in his swinging quartet. The **Mel Lewis Quartet** took over Aug. 10, followed by **Bill Evans**, **Jim Hall**, and **Evans** again, each for a two-week frame . . . **Evans** also was heard at **Trude Hellers**, opposite the delightful **Blossom Dearie**, and was followed there by **Ahmad Jamal**, with **Anita O'Day** expected in later. **Evans** also hosted a memorable "piano party" at **Town Hall** (the third in the series of Saturday night *Connoisseur Concerts* produced by **Willis Conover**). **Bob Greene** played **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Teddy Wilson** (with **Milt Hinton** and **Oliver Jackson**) and **Billy Taylor** (with **Bob Cranshaw** and **Bob Thomas**) and **Evans** (**Eddie Gomez**, **Marty Morrell**) played themselves, and **Cecil Taylor**, on solo piano, made some fantastic sounds . . . **Art Farmer**, here on a visit from Vienna.

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FAREWELL FILLMORE EAST

by sy johnson

June 28, 1971

Last night, Fillmore East closed its doors for the last time. For three-and-a-half years, it dominated the rock structure of the east coast. Now it is gone, and it is hard to see how anything can take its place. It isn't just that the flowering of the Rock Movement is ended and that recession and reality are intruding their ugly heads, but who can imagine another fantastic organism like the Fillmore growing into maturity without the hard-headed, father-figure, visionary, God-head spirit of Bill Graham behind it?

The last public night was Saturday, June 26, and the bill was Albert King, the J. Geils Band, the Allman Brothers, and Joe's Lights. The late show ended at 7:30 in the morning. The faithful walked out into daylight.

Sunday night, June 27, was by invitation only to "Friends of the Fillmore," and the priorities were: 1) Fillmore staff and guests; 2) musicians; 3) ticket outlets; 4) music industry and press; 5) local merchants; 6) other guests. Demand was heavy, and to prevent enterprising youths from anticipating who might be invited and asking for tickets in those names, proof of identity had to be shown at the box office.

The bill was the same as Saturday, plus "Special Guest Artists and Jams." Incoming guests, having survived hostile crowds outside the theater, roving television news teams, and an anxious security scrutiny, were greeted with a smile, a special final program, and a rolled poster. Each seat had a rose taped to it. All the concessions were free and draft beer was dispensed eagerly, if a bit foamily, at three locations in the theater. There was no urgency to get the show on. Everyone knew a feast was coming and was saving energy to last it out.

By nine o'clock, it was apparent that many "Friends of the Fillmore" had stayed away. There were many vacant seats that would not be filled by the eager crowd in the street. The front doors were protected all night long, and outside security repulsed a number of violent attempts to enter the theatre.

The first band was that of Albert King. (He was on the first bill at the Fillmore March 8, 1968.) The music was familiar fare from the "King Family Bluesbag." The routines were traditional and the horn players were burdened with some deadly background figures. Only Albert King's guitar fills had some conviction: well-worn from repetition, like grooves in a record, but classic and simple.

King's band did serve one other function. It showed where a lot of the music heard over the rest of the evening came from. The J. Geils Band is a case in point. Nearly everything they played came out of the blues, but infused with a thousand times more energy. They played ferociously, at one another and at the audience, with a Rolling Stones kind of demonic fever. Only their singer, Peter Wolf, spoiled the image—probably a nice guy trying to be *bad*.

The next band was the first of the "Special Guest Artists," Edgar Winter's White Trash. Their set, though very good, was a letdown after their superb Epic album. All the plusses—Jerry La Croix's songs and singing, the excellent ensemble writing, Winter's superb piano work, and most important, the band's roots in the best of jazz and blues tradition—seemed minimized. In its place was a

glossy kind of exhibitionism, most evident in endless, self-indulgent and vulgar solo cadenzas. It seemed an appeal for a hysterical mob reaction, rather than work for an honest reaction to honest music. However, with a little maturity, White Trash could be one of the great bands.

Next came another surprise, Mountain. They played a superb set. Leslie West, a giant in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit and curls, played his ass off. It was a great night for guitar players.

Another thing was becoming apparent at this point: despite individual differences and brilliant individual efforts, much of the music sounded interchangeable . . . no distinctive songs; the same kinds of chord sequences on every tune; singers screaming lyrics that couldn't be understood; unrelenting heavy-handed intensity. It was hypnotic, certainly, great to dance to, out-of-sight if you're young enough and/or stoned. But how long can your mind handle such undifferentiated information? How long can you listen to it?

Contrast was desperately needed, and the



Bill Graham outside the Fillmore East

next set provided it. There was a gasp as Bill Graham introduced "one of the most influential bands in rock, The Beach Boys." They came out to a burst of applause, and people came back from the beer and sandwiches to listen. At first they sounded dated and weak, but the familiar songs pulled them through. They had a new drummer replacing Brian Wilson (who had cut his hand), and a new five-piece horn section reading charts, and the mix on the voices was terrible. But gradually the lovely blends and textures began to come through as the sound improved, and as waves of approval washed over the group. They finished in a blaze of confidence.

The stage was set next for the Allman Brothers Band, but instead, Country Joe McDonald came out, alone and shy, and broke it up with some of his uniquely wry songs.

Finally, with many people leaving or long gone, and many of the rest sleepy and super-saturated, the Allman Brothers came out. They are a great country-rock band, and had people dancing in the lobby and carrying on like it was only one o'clock instead of four. Finally, the Allman Brothers sign flashed on the screen, and Bill Graham said, "That's it. Goodnight."

Voices began demanding "more" from the theater. It didn't seem possible that there were people who could take in more music at this point. A figure moved across the dark stage and as he passed each amp, the light went out—like so many fireflies. Then, after a pause, and continued applause, the fireflies flickered back on. Bill Graham wearily came back to his corner microphone and said, "OK, just one more song."

The Allman Brothers played one for *everybody* who had walked across that stage. Particularly brilliant guitar exchanges between Duane Allman and Dicky Betts brought everybody to their feet and down to the stage. It was a fitting climax to the evening.

Bill Graham said again, "That's it. Goodnight." Everybody stood silently. Then quiet applause began. It grew steadily for several minutes, never demanding, full of love and respect.

Bill Graham came back. "You people are the best thing about New York City," he said. The applause continued. He said, "I think all of the people who work at the Fillmore should come up on the stage and acknowledge this applause."

From all over the theater, Fillmore East T-shirts could be seen making their way toward the stage. When everybody was there Graham said, "Look at all these people. When you see them on the street someday, you'll know they've been a friend."

He introduced Kip Cohen, the managing director of Fillmore East, and people on the stage began embracing everybody else, and taking pictures of each other, and exchanging phone numbers. It was four-thirty and it was finally over.

A few final impressions: Two young men who had hitchhiked all the way from California to attend the closing performance, and didn't get in . . . A magnificently sustained light show by Joe's Lights . . . Bill Graham dancing by himself in the wings during Mountain's encore . . . A very beefy member of the security staff, with the light of battle in his eyes, wrapping a heavy belt around his fist as he went out the front door, only to reappear a minute later with a sheepish look on his face, escorted by a bemused patrolman . . . Cops, mingling in the lobby with bra-less girls and pot smokers, taking home handfuls of souvenir posters . . . A very young usher at the beer stand in the lobby, pouring the last pitcher from the keg over his partner, starting a lovely beer battle during the final moments of the concerts . . . A guy named Edwin Birdsong, who came after listening to the concert on WNEW for three hours, armed only with a copy of his forthcoming Polydor album, and the determination to play at Fillmore East before it closed. It took him an hour to talk his way in, and when he finally got in, the Allman Brothers were on. And then it was over. As the employees and musicians and friends and girls milled around the stage, somebody began to play the piano and sing, and people gathered around to listen and shake tambourines and play bongos. At the piano, eyes closed, face covered with sweat, Edwin Birdsong played the last set on the last night of Fillmore East.

Sy Johnson is a pianist, composer, photographer and writer who has played and recorded with, among others, the memorable Rod Levitt Octet. This is his first appearance in these pages, but we trust not his last. db



NO JIVE FROM CLIVE

Afterthoughts

By Dan Morgenstern

Clive J. Davis is not the sort of man you'd expect to be president of the world's largest and most successful record company, a position he's held since 1967.

For one thing, he's only 39. For another, he is not, like most presidents of large companies, a somewhat shadowy and inaccessible figure shrouded in authority. And though his background is law (Harvard Law School, 1956, with honors) he is obviously in love with the music business—and not just the business, the music too. Even Miles Davis speaks well of him.

When you spend time observing Davis on the job (he customarily puts in a 14-hour day) you are impressed not only with his knowledge of all facets of the Columbia Records operation (the correct corporate nomenclature is the CBS/Record Group, recently restructured to widen Davis' responsibilities) but also with his open manner, lack of pomposity, and enthusiasm for even the smallest details.

At a weekly singles sales meeting, for example, attended by some 50 staffers, high and low, he sits quietly and listens to reports and statistics (an overwhelming amount of information, it seems to an outsider), but when he does make a point or asks a question, it is pertinent and succinct. He seems to know personally everyone who works at Columbia—or at least in the New York offices, since the record division employs some 5,000 people nationwide.

The Monterey Pop Festival in May, 1967, which he attended, became a watershed in Davis' career. It was here that he decided to sign Janis Joplin and move Columbia at full steam into the area of rock (Bob Dylan, Simon & Garfunkel, and the Byrds were already on the roster). By 1970, contemporary rock accounted for 60% of Columbia's sales, and the company dominates the field.

That same year, Davis also introduced equalization of the price of monaural and stereo records, leading to the ultimate phasing out of mono product, and later initiated the variable pricing concept.

These are just a few of Davis' accomplishments. Over lunch at the Ground Floor restaurant in the CBS building, we found his answers to questions covering a variety of subjects frank and informative.

Bill Graham had only recently delivered his pessimistic prognosis of the future of rock, and we asked Davis if he agreed. He did not.

"If one keeps in perspective the whole picture of music, the future of rock is quite good," he said. "Basically, what occurred was an overproliferation of business interests which tend to exist on pie-in-the-sky thinking. The music is really as healthy as ever. The only thing that has changed is the number of new artists that can and realistically

should be expected to break through."

The era of short-lived groups riding on fads, he thinks, has come to an end, but artists who've made meaningful contributions will retain their staying power.

"There was a revolution that occurred, and it's been absorbed and we will go on from there. We are still experimenting, however, if not in commercial terms, with groups like Weather Report or the Soft Machine. Now we are really testing to see whether the gap between classical music and popular music can be still more narrowed, and in much more sophisticated terms than existed when rock first came out.

"Some record companies will be hurt because we have an overabundance of them, and the stakes are higher now. The *album* is



Clive Davis

now much more important. Bill Graham has seen only one side of music in a short three-year period, and his perspective is limited—notwithstanding the fact that his contribution has been enormous."

Asked to what, specifically, he would attribute Columbia's great success, Davis said that "for one, we're in all areas of music. Very few companies would even attempt this. We approach each area separately, with different kinds of taste and sensitivity, depending on the music we're involved with. It's hard for me to say why we're successful. We have high standards . . . we try to give a tremendous amount of individual attention to artists we want to deal with, though we are a large company. We operate on the principle that we can function as quickly and dynamically as the smallest company, and the record business normally is a very fast, dynamic business. You have got to be prepared to act speedily, so when you find a large company that can do this without having a bureaucratizing structure imposed upon itself, that becomes attractive to the artists, because you have the advantages of speed combined with merchandising, financial strength, and power. The rest is really a&r judgement.

"At different points in our history, we've had important pacemakers who have helped build the company. Over the years, Goddard Lieberson, aided by Mitch Miller, John Hammond, and other important contributors have established a tradition, and more recently I've signed a number of artists myself, trying to continue that tradition.

"We've been able to retain important artists brought into the company by these men, and also develop new careers for them. For instance, Miles Davis. I encouraged Miles to go in a new direction. It seemed that Miles, who'd pioneered so many concepts in

music that newer groups were using as a springboard, and with his background, creativity, genius, tremendous imagination, could have a separate career as the music was evolving, and I urged him to change and broaden the audiences he was playing in front of.

"From my point of view, he was playing only before small audiences in small jazz clubs, and the word of mouth is such a strong factor in selling records. So, after an initial blowing up, where he asked for his release because he didn't want to play places like the Fillmore, which was just a shortlived burst of feeling and marvelously Miles in nature, he called me and said he was prepared to embark on this route, which has proven beautiful for him, for us, for people, for music. We are trying to do this with Weather Report, and we've just signed Bill Evans."

I asked if, as then rumored, Columbia had also signed Ornette Coleman, and Davis said no, though I was later told that the company was still "very interested" in him. This brought up the point of jazz in general.

"We're really not interested in signing artists still involved with traditional jazz," Davis explained. "Probably to your readership I sound terribly narrow about this, and maybe I am, but in the same way I'm not interested in signing people involved with 'rock 'n roll.' I mean, there's no real analogy, since jazz is such a marvelously creative, brilliant field, and I fully recognize the talent of the traditional jazz artist, if that is a definition. Probably nobody would like to be called a traditionalist, but I am really interested in communicating to new audiences; in people using their skills, using their ideas to communicate to new audiences in terms that new audiences can understand and accept. And for that reason I'm not interested, for example, in Benny Goodman doing his old hits with a new band, and I'm not interested in traditional *forms*, though I'm amazed that the *New York Times* spends so much time reviewing the big bands as they come to Barney Google's.

"That's nice, that's nostalgic, but I'm more interested in how we're going to get youth to really listen to the giants of jazz. A Bill Evans—how do you get him out of what he's been doing for the last few years and say: Use your genius and start communicating, get into exciting areas, use other instrumentation, bring your musical ideas to new people. If the artist is not interested in doing that, then I'm not interested in having that artist record for us.

"That is why when a Joe Zawinul, a Wayne Shorter and a Miroslav Vitous come to see me and are really so intense in their desire to do this—for creative but obviously also for commercial reasons—it's exciting. I don't know how successful they or we will be. But I'm willing to try. Economics are a consideration, but they're not all-important."

Hypothetically, then, if Weather Report's first album doesn't do very well, Columbia would still be solidly behind the group?

Davis' answer was yes, which I said I found encouraging, since record companies have often been quick to discard artists who did not do well from the start.

"We've never done that in any field of music," was Davis' response, "and I certainly don't intend to do that now, unless a group or artist were not willing to grow on their own. Take Edgar Winter's first al-

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ALAIN BETEX

**JACK
DE JOHNETTE**

**introduces his
new group**

COMPOST

The way I see it, music and the music business are in a terrible mess.

The last decade has been witness to a lot of mediocre music, and to groups who for the most part are corrupted by money-grabbing managers and promoters who are not concerned with turning the people on but are giving them a little poor-quality music and taking the high-paying customers for a bum ride.

Now, there are a lot of good groups who play a variety of music or specialize in a certain kind of music, but the groups who produce something original and different are usually turned down by recording companies and booking agencies. Usually, the recording companies say that the music is "too good"—you have to water it down, people will not listen to it if it's too good, and so forth.

And so begin the repetitious sounds that scream out at you from the radio, etc. As usual, the artist has had little or no say in the final product. For example, albums, books, magazines, movies, all end up being debauched by the backers who consider that they know best what people want.

It seems to me that in keeping with this practice of Western culture, anything positive and out of the ordinary is suppressed, and in the process a lot of great artists have been ignored. I feel that, as is happening with the rest of the world, a revolution in the creative industry is in order!

A lot of people are in a position to be able to help; not necessarily just financially. Anyone who can pick up a pen and write, or can play music or sing—anybody who has their normal faculties—should be out there trying to change things in their own way. More good can be done by just talking to groups of people than by cussing and crying in your own home.

Artists should have the right to produce what they want, and audiences should have the right to choose what they want to listen to. There is a never-ending variety of creativity around us

to be seen, heard and felt, but you would never know it when you look around.

I have had close to 17 years of working experience with a lot of different groups, have travelled to a lot of places, heard a large variety of music and talked to a lot of people.

Now, along with Jumma Santos, Bob Moses and Jack Gregg I have formed a co-operative band comprised of a group of people who are all versatile and whose egos are directed into positive channels, thereby overcoming the old leader-versus-sidemen problem. There is a lot of mutual love and respect among us.

The group will be called *Compost*. Each of us has been through a lot of different experiences and we are all strong individual personalities. With that combination, and with our combined knowledge of so many different musics, a lot of different fields will be covered, some as yet unheard of before, therefore making it impossible to categorize the group musically. It will be a lot of fun, and one of our main objectives is better communication with people in general.

The group will be starting off in London, where we are joining forces with a friend, Gerald Fitzgerald. He has a group called *London Space Orchestra*, and together we will produce two coalition albums using his group and ours on which both groups are playing together, and then two individual albums, one by Gerry's group and one by *Compost*.

After that, we have a tour planned of Europe, starting off with the Isle of Wight Festival in England, and then hopefully on to Japan and back to the States.

Eventually, we also plan to invite guest artists to perform with the group.

Gerry, Rod Herman, who is one of the magicians behind the idea, and myself have been planning this for awhile, over numerous visits to Europe. We feel that this is a new idea, and that between us we can produce some fantastic and exciting music of our own.

Hope everyone digs it!

It could have been one of the greatest Newports of them all. Instead, due to the nihilistic maliciousness of a handful of troublemakers, the abruptly aborted festival might spell the end of Newport (in its place of birth—the festival as such is sure to survive) though there was hope at this writing that a solution could be found.

Let us speak first of the music that did happen—one-and-a-half evening concerts and one happy afternoon.

Friday night's opening act—the Dave Pike Set in its U.S. debut—was scheduled for 8 p.m. but went on some 20 minutes early, causing your reporter to miss most of it. What he did hear was a swinging, happy quartet led by the American vibist, whose own flowing solo work and Volker Kriegel's impressive guitar excursions were solidly backed by Hans Rettenbacher's bass and Peter Baummeister's drums.

This was happy, unpretentious jazz. The same can hardly be said of the music performed by the first of three successive big bands on the program, the Stan Kenton band without its ailing leader.

Buddy Rich followed, and his band *did* swing. One of the highlights was an unexpected but effective solo piano interlude by Bob Petersen, and there was excellent work from Pat La Barbera, the band's most mature and prominent soloist. Don Englert played a nice flute solo, and led the reeds with authority, but nothing was heard from Richie Cole, perhaps doing penance for his leave of absence.

A much abbreviated *West Side Story* culminated in a phenomenal Rich solo, mostly on the snare and dominated by a single-stroke roll that rose and fell like the tide. There were moments of impish humor, and the construction of the solo was masterly. (One peeve about the presentation, here and elsewhere: somehow, somewhere, and by somebody, tunes and soloists should be identified—especially the latter. It's no fun to be anonymous.)

Duke Ellington came next. I'll take a backseat to none (excepting Stanley Dance, perhaps) as an Ellington fancier, but this was a lackluster, disappointing set.

Ellington could not be faulted for not playing anything new, for the set began with selec-

crowd. For once, Duke had nothing to say after the set (the audience was notably unignited), but merely turned and walked off stage.

Roberta Flack closed the concert with a good set, but having seen the lady quite a few times recently, we must note that she is in need of new material. *Save the Country* and *Reverend Lee* are good numbers for the talented singer-pianist, but how often can you hear them?

Her best offering was *To Love Somebody*, a rather simple song treated with extraordinary inventiveness of phrasing. Eric Gales' guitar support was excellent.

Friday's weather had been beautiful, and Saturday's was perfect. (Ironically, this would have been one of the luckiest of Newports, weatherwise.) A larger than usual afternoon crowd was on hand to witness a varied and interesting program, beginning with two deans of jazz piano and a disciple.

Eubie Blake, 88 years young, was a marvel in *Troublesome Ivories*, a vintage rag; a swinging version of Lehar's *Merry Widow Waltz*; Cole Porter's *You Do Something To*

NEWPORT:

All Is

Not Lost

by Dan Morgenstern



RON HOWARD

Set up in a half-circle high up on platform risers, with the rhythm section on stage level in the center, the brass-heavy young band seemed in sore need of the inspirational presence of the leader. Johnny Richards' score of *Maria* made a pleasant enough opener, and the following Hank Levy original, while predictably shallow, was played with precision and verve.

During these numbers, the band was fronted by trombonist Dick Shearer and trumpeter Mike Vax. Composer-arranger Ken Hanna now appeared to conduct his own *Macamba Suite*, apparently intended to be the piece de resistance. What it was, however, was a stale rehash of all the worst "progressive jazz" clichés of yore—something previous reports on the current Kentonites had led one to hope had been jettisoned.

Of the soloists, altoist Quinn Davis and trumpeter Gary Pack were commendable, tenorist Richard Torres excellent. John Von Ohlen, a first-class drummer well remembered for his Woody Herman tenure, did yeoman work, but most of this music couldn't have been swung by a team of African drum champions.

tions from the *Bravo Togo Suite* and something called *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*. The music was fine, but the playing was stolid, uninspired, and only momentarily enlivened by a Paul Gonsalves solo and scissor jump. The band sounded like it was rehearsing after a three-week layoff.

The *Bourbon Street Jingling Jollies* from the *New Orleans Suite*, featuring Norris Turney's warm flute, fared somewhat better—perhaps because Ellington had dressed down the band with some cutting comments, audible only to up-front customers. But the audience—and the band—perked up only on the well-worn *A Train*, featuring Cootie Williams (ironically, Ray Nance was in the trumpet section, watching Cootie's elaborations on his famous solo. He got nothing to play that night, nothing at all.)

After vocalist Bobbie Gordon (renamed Nell Brookshire by Ellington for the occasion) had offered a Dinah Washington-flavored *Lover Man*, she was joined by the gyrating Tony Watkins, some of the bandmen came front and center, Lionel Hampton-style, and the band went into *One More Time*, a r&b offering intended to arouse the

Me, and two of his most famous compositions, *Memories Of You* and (by request of George Wein) *I'm Just Wild About Harry*. Cheerful, ebullient, his fingers still doing the bidding of his nimble mind, Blake was far more than a relic of the past.

Willie The Lion Smith, a mere fledgling of 73, was in fine fettle. He did some of his own inimitable piano pieces—charming melodies with harmonic and pianistic devices uniquely his own—among them the lovely *Echoes of Spring*.

He then introduced his bearded 27-year-old protege, Mike Lipskin, who gave out with a forthright rendition of James P. Johnson's *Snowy Morning*. The Lion returned for a delightful *Nagasaki*, complete with singing vocal and footstomping. We have not seen Willie in better form for many years.

The Lion inspired young Duke Ellington, and the leader up next was inspired by Duke. Charles Mingus, at the helm of the best band he's put together since his welcome return a few years ago, offered a brilliant set of vital, original and truly coherent music.

It opened with *Peggy's Blue Skylight*, featuring the characteristic Mingus ensemble

textures brilliantly executed, and strong solo work from Bobby Jones (tenor), John Foster (piano) and, in particular, Charles McPherson's alto. McPherson's been around for a while, and his basic approach is still rooted solidly in Charlie Parker. But he has never sounded better or stronger than in recent months, and his playing at Newport was nothing short of brilliant.

His long-time Minugs mate, trumpeter Lonnie Hillyer, is an erratic player (never short on ideas but sometimes low on chops). On this occasion, he had no problems, playing with fluency and imagination. Jones, a relative newcomer to the Mingus fold (he's been aboard since last summer) has a profound understanding of this very special music and is a superb instrumentalist with a strong personality.

A Mingus classic, *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, was as fresh as ever, with McPherson again outstanding, and a good contribution from pianist Foster, who seems to have some of Jaki Byard's scope and humor.

Speaking of humor, the next offering gave everyone a chance to display their sense of the ridiculous. It was *Cocktails for Two*, a Mingus satire of long standing, here enhanced by Jones' perfect cod clarinet (he has a lovely tone on the instrument, by the way) and Hillyer's Clyde McCoy takeoff.

The sparkling set ended with a frighteningly fast but flawlessly held together sample of vintage bebop called, appropriately, *Oscar Pettiford Junior*. Mingus and drummer Virgil Day were brilliant on this, and Jones' tenor solo was ferocious. A set without a wasted note—all music.

The same could not be said for Freddie Hubbard's stint. The leader and tenorist Junior Cook offered excellent solos on the two long pieces that made up the set, but there was too much space given to only occasionally interesting excursions by Joe Bonner on electric piano, Mickey Bass on his namesake, and Louis Hayes' drums. Granted these are all fine musicians—is it necessary for them to solo at length on every piece?

Still, Hubbard's own contributions were strong enough to make *Straight Life* and *Mr. Clean* (a rocking blues) of more than passing interest, especially the flugelhorn passages over an ostinato figure. Tone, range, execution, ideas were all present in abundance, and Hayes, in his last appearance with the group, laid down a rock-solid foundation.

The New York Bass Violin Choir is a unique combination led and invented by Bill Lee. In a program of excerpts from Lee's folk opera *One Mile East*, dealing with life in Snow Hills, Ala., there were moments of dazzling ensemble work by bassists Richard Davis, Sam Jones, Milt Hinton, Ron Carter, Michael Fleming, Lisle Atkinson, and Lee himself, supported by pianist Consuela Lee Moorehead and drummer Sonny Brown.

But it went on for too long, with some good but rather academic singing by A. Grace Lee Mims, a schooled contralto, and some lesser singing and miming by Lee himself, who also provided the narration.

The lyrics had a point, and the music was occasionally charming, but there was also a sameness to it that eventually brought on near boredom. A leavening of standards or straight-ahead jazz with opportunities for the brilliant bassists to solo would have been welcome.

Still, that seven basses could play together so well was something of a miracle, and the

PASSIVE COMPLICITY

The rip-off at Newport clearly was the work of a tiny organized minority, but it would have been impossible without the presence of thousands of other young people undistinguishable to the naked eye from the self-styled "liberators."

These are the kids who occupied the hill from which the festival could be seen and heard for free or milled about the area, high on pot, speed, acid and cheap wine. Maybe they meant no harm, but by sheer weight of numbers they constituted a potentially ominous mob which made it impossible for the few police and security guards to take effective action against the violent few. The fact that they had been tolerated by festival authorities and local law enforcement apparently did not elicit gratitude, for they did nothing to stop the aggressors or actively indicate their disapproval of the invasion of Festival Field. We talked to a lot of these kids after the debacle, and they were unanimous in putting down the fence breakers and gate rushers. But their distaste for what had happened was passive, and there was no army of volunteers to clean up the mess the next day (though in fairness it must be said that thousands of youngsters had been chased out of town by then).

This passivism is symbolic of some aspects of "youth culture." They hitch free rides, hang around for a free show, hustle "spare change," perform their natural functions on public land, and in general take what they can and give nothing in return. Just as at Woodstock, they celebrated their "nationhood" by allowing local, state and federal authorities (including the U.S. Army) to water, feed and doctor them. Their peacefulness, in which they take such pride, is often parasitic in nature, and, as it did at Newport, makes it possible for violence to exist and succeed.

It is gratifying that the music industry has rallied to the support of Newport, that so many who had bought advance tickets expressed their regrets at having to ask for refunds, that so much local sentiment remains favorable to the festival, and that it seems possible, at this writing, that Newport even may survive at Newport. (That it will survive as a concept we do not doubt. The festival has become a symbol of the survival and resilience of jazz itself—with all its faults and occasional strays from the path. There will always be a Newport, somewhere, somehow.)

But if Newport is to survive in the tradition of a great outdoor music festival—a tradition it after all established—the "kids" will have to stay away or do some growing up.

Jazz needs young supporters, and many thousands—indeed the majority—of those inside the park were young. But those who helped destroy the festival must learn, if they wish to remain part of the jazz world, that nothing involving this music is ever "establishment," and that sponging off jazz events or allowing violence to interfere with them hurts only the artists, the music, and those of their own generation who pay their way in.

The psychopaths who prompted the violence are beneath contempt, but they must be made to feel that contempt from those they pretend to represent. Only when that happens will the peaceful future of Newport and other festivals be assured, and the love and peace slogans become more than empty rhetoric.

—D. M.

musicianship and spirit involved were highly commendable. Richard Davis shone in some arco passages of great beauty, and Jones and Hinton laid down some boss time. Occasional intonation problems were expectedly present, but when one considers how difficult it is for even one bassist to bow in tune, the fact that four or five could do it together with reasonable accuracy is astonishing. (It was evident, by the way, that all the musicians enjoyed their task hugely.)

The afternoon closed with Ornette Coleman's long overdue Newport debut. His current quartet (Dewey Redman, tenor; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums) is made up of immensely compatible musicians, each a master at his craft.

They opened with *Airborn*, fast, fanciful and graced by a fine Blackwell solo filled with dance-like patterns. Next was an unusual piece, *Broken Shadows*, entirely a duet between the saxophonists. Redman is so attuned to Ornette's vocabulary that at times it seemed as if one man were playing both lines. (In solo, however, Redman has his own personality, and at moments he also revealed an affinity for Sonny Rollins.)

On *Skylight*, the leader played trumpet and blazing fiddle, sawing up a storm in his unique, left-handed manner. This piece also had an octopus-like Haden solo and some deep blues playing from Redman.

Ornette's finest moments came on the closer, *Science Fiction*. This was the most swinging line of the set, and the alto solo was lyrical, happy and serene—full of the little melodic turns and phrases that are so characteristically Ornette Coleman, and full of the spirit of jazz.

Saturday—Walpurgisnacht—was ominous from the start. The festival approaches were so clogged with traffic—on foot and on wheels—that we were unable to drive into the festival parking area and had to find space elsewhere.

Once inside, we made way through thousands of youths in various stages and types of highness (a kid on a bad trip clutching a pole, his friend trying in vain to pry him loose; a little girl—no more than 15—hawking "sunshine, sunshine"; people passing around bottles of cheap sweet wine; enough pot floating in the air to get contact high) and small organized groups parading up and down and chanting: "Liberate the main gate."

The background music to this bedlam was furnished by Chase, and we could hear the leader's powerful trumpet on the intro to *Invitation to a River* echoing around the field. By the time we got inside and had reached our seats, Chases' reportedly excellent set was over and Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan (with Jack Six, bass, and Alan Dawson, drums) were well into theirs.

Mulligan, long-locked and fully bearded, looked like a Gaelic bard of ancient times, and his fullness of hair was matched by his sound, which seemed bigger and rounder than ever.

His playing, and a masterful Dawson solo, were the high points of what we heard. Brubeck offered some amiable pianistics and a new and mod-ish look.

Dionne Warwick—she's added an "e"—began her set impressively, with an off-stage start, and was pleasant to listen to for perhaps the first five of her ten numbers. But the seemingly unending stream of Burt Bacharach tunes, of which *I'll Never Fall In Love Again* was the best done, eventually

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PRODUCING BS&T 4: A CHAT WITH DON HECKMAN

by Loraine Alterman

How often have you heard a musician, an actor, a playwright, an artist, or a director complain about critics? Critics, so the argument goes, have no right to criticize because they haven't blown a sax, played Hamlet, typed Act I, painted a cow or staged a duel.

While some musicians may not like what Don Heckman says about them in places like the *New York Times* and the *Village Voice*, no one can fault his knowledge or experience. Though he tempered his praise of Blood, Sweat&Tears with some negative criticism, the band respected Heckman so much that they asked him to help produce their latest album, *BS&T 4*. An accomplished jazz saxophonist and composer who has written music for films, television and the theater, Heckman co-produced the album with BS&T drummer Bobby Colomby and engineer Roy Halee.

Colomby and Halee had produced the group's third L.P. but this time it was decided to bring in an outsider with an objective point of view. Last December, Heckman and the East Coast members of the band went to San Francisco for two months work in Columbia's new studios there. Used to the tight schedules of New York from past experience as a studio musician and film music producer, Heckman had to adjust to the leisurely ways of the West Coast.

"It took me some time to get used to the fact that guys simply weren't going to show up at a given time," he said. "If I called an 11 o'clock starting time, it would be very fortunate if we got started by noon. I had to learn not to be uptight about that, because I found eventually that it didn't make any difference."

Looking back on the sessions, Heckman recalled that the problems he encountered were the usual ones. "I think any producer has to learn to know when to say O.K., let's cut it for today and come back the next day," he explained. "I remember one relatively brief thing we just couldn't seem to get. We kept re-cycling the takes. When we got up to around 20 we'd say 'new take one' just so the numbers wouldn't get too incredible. I counted up the takes at the end out of curiosity. We finally made it on take 69."

Most reviewers can find their way around the typewriter keyboard, but can't comprehend a studio control board. I asked Heckman if he thought that writers as a rule ought to leave producing to the pros.

"The question that comes before that is whether critics should be musicians," he answered. "My feeling has always been that critics should certainly know something about music. You see people writing about popular music who aren't able to identify a 12-bar blues. You don't have to be able to play one, but at least to know what it is seems very important.

22 □ DOWN BEAT

"To go on from that, I think anyone can produce as long as they have the musical credentials to bring it off. I don't think a good ear is really enough. A good ear may be enough to be a reasonable critic, but I don't think that a good ear is enough to be a producer. To be a producer you really have to be able to say 'This is wrong,' or, 'The second trumpet is out of tune,' or 'You're flat, you're sharp,' or whatever. Those are relatively specific musical skills that you have to have. Otherwise, you're not being a producer. You can be the kind of producer who's just going to sit there and shuck his way through by letting the engineer do his thing and the musicians theirs, but that's not producing. I really see producing as a very active, very participatory kind of thing."

On *BS&T 4* Heckman estimates that half of the tracks were recorded with the horns and rhythm section together while the horns came in later on the others. But there was very little over-dubbing. One instance is in the middle section of *Valentine's Day* where Lew Soloff plays piccolo trumpet and fluegelhorn at the same time.

"With the addition of Dave Barger on tuba the band gets such a good natural sound," explains Heckman. "Barger's tuba work throughout is a new element that gives the band a much richer, more interesting sound. The band has been playing together for about three years; they know each other and play as a section. They get such a good sound that it seemed to me that we should try to retain as much of that sweet natural quality as possible and I think we did. Roy Halee is just a fantastic engineer, so from that end I can't conceive of any complaints. It's really recorded very well."

Some critics have claimed that Blood, Sweat&Tears are too technically perfect. Heckman has no patience with that argument. "It's really a sort of crazy selective criticism," he said. "No one criticized the Beatles for using the recording studio and the recording medium as a separate art form in itself, which is in essence what they did. Talk about precision and control, the stuff they did on *Sgt. Pepper* was incredibly controlled. Everything in there was pre-

cise and artificially built up, track after track.

"In point of fact, I would say that Blood, Sweat&Tears probably has a more natural sound, certainly on this album, than most rock bands. There are the famous stories about the rock bands who go into the studio and don't even see each other. The bass player will go in one day and do his track and the drummer will go in the next day because they hate each other's guts. At least this band likes each other; they hang out together and they go in and record together.

"As far as perfection is concerned, I could point out enormous imperfections in each of the tracks, and so could anybody in the band. I just don't think that that argument holds water."

In a departure from past practices, *BS&T 4* contains mostly original material. There are only two songs by outsiders; the other nine were written by band members.

"This was a decision we pretty much reached in the beginning," Heckman says. "We wanted to go for as many originals as we could. We could have done an all-original album, but I think that maybe it was better for contrast that we had a few outside tunes."

An LP disc can only hold so much music, and as a result what Heckman describes as "one of the most fascinating tracks" remains in the can. It's a version of Tracy Nelson's *Down So Low*, arranged by Jimmy Giuffre.

"I hope it will be released at some future date," Heckman said. "David Clayton-Thomas did an extraordinary vocal, and the arrangement is completely different from anything Blood, Sweat&Tears ever did before. I guess it was a little far out for the context of this album. It probably has no commercial potential whatever, but musically it's a very interesting track. The Edwin Hawkins Singers did some wordless vocals behind David."

Of the material on the album Heckman says: *High On A Mountain* (written by guitarist Steve Katz) is probably one of the most complete pieces of music in all senses. It does exactly what it sets out to do. It has a great vocal and it has some

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From left: Dave Barger, David Clayton-Thomas, Fred Lipsius, and Lew Soloff.



record REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelson, 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.

Most recordings reviewed are available for purchase through the **down beat/RECORD CLUB**. (For membership information see details elsewhere in this issue or write to down beat/RECORD CLUB, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, IL 60606)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: July 4, 1900-July 6, 1971—RCA VPM-6044; *You'll Wish You'd Never Been Born* (a); *Hustlin' and Bustlin' for Baby; Sittin' in the Dark; He's a Son of the South; Some Sweet Day* (b); *Honey, Don't You Love Me Anymore; Mississippi Basin; Tomorrow Night; Dusky Stevedore; I Wonder Who; Don't Play Me Cheap* (c); *Linger in My Arms a Little Longer, Baby; What Ya Gonna Do; Joseph and his Bruders; No Variety Blues* (d); *Back O' Town Blues* (e); *Blues in the South; I Want a Little Girl; Sugar* (f); *The Blues Are Brewin'; Endie* (g); *I Believe; Why Doubt My Love; You Don't Learn That in School* (h); *Fifty-Fifty Blues; Someday* (i); *A Song Was Born; Lovely Weather We're Having; Please Stop Playing Those Blues, Boys* (j); *Ain't Misbehavin'; Pennies From Heaven; Save it, Pretty Mama* (e); *Rain, Rain; I Never Saw a Better Day* (k).

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocal. (a): Chick Webb Orch., Dec. 1932: Louis Hunt, Louis Bacon, Billy Hicks, trumpet; Charlie (Big) Green, trombone; Pete Clark, Edgar Sampson, Elmer Williams, reeds; Don Kirkpatrick, piano; John Trueheart, banjo; Elmer James, bass; Webb, drums. (b) Armstrong Orch., Jan. 1933: Elmer Whitlock, Zilner Randolph, trumpet; Keg Johnson, trombone; Scoville Brown, Glen Oldham, Budd Johnson, reeds; Teddy Wilson, piano; Mike McKendrick, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Yank Porter, drums. (c) same, April '33: Charlie Beal for Wilson; Harry Dial for Porter. (d) same: April 1946: Ed Mullins, Fats Ford, Ludwig Jordan, Bill Scott, trumpet; Big Chief Moore, Al Cobbs, Adam Martin, Norman Powe, trombones; Don Hill, Amos Gordon, Joe Garland, John Sparrow, Ernest Thompson, reeds; Ed Swanson, piano; Elmer Warner, guitar; Arvell Shaw, bass; Butch Ballard, drums; Velma Middleton, vocal. (e) Town Hall Concert, May-17, '47: Bobby Hackett, cornet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Dick Carey, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Sid Catlett, drums (George Wetting on "Save It..."). (f) Armstrong Hot Seven, Oct. '46: Vic Dickenson, trombone; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Charlie Beal, piano; Allen Reuss, guitar; Red Callender, bass; Zutty Singleton, drums (Leonard Feather, piano, on "Blues..."). (g) Armstrong Orch., Oct. '46: Mullins, Ford, Robert Butler, Louis Gray, trumpets; Moore, Nat Allen, James Whitney, Wadett Williams, trombones; same reeds as last big band; Earl Mason, piano; Warner, guitar; Shaw, bass; Edmund McConney, drums. (h) same, March '47: Mullins, Butler, Howard Scott, Thomas Grider, trumpets; Moore, Whitney, Alton (Slim) Moore, trombones; Gordon, Arthur Dennis, Lucky Thompson, Garland, Sparrow, reeds; rhythm as last except Joe Harris, drums. (i) same, June '47: Hackett, cornet; Teagarden, trombone, vocal; Hucko, Ernie Caceres, reeds; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; celeste; Al Casey, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Cozy Cole, drums. (j) Armstrong All Stars, Oct. '47: Teagarden; Bigard; Dick Carey, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Sid Catlett, drums. (k) Hal Mooney's Orch., Aug. '56: Manny Klein, Zeke Zarchey, Frank Beach, trumpets; Si Zentner, Ed Kusby, George Roberts, trombones; Jack Dumont, Babe Russin, Ronnie Lang, Chuck Gentry, reeds; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Joe Comfort, bass; Irv Cottler, drums; Mooney, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

RCA wasted no time getting out this two-record set, containing no less than 34 tracks; it was in the stores less than two weeks after Armstrong's funeral. How nice if they'd issued it for his 70th birthday instead!

The first 11 tracks complete the Victor titles recorded in 1932-33 (the remainder can be found on *A Rare Batch of Satch and Louis Armstrong: The '30s/The '40s*). This was a peak period in the Armstrong saga, his tone a

miracle of fullness and brilliance, quite different from the preceding O'Kehs and the ensuing European Brunswicks.

The trumpet playing and singing here are magical, and while the selections vary in quality, none is without merit—as, indeed, no Armstrong record ever was. Outstanding are *Stevedore*, with its fast tempo and fantastic cadenzas, breaks, and stop-time passages; *Mississippi*, here issued on LP for the first time anywhere and a marvel of poignancy; *Sittin' in the Dark*, with a solo cadenza as fanciful as any Louis ever devised, articulated with astonishing power, and *Some Sweet Day*, especially for the lovely muted work and the exultant second vocal chorus—Louis large as life.

The band was one of Louis' better ones, and there are solo glimpses of the young Budd Johnson, already personal on tenor, and his brother Keg's fine trombone, while the rhythm is helped immensely by Bill Oldham's fine brass and string bass work. Chick Webb's great drums can be heard on *Born*, a happy romp a la *You Rascal, You*.

We move ahead rather abruptly, 13 years almost to the date, to some performances by Louis' last big band. These, and some others from 1947, could not be characterized as among his greatest, but listen to the joyous short trumpet passages between vocal segments on *You Don't Learn* and the wonderful singing on *Blues Are Brewin'*. The band is more "modern" than the now forgotten arguing on *Blues Are Brewin'*. The band is more "modern" than the now-forgotten arguments between traditionalists and boppers (ac-lovers); the previously unissued *Why Doubt My Love*—an Armstrong melody with Johnny Mercer lyrics, fine vocal, and a moving exposition of the melody with that burnished, mellow tone Louis featured then.

The position and erroneous recording date given to *Back O' Town* suggests that RCA thought this to be the 1946 big-band version of the piece; it is, however, the Town Hall Concert interpretation. Three other pieces from that memorable event appear later on the album, also incorrectly dated. Apparently, the album which previously contained these (plus two others and the small-group *Someday* and 1946 "Hot Seven" tracks also included here) has been deleted. These are the only selections with added electronics; otherwise, the sound is ungimmicked and superbly remastered, but why no personnel information at all?

The Town Hall pieces are wonderful. They represent the germination of the All Stars and the first reunion of Louis and Jack Teagarden. The joy and even for him extraordinary spontaneity in Louis' playing and singing show how happy he must have been to escape the confinements of the big band environment. *Someday* and the classic *Fifty-Fifty Blues* (with its exceptionally soulful trumpet solo) were made in the studio shortly after the concert. The former, one of Louis' best-loved compositions, here receives its most haunting

performance, enhanced by Guarnieri's delicate celeste accompaniment.

The Hot Sevens, pre-Town Hall precursors of the path Louis was soon to take, have Dickenson's sly trombone and Zutty Singleton's matchless drumming, and Louis here introduces the direct, sober trumpet style that often marked the years to come.

The three October, '47 tunes represent the first recordings by the formally organized All Stars. The material shows that the proper format—a mixture of jazz classics and good contemporary pops—had not yet crystallized, but Louis and Tea and Big Sid are in fine fettle and work wonders with the slight tunes.

Finally, we get a bonus in the form of a pair of superior 1956 studio pieces issued on a 45 single remembered only by serious Armstrong collectors. On *Rain, Rain*—a tune ideally suited to Louis—the playing and singing is as great as anything from the late period, and the gentle, charming *Never Saw a Better Day* is a perfect, nostalgic conclusion to a marvelous musical trip with the greatest of them all. Get on board!

—Morgenstern

BLOOD, SWEAT&TEARS

BS&T 4—Columbia KC 30590: *Go Down Gamblin'; Cowboys And Indians; John The Baptist; Redemption; Lisa, Listen To Me; A Look To My Heart; High On A Mountain; Valentine's Day; Take Me In Your Arms; For My Lady; Mama Gets High; A Look To My Heart*.

Personnel: Lew Soloff, trumpet, fluegelhorn, piccolo trumpet; Chuck Winfield, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Dave Barger, trombone, bass trombone, baritone horn, tuba, acoustic bass; Fred Lipsius, clarinet, alto sax, piano, organ; Don Heckman, clarinet, bass clarinet (tracks 8, 10 only); Dick Halligan, trombone, flute, piano, organ; Steve Katz, electric and acoustic guitar, harmonica, mandolin, vocal; Jim Fielder, electric bass, guitar; Michael Smith, congas (track 4 only); Bobby Colomby, drums, percussion; David Clayton-Thomas, vocal, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

One advantage, probably the only advantage, of putting out a bad record is that it leaves so much room for improvement. Off hand, I can think of few records I liked less than BS&T's third album, but I'll listen to anything once. Also, I was curious to hear if Don Heckman really could play the clarinet. I got the shock of my life.

This is a record by what would seem to be a remarkably improved band. The addition of Dave Barger to the brasses makes them sound like a real section. The emphasis on originals from within the band is a definite plus; there are four Steve Katz songs on the album, and Steve is probably the finest writer in the group. His sense of the lovely was obvious as early as *Sometimes in Winter* from the second album. It culminates here in *For My Lady*, one of the most beautiful love songs in years.

The surprise is that it's so well sung by Clayton-Thomas, who sounds better here than I've ever heard him.

Another highlight is a song by the group's

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original mentor, Al Kooper. *John The Baptist* is a gospel trip with some brass writing that would have done Bach or Purcell proud.

As for extended blowing, which has always been a particular BS&T problem, that department is much improved. *Redemption*, for example, has a beauty of a trombone solo (Dick Halligan?), which brings up a point. Now that there are two trumpeters-fluegelhornists (Soloff and Winfield) and two trombonists (Halligan and Barger) Columbia owes us a score card so we can tell the players.

My guess on *Redemption* is Halligan, because he wrote the song and the arrangement, and because at points Barger's tuba is audible in the background, but why Don Heckman, in his otherwise excellent liner notes, couldn't tell us who plays what is beyond me. The same holds for Fred Lipsius' *A Look To My Heart* which appears twice, once as a piano solo (Lipsius, in all probability) and also as a duet between piano and brass (Soloff or Winfield).

—Klee

RAY CHARLES

VOLCANIC ACTION OF MY SOUL—ABC S726: *See You Then; What Am I Living For; Feel So Bad; The Long And Winding Road; The Three Bells; All I Ever Need Is You; Wichita Lineman; Something; I May Be Wrong; Down In The Valley.*

Personnel: Charles, vocal, piano; studio orchestra (soloists unlisted) arranged and conducted by Sid Feller.

Rating: ★★ ★★

It is sort of in these days to be down on Ray Charles. That's not really fair, especially when such imitators as Joe Cocker and Tom Jones are making it big. And yet, one disc jockey who should be hip enough to know better referred to his participation in Aretha Franklin's new album as the first good thing he'd heard from Charles since *Genius Hits The Road*. I hope that his remarks were made before hearing this album.

Charles' major problem on records of late has been somebody's poor taste in picking tunes. There are some dogs even "the genius" cannot salvage. This album opens up with two. *See You Then* is far from the best song Jim Webb ever wrote. *Wichita Lineman*, however, certainly is one of them.

Ray tends to be as good as his material allows, and by the time he gets to a grooving version of *I May Be Wrong*, he has successfully defended the title of genius against all comers. Then, to top it off, he does one of those unbelievable jobs with a song so trite, overdone and badly done that one had given up all hope of ever enjoying it, *Down In The Valley*. Ray's visit to Birmingham jail is more than a lonesome love song . . . it is filled with all the pain and emptiness of prison life.

What is wrong with this record has little or nothing to do with Ray Charles. It has more to do with the overproduction of Joe Adams and the wall-to-wall arranging of Sid Feller, who seems afraid to leave any gap unfilled. Charles has a cooking big band which he carries with him on tour. They back him with taste and a true sense of style. Why, when he is recording, it has to be with strings and over-arranged backgrounds, is a mystery.

There are some uncredited solos which are very good, by alto sax (Curtis Amy?) and trumpet (Blue Mitchell?) but they are too short. A pedal steel guitar whines appro-

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5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions, valve trombone (included in trombone category), cornet and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. **Jazz and Pop Albums of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

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privately during the C&W stuff, but also gets off some good blues licks.

Someday, there will be another absolutely perfect Ray Charles record (like *Genius Plus Soul Equals Jazz*.) Until then, we'll have to make do with the gems we can glean from any Charles record, and there are quite a few here.

—Klee

MILES DAVIS

JACK JOHNSON—Columbia S 30455: *Right Off; Yesternow*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Steve Grossman, soprano sax; Herbie Hancock, electric piano, organ; John McLaughlin, guitar; Mike Henderson, bass; Billy Cobham, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Davis' trumpet work in the Jack Johnson documentary film music is cleanly articulated and as lucid in terms of well-connected ideas as any he's done since he went into his new bag. Aha, you say, which new bag? And you have a point, for it seems Miles is into something different every six months or so. But in fact it's easy to hear the steady development of the new, freer Davis approach from the 1965 *E.S.P.* album forward.

The Davis brand of the New Thing may



have reached its extreme possibilities in the Fillmore package, which presents a maximum of rhythmic density and a minimum of creative melodic exploration. No recording dates are disclosed by Columbia for the album at hand, nearly 50 minutes of music for the documentary film about the life of the great heavyweight boxer. Whether the LP was done before or after Fillmore is beside the point. What is important is that it emphasizes that Davis has not abandoned his lyricism (however far removed it may be from his plaintive lyricism of the 1950s) and has not buried in a mound of rock his genius for constructing melodies. Muted (yes, a return to the Harmon mute) or open, straight or electronically assisted, Miles' playing is brilliant through both sides of the album. He reaches high and moves fast and virtually always makes whatever leap or speed he attempts. This performance will give no support to the old saw that Miles is good but sloppy.

Much of the time when Davis is not playing, the music drops several creative notches to become merely good rock and roll. That is due in large measure to McLaughlin, a guitarist who does not deal in subtlety, and Cobham, an excellent drummer whose role here is limited to rather routine patterns. McLaughlin *does* deal in broad humor and at one point he



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combines the low register of the guitar and the wah-wah pedal to get an effect remarkably like a plunger trombone. His fuzz-feedback obbligatos to Davis are for the most part effective, although they occasionally come close to dominating.

In the film, a stunning drum solo accompanies a Charlie Chaplin silent movie boxing routine thrown in as atmosphere, but that solo is missing from the album, as is other incidental music.

Grossman's soprano solos are pretty and graceful.

There's nothing about the electric piano or organ playing that speaks to these ears of Herbie Hancock, but producer Teo Macero's office says Hancock is on the record. (No players are listed on the album jacket.)

This music ends with Miles floating muted

over a large ensemble voice, if not by Gil Evans, in the Evans style. Those few seconds add a half star to the rating. Pure beauty, trumped on by Brock Peters doing a speech from the movie.

As background for the film, the music is frequently appropriate. At other times it seems the record session must have been held independently of the film making; the music just doesn't fit. Nonetheless, on balance it is a good deal more successful than the vast majority of movie music. Apart from considerations of the sound track, don't miss the film when it's released. Producer Jim Jacobs has done a remarkable job of combining old film clips and painstaking research into a cogent statement not only about a black hero's triumph and agony but about the United States of America.

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DUKE ELLINGTON

NEW ORLEANS SUITE—Atlantic SD 1580: *Blues for New Orleans*; *Bourbon Street Jingling Jollies*; *Portrait of Louis Armstrong*; *Thanks for the Beautiful Land on the Delta*; *Portrait of Wellman Braud*; *Second Line*; *Portrait of Sidney Bechet*; *Aristocracy a la Jean Lafitte*; *Portrait of Mahalia Jackson*.

Personnel: Cootie Williams, Money Johnson, Mercer Ellington, Fred Stone, Al Rubin, trumpets; Booty Wood, Julian Priestner, Dave Taylor, trombones; Russell Procope, clarinet, alto sax; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Norris Turney, clarinet, alto sax, flute; Harold Ashby, clarinet, tenor sax; Paul Gonsalves, tenor sax; Harry Carney, clarinet, bass clarinet, baritone sax; Ellington, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Rufus Jones, drums. On tracks 3, 5, 7 & 9, Hodges is absent, Cat Anderson replaces Johnson, and Chuck Connors replaces Taylor. Wild Bill Davis, organ, is added on track 1.

Rating: ★★★★★

A major event for a number of reasons: Ellington's first large-scale work since the *Far East Suite* and his first since the death of Billy Strayhorn; Johnny Hodges' last appearance on record; and above all, some very beautiful music.

As is the case with most of Ellington's suites, the piece can be enjoyed as a whole, but the individual segments stand up just as well by themselves. The music is evocative, highly atmospheric and marked throughout by the gorgeous ensemble textures that set this orchestra apart from every other big band in the history of jazz—or, in deference to Ellington's semantics, American music.

Among the peaks, to this listener, is *Aristocracy*, a charming waltz enhanced by Carney's sonorous baritone and the fine solo work (on fluegelhorn) of Canadian Fred Stone, which brings to Ellington's music a touch of bebop lyricism absent since Clark Terry's departure from the fold. (Stone is no longer with the band, but one hopes that someone else—perhaps Eddie Preston—can be found to recreate his part so that this masterpiece will not vanish from the repertoire.)

Other marvelous segments: *Second Line*, with its spirited ensembles that join scored and improvised elements in a unique blend, Russel Procope's warm, sinuous clarinet arabesques, and a powerful, perfectly structured Cootie Williams solo; *Portrait of Mahalia Jackson*, a sombre, stately piece with lovely reed hues (including the recently rediscovered clarinet trio device) and a short and very moving Gonsalves solo. And *Portrait of Sidney Bechet*, conceived for Johnny Hodges, who died two days before the recording. Paul Gonsalves makes it as much of a tribute to his dear departed friend as to Bechet, but then, there was a close link between those two giants. Gonsalves' playing is unlike anything he has done before, with an uncharacteristic vibrato, never sentimental but profoundly emotional. A beautiful performance.

The *Portrait of Louis Armstrong* has been performed more tellingly by Cootie Williams in person, but even so, and especially now, stands as a warm tribute, climaxing in a most Satchmo-like cadenza. Norris Turney's superb flute is much in evidence in *Bourbon Street*, a highly romantic piece despite the fey title. Harold Ashby is featured throughout *Delta*, and comes remarkably close to the sound and feeling of his idol, Ben Webster.

And then there is Hodges, making three solo appearances on the long *Blues for New Orleans*, of which the second is a fitting swansong, beautifully executed, with that never-to-be-duplicated and unforgettable sound.

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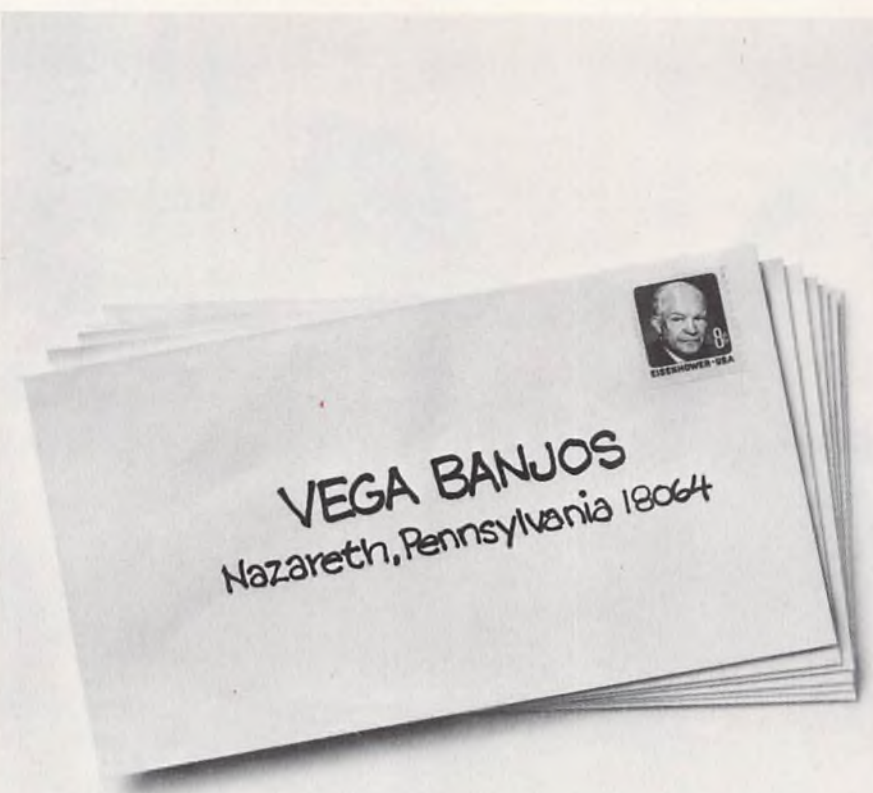
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one of the major musical events of 1971. One now awaits with impatience the appearance on record of Ellington's *Near East Suite*, most or all of which has already been taped by the maestro himself, as was this album until Atlantic took it on, for which they merit applause.

— Morgenstern

HERBIE HANCOCK

MWANDISHI—Warner Bros. WS-1898: *Ostinato* (*Suite for Angela*); *You'll Know When You Get There*; *Wandering Spirit Song*.

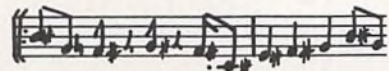
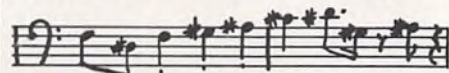
Personnel: Eddie Henderson, trumpet, flugelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet, alto flute; Ron Montrose, guitar; Hancock, Fender Rhodes piano; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums; Jose (Cepito) Areas, congas, timbales; Leon Chandler, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

Recently, while listening to an FM station from East Hartford, Conn., I heard the d.j. comment on the influence Miles Davis has had on young musicians with his new so-called electric jazz. (That's what the d.j. called it.) This record is a sub-par Miles Davis electric jazz album under the name of Herbie Hancock.

This music is extremely "spacy". It has very little emotional content. The album is highly arranged, so there's very little room for improvisation. Hancock sort of tinkles in from time to time on the electric piano, and Eddie Henderson sounds like a clearer-articulating Miles. Not that playing in the style of Miles is negative, and certainly he has influenced many trumpeters in the last two decades. But I've heard Henderson before and he had his own very distinct style.

Benny Maupin and Buster Williams are brilliant throughout. Maupin explores a spectrum of sounds with the alto flute and bass clarinet. But his creativity is stunted by the level of energy of the arrangements and the post-Debussy tonal character of the album. Williams is an exceptionally strong bassist, but Hancock must have had a mental lapse when he put him into an ostinato for the entire piece, *Ostinato* (see musical example). It's



true that an ostinato is a repeat harmonic line, but there are lots of ways of doing that.

Priester floats in here and out there. His piece, *Wandering Spirit Song*, is the best of the three really beautiful compositions.

I remember reading, about 15 years ago, a letter in Ann Landers' column about a man who had married what he thought was a physically beautiful woman. On the first night, when they were going to bed (those were the old times, folks) she took off her hair piece, false eyelashes, rubbed out her eyebrows and rubbed off the face cream which covered blemishes. But what really killed the man who had sent in the letter was how much padding she had in her bra. This album reminds me of that woman. It really sounds beautiful, but it's so contrived. Even the few attempts made to straighten out and get free are superficial.

I keep talking about potential and the manifestation of the same. I don't want to be unnecessarily redundant, but with the musicianship present here something more than this should have happened.

— Cole

TAJ MAHAL

THE REAL THING—Columbia G 30619: *Fishin' Blues*; *Ain't Gwine to Whistle Dixie Any Mo.*; *Sweet Mama Janisse*; *Going Up To The Country And Paint My Mailbox Blue*; *Big Kneed Gal*; *You're Going to Need Somebody On Your Bond*; *Tom and Sally Drake*; *Diving Duck Blues*; *John, Ain't It Hard*; *You Ain't No Street Walker Mama*.

Personnel: Bob Stewart, trumpet, fluegelhorn, tuba; Joseph Daley, valve trombone, tuba; Earle McIntyre, bass trombone, tuba; Howard Johnson, brass arranger, fluegelhorn, baritone sax, tuba; John Simon, piano, electric piano; Taj Mahal, harmonica, banjo, fife, National steel-bodied acoustic guitar, vocal; John Hall, electric guitar; Bill Rich, electric bass; Kwasi "Rocky" Dzirourmu, conga; Greg Thomas, drums.

Rating: Seven Wonders of the World

Anyone who caught our *Caught in The Act* on this band knows how heavy I think it is. For those who didn't, let me repeat that it is a true and honest fusion of jazz horns arranged by Howard Johnson of Substructure fame, Taj Mahal, a New York-born, New England-bred, Delta-influenced, classic blues man, and a tasteful rock-blues rhythm section.

Someday someone will record a live album somewhere and place enough microphones around the audience to catch the reaction of the crowd to the music. This album comes closer than most but still misses by a long shot. Taj Mahal is a local favorite at Fillmore East and while rhythmic applause, etc., comes through when the band stops or in soft sections, this is only a fraction of what the response can be (and was) at the shows.

Taj opens solo in the Henry Thomas classic *Fishin' Blues*, and then brings on the horns. There are solos from guitarist Hall, pianist Simon, Johnson on both tuba and baritone sax, and the mighty Taj on harmonica

fife, banjo and particularly Miss National, that beautiful steel-bodied unamplified six-string guitar (which Taj can pick or slide as he pleases).

Still, this is primarily an ensemble band with quality music and a leader with enough personality, ability and salesmanship to get that quality across to a mass audience.

We can also be thankful to Mahal and producer Dave Rubinson for the inclusion of material not previously recorded. Too often, live records turn into medleys of "our greatest hits."

Adding to the pleasure of hearing the here-



before unrecorded tunes is that they include *Sweet Mama, Gal*, the banjo solo with tuba accompaniment *Drake*, the haunting blues *Ain't It* and the 18-minute *Street Walker*. (A phone call to Johnson revealed that this quarter-hour-plus extravaganza was how it went down live. No board fades . . . all the dynamics in complete control of Taj and the band).

The repeats of previous tunes don't matter. With the new band, horn section and all, they are completely different from what they were before. What the horns, especially Johnson on tuba, accomplish with Sleepy John Estes' old *Duck Blues* gives it new life and vibrancy. It is also a welcome change to find a young performer crediting the blues to the older originators rather than trying to copyright them for himself.

—Klee

JOE ZAWINUL

ZAWINUL—Atlantic 1579: *Doctor Honoris Causa*; *In A Silent Way*; *His Last Journey*; *Double Image*; *Arrival In New York*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Earl Turbinton, Wayne Shorter, soprano saxes; George Davis, Hubert Laws, flutes; Zawinul, Herbie Hancock, electric piano; Miroslav Vitous, Walter Booker, bass; Joe Chambers, Billy Hart, Jack De Johnette, David Lee, percussion (De Johnette doubles melodica).

Rating: ★★★★★½

This is Zawinul on his way from the Miles Davis *In A Silent Way* LP to *Weather Report*. It's a transitional album but one which stands eloquently on its own. With two electric pianos, two basses, and two drummers, this is music of rhythmic and textural density in which group dynamics play an important part and swing is integral. At times, the swing is right out of Funky Butt Hall. At others, it's so subtle as to be merely an understanding.

Each of the pieces except *Doctor* is offered as descriptive music and works on that programmatic level; even the rather startling *Arrival*, about which more later. But without the sleeve information the listener wouldn't know that, and there would be no need to know; the music is extremely evocative. The receptive mind is bound to fill with images.

Journey, to accept Zawinul's image, tells of the most peaceful imaginable departure from this Earth, complete with the accompaniment of celestial bells. De Johnette's melodica is added to the ensemble on this track. *Silent Way* (the beautiful line introduced by a Debussy-like but very free two-piano passage) is about Zawinul's days as an Austrian shepherd boy. *Double Image* concerns man's self-deception, and the paired



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rhythm instruments create motion and turbulence worthy of the subject. On this track, as elsewhere in the album, Vitous' solo work is incredibly expressive. He and Booker manage to churn up all kinds of excitement on *Doctor* and *Image* without walking (there's little of that in the bass department of this LP) on one another.

The drummers are fiery throughout. There's no indication who's on which channel, but Lee's full-bottomed, cymbal-rich style is easy to spot from time to time. The use of two drummers has often resulted in sonic mush, but the restraint that marks this date extends into the crowded percussion section, and there is some finely etched drumming, notably on *Doctor*.

Solo work is not a primary element of this album's success; the ensembles and the group improvisation are paramount. But Shaw and Turbinton play beautifully on *Doctor*. Shaw is less derivative of Freddie Hubbard than usual. Turbinton has an intensity and tone that prove the New Orleans reed tradition is still alive in the city's younger players. He was impressive when I first heard him as an alto saxophonist in his brother's band, Willie Tee and the Souls, more than five years ago, and he has developed steadily. The jazz audience deserves to hear more of Turbinton and his talented pianist-organist-singer brother Willie. Zawinul has long admired and encouraged the Turbintons and, I suspect, been influenced by Willie Tee's music. The band's drummer, Lee, and Davis, heard in *Zawinul* on flute but primarily a fine guitarist, gained some national exposure during their tenure with Dizzy Gillespie.

Hancock and Zawinul are limited to atmosphere and support for the most part, but the support is inspirational. Zawinul's comping behind Turbinton on *Doctor* is at once responsive and suggestive to the saxophonist. The leader also has a short, bell-like solo on this track.

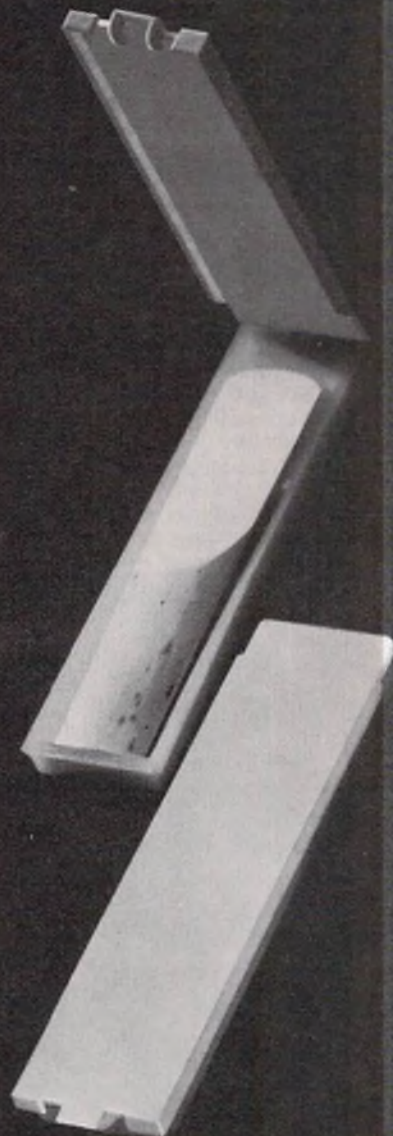
Arrival is billed as Zawinul's impressions when as a youth he first saw New York on a trip from Europe. One hears steam whistles, echoing footsteps, traffic noise, fog horns. If you'll put Cannonball Adderley's *Country Preacher* (Capitol SKAO 404) on your turntable, play it at 16 rpm, record it at 7½ ips on your tape recorder, and play the tape back at 3¾ ips, you'll hear steam whistles, echoing footsteps, traffic noise, and fog horns suspiciously like those on *Arrival In New York*. It's clever, and it may make some point about what is and what is not music, but over several hearings (the LP deserves and requires several hearings) it becomes a distraction.

This music grows from the concepts heard in Miles Davis' *In A Silent Way* and *Bitches Brew*. But it is important to keep in mind that Zawinul was involved in those projects and may have had considerable influence on them. The music in *Zawinul* is free, yet more tightly controlled than that in the Davis albums, more lyrical and romantic. Zawinul's European roots manifest themselves in a certain ambience growing out of but not imitating classical forms. He has amply demonstrated that he is a superb jazzman, both as player and composer. This recording is not a blending of those traditions or the grafting of one to the other. It is the work of a complete musician who has transcended categories and is certain to have a profound influence on the direction music will take in the '70s.

—Ramsey

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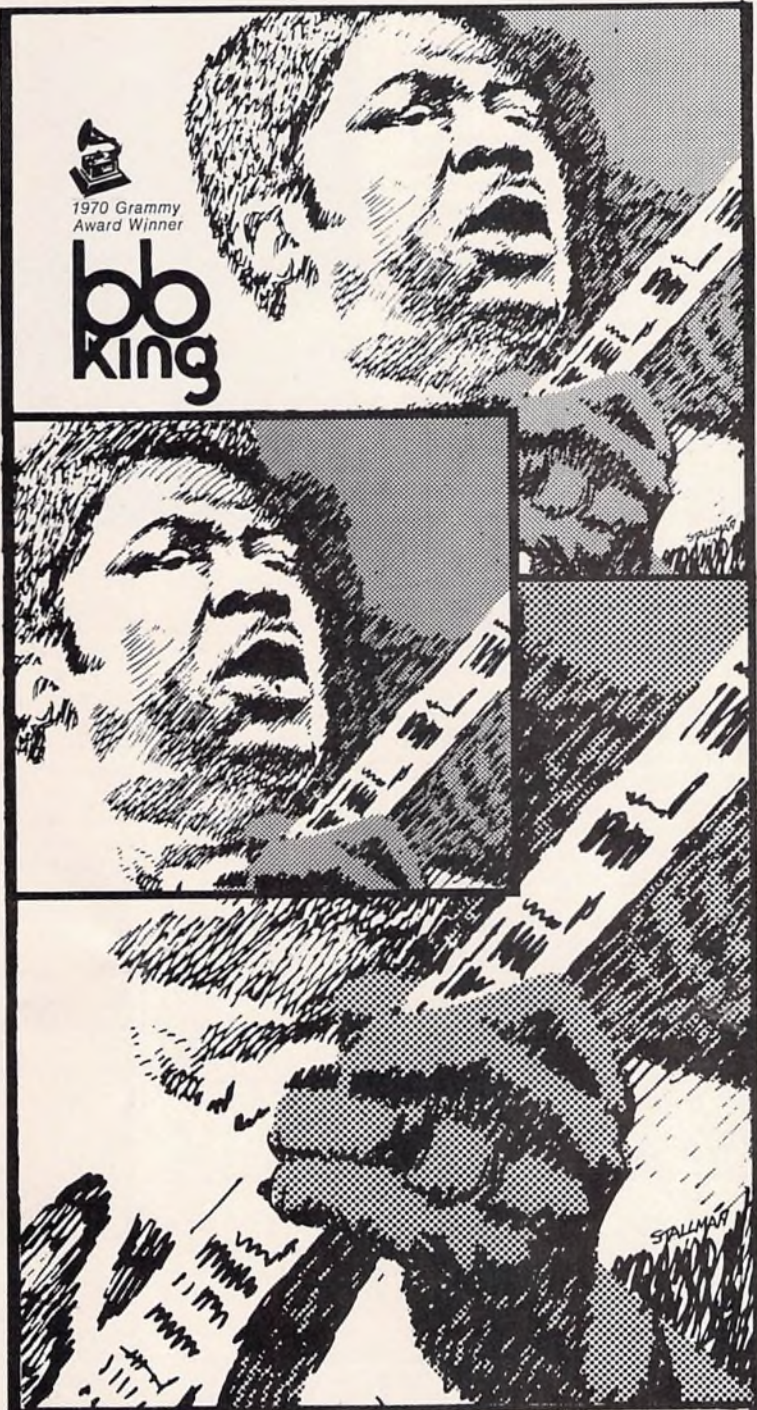
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blindfold test

barney bigard

by Leonard Feather

On the west coast, the shock of Satchmo's passing had as a side effect the sudden realization that Southern Californians had in their midst one of the All Stars' most distinguished alumni.

Barney Bigard's association with Louis began when they worked together in the motion picture *New Orleans* in 1946. He joined the newly-organized sextet that replaced the big Armstrong band in 1947; the association continued off and on for a decade, and was resumed for a while in 1960, at which time the Crescent City clarinet veteran, then 54 years old, decided to bask in the Southland sunshine and lapse into semi-inactivity.

Bigard's original identification was that of featured soloist with the Duke Ellington orchestra from 1928-42. During those years he was one of the most respected and original stylists in the Ellington line-up.

After Louis' death, Bigard appeared on radio and television programs, reminiscing about his years on the road with the combo. The good news recently is that he has decided to go on tour himself for a while this fall, playing mainly southern college concerts with Art Hodes, Wild Bill Davidson and Eddie Condon.

Other than the fact that these were all Armstrong sides from various periods, Bigard was given no information about the records.



1. RED ONION JAZZ BABIES. *Terrible Blues* from *Louis Armstrong, An Early Portrait*, Milestone. Louis Armstrong, trumpet; Aaron Thompson, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Lil Armstrong, piano; Buddy Christian, banjo. Recorded 1924.

I liked it . . . for that particular time. They had some good men on there, pioneers of jazz. I know it was Johnny Dodds on clarinet. And I think that was Kid Ory. I couldn't make out who played the piano; it wasn't Earl Hines. I know. It might have been Lil Armstrong.

All in all I think it was very good, as I said for that particular time, which was sometime in the early '20s. I could really tell it was Louis mostly when he made the breaks. That's about all I can say about that, and I'd give it a five-star rating.

2. LOUIS ARMSTRONG-OSCAR PETERSON. *You Go To My Head* (from *Louis Armstrong Meets Oscar Peterson*, Verve). Armstrong, trumpet, vocal; Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass. Recorded ca. 1957.

That was a really lovely record. I enjoyed hearing the piano and Louis singing, but I thought Louis was kind of forcing on his trumpet solo and it's not like Louis. So I would give it only a four rating.

3. LOUIS ARMSTRONG. *Love, You Funny Thing* (from *V.S.O.P.*, Epic). Armstrong big band (10 pieces) with Zilner Randolph, trumpet and arranger. Recorded in Chicago, March, 1932.

Oh, man! I know Louis must have been drug with that band! I think it was the old Los Angeles Cotton Club band that was run by Les Hite, and I imagine Louis would turn over in his grave to hear that band behind him.

I not only didn't care much for the orchestra, I also didn't like the things Louis did on this; it's not like the Louis I know of.

It seemed like he just had to have a band behind him in that era, because everyone had big bands. One of the better bands he got then was Luis Russell's band, when he took it over. That was about the best band he had, and even that wasn't too good!

He was doing a single out here at the Cotton Club, and playing with Les Hite's band, if I'm not mistaken, and that's how this record probably happened. And they had good men in that band . . . Lawrence Brown, Lionel Hampton and guys like that, and nothing ever happened. I'll be generous with that and give it two stars.

4. LOUIS ARMSTRONG & THE SAVOY BALLROOM FIVE. *Tight Like This*. (from the *Louis Armstrong Story*, Vol. 3, Columbia). Armstrong, trumpet; Don Redman, alto sax, arranger; Earl Hines, piano. Recorded in Chicago, 1928.

That was terrific! Louis was so great; he could cover up a clinker like nobody's business . . . and he made quite a few, but you wouldn't recognize it because he played so beautiful behind that. I think that was Earl Hines on piano. I know it's a band from Chicago.

All in all I think it's an excellent record. I'd give it four stars.

5. LOUIS ARMSTRONG ALL STARS. *Pretty Little Missy* (from *Louis*, Mercury). Armstrong, vocal, trumpet, composer; Big Chief Russell Moore, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano. Recorded in New York, ca. 1965.

What more could you say about this record? I know that's a tune written by Billy Kyle and Louis, and I know that must be one of the All Stars groups making this beautiful record. I don't know if that was Peanuts Hucko or Buster Bailey playing clarinet. The trombonist sounded like Trummy Young, or it could have been Tyree Glenn.

Louis and Billy had been playing this tune for quite a while, and I had played it with them too on several occasions. I'll give this a five-star rating easily; if there were more, I'd give it more.

6. LOUIS ARMSTRONG & HIS FRIENDS. *Mood Indigo* (Amsterdam). James Spaulding, flute; Armstrong, vocal; Barney Bigard, Duke Ellington, composers; Oliver Nelson, arranger. Recorded 1970.

That's fantastic! I don't know who the flutist is on this number. That's the first time I ever heard this record. I imagine it's done out here in Los Angeles, with somebody like Nelson Riddle. Whoever did it, it's terrific and I'd give it a five-star rating.

The last time he did this tune it was on the album Louis made with Duke; that was about ten years ago, and I was on that date. You know, he would make up lyrics if he didn't know them, right there and then.

7. LOUIS ARMSTRONG & DUKE ELLINGTON. *The Beautiful American* (Roulette). Armstrong, trumpet; Bigard, clarinet; Ellington, piano, composer. Recorded 1960.

I have to laugh on this one because we had

time to make up another number, so Duke and Louis and the rest of the guys got together and made this little number—I don't even know what it's called—but we all got together and played as much as we possibly could, and that's what it turned out to be.

I could only give that a two rating, because we didn't really know what we were doing. Louis played differently on every take. It was a get-together, head type of thing . . . Duke is famous for that, and Louis will play most anything.

8. LOUIS ARMSTRONG & CARMEN McRAE. *I Didn't Know Until You Told Me* (from *The Real Ambassadors*, Columbia). Dave & Lola Brubeck, composers; Dave Brubeck, piano. Recorded 1961.

Oh, that's beautiful. I haven't the faintest idea who the vocalist is, but Louis and she are really together; the voices almost correspond with each other—neither too high or too low—but done in very good taste. I'd give that five stars. I couldn't even take a stab at who the vocalist is, but I like her style very much.

Afterthoughts

L.F.: If you had to pick out your two or three favorite Armstrong records of all time . . . ?

B.B.: Well, one of them I was always crazy about, and always wondered why he hadn't done it with a good large band, was *Cornet Chop Suey*, and *Dippermouth Blues*; I used to love that. And of course, *West End* is a classic as far as I'm concerned. And another one I really used to love was *Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas*. Those are the ones that stand out in my memory. I remember when I first came to California he was working at the old Cotton Club, and at 12 o'clock at night everyone would stop whatever they were doing just to listen to Louis play. That's when I was with Duke.

I think that Louis was so far ahead of his time that it took time for other people to catch up or come near his standard. That's the worst part about it, because there was nobody in his area, when he was coming up, who could give him good support in everything he was doing. That was very pathetic. But he was the greatest as far as jazz is concerned. He set a pattern for everybody, all trumpet players. I remember in New York what he was doing, all the other trumpet players were trying to do, and they all had a busted lip. **db**

caught in the act

Kongsberg Jazz Festival

Kongsberg, Norway

The 7th International Jazz Festival held in Kongsberg, a small town about an hour's travel from Oslo, was the most successful in the event's history.

Festival director Per Ottersen and P.R. chief Kjell Gunnar Hoff had every reason to be satisfied with their years of work after the last note had sounded. The festival began in 1964 with a budget of 35,000 Norwegian crowns and lost 25,000. This year, the budget was 150,000, and the response from the public most gratifying.

This was not surprising, considering that the festival offered such attractions as Sonny Rollins' first appearance in Norway (and his return to public performance after a lengthy hiatus), Dizzy Gillespie at the helm of a special 16-piece festival band, George Russell conducting the world premiere of his *Listen to the Silence*, and such names as Don Cherry, Johnny Griffin, Mal Waldron, Art Taylor and Kenny Drew.

Rollins came as a single and chose for his accompanists Swedish pianist Bobo Stenson and two Norwegians, bassist Arild Andersoh and drummer Jon Christensen, who gave him the very best support. Rollins played mostly standards, including a wonderful *In a Sentimental Mood*.

A highlight of this second set, when the tenorist had really warmed up and he and his sidemen were better acquainted, was a superb *St. Thomas*. Rollins obviously was happy to be playing again after the long absence, and said he would be ready for his official comeback by late fall. The stay in Kongsberg, the atmosphere, the nice weather, and the long daylight hours, seemed to give him renewed



Sonny Rollins

PANDI HULTIN

inspiration. He went up the surrounding mountains on a few nights to practice by himself.

Rollins became very popular at the festival, both through his playing and his warm, friendly personality. He arrived four days prior to the start of the concerts, and after Kongsberg stayed on for a few days in Oslo. He was approached for gigs in Sweden and Denmark, but said he preferred to return later after completing further preparations "to really start blowing again."

Gillespie was, as usual, a very inspiring big-band leader. It was surprising how much he was able to get out of the 16 good Norweg-

ian musicians in a program of eight selections from his own book — and after only three days of rehearsals.

The band sounded like an explosion. There has never been such a good Norwegian big band before, and Dizzy himself played with the kind of spirit even he can muster up only in his very best moods. He didn't spare himself for a minute, working hard both in rehearsals and performance.

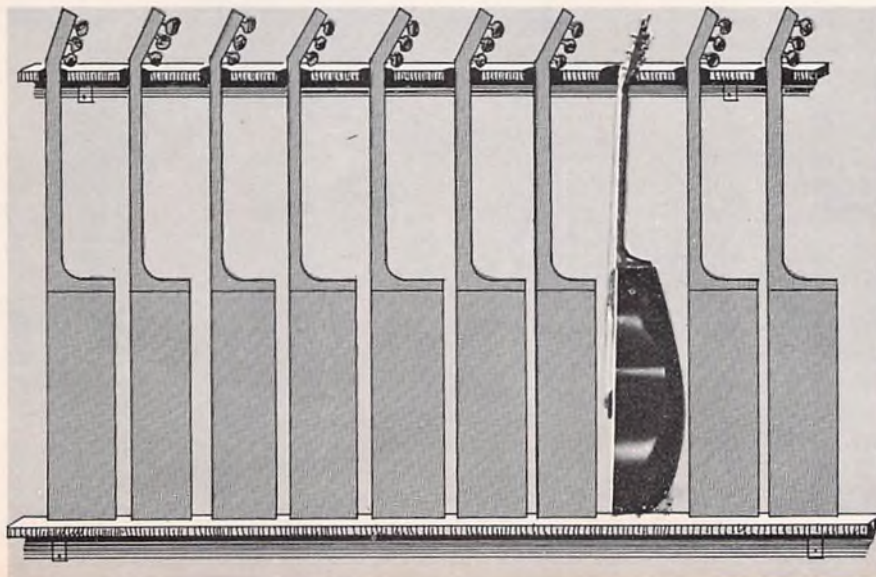
Russell's work, scored for eight instrumentalists, solo singer (Dan Windom) and 30-voice choir, was presented in one of the biggest churches in Norway, drawing more than 2,000 people. *Listen to the Silence* is a major work, and all the performers gave their best.

Don Cherry gave a beautiful concert on opening day with his Turkish drummer, Okay, and bassist Anderson. Cherry performed folk songs from throughout the world, playing cornet and piano and also singing, and held the audience spellbound from the moment he came on stage.

Seven concerts were held in the local cinema, one in the church, and on each of the four days (June 24-27) performances also took place in two clubs (on one day, even three). Still, there was not enough room to accommodate all the people.

Johnny Griffin, Kenny Drew, Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen and Art Taylor played in one of the clubs for a couple of really swinging nights. At another club, Mal Waldron headed a quintet assembled by the festival promoters, with which others musicians were invited to sit in. It was a strange combination: cornetist Mongezi Feza from South Africa, tenorist Bernt Rosengren from Sweden, and bassist Sture Janson and drummer

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Espen Rud from Norway.

In the third club, on the last night of the festival, a rock/jazz quintet led by Webster Lewis, a surprisingly good organist, was presented. Jimmy Hopps, formerly with Roland Kirk, was the group's phenomenal drummer, and they plan to stay in Scandinavia for a while, where they should have much success.

On the final day, there was also a fine concert by the Svein Finnerud Trio from Norway, before the proceedings closed with the terrific sound of the big band.

—Randi Hultin

Roy Ayers Ubiquity

Hawley Armory, University of Connecticut

Personnel: Ayers, vibes, vocal; Harry Whitaker, electric piano; Clint Houston, bass; David Lee, drums.

This concert was something of a revelation insofar as the musical spectrum covered is concerned. Ayers' group is capable of playing it all—soul, hard rock, ballads, blues—and most important, all of it rings true. There was no pandering to the college audience in order to gain acceptance by using *ersatz* rock elements. Everything played was convincing in all respects.

The group has been together for some time, and it shows. There is a strong empathy—a knowledge of what to do and when.

Individually, there is strength. Ayers has always been a hard swinger, creating exciting statements. His solos are boiling torrents of ideas, but no matter how heated his playing becomes, there is continuity and logic throughout. His multi-noted lines have litheness and spring, giving a strong lift to his

work. On several selections, he used a fuzz attachment, which gives his instrument an amplified guitar sound. It provides an effective change of color, yet Ayers has the good judgment not to overuse the device. The vib-



RYUICHIRO MAEDA

Roy Ayers: Torrents of ideas

ist also sang on several of the more rock-oriented performances and proved that he had a pleasing voice. A rough mellowness—if that conveys anything!

Ayers' companions were equally satis-

fying. Whitaker particularly impressed with his thoughtful solos. He made his statements in a calm, unhurried manner and showed a great deal of individuality on an instrument which tends to make everybody sound somewhat similar. He should be listened to.

Houston is another of the many fine young bassists currently active. On the acoustic instrument, he has a big fat tone and fine conception. The hall was not particularly sympathetic acoustically, and Houston suffered the most from this, but what could be heard showed him to be a splendid soloist. He shone particularly on his own *Afternoon* and *David*, judging from which he is also a composer to be reckoned with.

Lee is the newest member of the group. He took care of business, lighting the fire and keeping it well stoked, particularly on the rock-tinged voyages. He proved his straight swinging prowess on his one feature number, *Tune-Up*. His solo on this was well constructed, varied and above all, *musical*.

The first half of the concert had several highlights, of which the previously mentioned *Afternoon* and *David* were the most outstanding. *Afternoon* created an image of sun sparkling through trees, a serene statement segueing into *David*, a very light, melodic theme with fine solos by Houston and Ayers over a supple, shifting carpet laid down by Lee. The drummer really listened on this. *Stella by Starlight*, which closed the first half, was pure delight. Ayers played it all, a whirlpool of solo, building all the way. Whitaker also soloed to great effect. It was a pleasure to hear that common time can still sound uncommonly exhilarating.

The second half burned from start to finish.

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Mosquito Lady, by Whitaker, had Ayers using the fuzz attachment, building tension as he went, then abruptly returning to the usual tonal color of his instrument, creating a release, then building tension all over again.

The concert came to a climax with the last three numbers. *Daddy Bug* had strong, surging solos by both Ayers and Whitaker, Houston and Lee really cooking beneath them. On this Ayers original, the theme is repeated every other chorus, creating pyramiding tension. *Tune-up*, Lee's feature, also had another rollicking (that's the only word to describe it) solo by Ayers. Finally, *Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head*, an encore the audience had demanded, was a tour de force for Ayers. Using both single and double mallets he created an incredible statement. At one point, his playing indeed sounded like falling rain. The audience roared its total approval.

This was a return engagement for the Ubiquity, and as Glenn Cassis, promoter of the concert said, "they can come anytime."

Roy Ayers' Ubiquity is an amalgam of the best from the worlds of jazz and rock; the most complete I have heard thus far. The indispensable heart and soul of the jazz experience and the excitement of rock expression is nowhere better heard than within this ubiquitous foursome.

— Elliot Meadow

Shelly Manne

El Matador, San Francisco

Personnel: Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor sax; John Morrell; guitar; Mike Wolford, piano; Henry Franklin, bass; Manne, drums.

Manne's the kind of mixer that makes good company better, and his superb drumming brought this neat constellation of talents into sharp focus.

This group was securely atop the current in a thoroughly modern melange of jazz and jazz-rock strongly laced with avant-garde, and Manne was as potent an incentive to drive as when he was nimbly steering the Kenton juggernaut or adding stature to Shorty Roger's Giants. These knowing young bloods elegantly reflect his spirit, and the group played in a context of two-way stimulus, youth and experience exchanging bows.

Rhythmically, Manne was more than good provider. He laid on a banquet, a rich spread of beat and intriguing pattern that his peers would have been hard pushed to match. An impeccable timekeeper at the velocity of up-tempo streakers like *Mask* and *Rodent*, where he set an armor-plated dependability of pulse for the front line to lean on, he also freed his section mates from fettered concentration on time and let them exploit the freewheeling facets of their art.

He wields some of the most expressive brushes extant. The ballads — *For Bean*, *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, *Passion Flower*, *Invitation* — were smoothly channeled along a sensitive course part silky glide, part chiaroscuro. He had a keen scent for the unorthodox, and all was grist to the mill in search of color: concert bells, the cuica, a bass bow rasped against cymbal rims or against the differently tuned bars of what resembled a parrot cage, or a light tattoo of finger drumming — it was percussive decor at its best. For the most part subservient to the group, the profusion of touches with which he



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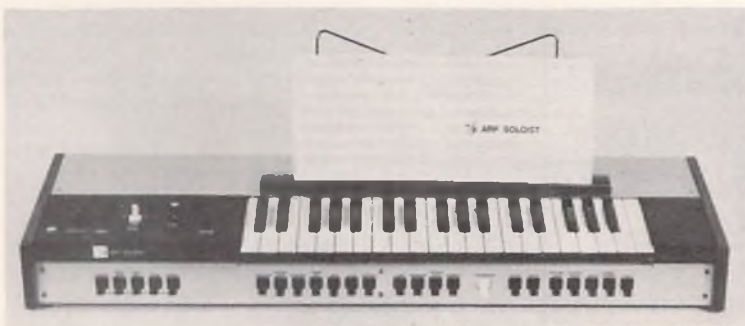
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embellished the beat and played inventively tasteful fills often stole the show. It isn't for nothing he's been tagged a "melodic" drummer.

His two solos, on *Why Do Warts Grown On Toads?*, using mallets, and *Reflections of an Image* were subtle rejections of whirlwind, nothing of Kali the many-armed destroyer most drummers to tend mimic when spotlight.

The rhythm as a unit was a consistent joy, taking the straight ahead or involved with ease. Wofford was all tact and inspiration, his solos crammed with good ideas, and Morell is an adept guitarist who is as proficient with the pen. His fast swinger, *Don't Know*, and two untitled pieces in a rockish mode were worth the nice treatments they got.

Franklin, the new bassist, was a standout. The others have been together over a period of time, and the new cat did nothing to detract from the rapport. He was no hard knocker on his instrument—he and Morell had a dialogue going at one point that was a comparison in lace—but his presence permeated and uplifted the group.

Barone and Gross both had the poised assurance that puts brilliance within easy reach, and they touched it often. Even at an extremely fast, exciting clip their cogent phrasing bore the impress of the thinking cap. Barone spun out beguiling lines of the first order, taking unusual tacks that were always interesting. Though it's a dog-eared description, applicable to every other tenorist, to say that Gross was heavily into Coltrane at times, my excuse for using it is that his playing was a stunning approximation of a master. Especially on *Invitation*, where he captured the languor-with-a-storm center feeling Coltrane could infuse into ballads.

The dedication, *To Miles*, a many-tempoed, mainly fast jazz-rock number, was in order in that it artistically paralleled Davis' present trends in tension and atmosphere. The slows would surge into clamor, up-tempo storms into momentary calm—and the group also had his habit of playing sets of interlocking numbers without announcements. But anything borrowed, so to say, was returned with interest. They were too busy swinging to fall into the stylized.

High-quality originals were sartorially dressed, and the forays into avant garde and rock first rate. They made telling use of electronically tinged ensemble in the introduction to *Reflections*, short individual bursts gradually thickening into turmoil, and Manne spear-headed a beat of pounding surf emphasis on *Steve, Caterpillar* and *Dadadact* with an invigorating spray of fills that showed what an art rock drumming can be.

The sets were stocked with mentionables, among them Barone's deeply perceptive solo on *Passion Flower*, constrained Gross on *For Bean*, Morell swinging on *Caterpillar*, Wofford—on electric piano throughout—playing so rapidly on *Reflections* that the impression was of unbroken texture.

There's the L.A. coterie that classify Manne's club as a smog beacon. In the larger sense, he's been surrounded by a haze of indifference that a recent European tour fertile with good reports had done something to dissipate. Some of it still clings since the stature of Manne and his group haven't been fully recognized. To the segment—include me—that thinks polls are off-balance when they don't have Manne on or near the top: take cheer. With this group he could make a coup d'etat.
—Sammy Mitchell

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Small Ensemble: Tom Hilliard—*Rondo, Stonehenge, Blanksville, Absalom, My Son, Blues Waltz*; David Baker—*Lunacy, Lydian April, 121 Bank, Prelude, Splooch*. **Other:** David Baker—*Concerto For Flute & Jazz Orchestra*; Jack Wheaton—*Fanfare* (Neophonic Orchestra & Choir), *Passaglia, Fugue* (Brass choir); Bob Tilles—*18 For Baker* (Percussion Ensemble), Joe Kennedy—*Surrealism* (Jazz String Ensemble).

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book reviews

Beneath the Underdog: His World as Composed by Mingus. By Charles Mingus; edited by Nel King. Alfred A. Knopf; 366 pp.

Most jazz-oriented reviewers or readers of this remarkable book have complained that it contains too little about music, but such comments reveal more about the provincialism of the jazz audience than about the work itself.

While this is not Mingus' musical autobiography, it does contain many interesting anecdotes and vignettes about jazz, and reveals much about the artist's psyche. How anyone the least bit interested in the man's music could fail to be fascinated by what he tells about himself is difficult to comprehend. His music, after all, is here to be heard and speaks for itself, and that the book is not a "and then I wrote" compendium is hardly a cause for disappointment.

The book takes us from Mingus' traumatic near-fatal accident in infancy to his arrival in New York in the early 1950s. An author's note informs us that some of the characters and incidents in the chronicle are fictitious; it's up to the individual reader to decide which these may be. In any case, the book is a work of the imagination, not a formal autobiography, though it proceeds chronologically and the narrative is mostly straight forward and free from fashionable literary devices. The fact that Mingus at times refers to himself in the third person finds dramatic justification in the early accident: the infant Mingus "dies" but decides to return to his body after witnessing the grief of his family; thereafter, he is in part a soul-spirit watching over and guiding his earthly counterpart.

Mingus was precocious musically and sexually. There is a great deal of explicitly descriptive writing dealing with sex, which hardly sets the book apart from the mainstream of contemporary "literature," yet seems to have offended a number of readers. As one who found *Portnoy's Complaint* truly offensive but considers Henry Miller good fun, I enjoyed Mingus' Rabelaisian approach. He is considerably more instructive than many a sex manual, but while his passion for the subject is to some degree justified by the important role played by women in his life, there is an awful lot of it.

Though Mingus has seen and suffered much, a sense of the absurd and ironic leavens his perspective. Thus, passages that might otherwise have seemed preachy are convincing, for when he is serious, he is utterly so. An occasional bit of trite philosophizing can easily be forgiven.

Mingus stands revealed here, scales and all, as a confirmed romantic, a man of huge appetites and desires, ambitious, egocentric, but never meanspirited or malicious. His best-laid plans to become a pimp, for example, eventually clash with his innate humanity. Though the setup is as sweet as any hustler could dream of, he can use people only so far and no further, because exploitation of others interferes with his creativity.

By the same token, he can only stand being exploited himself to a certain degree—as man and artist—and some of the strongest passages in the book are those which offer insights into the plight of the creative "jazz" musician in our racist-capitalist society.

The unique combination of tenderness and violence that characterizes Mingus' music is here seen, to no great surprise, as a direct

reflection of his personality. That his genius was able to not merely survive but also bear rich fruit under the handicaps imposed by society and also character and temperament testifies to a resilience and self-discipline that some superficial students of Mingus may find surprising.

Among the most interesting passages are those dealing with Fats Navarro, whom Mingus describes as perhaps his closest friend, even though they spent relatively little time together. Mingus adds a new dimension to what little we know of this unlucky jazz giant, and for that he deserves our thanks.

There is a superb vignette dealing with Mingus' abrupt departure from the Duke Ellington band, some hilarious on-and-off the bandstand dialogic between musicians, a

quick but sharp closeup of Lucky Thompson, an excitingly described jam session with Charlie Parker, and an apocryphal but deadly satire on a New York jazz party. Mingus' love and respect for Art Tatum also finds its way into the book.

Such details should amply reward the reader interested solely in music. For those with broader concerns, the book as a whole, despite occasional weaknesses, is a must. Nel King's editing job, apparently, was deft and discreet. In all but a few bland passages, it is Mingus one hears, and he is a real writer—no doubt about that. And a real man, not afraid to let us see his flaws. Its elements of swagger notwithstanding, this is always an honest book—and such are rare today.

—Dan Morgenstern



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extraordinary horn writing by Dick Halligan. The playing is good and it's a good song."

Heckman pointed out that he could ask Halligan, who plays keyboards, trombone, and flute, to write an arrangement and he would have it ready in two days. Halligan would stay home in Los Angeles for a day and return with a completed arrangement that had all parts copied.

"We could go in and play it down and not have to change a note," Heckman said. "He will have a great career as an

arranger and composer. He's a real talent and also a professional talent."

Blood, Sweat&Tears has always been known for its dedication to music, but trumpeter Lew Soloff amazed Heckman.

"Louie practices constantly," Heckman told me, "and I remember one day he had been at it for about four hours. He had these Music Minus One recordings of baroque trumpet concertos with the trumpet parts left out. We were in the studio doing some work without him, and finally about three o'clock we had to have trumpets so I went to get him. We were walking down the hall and I said we have to start working. He said: 'OK, but I have to have five minutes.' I asked him

what for. He said 'I have to warm up.' Four hours he'd been practicing and he had to warm up!"

Speaking about singer David Clayton-Thomas, who is best known for belting out a song, Heckman emphasized: "I think David's vocal on *For My Lady* was very impressive. I think David has never been given credit for the artistic range that he has as a performer. He has a much wider range than he has even begun to express, and he is a first-class singer. One thing about him is that you could conceivably use a first take by him. If you do successive takes, it is always for very minor things. He's very solidly professional. He comes in and bing! you've got a take. It's always good. If you have four takes, it's difficult to pick one. Any one is usable."

Although it's too soon to tell if Heckman will produce Blood, Sweat&Tears' next album, he does have several deals pending. This doesn't mean an end to his writing career. "My whole life has been a conflict between writing and music," he said. "When I went to college it was a moot point whether to study journalism or music. Then it was a moot point whether to become a musician or a writer. It's always been difficult for me."

By being able to bridge the two worlds, Heckman brings uncommon objectivity to each. **db**

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.....has the advantage.

NEWPORT

continued from page 21

became monotonous, and one began to say a little prayer for something else.

During Miss Warwicke's eight selections (she was ably supported by a group including pianist Joe Mele and drummer Ray Lucas), George Wein came on stage, looking as if near shock. His wife, Joyce, joined him, and eventually she walked over to the singer, who'd just ended a number, and whispered something to her. Miss Warwicke, however, continued her act through two numbers despite repeated entreaties. Finally, she was through, and now Wein began to speak.

What he said—with considerable emotion—was that the festival had been ordered shut down, at least for the night, and that everyone should file out of the park as quickly as possible. If they did not do so, he said, they might be in danger.

It soon became apparent what he meant, for amid the rising shouts and boos those seated near the stage could hear the familiar crunch of breaking fences. (For some time during Miss Warwicke's set, clusters of people could be seen dropping into the park from the surrounding walls, and Wein's announcement came as no surprise to those of us who'd not been too fascinated by Dionne to keep from watching the invasion.)

Within minutes, a number of obviously stoned hooligans had made their way to the foot of the stage and were shouting obscenities at Wein. At that moment, I, at least, feared as much for his safety as he obviously did for ours, but the hoods stopped short of physical violence.

Slowly, seemingly stunned, people began to

file out of the park. Appeals by Gerry Mulligan and especially Fr. Norman O'Connor seemed to have reached the customers, who'd been assured that refunds would be given the next day for tickets purchased in advance.

Those of us who remained were treated to the spectacle of roughly 70 "kids" attempting to destroy the stage. They had little success (the stage is solidly constructed), and were unable to dislodge the giant floodlights from the roof of the structure.

Frustrated, they directed their attentions to the grand piano, tearing off the keyboard cover, but not damaging it substantially, perhaps because it was too much work.

Until midnight or so, they remained on stage, chanting, stomping, getting high. Then, passions spent, they withdrew, having scored another victory for the new barbarism.

The next day, a pile of smashed chairs, twisted fences, garbage and empty wine bottles in front of the stage constituted a strange still-life. On the hill, where thousands had camped the night before, scores of seagulls feasted on the offal they'd left behind. Surprisingly, actual property damage was slight. Substantial segments of the chain-link fence surrounding the field had been leveled, and the wooden inner fence was broken and burnt in the four places where, simultaneously, the mob had struck the night before—at precisely 9:30 p.m.

It was a gorgeous day, crystal clear and sunny. Thousands would have been here, enjoying Aretha Franklin, Les McCann, Roland Kirk, Donnie Hathaway, and King Curtis.

Later that afternoon, we paid a condolence call on the Weins. George Shearing was there, trying to spread a little cheer and wanting to know what he could do to help. Not scheduled to play until Monday, he'd come up early to enjoy the sounds. Neshui Ertegun was there to see what *he* could do (Atlantic had planned to do a lot of recording at Newport, but that wasn't his main concern now).

The following week, we spoke with Wein in New York. A man of boundless optimism, he was in good spirits, looking forward to the Ohio Valley Festival later in the month (advance sales were well beyond previous years, and past the nut).

He said that "the outpouring of pro-festival sentiment" in the Newport community and New England in general had been "beyond belief." There had been a meeting of people representing the entire community, from youth to establishment, he noted, and the feeling was "why should we be denied the right to hear music because of a handful of ruffians."

For the first time, he continued, members of the City Council had suggested that the city should share some of the costs of security for the festival, and two councilmen had introduced a resolution to form a commission to study ways and means to keep the festival alive. (It was subsequently passed unanimously.)

He estimated the loss to Festival Productions, Inc. to be about \$150,000. "Ironically, this would have been the festival to get us out of debt for the first time in years," he commented. "Advance sales indicated that the afternoon with Aretha would have been the biggest in Newport history—over 11,000. My board of advisers is standing by me and seeking ways to raise money. The artists have been beautiful. Brubeck, Dizzy, Duke, Stitt, Jacquet, Woody—they've all called. Shearing made a point to come over and see me. Or-

nette was really concerned. It has become apparent that Newport means much more to the world of jazz than just a business."

The attitude of the press, Wein noted, had been better than ever. "There was a feeling of friendship and respect for the festival," he said, which had not always been the case. "The record companies have been beautiful," he added.

He said that letters by the hundreds had been received from the general public, all stating regrets at having to claim refunds and expressing concern and hope for the future.

That future, Wein feels, is secure—regardless of festival location. His chief hope is to continue at Newport. In order to avoid the potentially dangerous weekend buildup, he said, he would like to make New-

port into a nine-day festival, with major concerts on two Friday and Saturday nights, no events on the following Sundays, and seminars, workshops, and small-scale concerts and sessions on Monday through Thursday.

It seems a good idea, and such a format would make it possible to stage a lot of events catering to a small but knowledgeable jazz audience while still retaining the large-scale format for the two weekends.

But then, George Wein has never been at a loss for good ideas. It would be senseless to let a band of ruffians destroy an 18-year-old tradition which truly has come to mean "much more than a business." It seems that the jazz world and the people of Newport will not allow it to happen, and that is encouraging news. db

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Two Classic Louis Armstrong Solos
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King Oliver's *West End Blues* was transcribed from *The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 3* (Columbia CL 853) and Lil Hardin's *Struttin' with some Barbecue* was taken from *The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 1* (Columbia CL 851). About the solos:

WEST END BLUES

1. Three sections, introduction, head (embellished), out chorus.
2. Section one strikes a remarkable balance between arpeggios and diatonic movement. The rise and fall of line is classic.
3. Remarkable rhythmic and harmonic thrust achieved through the use of interchanging triplets and eighth notes and chromaticism.
4. Notice how the triplet arpeggios in measure 3 of the introduction return in measures 11 and 12 of the head.
5. Note also how Louis instinctively moves in each section from the simple to the complex via shorter note values, greater variety of note values, more complex rhythmic structures, more chromaticism, general increase in intensity.
6. Check the unbelievable tension he builds with the high C in the first four measures of the out chorus (a technique very often explored by Miles Davis, Coltrane, Cannonball and a host of others).
7. In measures 5 and 6 of the out chorus his stretching of figures within the measure already hints at things which were to come into vogue many years later.
8. The ease with which he handled high Cs and Ds was certainly not common during these years. The double time in measures 5 through 8 of the out chorus (also quite out of the ordinary in the '20s) is marvelously executed.

West End Blues

Intro (quasi recitative) gradually speeding up

Head

Out chorus -delay-

Piano ritard

STRUTTIN' WITH SOME BARBECUE

Trumpet key is one step above concert key. Changes are given in concert key. The form is AB with a break at the end of the A section (stop time underlies Louis' entire chorus). Particular points of interest:

1. The daring break in measures 15 and 16 which already points to the exciting breaks used so effectively by Dizzy Gillespie in the '40s and '50s (i.e., *Two Bass Hit*, *Emanon*, etc.).
2. The ease with which Louis negotiates what was then considered the upper limits of the instrument (measures 1, 5, 8, 9, etc.).
3. The fantastic concept of swing far in advance of his contemporaries.
4. His excellent use of vibrato as a dramatic device particularly at the end of phrases.
5. The slides, half-valves, fall-offs, varied articulations that have since become part and parcel of the jazz players' vocabulary.
6. The thoroughly "modern" way in which Louis realizes the changes in measures 25 through 28.
7. Check measure 21 for the loose swing figures (a figure which I remember first hearing Gene Ammons play on *El Sino*, a bebop record from the 1940s).
8. The amazing continuity and sense of inevitability manifest in his solo. Louis equals love equals life.

Struttin' With Some Barbeque

Musical score for 'Struttin' With Some Barbeque' in 4/4 time. The score consists of eight staves of music. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the tempo is marked '4/4'. The music features various chords and melodic lines. Chords indicated include A7, F7, Bbm7, Eb7, Fmi, Bb7, G7, Eb7, A7, Db, Dbm7, Eb7, Cmi, and F7. The score ends with a double bar line.

CHORDS

continued from page 10

stage of this dying culture; let us hope it does not last too long.

Jonathan Rosenberg
Croton-On-Hudson, N.Y.

I just returned from the 1971 Newport Jazz Festival, and what I witnessed disgusted, angered and then saddened me. I am talking about the idiocy of the people who saw fit to crash through the fences surrounding the stage. There was no reason for this. The stage was so situated that a person without a ticket could sit on a hill adjacent to it and both hear and see the music. My friends and I had plans for doing the same with some of the shows.

I had never been to any festival before. I

was counting on Newport for an opening and a widening of my jazz appreciation, and Sunday promised to be the best day of all. I had envisioned Newport as a festival of mature, true music enthusiasts, and a festival of the greatest jazz musicians in the world. I know now not to think so presumptuously. Not that the musicians failed, but there were people there more interested in irritating the police than in the festival.

Maybe the rioters were there because Newport was the only east coast festival? There were shouts and cries that Newport should be a "free festival." Maybe the rioters did not understand the plight of the jazz musicians in the world today? Didn't they know that most jazz musicians cannot, do not and will not charge \$50,000 for their concerts as is the case with many top rock bands? I truly cannot find any justifications for what went on down at Newport.

After the spectator/police confrontation I

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walked around the festival site talking with people . . . There was a bonfire blazing in the center of a field. Between two and three hundred people surrounded this fire, fed by destroyed fences. One hundred police stood overlooking the scene. The bonfire crowd was infatuated with the insane idea of revolution. Two skyrockets were fired at the police. One sailed over their heads and the other fell short. The crowd was lucky. One drunken youth shouted "If you think Abbie Hoffman is bad . . . you don't know what bad is yet!" I asked myself what that had to do with the Newport Jazz Festival. The fire was dying out after all the fences had been used

up. Another youth ran up to the coals and threw on a wooden chair, then backed off with a clenched fist to the crowd. As if that's what it was all about. Burning chairs.

I was awakened by the police at six o'clock the following morning. We were told to move, so we did. No one could blame the police. After all of the rhetoric it was obvious that the kids were at fault this time. All that I can do now is apologize to those who wanted to hear the music, I am ashamed of that part of my generation, and may jazz and good people live on in spite of them.

Greenlawn N.Y.

Scott Fish

AFTERTHOUGHTS

continued from page 18

bum—he's a brilliant artist; it was reviewed very well, hailed in many quarters. But it sold only 20,000 copies. His second album has been out four weeks, has already sold 60,000, and I'm sure will do several hundred thousand. He learned. And you don't stop when you feel you have important talent on your hands."

We asked Davis what kind of music really is closest to his own heart.

"You can't have a hobby of music when your vocation is so all-embracing," he responded. "I'm so involved in all areas of music now, it's very difficult to answer a question like that. We audition Broadway shows endlessly. I love Broadway. I certainly am involved in rock extensively. But what I'm really interested in is exceptional creative talent. I don't care if it's a Horowitz or a Miles Davis or a Bob Dylan or a Johnny Cash. Where musical talent is performing, is playing, we listen to that talent and any area of music has its own real and particular pleasure. It's very hard to equate degrees of pleasure. It is a tremendous art, for example, to know how to caress a love ballad, as a Barbra Streisand or a Johnny Mathis does. I would just say I appreciate talent in whatever area I find it."

By these standards, Davis' key criterion for signing new artists is that they should have an appeal beyond categories. "I don't like," he said, "to have artists that just appeal to a specialized audience. I try to find the common denominator that will have universal appeal. It obviously makes the most commercial sense and it is more fun. Otherwise, you're making special records for special people, and I don't believe in any such thing, really."

On the other hand, I suggested, isn't recording classical music, which Columbia does extensively, really catering to a specialized audience?

Davis agreed, but noted that "we're involved there for cultural rather than economic reasons, and that is an art form that I put in a different category. I'd like nothing more than to broaden the audience for classical music, and that was our goal with *Switched-On Bach* and such."

But isn't jazz, I suggested, also a kind of "classical" music, albeit without comparable cultural prestige, and with many deserving artists who, even if they work within a "traditional" context, if not recorded now will never be captured in their prime, or at all?

"I can't take issue with that," Davis said. "You have a point." From a lawyer, that's quite an admission, but he stuck by his guns.

We spoke of other interesting matters—more than can be summarized here. Throughout the interview, and in other observations of Davis—in clubs, at concerts, at press parties, in his comfortable office—I felt that this was a man who really enjoyed his work. So my question was rhetorical.

"I do, I do very much," he replied. "It's fast-moving, it's challenging, you feel as if you're part of the culture, and you're dealing with artists who have something to say. It is interesting at all levels."

So, you may ask, who wouldn't enjoy being president of a great record company? But I have seen too many tight-lipped ulcer candidates to take that for granted. **db**

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AD LIB

continued from page 16

where he now makes his home, did two weeks at the Club Baron with Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; Cedar Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums. Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones sat in one memorable night, and Heath, with Curtis Fuller as his front line partner, also did a Jazz Interactions Sunday session... Jimmy Giuffre, now also playing flute, led his new trio (Richard Youngstein, bass; Ran D. Kaye, drums) in a free concert July 27 in Washington Sq. Park, where Dave Amram also played that month... Miles Davis, the Soft Machine, and comic (?) Richard Pryor were a bill that failed to draw as well as expected in two consecutive doubleheaders July 20 and 21 at the Beacon Theater on upper Broadway. But the Soft Machine did well on their own (opposite singer Loudon Wainwright III) at the Gaslight... Marian McPartland was held over through Aug. 5 at the Cookery and has already been inked to return Nov. 12 through the holidays. Sammy Price took over, with Cyril Haynes replacing him in the Sunday slot. Mrs. McPartland, meanwhile, went to Rochester to perform Aug. 6 at the Eastman School's "Arrangers Holiday", and was on hand for both the opening and second concerts in the Town Hall series mentioned above. For the first, she was among special guests paying tribute to Louis Armstrong on a bill with Dizzy Gillespie and the Al Cohn/Willis Conover New York Band. Others were Jimmy McPartland, Ruby Braff, Clark Terry, Bobby Brown, Jaki Byard, Joe Muranyi and Dickie Wells. On the second, she performed with bassist Jay Leonhart... The varied summer fare at Slugs' has included Jeremy Steig, Alice Coltrane, Milt Jackson, Freddie Hubbard, and Gary Burton, with McCoy Tyner in through Aug. 22... Frank Strozier did a Monday night at the Needle's Eye, where pianist Walter Davis Jr. has been making good noise... Bobby Timmons ditto at Rafikkis, with Al Dodson, bass, and Zahir Batin (Michael Shepherd), drums... Batin is also in an interesting new group. The New World Ensemble, with Youseff Yancy, acoustic and electric trumpet, tromphonium: Vittie Gory, tenor and soprano saxes, flute, and Vennie Gioia, bass. The group did two weeks at the Blue Coronet in Brooklyn from July 20, and was heard on WBAI-FM in a program also featuring music of Webern... Good sessions at the London Cafe (23rd between 8th&9th Aves.) on Sundays. The basic trio (Jay Chasin, piano; Rick Eckes, bass; Don Doerr, drums) is also on hand Monday through Friday for late evening sounds. Chasin doubles at Bill's Gay Nineties, where music now starts at 6 p.m., with clarinetist Clarence Hutchenrider and drummer Jimmy Roche... Jim Hall and Ron Carter followed Skeeter Best and Tommy Bryant at the Guitar... Al Cohn and Zoot Sims held forth at the Half Note (with Jimmy Rushing on weekends, of course, and songs from Judy Canterino, too) and also played for Jazz Interactions (July 25) and in a free concert at Rivington St. downtown. Clark Terry's big one is on Mondays... Lee Morgan swung the Village Vanguard with his quintet... Recent guests with Balaban&Cats at Your Father's Moustache included trumpeter Herman Autrey and clarinetist Eddie Barefield... The Celestial Communications Orchestra appeared for three consecutive weekends in July at the Church of

Cosmic Music. 865 Broadway. Led by Alan Silva, viola and cello, the group included Mark Levine, brasses; Marzette Watts, Mark Whitecage, Otis Harris, Brian Ross, Frank Lowe, reeds; Charles Show, water flute, fluegelhorn; Becky Friend, flutes; Ducan Lawson, vibes; Ron Miller, bass; Jerome Cooper, Selwyn Lissack, Jim Brody, percussion . . . Chico Hamilton did two weeks at Richard's Lounge in Lakewood, N.J., with Arnie Lawrence, alto sax; John Abercrombie, guitar; Victor Gaskin, bass. Tiny Grimes' foursome followed, and a big band led by Ray Nicolossi did a one-night stand . . . Carlos Garnett's Universal Black Force, with Norman Connors, appear every Friday and Saturday at the Generation Pub, 261 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn. In July, they were also heard at the East, where Rufus Harley, Joe Henderson, Gary Bartz and Frank Strozier were other weekend attractions . . . A pleasured July 19 boat ride up and down the Hudson, sponsored by Jazz Adventurers, had

the sounds of Ron Roullier's big band and Sy Oliver's big little band. The JA Friday noon sessions have featured, recently, the JPP Quartet, Bobby Brown, and the Jazz Contemporaries . . . Singer Stella Marris and an ensemble including George Coleman and Ernie Wilkins presented "Jazz and Fashions" for Jazz Interactions Aug. 1 at the Jazz Center.

Los Angeles: Donte's is getting its stiffest competition in years from Don Randi's nearby Baked Potato. While Donte's recently featured Joe Pass, Willie Bobo, Benny Powell, Wolfgang Melz, Clare Fischer, Don Ellis, Joe Rocissano, Herb Ellis and the big bands of Dee Barton and Dick Grove, the Baked Potato was presenting Victor Feldman, H.B. Barnum, Mike Melvoin, Al Casey, Joe Sample, Tom Vaughn, Frank Strazzeri, Phyllis Brown and Mike Lang. That's a lot of talent moving in

and out of North Hollywood—just during the month of July . . . As for the places not catering strictly to studio musicians: Shelly's Manne Hole had the following line up during June and July: Ray Brown-Milt Jackson Quintet, Yusef Lateef, Gabor Szabo, followed by Phil Woods and his European Rhythm Machine. Shelly's will be closed Mondays for the rest of the summer . . . During that same period, the Lighthouse booked Jimmy Smith, Freddie Hubbard, Roy Ayers, Kenny Burrell and Yusef Lateef . . . Spanky Wilson followed Keisa Brown into the Pied Piper. Gene Harris and The Three Sounds are currently there . . . Gene Ammons and George Benson recently closed at the York Club . . . The Hong Kong Bar tried a "Jazz On A Sunday Afternoon" experiment on consecutive Sundays featuring the Kai Winding Septet with fellow trombone super stars: Frank Rosolino, Jimmy Cleveland, Ken Shroyer . . . Sarah Vaughan closed at The Inn Place, in Newport Beach . . . Dee Bar-

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ton's big band played a concert at the Brass Ring, in Sherman Oaks. At the same club, Louis Bellson and his 19-piece orchestra premiered Bill Holman's *Time Being*—the work that was supposed to have been featured during Bellson's shtick at the ill-fated Newport Jazz Festival . . . Kenny (Pancho) Hagood sat in with the Ray Brown-Milt Jackson Quintet at the Surfrider, in Santa Monica. Tommy Vig's big band also gigged at the Surfrider. His featured soloists included Cat Anderson, Buddy Childers, Bob Cooper, Don Ellis, Grover Mitchell, Don Rader, and Frank Rosolino. Sounds like there wasn't a weak hitter in the line-up! . . . Pike's Theatre-Restaurant is making a cautious entry into the jazz field, booking George Van Eps and his "polite jazz quartet" (Frank Flynn, Bob Bain, and Jerry Williams) late in July; and Ruth Olay Aug. 18-19 . . . Trumpeter Alex Rodriguez left the Buddy Rich band after three weeks of personality clashes and formed a quintet locally which he took into the Melody Room on the Sunset Strip. Besides booking Alex's group, Steve Hideg is booking a variety of combos, plus Tommy Vig's band into the Melody Room: a typical week will find groups fronted by Cat Anderson, John Gross, Ira Schulman as well as Hideg's own combo . . . Milt Jackson was guest of honor at the Pied Piper recently—a familiar practice on Monday nights . . . Larry Dougherty's 18-piece band played a couple of concerts at the Monterey House in Monterey Park, then launched a series of Wednesday night gigs at Johnny Catron's Glendora Palms Ballroom in Glendora . . . Charlie Byrd played the last engagement at the Hong Kong Bar before that Century Plaza lounge darkened for a month's vacation. On Aug. 30, the HKB will reopen with Bobby Stevens and the Checkmates . . . The Lonnie Shetter Quartet—strictly avant garde—played a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena . . . Dolo Coker's Quartet played at the Holiday Inn in Hollywood for a dance and the following night pianist Coker and an all-star combo (Teddy Edwards, tenor sax; Milt Jackson, vibes, Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums) appeared at the Forum, in Inglewood in behalf of a local Assemblyman . . . Marty Harris, still fronting the house trio at Hogie's in Beverly Hills, claims "Cal Tjader is raiding my trio." No basis for a law suit there: Harris is complaining only half-heartedly. But the fact remains, Cal took drummer Dick Berk last year, and just signed bassist John Herd. Present line-up behind Harris' piano: Ernie McDaniels, bass; John Baker, drums.

Chicago: Big bands and big band sidemen dominated the mid-summer scene. After Stan Kenton's band (still sans leader) worked the Happy Medium with Don Ellis as featured soloist, the Woody Herman Herd returned once again to Ruggles with an old face from the mid-1960s (baritonist Tom Anastas) and a new face (bassist Peter Marshall, who had worked with Art Farmer in Europe) on hand. The Herd followed with a Thursday-through-Sunday stint at the new London House North in Northbrook. Also that week, Duke Ellington appeared at Ravinia and Kenton's crew worked the shopping center circuit (Oak Brook, Old Orchard) and also at the Frontier Lodge in Elgin . . . Meanwhile, impresario Joe Segal held a beautiful Sunday session at the North Park Hotel featuring Gene Ammons, with tenorist Sal Nistico and trombonist Bobby Burgess joining the Jug. Rhythm section: Willie Pickens, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums.

San Francisco: Benny Goodman, in town socially, was among the audience at the Kenny Burrell Quartet's El Matador gig July 3. Following Burrell's two weeks, in came Carmen McRae with Nat Pierce, piano; Pat Senatore, bass, and Frank Severino, drums. Pianist Vince Guaraldi's Quartet (Vince Denham, tenor sax; Paul Jackson, bass; Mike Clark, drums) was due to follow . . . Chick Corea's Circle (Anthony Braxton, reeds; Dave Holland, bass; Barry Altschul) were at the Both/And for a week, then at Harding Theater for a one-nighter along with Sun Ra's Arkestra, Bobby Hutcherson's Quartet, the New Generation Singers, and a group from Ann Halprin's Dancer's Workshop. The gig was a benefit to pull the theater out of the doldrums. Back at the Both/And, Yusef Lateef's group (Kenny Barron, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Albert Heath, drums) did two weeks but the following engagement of Weather Report was canceled. Hadley Caliman's Quartet subbed . . . The Berkeley Jazz Symposium, a bi-annual affair that Wes Robinson has been producing for several years, staged its summer program July 8-10 with Sun Ra, the Mike White Quarter backed by a 20-piece band, a combo led by Morris Atchinson, and the Intergalactic Music Family featuring trumpeter Warren Gale, Bert Wilson, and Barbara Davis in a salute to Ma Rainey, and numerous local groups.

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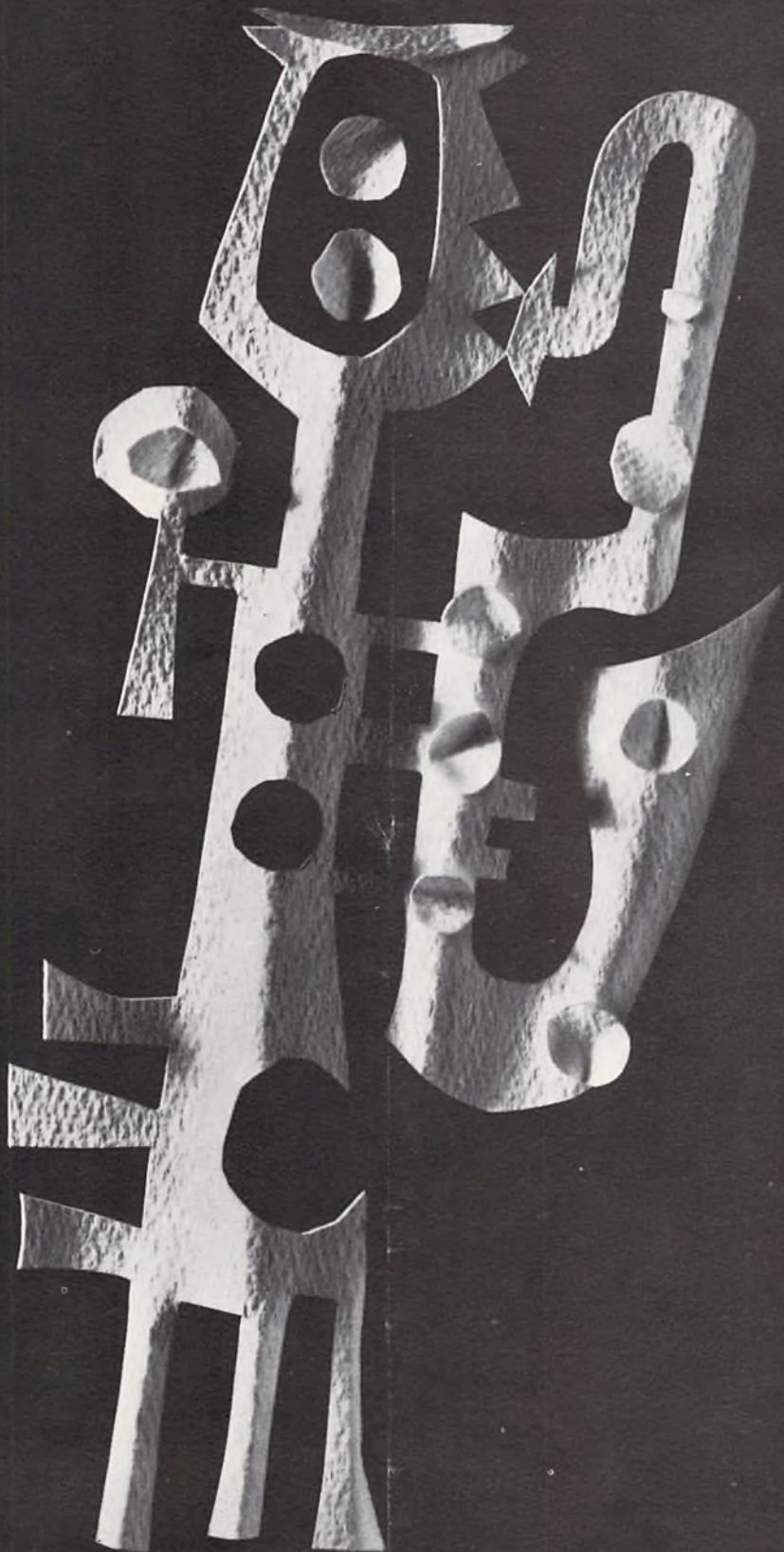
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