

NOVEMBER 25, 1971 50c

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SCOTT JOPLIN: GENIUS REDISCOVERED

JAZZ PARTY SCRAPBOOK

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(THIELEMANS, THAT IS)**

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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

What is a censor? A censor is anyone who "examines written/printed/recorded/filmed material and prohibits its dissemination on the basis of what he deems objectionable". Are there music censors? Yes, indeed. But why would anyone want to censor music? Because, boys and girls, some people are mean and selfish and not as grownup as you children are. How can I recognize a music censor? Here's one way. It's a game everyone should play called the Find-the-Censor. Look closely at the music picture and see how many censors' faces you can find hiding in the bushes. Match their faces with the following descriptions.

The Beady-Eyed Mud Hen is the easiest to identify by its peculiar habit of dirt digging and its constant shrieking at someone else's mating calls.

*The Faceless Sheep** is more difficult to identify as "he" is usually the "they" who make up and issue lists of "approved" music in the name of the State and other musically omniscient institutions. Other sheep, white or black, too often make up their repertory from these lists, thus relieving themselves and their students from the bothersome exercise of free choice and the freedom of the expression.

*A mutation of this breed has been scented in northeast Illinois. Its local name is Mid-West National Band Clinic. "They" only permit school performing groups to play music which is (1) published by a company exhibiting at the Clinic, and (2) must be printed. The first requirement is commercially understandable if not educationally acceptable. The second requirement is stupid. Some of the very best charts "on the market" are published by their composers—Stan Kenton, Don Ellis, Woody Herman, George Russell, Dave Baker, Mundell Lowe, and many others—and printed by a Xerox-like process. This method of printing is legal, ethical, and what is equally important gives learning musicians and their teachers more freedom of opportunity to study and perform good, contemporary music.

The Stuffed Penguin is most often seen in full dress waddling in groups of his peers discussing the repertory and merits of their orchestra, "their" chorus, and "their" band. These wingless amphibians do not swim with schools of common fish and for that reason and other environmental deficiencies are now usually seen in museums and other symphonic halls.

Dog-in-the-Manger identifies the publisher or composer who severely restricts the availability of his tune in written or printed form. Existing copyright laws decree that once a tune is recorded then anyone has the right to record it upon payment of the established royalty to the publisher and author. Not so with written or printed versions of the music. Very few "standard" American tunes can be studied or performed by non-professional musicians because of this restrictive practice.

down beat—and a growing number of independent publishers—favor revision of the copyright law that would give "Arranging and Adaption" rights parity with "Recording Rights"; that is, allow arrangements to be written and sold by anyone who pays the established royalty to the copyright holder. This would make a tremendous amount of good music available to young musicians; it would provide considerable added revenue to the copyright holder not only from the sale of sheet music but from the sale of new recordings that would be made as a result of the music being kept alive. It would also provide much needed career opportunities for new talented arrangers.

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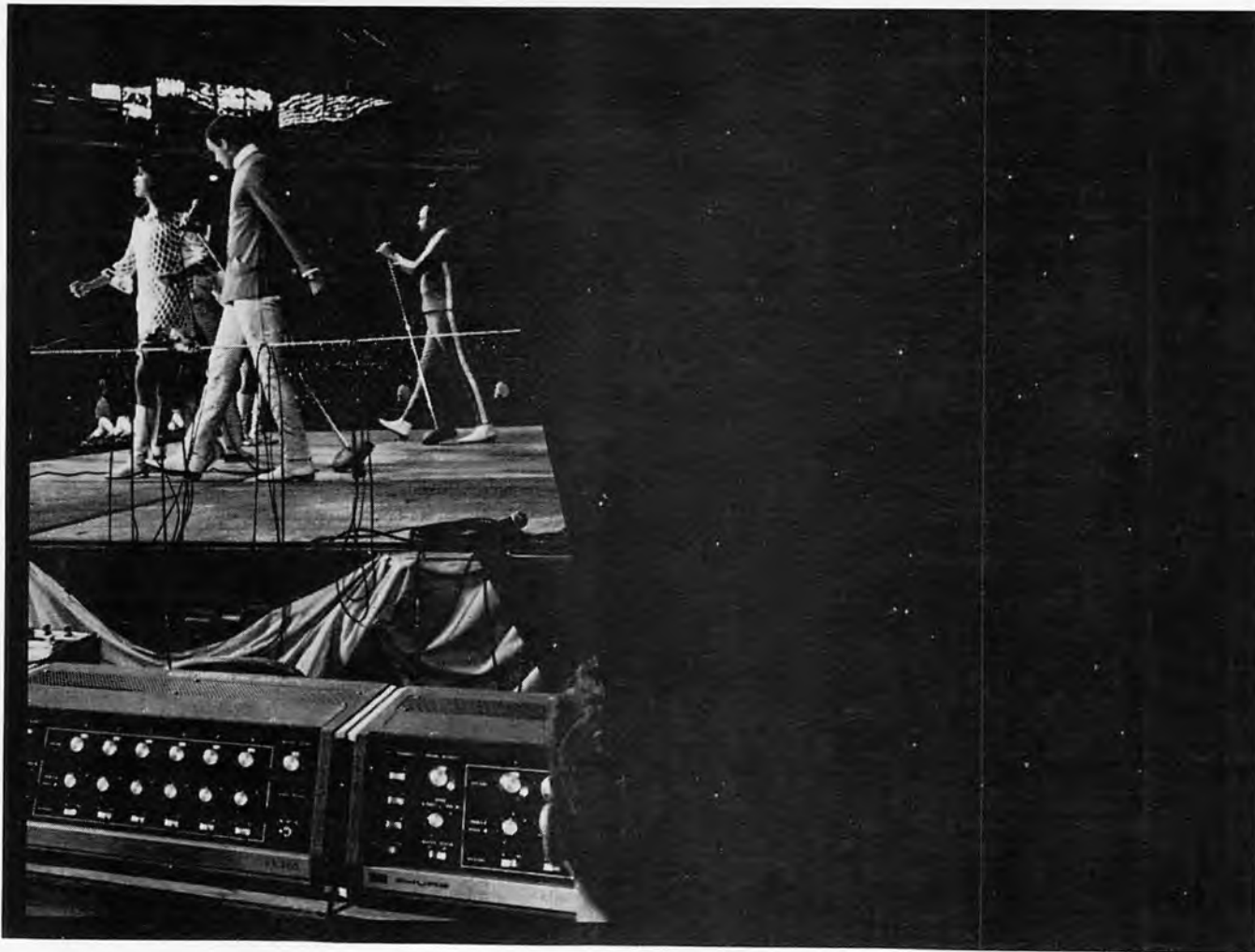
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chords and discords

BS&T 4 Corrections

... By work and good fortune I was able to join Blood, Sweat and Tears as their new trombonist in November, 1970 and subsequently recorded *BS&T 4*, which was reviewed in the Sept. 16 issue.

Some uncertainty as to soloists' identity led the reviewer to guess wrong (excusable because Columbia didn't print solo lists on the first shipment of albums, but will now). I have worked and practiced a lot of years to play as I did on *Redemption* and would like credit for it.

Also, Lew Soloff, lead trumpet in BS&T, played both the flugelhorn and piccolo trumpet solos on *Valentine's Day*, and Fred Lipsius plays the alto solo on *Lisa*.

Thanks for any of these corrections you might print and also for producing the quality magazine that is down beat.

Dave Barger
BS&T

Wishful Thinking

In regard to all the confusion and conflict that seems to arise from the filming of the lives of our Great Black Musicians, i.e. the Billie Holiday Story:

I sincerely hope that the same thing doesn't happen when they decide to film the story of the *greatest*, Louis Armstrong!!! If Freddie Hubbard isn't given the leading role, I'll see that Miles Davis slaps the director.

Lester Bowie
Art Ensemble of Chicago
University City, Mo.

For Lou McGarity

The loss of some fine jazz trombonists has gone by with little recognition. The passing of Brad Gowans and Fred Ohms in the mid-1950s received minimal notice. The untimely death of Moe Schneider a couple of years ago was barely acknowledged. The latest loss, of Lou McGarity, is a tragic blow. I do not want the opportunity to pass without expressing the thanks of his fans for the many years of pleasure he has afforded us.

Lou's unique style was appointed with tasteful exuberance, and always lifted the group with which he played. His sense of harmony and selection of the perfect (but unexpected) notes was a thrill which I shall always cherish. The days with Goodman; the Jumpin' Jacks transcription; the exhilarating moments when Lou sparked the band at Stuyvesant Casino and at Condon's on guest evenings during the early 1950s; the Basin Street date with Bobby Hackett and Hank D'Amico; the 1964 Indianapolis date with Bobby, Peanuts, Condon and Buzzy...

Unlike many, I have the good fortune to have captured many of my memorable moments with Lou McGarity on tape, for which I am most thankful. The jazz world has suffered a severe loss. Thank you, Lou McGarity, for the many hours of kicks you have brought. Your recorded memory shall always hold a pinnacle position in my collection.

Joe Boughton
Meadville, Pa.

KIRK FACING SKYJACK CHARGES IN CLEVELAND

Is it reasonable to assume that a famous and successful jazz musician who also happens to be blind would attempt to hijack an airliner? Apparently, federal authorities at Cleveland's Hopkins International Airport think it is.

On Oct. 10, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who had just completed an engagement at Cleveland's Eastown Hotel, was at the airport to board a United Airlines flight to Los Angeles.

Acting on a telephone tip that Kirk was armed and would attempt to hijack the plane, airline personnel guided Kirk through a metal detector and found on his person a tear gas pistol and an eight-inch knife. He was arrested on charges of carrying a dangerous weapon while attempting to board the flight, detained until Oct. 12 in Summit County Jail, Akron (Monday was Columbus Day and courts were not in session), and then released on \$1,500 bond.

Kirk often carries large sums of cash (he had \$700 on him when arrested) and has long carried the tear gas pistol for protection. The "knife" was actually a ceremonial dagger given to Kirk as a gift while in Cleveland.

The musician's attorney, Leodis Harris, attempted to get a dispensation or reduction of bail, but without success though Kirk, 36, has no police record. Kirk made no statement during the course of events, but Harris told downbeat:

"I understand the airlines' problems since I am a student pilot myself, but this kind of hysteria over the possible criminality of a jazz artist whose blindness would obviously prevent him from even seriously considering the criminal act for which he was arrested . . . is disconcerting to say the least. I found it all hard to swallow, both as a lawyer and an American."

A hearing was scheduled for Nov. 19 in U.S. District Court in Cleveland.

—Chris Colombi

FINAL BAR

Pianist Joe Sullivan, 64, died Oct. 13 of hepatic failure in San Francisco General Hospital. He had been in ill health for some time.

One of the truly great jazz piano stylists of his generation, Dennis Patrick Terence Joseph O'Sullivan was born in Chicago Nov. 5, 1906. He received his earliest musical training from nuns, then studied for several years at Chicago Conservatory of Music, but gave up all thoughts of a classical career after playing a summer dance job in Indiana in 1923.

Sullivan soon became associated with the so-called Austin High Gang (Frank Teschemacher, Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Eddie Condon, Dave Tough et al.) and participated in the famous 1927 McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans record date. He worked with many dance bands and on

radio in Chicago until moving to New York in the late '20s.

There he worked with Red Nichols, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Condon, Red McKenzie and Russ Colombo, then did a solo spot at the Onyx Club on 52nd St. and made his first solo recordings (produced by John Hammond) in 1933. Sullivan then moved to the west coast, where he worked with George Stoll's studio band and became Bing Crosby's regular accompanist, appearing with the singer in several films. He joined Bob Crosby's band in the summer of 1936, but in December of that year was stricken with tuberculosis, and spent the next 10 months at a sanatorium in California. After convalescing, he briefly rejoined first Bing and then Bob Crosby, and in November



1939 opened at New York's Cafe Society with his own sextet—one of the first integrated working bands (four blacks and two whites). For the next few years, he led groups in various New York clubs, but from 1943 worked mainly as a soloist in clubs throughout the U.S.

Sullivan settled in California in the late '40s, and the Hangover in San Francisco was his home base for several years. He also toured briefly with Louis Armstrong in 1952. After a period of relative obscurity, Sullivan made a successful 1963 appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival, and was at Newport the following year. Though he was hospitalized upon arriving, he insisted on playing and performed a brief but moving set.

After that, he played only occasionally, but did compose the music for a documentary film. (In 1955, a TV tribute to Sullivan reunited many members of the old Bob Crosby Band.)

Sullivan was originally inspired by Earl Hines and Jelly Roll Morton, later by Fats Waller. His style was characterized by an extremely solid beat, great melodic inventiveness, and a clear and powerful touch. He was equally gifted as a soloist, band pianist, and accompanist for singers (c.f. his work behind Billie Holiday on *Night and Day*

and *The Man I Love*). He also wrote a number of excellent piano pieces and the ballad *In the Middle of a Kiss*.

From 1927 to 1955, Sullivan was featured on many excellent recordings. Outstanding examples include *Knockin' A Jug* (Louis Armstrong), *China Boy* (Red Nichols), *The Last Time I Saw Chicago* (Three Deuces), and the solos *Little Rock Getaway*, *Gin Mill Blues*, *Just Strollin'*, *My Little Pride and Joy* and *Hangover Blues* (all his own compositions) plus *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Breezin'*, *Black and Blue*, and *Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night*.

Drummer Ben Thigpen, 62, died of cancer Oct. 5 in DePaul Hospital in St. Louis. He was the father of drummer Ed Thigpen, and played for 17 years with Andy Kirk's famous swing band.

Born in Laurel, Miss., Benjamin F. Thigpen began his professional career at 15 with Bobby Boswell's band in South Bend, Ind. After a stint as accompanist to a dance team, he settled in Chicago and studied with Jimmy Bertrand, who also taught Lionel Hampton.

He was with Al Wynn, Doc Cheatham, Charlie Elgar and J. Frank Terry prior to joining Kirk's Twelve Clouds of Joy in 1930. After leaving Kirk in late 1947, Thigpen settled in St. Louis, where he led his own groups and played with Singleton Palmer's band throughout the '60s.

An exceptionally steady and swinging big-band drummer, Thigpen was the anchor man of the Kirk band's rhythm section. His bass drum work was outstanding. Among his best records with the band are *Steppin' Pretty*; *Lotta Sax Appeal*; *Jump, Jack, Jump*, and *Mary's Idea*. Thigpen also was featured on occasional blues and novelty vocals (*Git! All the Jive Is Gone*).

MR. CHOPS BACK IN U.S. WITH ALL-BRITISH BAND

After some suspense created by immigration and union hassles, Maynard Ferguson is back in the U.S. for the first time since 1966, at the helm of a youthful British crew, for a tour extending through January and concentrating mainly on a 400-mile radius from New York.

At the opening event, a Town Hall concert Oct. 15 presented by Jazz Adventures, Ferguson proved as fiery a leader as ever and the chops still deliver those high ones. An enthusiastic audience and the leader's charisma helped whip what at first sounded like a rather raggedy band into excellence, and the evening ended with several standing ovations. (The band's music arrived five minutes before curtain time.)

Personnel is John Donnelly, Martin Drover, Bud Parks, Mike Bailey, trumpets; Dick Wadsworth, Adrian Drover, Billy Graham, trombones; Jeff Dailey, alto; Stan Robinson, Bob Syder, tenors; Bob Watson, baritone; Pete Jackson, piano; Dave Lynane, bass;

Randy Jones, drums. The Willard Alexander agency is booking the tour.

LENNIE'S ROARS AGAIN, RETAINS OLD FEELING

Almost three months to the date after his popular jazz club was gutted by fire, Lennie Sogoloff reopened his Lennies-on-the-Turnpike in a new location not far from the old stomping grounds.

The new Lennie's, located at the Village Green, U.S. Route 1, in Danvers, Mass., has been doing great business since Buddy Rich's band baptized it on Aug. 31. Illinois Jacquet and Milt Buckner, the World's Greatest Jazz Band, Al Kooper's Guns and Butter, and the bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis have been among the incumbents.

The new room is larger, but the old friendly atmosphere has been retained. Even some of the old planking was salvaged and used to construct the new stage, the photo gallery has been reconstructed, and a huge montage of photos by down beat contributor Joseph L. Johnson adorns one of the walls. And those famous roast beef sandwiches are still available.

potpourri

Moonlight Serenade, a bio-discography of the Glenn Miller band by John Flower, will be published in January by Arlington House. It covers the celebrated leader's career and recordings up to his army enlistment in Sept. 1942.

A concert of works by Scott Joplin, on the occasion of the publication of his collected works in two volumes in the New York Public Library's new Americana Collection, was held Oct. 22 in the auditorium of the Library and Museum of Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. Piano works were performed by Mary Lou Williams, Joshua Rifkind and William Bolcom, and excerpts from Joplin's opera *Treemonisha* were sung by soloists and chorus directed by John Motley.

Les Strand and Tomoko Watanabe were declared joint Grand Prize Winners—each receiving \$1,000—in the eighth annual Yamaha Electone Festival held recently at Nemu-no-Sato, Japan. Strand teaches privately in the Washington, D.C. area and Ms. Watanabe is a 16-year-old student from Os-

aka. Second place (\$300) went to Dan Hetu, 20, of Montreal. Thirty-three "finalists" participated in the competition—18 from Japan plus one each from 15 other countries including the United States.

The Trio (John Surman, reeds; Barre Phillips, bass; Stu Martin, drums) celebrated its second birthday Oct. 27 after a busy summer including appearances in Germany, France, Norway, Belgium and Finland and two concerts in East Berlin. Several festival appearances and over 40 concerts are up for the current season, as well as two albums.

Stan Getz was scheduled at presstime to arrive in the U.S., probably with his current European group, for a tour beginning sometime in November. Getz recently recorded a new album in Paris with Michel Legrand.

strictly ad lib

New York: Swinging things are happening at the Half Note. James Moody returned for a week starting Oct. 19, following Zoot Sims. Ruby Braff, who did a happy one-nighter Oct. 17 with Chuck Folds, piano:
Continued on page 38

MY BROTHER'S BAND COOKS: ERNIE WILKINS

Jimmy Wilkins plays trombone and leads his own 17-piece band in Detroit, Mich., and in fact has been leading it for 14 years. Jimmy is my younger brother.

I took off the weekend of July 4th to visit him and his wife, Cynthia, and while there, had a chance to hear Jimmy's band. (To my delight I was also able to sit in. Of course, I had brought my tenor sax.) This event was one of those swinging Saturday night dances with the "brothers" and "sisters," and it was held at a high-class hotel in downtown Detroit. Now, these "brothers" and "sisters" didn't really know what was happening, but they danced themselves soaking wet. What I'm trying to tell you is that Jimmy Wilkins and his band were *cooking!*

This wasn't the first time I had heard the band; I've heard them more than a few times over the years, and the band has always sounded good, and professional. But for a long time they played cast-off Basie charts, including my own, so that everyone would say, "Man, you guys sound just like Count Basie!"

But not any more. Jimmy Wilkins' band has found its own identity.

Let me go back a bit: Jimmy and I joined Basie's band together, through Clark Terry's recommendation, in 1951. Jimmy stayed with the band about a year-and-a-half, when for economic reasons he left to go to Detroit to work as manager for our uncle's bar-be-que joint. (Jimmy and I were making \$10-gigs around St. Louis before joining Count.)

Well, Detroit became Jimmy's home, and in the late '50s he rallied a bunch of the better players and started rehearsing just for the fun of it, and also for the guys to be able to keep their eyes and chops together. (This was the kind of band that is known today as a rehearsal band.)

In the meantime, after several months of rehearsing and scrounging and begging for 10 □ down beat

charts from the likes of Frank Foster, myself, and even Basie, the word started getting around about how good the band was sounding. Finally, the gigs started trickling in—local dances, park concerts, etc. It wasn't too long before the band began playing for most of the more important functions in the area, which have included, over the years, backing stars such as Sammy Davis, Jr., Nancy Wilson, Jack Jones, Lou Rawls, Peggy Lee and Ocie Smith. Recently, Gerald Wilson brought out a



bunch of his charts and did a concert with Jimmy's band. Gerald was gracious enough to leave a couple of his compositions with the band. (Grady Tate recently played with Jimmy and his guys, and raved!)

Now, to do a bit of name-dropping, some of the better known jazz names who have gone through Jimmy's band include Donald Byrd, Joe Henderson, Curtis Fuller, drummer Freddy Waits, and baritonist Tate Houston.

Well, enough about the band's past history.

Let's get back to that swinging Saturday night, July 3, 1971. As I stated before, the band has found its own identity. Even when they play such old Basie standards as Foster's *Shiny Stockings*, and my own *Everyday*, they just don't sound like Count Basie! Perhaps it's because of Terry Pollard's driving and very hip piano (some may remember this wonderful lady as having been a very important part of the Terry Gibbs group in the late '50s) and perhaps because of the band's very personal way of attack and phrasing. Nevertheless, this well-rehearsed bunch of fine musicians do pay the utmost attention to dynamics, to being in tune, to precision playing, and yet, to being loose enough to be excitingly swinging!

The band has a varied book, which is one of the reasons why it's so much in demand. Straight jazz charts, and beautifully written and played ballads, plus some rock-oriented charts (including most of my own from the *Hard Mother Blues* album) and some hip vocal arrangements for singer Sonny Carter. Some of the very best writing for the band has been done by local arranger-composers Wade Marcus and Dave Van De Pite, both of whom have worked extensively for Motown Records.

Outstanding soloists? There's a bunch of 'em. Again, I must mention Terry Pollard (she destroys me), and trumpeter-fluegelhornist Louis Smith, whom I first heard at the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival in 1969. Louis also contributes fine charts to the band and he's now teaching music at the University of Michigan. Another exciting soloist is trumpeter Billy Holiday; also my buddy, tenor saxist "Fathead" Johnson, and trombonist Bill Johnson (you should dig his plunger work!), baritonist Ernie Rodgers, and my brother's J.J. Johnson-like solo work.

The only white musician in the band is drummer Jim Bruzese, who looks like a foot-

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Not many European-born musicians have been admitted to the select inner circle of jazz innovators. One of the few, of course, is Django Reinhardt, the amazing Belgian-born gypsy guitarist.

It is fitting that Django in 1941 inspired a 19-year-old Belgian mathematics student and sometime harmonica player, Jean Baptiste Thielemans, to take up the guitar, on which he became more than proficient. But it is his amazing capacity to coax real music from his earlier instrument that makes Toots Thielemans a likely candidate for admission to that select circle.

Though a few other jazzmen have fancied the harmonica (notably Wilber Kirk, primarily a drummer; Les Thompson, whose main claim to fame is that he was once accompanied at a recorded concert by Wardell Gray and Dexter Gordon,



triple threat toots thielemans

and pioneer multi-instrumentalist Adrian Rollini, whose invention, the goofus, was a free-reed relative of the harmonica) it is in blues music that the little instrument has made a real impact. From Sonny Terry and Hammie Nixon through the two Sonny Boy Williamsons to Junior Wells and Charley Musselwhite, some heavy blues wailing has been laid down on the harmonica. (One must not forget pop virtuoso Larry Adler, but his attempts at jazz—some in company of Django—sound pretty corny today.)

Thielemans, however, is a real jazz player and a true virtuoso of the little hand-held instrument often regarded as a mere toy or novelty. Those fortunate enough to have in their collection a 1957 Riverside LP called *Man Bites Harmonica*, on which Toots performs in the company of Pepper Adams, Kenny Drew, Wilbur Ware and Art Taylor, will know this. And those who heard him play *I*

Can't Get Started and *Willow Weep For Me* at last year's Jazz Party in Vail, Col., won't readily forget what a moving experience that was. (Unfortunately, currently available Thielemans albums are in a commercial vein).

Toots didn't start on harmonica. Born in Brussels in 1922, he was a prodigy on the accordion, performing in his father's cafe at the tender age of 3 and creating such a sensation that he later was commanded to play for King Albert of Belgium. His childhood career, however, was interrupted when he contracted asthma at 7. His health didn't fully return until he was 17, and it was then that he began to "goof around" with the harmonica. Around this time, he also began to listen seriously to jazz. By 1933, he was playing American-style music in the GI clubs that sprang up in liberated territory.

He visited the U.S. briefly in 1947. Sitting in on 52nd Street, he was heard by agent Billy Shaw, who remembered him three years later when Benny Goodman was set to tour Europe with an all-star group (Roy Eldridge, Zoot Sims, Dick Hyman, British bass player Charley Short, and Ed Shaughnessy). Toots was added on guitar and occasional harmonica and when Zoot recorded in Sweden during the tour, he used him on the latter instrument in *All The Things You Are*, recently reissued on Prestige 7817. His solo stands up well.

Sweden, in fact, has played no small role in Thielemans' career. It was there that he first met and played with Charlie Parker, many of whose records he says he wore out in Belgium, and "realized the meaning of the notes and the feeling behind them."

And it was in Sweden that Toots

recorded in 1963, his big hit, *Bluesette*. This charming original melody, on which he accompanied his guitar with very accomplished unison whistling, received a Grammy award nomination in 1964 and was recorded by such varied performers as Sarah Vaughan, Steve Lawrence, Pete Fountain, Andre Kostelanetz, and Jimmy Smith, among others. It has become a jazz standard.

But that gets us a bit ahead of the Thielemans chronology. In 1951 he emigrated to the U.S., and from 1953 through the fall of 1959 was a key member of the quintet led by another celebrated jazz emigre, George Shearing. Of the many records he made with the group, *Body and Soul* and *Willow Weep For Me* may be singled out. During this period he also waxed a fine, long unavailable jazz album for Decca.

Since then, Toots has led his own groups, worked with Peggy Lee, and made frequent visits to Europe. But he makes his living chiefly in the New York recording and TV studios.

Occasionally he surfaces for some jazz kicks. He made notable contributions, for instance, to three recent Quincy Jones albums: *Walkin' In Space*, *Gula Matari*, and the just released *Smackwater Jack*. On all of these, his triple talents as guitarist, harmonica player, and whistler add something very special, but considering the growing popularity of the harmonica among young people (please don't call it a "harp"—that happens to be a large stringed instrument mainly played by ladies), it's a pity he isn't heard more often in contexts that give him a chance to show off his jazz chops and prove his stated belief that "good jazz should impress you physically, not only intellectually." — Dan Morgenstern

CHUCK MANGIONE: In Love With Music

by Jim Szantor

With his talent, flexibility and dedication, Chuck Mangione could easily succeed at any place of employment. Except, perhaps, at the U.S. Bureau of Labels and Classifications.

How he got from Point A (a young bebop trumpeter influenced by Dizzy Gillespie), Point B (student at the Eastman School of Music), Point C (co-leading the Jazz Brothers 1960-64), points beyond (two years with Art Blakey, scoring for a rock group, a faculty position at Eastman) to Concerts A, B and C (*Kaleidoscope*, *Friends and Love*, *Together*) is a story interesting not only from a musical/biographical sense. Because it reveals not just a young man on the rise as an artist but a person becoming more a person/a music becoming more personal/and colleagues and friends being considered people first, "sidemen" second, with the music embracing all.

Thus *Friends and Love* is not only the title of his multi-idiom, mixed-media nationally-televised (NET) concert and subsequent Mercury album (recorded with a lot of help from those friends and the Rochester Symphony) but it is also a very fair (but only basic) measure of the man.

Though I had long admired Chuck in his formative years and still marvel at his 1962 *Jazzland* LP we didn't meet until recently when his visit to Chicago provided the opportunity. We met and discussed his new ecumenical approach. Here's what went down, starting with what seems like a put-on.

J.S.: . . . the Sea Shore musical aptitude test? Come on, man . . .

C.M.: No, it's true. I had taken that test in grade school after I had studied piano for two years. I scored high on the test and they told me to ask my parents about selecting a band instrument. Then I saw a movie that night—*Young Man With a Horn* starring Kirk Douglas and Harry James playing the trumpet parts—so obviously I had to play trumpet.

After about six months my brother Gap would sit down at the piano and we'd play . . . just play anything . . . some blues or something. So I was into improvising very early.

Later we had a duo together, Gap on accordion, myself on trumpet. We played weddings and won all kinds of amateur contests. At that time jazz was a very popular music. You'd hear Basie's *April In Paris*, Chet Baker, Stan Kenton on the radio and jukeboxes. Like at the hot dog stand across from the high school, that's what people were playing.

There was a club in town called the Ridgecrest Inn that used to bring in all sorts of people—I caught Clifford Brown, Max Roach, Horace Silver, Dizzy, Art Blakey, Kai Winding, etc. My father wasn't a musician but he was into this thing where if we were interested in

medicine he would have taken us to any hospital to check things out, or if we were interested in baseball he would have taken us to see the Yankees. He'd just take us to hear anyone we wanted to hear. So we'd go meet these cats and sit in.

We'd be playing every Sunday afternoon with Dizzy—in fact that's where I got to know Dizzy and he gave me the upswept horn—and there were sessions at our house practically every night of the week. On a typical night we'd have Jimmy Cobb, Sam Jones, Junior Mance, Ron Carter, Ronnie Zito, and lots of other people. This kind of thing—which was while I was at the Preparatory Department at Eastman—happened at my house all the time.

Then when I got to my senior year in high school, Gap and I formed the Jazz Brothers with Sal Nistico and Roy McCurdy. Jimmy Garrison and Steve Davis worked with us for a while and we did those three albums for Riverside. And then the group just sort of dissolved.



J.S.: Then we lost track of you for a little while.

C.M.: Yes, because I graduated from Eastman and taught for a while in Rochester. But after a while I got the feeling that I had to go someplace and see if my own personal musical contribution was valid. After being around guys like the Roy McCurdys, the Jimmy Garrisons, the Sal Nisticos, you wonder if people are accepting you for you or just because you're associated with people that heavy.

It was a stupid ego thing but I had to find out if I could survive on my own, so I moved to New York and the people I had sat in with in Rochester turned out to be very important people. The first guy I bumped into was Kai Winding and he remembered me and gave me a gig. Then I met Mike Abene who told me Maynard Ferguson was forming the sextet. Maynard was going through a thing where he wanted to be a small group player so I was doing a few charts for that and on weekends now and then he would reassemble the 13-piece band to cover some commitments and I went out

with that a few times.

I came back to Rochester for a weekend during this time and promptly got a call from Art Blakey in New York. So I went with Art for two years and recorded two albums with him. At that time we had Frank Mitchell on tenor and Reggie Johnson on bass. John Hicks had just left so Keith Jarrett was on piano. Then Mike Nock was on for a while and then Chick Corea came on the band. What a school that was! I went to school with piano players. But then after two years I couldn't handle it anymore . . . work two weeks, off a week, work a weekend, be off the week . . .

Mangione then returned to Rochester to write for a rock group in Cleveland, *The Outsiders*, that Capitol Records had just signed. He hadn't done anything in that vein and it looked like a secure thing—something like three record dates a year, good bread, and the freedom to do whatever else he had to do. But like a lot of rock groups, it got very weird and they collapsed as soon as they got big. So that didn't happen for too long of a time.

He then got back into teaching at a unique school (the Hochstein School of Music) where students pay according to their income. So if an inner-city kid could only pay 50c for a lesson, that's what he paid. They asked Chuck to set up a jazz program there and he proceeded to set up an all-city, all-county high school jazz ensemble and improvisation classes. He says it was wild to see what really young people can get into—how imaginative they can be and how easy it is to get them to play something. This experience went on for a couple of years and laid the groundwork for his position on the Eastman faculty.

While he was at Eastman, there was nothing happening at the school jazz-wise, and Mangione got his degree (B.S.) in Music Education. The trumpet feature on the "Friends and Love" album, "The Feel of a Vision", featuring Marv Stamm, was originally written by Chuck as a graduation recital piece for another player in 1965. This cat wanted to play something that was jazz-oriented but was still entirely notated, as the school required. So Chuck improvised some things, committed them to paper and made a legitimate piece out of it. The recitalist? BS&T's Lew Soloff.

C.M.: When I got on the faculty at Eastman the first thing I tried to do was loosen things up from where they were. They had started a big band and were kind of into a formal situation where they had the band playing half a concert with the Eastman Wind Ensemble and the Jazz Ensemble was in tails. The music was rigid and they were playing some pretty dated things. *In the Mood* was in the library. After I took over the band, I started to loosen things up. I got the band to dress

casually and at concerts, instead of a written program, I'd announce tunes like at a club—a much more intimate relationship with the audience.

Mangione really helped to turn things around. At first, the school forbade the Jazz Ensemble a full concert of their own and they were not allowed to perform in the Eastman Theater. Only after the band got going and overflowed the smaller Kilbourn Hall (700 cap.) and were regarded as a "fire hazard" were they allowed to play in the prestigious Eastman Theater, where they promptly started drawing 3500 people to concerts.

Mangione augmented the Ensemble with four French horns, three flutes, a tuba and added electricity to the rhythm section and even male and female vocalists. The jazz program continued to grow. Mangione now teaches improvisation and directs two bands and a third one is not far behind. Raeburn Wright is now the full-time head of the Department of Jazz Studies and Contemporary Media. He teaches the film writing course, advanced arranging, and has the studio orchestra (the Jazz Ensemble plus strings.)

Mangione is now a full-time faculty member himself with the title of Instructor. He has the flexibility to do what he's doing there and he also has the flexibility to leave. As a result of "Friends of Love", he's taking his quartet on a college tour and Mercury wants to record it as soon as possible.

C.M.: In taking the quartet out, I have the nucleus of my concert thing. I can take the soloists and a key player or two to a symphony orchestra and do my two concerts, either *Friends* or *Together* (which is due out shortly on Mercury as another double album). We did *Friends* with the Buffalo Symphony, the orchestra in Dallas definitely wants to do it and we would have done it with the Denver Symphony at Red Rock, Col. except they had a riot at a Jethro Tull thing and canceled everything and anything in any way related. I'm definitely going to take the concert to San Francisco and do it there. It's beautiful, because the concerts really are portable.

J.S.: In watching the *Friends* concert on TV, I found that you were quite at home in front of the Rochester Symphony. Did you have much experience beforehand in formal conducting?

C.M.: The only thing I had was the basic conducting course I had taken in Music Education, which is nothing really heavy. I think more important than knowing how to wave your arms is knowing your music thoroughly. Whatever you're working with. You don't have to be the slickest conductor in the world but you have to know how to ask for what you want. In fact, a lot of conducting is unnecessary. Like Woody Herman doesn't have to conduct, but there are times when he's important to cue or cut something off.

The same is true with 70 musicians. When the thing is fairly straight ahead and the tempo is fairly set, a lot of conducting becomes mechanical or just something to do. You're right when you say you can conduct with your eyes . . . I do that and I find myself grooving and dancing on the podium. If it's on you can really have a lot of fun. And I'm lucky that I'm conducting music that I've written and orchestrated so I know it backwards and forwards.

Leonard Feather probably said it best: "Mangione's undertaking ("Friends and Love") was something else. He was not out to convert the symphony into a medium for cheap exploitation. Instead, he drew on a number of moods, forms, and idioms to provide a complete concert experience."

J.S.: How did you go from playing bebop to composing, conducting and playing on something as wide open and unprecedented as *Friends and Love*?

C.M.: I didn't actually take my first formal training in writing until I had grad-



uated from Eastman and studied with Raeburn Wright. For my evaluation piece I wrote something for strings, *She's Gone*, from the concert—written as a sax solo. It's virtually the same arrangement that's there now. So that was my introduction into writing orchestral things. I got the desire to write for strings and larger situations but I still want to keep my jazz roots. There always has to be the jazz element in it.

J.S.: The eclectic makeup of the concert really surprised me. You had the folk singers (Don Porter and Bat McGrath), your jazz soloists (Marv Stamm, Gerry Niewood, Gap), a classical guitarist (Stanley Watson) plus the symphony orchestra . . .

C.M.: When someone asks you to do something as important as music is to me, like a concert that's going to take a whole lot of work, I turn to my friends—people who feel about music like I do. Don and Bat had a coffee house where I used to hang out and I would play with them and try to get into their music and they would try to get into mine. Earlier, Bat wrote lyrics to *She's Gone* and Don

sang it at my *Kaleidoscope* concert. So we were always trying to make music together. And I met Stanley Watson at the Hochstein School and was amazed at his music and we did a couple of things there together, just flugelhorn and guitar. And of course there was Gap and Gerry, from my quartet.

As for the concert, my concept was to make music with people who love music and were my friends. I figured that if everybody did what they did well, it had to work. The music was honest and everybody was going straight ahead without thinking about labels. We're trying to forget those. Labels lead to pre-conceived ideas.

Anyway, it took about six months to put the *Friends* concert together with the last piece of music being copied an hour before the first performance, and all those panics. Then we got to the rehearsal and everything went wrong. Tony Levin arrived at the first rehearsal with poison ivy on his hands. Then Gap's new electric piano arrived and wouldn't work. Then Don and Bat got lost on their way into Rochester. In all we had only three rehearsals—about eight hours—to learn the whole concert.

During the rehearsals not once did we play any one piece of music on the album from beginning to end. We'd rehearse this section, go over that panic . . . The concert was videotaped and no album was intended at all. We had a four-track unit running for an audio backup for TV in case anything went wrong with their audio. What you hear on the *Friends* album was exactly what happened that night. Just one night. We didn't have a series of performances taped to choose the best tracks from like other bands do. One time only. But if we had done it in a studio we couldn't have improved upon the performance, just the sound.

I still don't know how it happened but it all came together and when I listened to the tapes after the concert I decided that it would be nice to have a record of it. After we got a few clearances and paid the orchestra, we put it out on Gap's label (GRC) in Rochester. Just the way it looks now—music, artwork, everything. It did well in upstate New York and Mercury heard about it, signed me to a four-year contract, took the album and shipped it out.

J.S.: It seems to have done fantastically well . . .

G.M.: Well, a Mercury executive and I were talking about it and if the record hadn't sold we surely would have known why. First, it's an instrumental record and that isn't much of a commercial item. Who's made it instrumentally? Herb Alpert was the last thing and what happened before that? Second, it's a double album—wrong again; too high priced. Third, I'm a new artist that nobody knows about.

Continued on page 29

Monterey MONTAGE

by Harvey Siders

Taking an overall view, Monterey was a *fait accompli*. It happened, in contrast to Newport. 160,000 ticketholders came and went, and they were as docile as the Women's Christian Temperance Union getting together with the Audobon Society.

The booths surrounding the arena lent a colorful variety of sights, sounds and smells. When Jimmy Lyons says Festival he makes sure it's festive. They also reinforced the principle of co-existence, what with the Arab booth just a matzo ball's throw away from a booth operated by a local Jewish temple.

The entire south rim of the fairgrounds resembled a Baghdad bazaar, with hip hawkers trying to unload their trinkets — from glass blown reproductions of Monk and Diz and Zoot, to "Free Angela" posters.

The greatest contrast of all could be found on the festival stage itself, despite an average age of just under 51 for the scheduled headliners. Perhaps that's why the veterans are so durable: each one possesses a set of musical fingerprints that immediately sets him apart and cannot be duplicated.

Those distinctive styles turned the '71 edition of Monterey into a memorable montage of swinging sounds. Here's how it happened in Monterey (say, that would make a groovy song title)...

Friday Night

How's this for a front line: Roy Eldridge, Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry? Who would you have backing them? Jimmy Lyons came up with a rhythm section of John Lewis, Mundell Lowe, Ray Brown, and Louis Bellson. It was a beautiful, relaxing, nostalgic, humor-filled opening.

Each solo feature was a ballad. Clark chose *Misty*; Roy took *Willow Weep For Me*; Dizzy reminded us *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You*.

Next on the agenda, the Dave Brubeck Quartet, with Gerry Mulligan, Jack Six, and Alan Dawson. Nothing has changed Brubeck's approach. He still flirts with odd meters, still inserts his sledge-hammer stride, and yet, with his heavy-handedness and cluttered block chords, he swings. In Dawson, he has one of the most inspiring drummers on the scene.

Mulligan, suffering from a pinched nerve, sat transfixed at his baritone for the whole set, and despite his occasional forays into the upper register, proved that the intrinsically muddy timbre of the baritone underscores but does not complement Brubeck's chordal prodding.

Perhaps "intensity" could go a long way to explain the McRae mystique. Carmen knows how to mesmerize an audience. And to her everlasting credit she does it by strictly musical/lyrical/dramatic means. No gimmicks, no antics.

Real classy was the backing of Nat Pierce, Joe Pass, Ray Brown, and Louie Bellson.

For this pair of ears, Carmen reached her high point with the internal, triple rhymes of the Bergman lyrics on *What Are You Doing The Rest of Your Life?* The set could easily

have ended there, but for some unknown reason a 25-voice contingent, "The McMinnville Oregon Twilighters" were thrust on stage to lend support to Miss McRae. She needs them like Ella needs the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. She made the best of the programming quirk, but it took another unplanned addition — Dizzy Gillespie — to rescue the set with *Goodbye Joe*.

Bellson's 17-piece band rounded out opening night, and for the first time in my memory the concerted sound of the band took a back seat to the outstanding individual soloists. I purposely moved to various parts of the arena and never could hear the reeds under ideal conditions. So let's concentrate on individual efforts. Accolades to Joe Romano for his alto work on Leonard Feather's *I Remember Bird*; to Ray Brown for his showcase solo: *Basso Bravo*; to Ray Pizzi for his tenor sax



Clark Terry and Sarah Vaughan

work on Billy Byers' hard-driving chart, *Tetanus Sets In*; Joe Pass, for *Something For Pass*; to Chuck Findley for a very inventive solo with strong, clear tone, and fine technique on *Flower Sun*; and above all, to Louis and both his feet for an explosive *Carnaby Street*.

Saturday Afternoon

All Saturday afternoons are the same in Monterey: clear skies and cloudy lyrics; a panegyric to the indestructibility of 1-4-5. This one had a theme, even a historian, but the sun-drenched crowd was in no mood for either. They just wanted to listen — some wanted to dance. They managed both, while supposedly "revisiting Kansas City" with Ross Russell as tour guide.

Big Joe Turner started it off. His stomach doesn't allow him to get too close to the mike, but it hardly matters — Big Joe projects. For

the record, he sang *Every Day*, but then, of what significance are titles?

Turner received great support from Jesse Price's Blues Band — particularly from Jimmy Forrest on tenor and Billy Hadnott on bass. Forrest's best moments were heard on *Night Train*. He has a gutsy, down-home sound, one that deserves a wider audience.

The next set was the highlight of the afternoon, and to many, the high point of the whole festival: the brilliant Mary Lou Williams. She has never been in better form. On a solo trip she gave a lesson in the history of the jazz piano, using time-lapse aural photography as she segued from spirituals to ragtime to boogie-woogie to Kansas City swing. Then, backed by Hadnott and Bellson, Miss Williams put on an awe-inspiring demonstration of straight-ahead combo jazz, mixing the muscularity of Peterson with the treble twinkling of early Ahmad Jamal, and adding some of the humor of Garner. The hardest swingers were *Caravan* and *St. Louis Blues*, and when she was through she had earned the first standing ovation of the weekend.

To set the record straight, Roger Glenn was thrown into the middle of her set. The young flutist is the son of Tyree Glenn, and although he seems to know what he is doing, it was an ill-timed intrusion on one of the most emotionally gratifying sets for Monterey '71.

The Kansas City clinic picked up more historical steam as Jay McShann followed. We'll never know what Russell said about Jay's early years: being erudite and soft-spoken is a fatal combination for a Monterey matinee. But Jay spoke for himself — rather, sang and played for himself: plenty of authoritative boogie-woogie and honky-tonk; and plenty of tongue-in-cheek vocalisms on *Confessin' The Blues*.

The only trouble was by the time Jay entered the picture, the audience was ready for something else. They wanted to be participants, not spectators. So the annual boogaloo began. Everyone stood on chairs to watch, photograph or encourage the erotic tribal ritual.

From this point on, the musicians were accompanists, and in the process lots of great amplified jazz fiddling was missed. One of the surprises of the festival, veteran Claude Williams, revealed the long, flowing melodic lines, big fat sound, bent tones and humorous double-stops of his long-time idol, Joe Venuti.

12th Street Rag was an exercise in put-on, but it contained little in the way of swing. It amounted to a waste of Williams' prodigious talents. Later, when Forrest and Terry joined McShann's men, they tried *Moten Swing* with Williams a third above the horns' unison. The voicing was dismal, but the solos were outstanding. The instrumental portion ended with a fiercely swinging, way up *After You've Gone*.

Jimmy Witherspoon emerged, and with his booming blues-belted baritone, took charge immediately. But unfortunately he sang only one number. Al Hibbler was then led on stage for his hesitation tango, "uh-Uh" vocalizing, and sang *Until The Real Thing Comes Along*. He should have followed Spoon's austerity and quit after one number, but instead launched into *Do Nothin' Til You Hear From Me*.

With Spoon and Hibbler still on stage, Turner returned and the three closed out the afternoon with a vocal front line that exchanged blues clichés with as much confusion



Louis Bellson and Joe Pass

VERY OAKLAND

as genuine humor. This embarrassment-of-riches technique has always been one of Jimmy Lyons' programmatic failings and it became painfully clear as the sun sank red-faced behind the stage. Too much of a good thing . . .

Saturday Night

The evening began with what might have been called "New Delhi Revisited." John Handy, on alto sax, was paired with Ali Akbar Khan on sarod. They were backed by Zakir Hussain, tabla; Alvina Quintana and Susan Rosenblum, tambouras. Their set consisted of one raga, lasting nearly three-quarters of an hour, but containing all the colors, varieties, textures and rhythmic shadings of a normal set of individual tunes. Handy's alto and Khan's sarod were remarkably empathetic.

Bringing us back to the familiar culture de funk, McShann and his group (Herman Bell, tenor sax; Hadnott, bass; Paul Gunther, drums) and Witherspoon served up some blues left over from the afternoon.

The combo cooked and Spoon was in fine voice. He had the virility and clarity and persuasiveness of Joe Williams. It sounded as though it was going to be an unforgettable set when Spoon called up Eric Burdon, the young rock star with whom he has been collaborating, touring and recording lately.

They exchanged choruses in a slow, dirty blues, kept breaking each other up, and ended together like a pair of fraternity brothers climaxing a night of chugalugging. Try as he may to sound black, Eric is still the white man's Burdon.

Clearing the air with some honest, hard-swinging musicianship was the Erroll Garner Quartet. It's beyond me how anyone can take this grunting leprechaun for granted. Perhaps it's because they're so used to hearing the Garner formula of rubato, exploratory introductions, followed by that reassuring chomp chomp of his left hand. Maybe the formula is the same, but Garner never plays the same changes twice, nor does he ever approach a tune the way most groups do. For example, *That Girl* was played at an ex-

remely slow tempo; *Girl Talk* went way up, over a slight jazz samba foundation; *It Could Happen To You* had a Latin accent; and the Beatles' *Something* sizzled comfortably. *The Shadow Of Your Smile* was filled with tricky reharmonizations; and at the right psychological moment he went into *Misty*. All it took was those two familiar pick-up notes, and by the time he landed on the third note, the crowd roared its approval. It was a masterful set.

More contrast, as band followed combo. Exactly what band is hard to say. Thad Jones and Mel Lewis shared the hyphen, but only two of the three scheduled New York sidemen made the trip: pianist Roland Hanna and trumpeter Marvin Stamm. Bassist Richard Davis had injured some ribs falling off a horse, but Jones and Lewis were fortunate in securing the services of Ray Brown. They were also fortunate in having the likes of ex-sidemen Jerome Richardson and Bob Brookmeyer and Bellson sidemen Ray Pizzi and Allan Beutler. That meant the Jones-Lewis book was in good hands — and good lips.

With Jones coaxing sectional dynamics out front and Lewis goosing from behind, the band offered sheer excitement: a driving, brassy sound with propulsive rhythm from Lewis and Brown. Highlights were numerous: Allan Beutler's baritone solo on *US*; Hanna's independent lines on the same chart; the Brookmeyer arrangement and solo on *Willow Weep For Me*, with Jones' resonant flugelhorn solo, and that great first chorus with just Brown and Brookmeyer carrying on an intimate musical dialogue; Hanna's thoughtful pianistics on *A Child Is Born*; the consistently inventive tenor sax work of Pizzi; the way up flurries by Lewis on *Fingers*.

And then there was DeeDee Bridgewater, a very fine prospect, with not only the poise and confidence of a veteran, but also the lung power to cut through the massed brass of the band. She can get soulful, as she did on *By The Time I Get To Phoenix*, and she knows how to control her surprisingly strong falsetto, but ballads aren't her bag. She excels at the uptempo shouters where she is not just a singer with accompaniment, but an additional voice in and above the band.

A tribute to Louis Armstrong closed out the evening, with trumpeters Jones, Gillespie, Terry, Eldridge, Findley and 16-year old Walt Fowler (to be heard the following day in an all-star high school band) plus Al Hibbler, Mundell Lowe and John Lewis participating.

Sunday Afternoon

When the curtains parted, there were 24 well-scrubbed faces known collectively as the Ygnacio Valley High School Jazz Band. They had earned their Monterey appearance by winning the First California High School Jazz Band Competition.

Under Bill Burke's direction, they tackled a number of difficult charts by Don Rader, Bill Holman, Willie Maiden and Don Ellis, and they earned more than A for Effort. They succeeded in running down the arrangements with intelligence and cohesiveness. There were times when their rhythm was on the sluggish side, and section members failed to police themselves in terms of balance. But such criticism betrays just one thing: a lack of experience. Besides, whatever collective musical sophistication they lacked was compensated for by outstanding solo work. In particular: Marc Langelier on trumpet and Bb tuba; Mary Fettig, alto and flute; Tom Charlesworth, piano.

Clark Terry fronted the ensemble for a couple of numbers, *Come Sunday* and *Terry's Delight*, then the band went out in style, simulating the three-percussion format of the old Don Ellis band on the 7/8 swinger *Pussy Wiggle Stomp*. They won themselves a standing ovation.

Admittedly, the band was a tough act to follow, but nothing could help the Twilighters, from McMinnville High School in (where else?) McMinnville, Oregon. Not that they're a bad choir; on the contrary, the 20-voices boast an enviable blend, but director Doug Anderson picked the wrong material and the wrong (rock-oriented) rhythm section.

John Handy returned, as he added sitar and violin obbligato to the choristers. Handy sang a long, autobiographical poem he had set to music, *Old Enough To Remember, Young Enough To Dream*. It was pretty, but it tended to ramble: the wrong kind of premiere for a hot afternoon.

The right kind of combo followed — an amalgam of veteran all stars and future all stars: Raymond Lee Cheng, violin; Walt Fowler, trumpet; Mary Fettig, alto sax; Albert Wing, tenor sax; Stu Goldberg, piano; backed by Lowe, Ray Brown and Bellson. What this set proved was that none of the amateurs was a fluke. They held their own and contributed mightily to *Now Is The Time* and "*A*" *Train*.

Apparently Wing is the one to keep your ears on. His tenor solos were intelligent and overflowing with ideas. Wing and Fowler were best able to cope with the up tempo of "*A*" *Train*. Poor Miss Fettig took the wrong train: Cheng got off too soon, but pianist Goldberg quickly filled out the release as if it were planned. One word in behalf of Mary Fettig. At 18, she has a hard-edged, funky sound reminiscent of Vi Redd. She proved to be a tremendous crowd-pleaser — not because of her sex, but because of her sax!

Another young band followed, the Californian All-Star High School Jazz Band — celled

Continued on page 30

SCOTT JOPLIN:

Genius

Rediscovered

by Martin Williams

Ragtime. The uninformed are apt to think of it as a kind of pounded, ricky-tick, barroom piano. Something introduced as a novelty for the old folks on the Lawrence Welk Show, perhaps.

The somewhat better informed are apt to know of it as a national craze which swept across the country in the late 1890s and was beginning to subside by about 1910.

Actually, ragtime was an important event in American culture, its best composers were serious popular artists (there is no contradiction there), and properly performed it is still a wonderful music.

Those composers included Tom Turpin, James Scott, Joseph Lamb, (who was white), Artie Matthews, and, above all, Scott Joplin. Ragtime was something "in the air" in the 1890s, particularly in the Middlewest. But it was Joplin who gave the music focus and leadership.

Scott Joplin had been born in 1868 in Texarkana, in the northeast corner of Texas into a family with five children where a natural interest in music ran high. Almost everyone in it, it seems, played an instrument or sang. But young Scott himself showed a particular interest in the piano in a neighbor's house, and his father was able to scrape together enough to buy him one. The son, a quiet introspective boy, then proceeded to teach himself to play it.

By the time Joplin was 11, word of his abilities had reached the whites of Texarkana and a local teacher—a man in the "old German music instructor" tradition—undertook to give him free lessons.

When he was barely into his teens, Joplin left home to seek his fortune as a musician. He wandered over Texas, Louisiana, and the Mississippi Valley. He worked wherever he could, in restaurants, honky tonks, pool halls, mining camps, bordellos. He saw a lot of life, particularly its seamy side, and he heard and played a lot of music.

By the time he was 17, Joplin had landed in St. Louis, then a sprawling, wide-open levee town where there was lots of work and lots of money and therefore lots of night life.

Joplin stayed there from 1885 to 1893. Next, he went to Chicago, joining the other musicians and entertainers who converged on that city for its "world's fair," the Columbian Exposition. 1894 saw him in Sedalia, Mo., where he played cornet in a concert band that performed just about everything—marches, opera overtures, and popular ditties of the day.

During 1895 and 1896, Joplin toured with a vocal Medley Quartette under his own leadership, and also had published his first pieces, a pair of sentimental waltzes (one of them 120 bars long!), and a trio of descriptive piano pieces.

There were plenty of rags around by then. And a piece by the white bandleader W.H. Krell, *Mississippi Rag*, was published in 1897. The first authentic Negro rag, Tom Turpin's robust *Harlem Rag*, followed that

same year. But so far, nothing in ragtime from Joplin.

He returned to Sedalia, where in addition to performing, he undertook further music study at George Smith College, an institution for blacks sponsored by the Methodist Church. Joplin's motive, it seems fairly clear, was to gain more theory in order to be able to write better what he was hearing in his inner ear. But at the same time that the outwardly shy and quiet Joplin continued to be accepted in certain "respectable" circles, like George Smith College, he found celebrity in the other world where ragtime was thriving.

His friend Arthur Marshall said, "Rags were played in Sedalia before Scott Joplin settled there, but he got to making them really go." The best local club was called the Maple Leaf, and Joplin's best early rag was named for it, *Maple Leaf Rag*. In 1899, he took the piece to a local publisher and then to a St. Louis house. Both turned it down, but the latter accepted another very good Joplin piece, *Original Rags*. Joplin next took his *Maple Leaf* to John Stark, a Sedalia music dealer and sometime publisher, then almost 60 years old. Stark took *Maple Leaf* and brought it out to instant, resounding success.



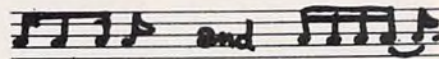
It sold hundreds of thousands of copies, a phenomenal number in those days. It also established a relationship based on mutual respect between Joplin and Stark.

I have implied above that ragtime as a style was something that almost had to happen when it did. Nowadays, a casual listener is apt to hear little or no difference between ragtime and the cakewalk music that preceded it, or the early jazz that followed it. But there seemed great differences at the time, and anyone who ignores them today (this applies to performers as well as listeners) will miss some of the most important qualities of all three styles.

Cakewalk music is probably the earliest Afro-American style of which we have any record. To put things simply, the cakewalk was danced on alternate high kicks and played in heavy two-four accents, thus, ONE two THREE four.

Ragtime took that heavily accented two-four as a pianist's bass line and added further syncopations in its treble melody. Rewriting the above in rag-style, we'd get something like ONE and a TWO and a THREE and FOUR. (I'm simplifying quite a bit to make my point, so I certainly hope it's getting made!)

To be a bit technical for a moment (and don't you nonmusical readers get frightened by this), the two most typical patterns that characterize rags are these:



Otherwise, one might call ragtime a kind of Afro-American version of the polka or its analog, the Sousa-style march. That is, classic rags are composed in several themes (with Joplin, usually four), put together with interesting and effective tonal, melodic, and rhythmic relationships.

Thus Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag* goes ABACD, and the D section makes a rousingly effective percussive return to the home-key of the opening section. Other interesting echoes and contrasts show up throughout the pieces.

Taking his first success, *Maple Leaf Rag*, as a model, Joplin might have turned out rag after rag on the same general pattern. Indeed, that is just what many another rag man did, and sometimes quite capably so. But Joplin continued to develop and grow, alternating more or less conventional rags with more daring ones, and even undertaking ragtime waltzes (*Pleasant Moments* is lovely), ragtime tangos (*Solace*), an extended dance score, a book of theory and instruction, and two ragtime operas (*A Guest of Honor* and *Treemonisha*)—which makes him the first black man to have written an opera, by the way.

In *Magnetic Rag* (1914), for example, Joplin laid out his themes ABCDA, with the opening and closing A themes, and the pivotal C theme standing on the tonic, the B on relative minor, the D on parallel minor. Thus, he gained a rondo-like feel (or perhaps a quasi-sonata?) without the mechanics of the rondo-form.

Indeed, the *Magnetic Rag*, aside from its obvious delights, is quite a piece. Its C theme breaks out of the conventional eight-bar frame of most rag melodies, thus anticipating Jelly Roll Morton's *Black Bottom Stomp* and Duke Ellington's *Creole Rhapsody* by many years. Its D theme also breaks away from the regular, repetitive *oompa* of the ragtime bass line.

That latter is an idea that Joplin often played around with. One might expect so from a composer of his quality, for it was one of the most pressing and obvious problems in the idiom, just as the problem of a suspended or implied pulse has been for jazz. In various ways, Joplin broke off the *oompa* in the third section of *The Cascades* (1904), in *Rose Leaf Bag* (1907), and triumphantly in *Euphonic Sounds* (1909), in a marvelous contrapuntal second theme which also goes through some chord changes that still sound pretty hair-raising.

When *Maple Leaf Rag* succeeded so markedly, John Stark had moved to St. Louis and devoted himself to publishing. He and his daughter Nellie, a concert pianist of some repute, continued to hold Joplin in particular esteem, by all indications, and he them. Joplin had followed them to St. Louis with a new bride, moved into a large house and was devoting himself exclusively to teaching and composing.

Meanwhile however, in the marketplace, ragtime gradually became increasingly debased. Players, performed rags faster and faster, trickier and trickier, flashier and flashier.

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JAZZ PARTY SCRAPBOOK



Now arriving on ramp B (l to r): Bob Haggart (in doorway), Teddy Wilson, Clark Terry and Flip Phillips



Benny Carter chats with James Moody. Background: George Wein

by Dan Morgenstern

Though this was only my second of nine annual Jazz Parties organized by patron saint Dick Gibson, I will go out on a limb and say that it was probably the most musically varied and exciting of the lot.

During three days in the scenic setting of Colorado Springs' Broadmoor Hotel, 40 musicians played 40 sets in all possible and seemingly impossible combinations, making music that covered the entire territory of mainstream jazz. Though there were momentary levelings off, the proceedings in the main took place on lofty musical heights commensurate with the elevated altitude of the surroundings.



Host Dick Gibson

Photos by Jack Bradley

This was the imposing cast: Billy Butterfield, Sweets Edison, Pee Wee Erwin, Yank Lawson, Joe Newman, Clark Terry, trumpets; Vic Dickenson, Carl Fontana, Urbie Green, Ed Hubble, Trummy Young, Kai Winding, trombones; Barney Bigard, Johnny Mince, clarinets; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano; Al Cohn, Bud Freeman, Flip Phillips, Zoot Sims, tenors; James Moody, tenor and flute; Budd Johnson, baritone and soprano; Victor Feldman, Dick Hyman, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Ralph Sutton, Ross Tompkins, Teddy Wilson, piano; Lynn Christie, Bob Haggart, Milt Hinton, Larry Ridley, bass; Mousey Alexander, Alan Dawson, Duffy

continued on page 32



Vic Dickenson (l) and Trummy Young



Trumpet titans Joe Newman, Clark Terry and "Sweets" Edison.

record REVIEWS

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

DIZZY GILLESPIE/ BOBBY HACKETT

GIANTS—Perception PLP 19: *Love for Sale; Autumn Leaves; Caravan; Jitterbug Waltz; Willow Weep for Me; Birks' Works; My Man.*

Personnel: Gillespie, Hackett, trumpet; Mary Lou Williams, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

At the beginning of the year, when the concert at which this album was taped took place at the Overseas Press Club in New York, I wrote that it was unlikely that the musical peak reached at this event would be surpassed in 1971.

Well, it hasn't so far, and I would go further—this is one of the truly great jazz records of all time. That this summit meeting was captured for posterity is something to be grateful for.

The combination of Gillespie and Hackett may seem odd to those who pigeonhole their jazz in categories—historical or social. In fact, it is as logical as could be. Less than three years apart in age, the two trumpet giants are masters of the art of improvisation. Each man knows changes backward and forward, each has developed his own unique style. The fact that their styles are so individual enhances their collaboration.

The two men are friends (for a long time, they were neighbors) and respect and admire each other. In recent years, they have worked together on several occasions, notably at a Newport trumpet workshop. But never before in so perfect setting as this, with a superb rhythm section, no clock watching, and a warm and conducive atmosphere.

As a result, mutual inspiration reaches a level seldom surpassed—on record or live. There is a great deal of interplay, or if you will, collective improvisation. At times, as on the superb *Jitterbug Waltz*, ideas and even sound echo each other to a degree that it becomes difficult to tell who is playing—in the words of a trumpeter friend, "they sound as if they were married."

Indeed, interplay is the rule here. There are no individual features as such, even though *Willow* largely belongs to Hackett, and *My Man* is mainly Gillespie's. But even on these, the other man has his say. Unlike some highly creative encounters between players of the same instrument, this was not a cutting contest but rather a warm and intimate conversation on the highest spiritual plane. At a moment where an element of competition enters—the fabulous exchanges that climax *My Man*—Hackett yields to Gillespie after the latter has tossed off an incredible run. (On the record, there is a moment of silence before Hackett takes the number out; what happened was that Bobby gave Diz a

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 Morgens-tern, Don Nelson, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Harvey Siders, Will Smith, and Jim Szanton. Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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look that said: "Now, you don't expect me to play anything behind *that!*" A lovely instant.)

Gillespie is in tremendous form; this is easily one of the best records he's ever made, and that includes some great ones. Miles may be the current ruler of the roost, but Dizzy's still his daddy. He does some things here that stagger the mind. Ideas, speed, power, execution, and harmonic and rhythmic imagination beyond compare—he's got them all.

Hackett, though suffering from a not fully mended broken shoulder, rises to the occasion. The beauty of his sound is a true reflection of the beauty of his mind; his conception is the essence of musicality. Rarely (unfortunately) heard in a setting as "modern" as this, his approach is beyond category. Hear him on Dizzy's piece, *Birk's Works*, where he does some things that will surprise even his closest followers.

Mary Lou Williams, a most remarkable musician, is not only the ideal accompanist to



the heady work of the trumpeters, but contributes solos that maintain the level of inspiration. She swings like a demon, turns the changes inside out, and makes some musical statements that rank with the greatest jazz piano playing on record. The senior member of this gathering, she thinks and plays like a youngster, but with a dimension of wisdom beyond the grasp of youth.

Duvivier, who has no peers, takes only one brief solo, but he is felt at all times. His gorgeous sound and impeccable time and choice of notes add up to a perfect definition of the bassist's true role in this music: to give inspirational support.

Grady Tate says he'd rather sing than play drums. Maybe so, but there can be no question he enjoyed this date. I've never heard him play better. Like Duvivier, he knew what he was there for.

Technically, the recording is not perfect. Hackett is frequently not favored by the balance, and one of the tracks starts with a mixed-up mix. The cover and liner notes are inadequate. But that doesn't matter at all; one would cherish this music if it had been recorded in mono on somebody's home equipment and issued on scratchy-surfaced acetates.

That music like this can be played and recorded in 1971 is an occasion for rejoicing. Sure, the passing of time brings change—that's a fact of life. But it is also a fact that certain values remain constant. The music on this wonderful record affirms the permanent value of truth and beauty. Run out and get it. Don't wait. Things this good have a way of disappearing fast. Get two while you're at it; I've already almost worn out mine.
—Morgenstern

GLORIA COLEMAN

SINGS AND SWINGS ORGAN—Mainstream MRL 322: *Bugaloo For Ernie; Sunday, Monday Or Always; Fungi Mama; You Better Go Now; Blues For Youse; Blue Bossa; Love Nest; Fly Me To The Moon.*

Personnel: Ray Copeland, fluegelhorn; Dick Griffin, trombone (both on tracks 2,4,6,7 only); James Anderson, tenor sax; Ms. Coleman, organ, vocal; Earl Dunbar, guitar; Charles Davis, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Three stars means "good" and that's just what this record is. It's not going to knock you out but you're going to dig some good sounds on an album that is thoroughly interesting, pleasant and good.

The only real complaint I've got is the continued lack of recognition given to the great Ray Copeland. His fluegelhorn is part of the band on all the vocal tracks, but only on Kenny Dorham's *Bossa do Ray* and trombonist Dick Griffin get a chance to stretch out. Both are fine players. Griffin has achieved a measure of fame with Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Sun Ra, but Copeland is still relatively unknown. Ever since *Monk's Music* on Riverside, I've been waiting to hear more from this vastly underrated hornman. His moment of glory on *Bossa* is a delightful morsel.

Ms. Coleman's strong point as organist is her ability to vary colorations rather than setting the Hammond up with one combination and just leaving it there. As a singer, her strong points are taste, good choice of tunes and a soft, cuddly voice that is a welcome relief from some of the ladies who agonize their way through rock vocals today.

Heretofore unknown to me, tenor saxist Anderson plays quite well indeed, as do guitarist Dunbar and drummer Davis. The latter knows how to comp without bombing out the soloist.

Like I said, it's a good record. You can even dance to it.
—Klee

LARRY CORYELL

BAREFOOT BOY—Flying Dutchman FD-10139: *Gypsy Queen; The Great Escape; Call to the Higher Consciousness.*

Personnel: Steve Marcus, soprano, tenor saxes; Coryell, guitar; Roy Haynes, drums; Lawrence Killian, conga; Harry Wilkinson, percussion. Tracks 2, 3: add Mervin Bronson, bass. Track 3: add Michael Mandel, piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

Coryell is heard here in a fine album, without doubt the best he's done so far.

The music is soulful jazz-fusion stuff in a relaxed but powerful groove, spaced by occasional free playing.

The album also features some of the strongest and most inventive playing in some time from Marcus. After the fragmented abstraction and Coltrane-copy playing on his own

albums of the last few years, his work here is most welcome. Marcus' soprano solos (on *Queen and Call*) are fairly individual; his tenor lines reflect some Archie Shepp qualities.

Coryell's solos are, as usual, a powerfully expressed melange of straight playing and amplifier feedback, etc. He plays balanced and intriguing solos with the more far-out areas flowing in and out logically. He's got his own mind and is open to many musics.

Haynes provides the group's steam, and does it as few others could. Killian and Bronson, both good players, have been members of Haynes' groups, by the way. Mandel is an added treat, playing with drive and freedom and sounding like a jagged McCoy Tyner.

The music gets into some really delicious rhythmic areas, and is very good on both jazz and rock levels.

—Smith

NATHAN DAVIS

MAKATUKA—Segue LPS 1000: *Makatuka*; *To Ursula with Love*; *Slave March*; *Extra Sensory Perfection*; *I Want to be Free*; *Ladies Lib*.

Personnel: Nelson Harrison, trombone; Davis, soprano & tenor saxes, bass clarinet; Joe Kennedy, piano; Don Depaotis, electric piano; Mike Taylor, bass; Virgil Walters, electric bass; Rodger Humphries, drums; Wheeler Winstead, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a very solid album by Nathan Davis. For those unfamiliar with his work, he lived for some ten years in Europe where he taught and played steadily. He returned to the U.S. in the fall of 1969 to accept a position at the University of Pittsburgh as Assistant Professor of Music. In the last two years,

he has developed a very fine jazz studies program. This album represents his first stateside effort, although he made several albums in Europe.

His playing is vigorous, but never out of control. Like most tenor players of the '60s, his style is highly influenced by John Coltrane; yet, like his old friend Eric Dolphy, Davis has added to his reeds the bass clarinet, which gives him great versatility. He is a confident, highly polished player whose dedication to the idiom helps him span three traditions of jazz: bop, hard-bop, and free.

Of the six other players on this date, only Humphries and Taylor have had any professional experience to speak of outside of the Pittsburgh area. The three principal soloists are Davis, Harrison and Kennedy. The latter both perform boldly, with Harrison particularly effective alongside Davis. His approach to the trombone is legato, with well-thought-out intervallic relationships. Bassist Jimmy Garrison gives four rules for successful musicianship: know where you're at, know where you're going, have a basic knowledge of what your tools are, and have the sound of what you're playing in your ear at all times. Harrison seems to be well aware of these rules. His playing in both ensemble and solo is almost flawless.

Kennedy sometimes is a little busy but has good control and hears outside of the harmonic structure extremely well. The use of two pianos (one electric) is interesting for two reasons: First, for the different sounds, and second, for the contrasts in playing. Kennedy and Depaotis approach the piano so differently that it sets up a natural contrast, and contrast is the essence of music. Humphries

lends very fine support throughout, though he is limited because he's kept pretty hemmed in by the monotony of the rhythms.

Davis is a player of exceptional taste. He can be overpowering and yet lyrical to the point of sentimentality (*Ursula*). He is a well-organized man, and this helps him pull off a precision album, but in doing so he had to make a compromise in the material used. The pieces are very close in interest and some tend toward being contrived (*Ladies and Free*).

All in all, this is a positive effort. I would like to hear Davis with fresher material and players who might carry their own weight, but I admire any player of reputation who helps to expose less experienced players to the public.

—Cole

ASTRUD GILBERTO/ STANLEY TURRENTINE

ASTRUD GILBERTO/STANLEY TURRENTINE—CTI 6008: *Wanting Things*; *Brazilian Tapestry*; *To A Flame*; *Solo El Fin*; *Zazueira*; *Ponteio*; *Traveling Light*; *Vera Cruz*; *Historia de Amor*; *Love Story*; *Where There's A Heartache*.

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor sax; Hubert Laws, George Marge, Romeo Penque, Jerome Richardson, flutes; Gene Bertocini, Sam Brown, Bob Mann, Sivouca, guitars; Eumir Deodato, electric piano; Ron Carter, Russell George, bass; Airo Moreira, Joao Palma, Dom Um Romão, Dennis Siewell, percussion; Toots Thielemans, harmonica; Paul Gershman, Emanuel Green, Julie Held, Harry Katzman, Joe Malin, Gene Orloff, Harold Coletta, George Ricci, strings; Astrud Gilberto, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a very pleasing album of what's

Announcing the release of Ben Sidran's first album which marks the publication of his first book.

Ben has been largely a background personality for most of his career. He's worked with a lot of fine artists like the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, and Jesse Davis. And he's made significant contributions as a songwriter and piano player to several Steve Miller albums.

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And he has an album called *Feel Your Groove*, which is what his music is all about. "He has applied his jazz roots to rock and roll, and the result is amazing... I put Ben in amongst the few [musicians], of all that I've worked with, that I do respect." — from the liner notes by Glyn Johns.

Ben Sidran/singer-songwriter, piano player-book writer.





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usually described as mood-, background- or easy-listening music and it succeeds admirably in its intentions. It's warm, relaxed and totally disarming romantic music—in other words, exactly what it's supposed to be—and has been carried forward with the attention to detail for which producer Creed Taylor has long been noted.

Every element of the production is in such fruitful, considered balance, that it's quite easy to overlook the fact that it's nominally Mrs. Gilberto's album. So much care has been lavished upon every aspect of the production—choice of songs, Deodato's incandescent arrangements, the solo statements by Turrentine and others, the lustrous clarity of the recording and sound mix—that her contributions to the proceedings seem no more than just another element in a musical whole—the effectiveness of which derives from its totality rather than from the strength or singularity or any one of its components.

All of which means that had she been replaced by any other competent singer that result would doubtless have been the same. And much the same is true of Turrentine, who skates blithely across the music whenever it's his turn to be up front. The only soloist who impresses with any display of individuality is guitarist Mann, who seems to have effected a very attractive fusion of jazz and rock elements. It would be instructive to hear him at greater length in a more challenging context.

It's pointless to judge this type of music by jazz standards; despite its jazz orientation and its use of certain expressive means usually associated with jazz, its ends are quite different. Suffice it to say that this is a very charming program of superior romantic music carried forth with taste, creativity and restraint, and thus quite similar to several albums of like Taylor-produced music by Walter Wanderley, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Paul Desmond, most of which I find more incisive than this and for which I would reserve five-star ratings.

—Welding

MILT JACKSON/RAY BROWN

MEMPHIS JACKSON—Impulse 9193: *Uh-Huh*; *One Mint Julep* (one way); *Oh Happy Day*; *Memphis Junction*; *Queen Mother Stomp*; *Braddock Breakdown*; *A Sound For Sore Ears*; *Enchanted Lady*; *One Mint Julep* (the other way); *Picking Up The Vibrations*.

Personnel: Harry Edison, John Audino, Buddy Childers, Al Aarons, Ollie Mitchell, Bud Brisbois, trumpets; Randy Aldcroft, Jimmy Cleveland, Kenny Shroyer, trombones; John T. Johnson, tuba; Teddy Edwards, Harold Land, Ernie Watts, Jim Horn, John Lowe, saxes; Mile Melvoin, Joe Sample, piano, electric piano; Jackson, vibraharp; Howard Roberts, Fred Robinson, guitar; Brown, bass, conductor; Wilton Felder, electric bass; Earl Palmer, Paul Humphries, Carl "Cubby" O'Brien, drums; Victor Feldman, percussion.

Rating: ★★½

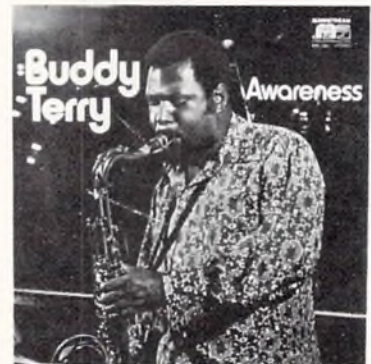
Soulful as the intent obviously was, this album speaks in a seldom-relieved monotone. There's no law that says that hit-and-run studio sessions won't come off; many have. But inspiration seems to have poked its head in the door of the Hollywood studio only periodically in this case.

Jackson sounds good. Jackson always sounds good. So do Teddy Edwards and Harold Land. All of them have sounded better. The approach is based in bluesy simplicity but the music doesn't swing hard, and

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in this context hard swing is what saves the day.

Jimmy Heath's *A Sound For Sore Ears* provides some harmonic relief. Jackson and Aaron (muted) have good solos on Bags' nice ballad, *Enchanted Lady*. Brown has a few brief solo spots on acoustic bass, but Felder carries the rhythmic load on Fender while Big Daddy conducts. Brown's hortatory presence in the rhythm section might have made a big difference.

For a more accurate and satisfying indication of the possibilities in the combination of Brown, Jackson and Edwards, consult *That's The Way It Is* Impulse 9189—db, July 9, 1970) recorded a couple of months earlier in 1969.

—Ramsey

RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

NATURAL BLACK INVENTIONS: ROOT STRATA—ATLANTIC SD 1578: *Something For Trane That Could Have Said; Island Cry; Runnin' From The Trash; Day Dream; The Ragman And The Junkman Ran From The Businessman They Laughed And He Cried; Breath-A-Thon; Rahsaanica; Raped Voices; Haunted Feelings; Prelude Back Home; Dance Of The Lobes; Harder & Harder Spiritual; Black Root.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor sax, stritch, manzello, B Flat and E-flat clarinet, flute, black puzzle flute, black mystery pipes, harmonium, piccolo, bass drum, thundersheet, sock cymbal, bells, music box, palms, tympani, gong; Sonelius Smith, piano (on *Day Dream* only) Joe Texidor, washboard, triangle, thundersheet, tambourine; Maurice McKinley, conga drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Given his virtuosity on so many and di-

verse instruments, it stands to reason that someday someone would record a Kirk one-man band album. This one isn't quite that, but darn near. Rahsaan enlists the aid of two percussion players to help him out and on one selection uses a pianist, but by and large it's a Rahsaan Roland Kirk one-man show, without benefit of overdubbing.

For an example of real *tour de force* playing, check out *Runnin' From The Trash*, a duet between saxophone and sock cymbal working together but independently of each other. For sheer beauty and roots there is Strayhorn's *Day Dream*, once a vehicle for Johnny Hodges. Rahsaan makes it his own, choosing flute over saxophone, so comparison can serve no useful purpose. A duet with a music box in *Haunted Feelings* is an interesting case. The two "musicians", live and mechanical, start off in unison, but as Rahsaan begins to improvise, one becomes aware that the machine can do only what the preset patterns tell it to do. It is the live musician who triumphs.

Due to the somewhat experimental nature of this album, it is not easy music. The beginning listener would do well with *Rahsaan Rahsaan* as a prerequisite to hearing this album. For those already aware of this genius of "black classical music", this album can only bring further joy and wonderment.

Though they are present infrequently and intermittently, don't underate the value of the rhythm players, particularly Texidor. The right touch of his triangle on *Prelude Back Home* is alone worthy of praise, and on tambourine he has no equal.

As Rahsaan says in the liner notes:

I have accepted the fact that a lot of people are still asleep and will stay asleep on these duets and sounds that are a part of my life - my black experience.

The rest of us can rejoice that Rahsaan went in the studio and did it. —Klee

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WAYNE SHORTER

ODYSSEY OF ISKA—Blue Note BST-84363: *Wind; Storm; Calm; De Pois Do Amor, O Vazio; Joy.*

Personnel: Shorter, soprano, tenor saxes; Dave Friedman, vibes, marimba; Gene Bertocini, guitar; Ron Carter, Cecil McBee, bass; Billy Hart, Al Mouzon, drums; Frank Cuomo, percussion, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★½

This album follows in the footsteps of Shorter's *Supernova* and forecasts *Weather Report*. Admirers of those albums, especially of the former, will be enthusiastic about *Odyssey of Iska*, which is even more suave and elegant than *Supernova* and not yet the sonic wallpaper of *Weather Report*.

Speaking as a listener who has felt Shorter to be one of the music's most subtle and witty creators since the time of his first recordings, I find myself disappointed and puzzled by his recent choice of direction. I am disappointed because his devotion to sonic color, virtually at the expense of any other kind of energy and invention, seems regressive in the light of the principal musical events of the past decade. I am puzzled because this prettiness that claims "to suggest infinity in absolute form" is even belied by the vinegary strength of his own previous music.

If there is an answer to this, I believe it

lies in Shorter's seeming desire to renounce the notion of the improvising musician as the purveyor of a competitive, flamboyant ego. A noble impulse at first thought, but one that cannot be achieved, I think, by the application of simplicities and restraints that amount to little more than a toning-down of invention. What I hear on this album is a musician trying to disappear. I wish he wouldn't.

—Kart

THE SOFT MACHINE

FOURTH—Columbia C30754: *Teeth; Kings and Queens; Fletcher's Blemish; Virtually Part 1,2,3,4.*

Personnel: Elton Dean, alto sax, saxello; Mike Ratledge, organ, piano; Hugh Hopper, bass guitar; Robert Wyatt, drums. Mark Charig, cornet; Nick Evans trombone; Alan Skidmore tenor sax; Jimmy Hastings, bass clarinet, flute; Ray Babbington, bass.

Rating: ★★★

I first heard the Soft Machine on their second ABC-Probe album, *Second*: a collage of disarming comedy and music, somewhat à la the Bonzo Dog Band, only less mad. I next heard the Soft Machine on their first Columbia album, *Third*: a double-LP of extended instrumental mood playing, but without word nor wit; I was not altogether appreciative.

Now I hear the Soft Machine again, as



amusing instrumentally as earlier comically; should the two styles ever unite again, what a super group this might be. Otherwise, the playing here moves me far more than on the previous date; still as loose and moody as before, only now with more directed energy, or at least more charting.

The basic quartet of Hopper, Ratledge, Wyatt, and Dean is here reinforced by four extra horns and a second bass, with no guitars at all, and to better advantage overall. And yet the sound created never seems wholly invigorating, certainly softer than one would expect of music in mainly a rock context, even now and then pastel, but finally somewhat unsatisfying—the experience of the record seldom extends beyond the immediate period of listening, at least to me.

Currents of tempo and tone interchange well and often and with great color throughout; moments surface for special note. *Teeth* features free-wheeling ensemble cookery, proving great care with the various voicings; the extra horns become involved only at points where most effective. *Kings and Queens* spots Dean on saxello in a rambling, quasi-Eastern mode; the atmosphere is okay, but of little merit otherwise.

Fletcher's Blemish plays free *en masse* from the first, with Dean on alto in the lead and everyone else blowing as they will, but is not often interesting. Compared to the intense spontaneity I hear from true mass improvisers like those among the black avant,

the Soft Machine sounds merely limp.

Virtually Parts 1-4 attempts the same over the whole second side, working from simple rhythmic or melodic figures through textures and solos by virtually all, then waning away. And yet as tight as the band plays and as adventurous as the pieces seem, little of the LP becomes that memorable.

The Soft Machine indeed plays well, and considering the pop veneer of the album may perchance offer more vital music than usual to the pop fancier who may hear it, even if by mistake. Live I am sure the Soft Machine proves far better, because recording, or certainly this particular recording, seldom creates an immediate kinetic presence. Otherwise, the record is pleasant, diverting, and commendable in intent.

—Bourne

JOHN WHITE

JOHN WHITE—Mainstream 330: *Help Us Out; Granite and Concrete; City; Number 3; Right Off; Tried to Touch.*

Personnel: John Wilmath, trumpet; Jack Williams, trombone; Sonny Red, alto saxophone; Hadley Caliman, tenor saxophone, flute; Merl Saunders, electric piano, organ; White, guitar; Terry Hensley, Dale Smith, bass; J. Burr, conga; Phil Wilson, drums; Robert Williams, vocal (?).

Rating: ★★

If you're planning a "radical chic" party of the type described by Tom Wolfe, you could do no better than to choose this LP to furnish the background music. It sounds enough like the real things it derives from to fool most casual listeners. For the bloods at the party the music has plenty of the rhythmic

energy and instrumental chops of contemporary r&b and soul music as well as just the right amount of fashionable danger in the horn work to sound suitably like free black music. Suburban r&b will be pleasantly titillated—but not threatened. Mind you—by its synthetic use of free and funky.

See, that's the rub. The music is almost wholly surface, with very few musical consequences occurring as a result of improvisations that comprise the major portion of these long pieces (four of the six are more than 6½ minutes in length). Once you get the heads, White and fellows settle down to a parade of solos that are, sad to say, more smoke than fire, over rhythmic bases that are repetitious rather than hypnotic and which, thanks to the instrumentation and the unvarying approach, bore rather than excite.

The end result is that of a more "heavy" jazz-inflected version of Carlos Santana's Latin rock without any of its charm or conciseness of utterance. And the tunes, while obviously "hipper" than Santana's, are far less interesting over the long haul, particularly in view of the emptiness of the soloing.

The ambitious double-fold packaging provides only minimal information (personnel and timing of the selections), a situation to be deplored in an artist's debut album. Then, too, while a "Robert Williams" is credited as vocalist, it appears they forgot to mix his contributions into the music. Either that or he's doing an uncannily perfect imitation of an instrument. Could be he's responsible for the nagging, barely audible buzzing in the background of *Number 3*.

—Welding

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blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

Bill Holman, a native Californian, came to prominence in the 1950s as one of the definitive big band jazz arrangers on the west coast, and as a tenor saxophonist of considerable accomplishment.

Over the past two decades Willis (as his wife, singer Jeri Southern, prefers to call him) has been associated with Charlie Barnet, Stan Kenton, the Los Angeles Neophonic, Terry Gibbs, Gerry Mulligan, Doc Severinsen, Woody Herman and Buddy Rich.

Well known already for his extensive vocal background work for Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day and June Christy among others, he has entered a new era of recognition via the Fifth Dimension and The Association.

Among his recent jazz credits have been an original piece for Clark Terry to play as guest soloist at the Eastern Washington State College Jazz Festival; and an arrangement of *This Could Be The Start Of Something*, specially recorded by Terry Gibbs with a big band, for use this season as the theme of Steve Allen's nightly television series.

This was Holman's first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.

bill holman



1. STAN KENTON. *Rendezvous at Sunset* (from *Back to Balboa*, Creative World.) Bill Perkins, tenor sax; Johnny Richards, composer, arranger. Recorded 1958.

Well, I guess it was Stan's band. From what era I'm not sure; I've never heard it before, so it possibly could be something new. I expected something more adventurous from the intro; I really like that. It may have been from that concert album, which would explain why the tenor solo got drowned out. It sounded like Bill Perkins or somebody who's been influenced by him.

I don't think it really went anywhere and I really hated the ending. It was unrelated to anything that happened, and I just didn't like the choice of notes . . . the idea itself, so I would say two stars.

2. CHASE. *Open Up Wide* (from *Chase*, Epic). Bill Chase, trumpet, composer.

I started out thinking that was Don Ellis, and wound up thinking it was Maynard. Whoever it was they were selling excitement. I liked it, but I think they let the excitement kind of get in the way of the music. I would say three stars; fabulous trumpet player.

Toward the end of it I was wondering what happened to the saxophones, or whether it was just that bad a balance, or whether it was an actual brass band.

3. OLIVER NELSON. *Ku-Damn* (from *Berlin Dialogue for Orchestra*, Flying Dutchman). Nelson, alto sax, leader, composer, arranger.

I thought the alto player was very good; the band was very good. It sounded like a live recording. I liked what he did with the melody, going from the major third to the minor third instead of vice versa, which is usually the case; kind of gives it an inverted feeling.

I kept wanting to hear more development of the idea in the composition. Probably for that I would bring it down to three stars. I could only guess, at who it is, Oliver Nelson.

4. DONALD BYRD. *The Dude* (from *Electric Byrd*, Blue Note). Byrd, trumpet, composer; Jerry Dodgion, soprano sax; Bill Campbell, trombone; Frank Foster, tenor sax.

I have no idea who that is. I really love the feeling of it; the rhythm section sounded great, although I didn't think the soloists quite got it together. I liked that little descending lick that went on all the way through, and those little fragments that the horns played in unison. So I'd say three stars for the rhythm section and the feel.

5. TIME-LIFE ORCHESTRA. *Perdido* (*The Swing Era*, 1941-1942, Time Life). Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Jack Nimitz, baritone sax; Ray Sherman, piano.

So that's what the recreations sound like! That's the first one I've heard, and I don't like it. I couldn't tell that it was a recreation from the piano, but when the baritone came in, I could.

There's an awful lot of work goes into those. I don't know if it's the Time-Life series or not, but I know they really work hard and try to do the best they can, but the whole idea to me is just wrong and I can't buy it.

(Do you mean musically wrong or morally wrong, or both?)

Well, my reaction is, why? I'd say the obvious thing to sell records . . . but why? I guess that's more morally than musically. I don't see any sense in it, except to make some bucks. So I'll give one star because I know the guys worked hard.

6. NORTH TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY 5 O'CLOCK LAB BAND. *Space* (from *Lab!*). Mark Hofstein, tenor sax; Jeff Leppart, composer, arranger.

I liked that; sounded like everybody meant business, meant what they were doing. I guess the tenor player kind of escaped me for a few seconds, but I think that's my shortcoming rather than his.

I liked the chart, the feel, the band . . . everything. I'd give it four stars.

(That's the highest rating you've given and it's a college band—North Texas State.)

It is? That's a direction that I think band composition is going to have to go. It just happened to click with me, I guess. They seem to be pointing in the right direction. They're young, but they don't have those

commercial considerations that the young guys on the outside do. I think the ivy-covered walls are really a good place to get into.

7. WOODY HERMAN. *I Can't Get Next To You* (from *Heavy Exposure*, Cadet). Sal Nistico, tenor sax; Richard Evans, arranger.

I guess that's Woody's band. I can mainly tell from the saxophone section sound; that's a kind of clue to start with, and with that you can pretty well imagine that's Woody's brass sound. I guess it's five trumpets; that really gives it a charging sound.

The mix was bad; the saxes were way down in proportion to the brass. It sounded like a bunch of isolated sections rather than a band.

It's a good idea, good chart, good feel, but it didn't quite get over the hump as far as excitement. Sal Nistico is always good, and can do anything he wants to. For Woody, I'd like to give it five stars, but I'll give it three.

(What are some of the best things you think he's done in recent years?)

I don't really know; from the talk I hear I imagine it's the things he's doing lately. I haven't heard the band, and I haven't heard their last couple albums, which from what I hear he's starting to get a kind of direction going again, where he was kind of looking there for a while, as most people are all the time. I've been hearing so much about Alan Broadbent and his writing, I'd really like to hear the band.

(What would you have given five stars if I'd played it?)

I haven't been listening to records too much lately. Oh, I have been going back and listening to Coltrane again, things that I'd missed out on the first time. So I'd say the Coltrane of the early '60s; that was one era of his life that I missed, and it's rewarding to go back.

One record that's always been a favorite of mine was Miles with Sonny Rollins—*Airegin* and *But Not For Me*. For some reason that record really hit me hard. I guess it's not the greatest that any of them have ever done . . . but I just recently bought a reissue of it, and it's been the high point of my record buying lately.

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Dialogue of the Drums

Cami Hall, New York City

Personnel: Andrew Cyrille, drums, percussion; Milford Graves, drums, percussion, African xylophone; Rashied Ali, drums, conga drums, log-drums.

Western people are strange. They listen and dance to music that originated mainly from a drum-oriented culture, yet they cannot, on the whole, relate to the drum. If they did, Cami Hall would have been packed for this concert, with people standing in line outside, waiting to dig three unique masters of the membranes working out.

Even critics occupied with and involved in more conventional jazz admit that they often select the time allocated at concerts to drum features to rush to bar and/or toilet before the crowd breaks loose at intermission. Yet for all their apparent limitations—few harmonic possibilities, little melody—the scope of the drums is limitless and the permutations of percussion devices endless.

"Three drummers playing a whole concert alone? You're welcome to it!" was the opinion of one jazz fancier on hearing that I was

But for all Graves' war-whoops, African dress and instruments, it is Ali who comes nearest to being the true extension of the African drummer. He is physically calm and relaxed, but so powerful and controlled that with the merest flick of the wrist he produces an authoritative beat or pattern of beats that commands—no, demands—instant attention.

That's how the concert started—with a mighty stroke from the tall, full-bearded Ali on *Entrance*. Apart from his hi-hat, Ali relied only on the drums for his solo excursion, moving from one to another in a display of rhythmic totality. He never uses the drums for showing off his skill with the rudiments—a fault of many technically adept drummers. The skins seem to create their own complex rhythmic patterns under his tutelage; they refuse to be used as mere practice pads for paradiddles.

Then Graves, wearing a brilliant scarlet suit and a huge straw hat which probably had its origin in Northern Ghana, rushed out into the central performance area, sticks in hands.



BILL SMITH

Andrew Cyrille: No loose ends

to listen to the terrible triumvirate of Ali, Graves and Cyrille who had hired Cami Hall for their 'Dialogue of the Drums' for the not unsubstantial sum of \$600. "They won't fill the hall, anyway," he added.

They didn't fill it completely, although two-thirds of the seats were occupied by paying customers, but they did fill it with sound. They also filled it with creative percussion of the highest order and total, pure vibrations.

Ali, Cyrille and Graves come to the music—and consequently approach the drum—from very different backgrounds. Cyrille is above everything a master technician who has played with just about everyone from Mary Lou Williams to Cecil Taylor. He is crisp, tasteful percussion personified and as all-round conscientious and businesslike behind the drums as in his daily existence. There are no loose ends to anything he plays; everything is neatly tied up.

Graves, who has studied with Indian tabla drummers and played in Latin bands, is an innovator in the field of "free" drumming. He uses what seems to be a haphazard approach that sometimes works, sometimes misses, then goes into passages of sheer technical brilliance.

He attacked Ali's congas, beat on a strong, highly resonant side-drum, then flew into frantic action behind his own drumset. His loose conception was as much a contrast to Ali's essentially controlled approach as Baby Dodds is from Elvin Jones. The percussion being played in contemporary settings is amazing in its actual variety.

Cyrille played a roll—"We"—another roll—"in the line of the great drummers"—roll—"who have come to these shores"—roll—"past, present and future"—roll—"salute you!" Then he worked out. Cyrille is probably the crispest and most tasteful drummer involved in the new music—the fact that he has played with Cecil Taylor for so long speaks for the sensitivity of his ears and his dynamite reflexes.

Cyrille was joined by Ali on congas and Graves on full drum set—until one of the drums collapsed—for a long, involved and exultant dialogue. Then followed a piece called *Drum Talk* that featured Cyrille on temple-blocks, Ali on rhythm logs and Graves on an East African hand-drum and the West African wooden xylophone that is usually called a *balafon* in French album liner notes. The three men sounded good to-

gether but the *piece de resistance*, co-written by Ali and the late John Coltrane, was *Coltrane Time*. It was a very heavy piece of music, with the three participants continually returning to the basic theme and thus keeping the continuity going as seldom happens, oddly enough, when more conventionally-oriented drummers play together.

After intermission the concert continued in a similar awe-inspiring vein, although I was not able to stay until the final number. However, I understand that for *We and Thee, Us and Y'All*, the audience joined in for an exultant, exuberant free-for-all. I salute the faith the three drummers have in themselves that allowed them to go ahead with such an apparently non-commercial venture. It really paid off.

Tyree Glenn

The Continental, Fairfield, Connecticut.

Personnel: Glenn, trombone, vibes; Bill Ratzenberger, trumpet; Ed Graf, alto and tenor saxophones, clarinet; Gene Bergmark, piano; Vic Vallenti, electric bass, vocal; Bob Haray, drums.

Although it is reputedly one of the wealthiest counties in the nation, Fairfield County has long been pretty much of a jazz desert. It used to be said that it was all too easy for the commuting suburbanites to hear what they chose in New York, but nowadays they want only the mildest of excuses *not* to go into that city at night.

Yet a jazz audience of considerable potential, size and sympathy undoubtedly still exists in southern Connecticut. Top musicians from New York continue to be hired for private parties, but publicly there is all too little

to be heard. The Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club carries on valiantly in its self-restricted sphere, and a year or so ago Gene Hull launched a seemingly successful series of one-nighters by name big bands in Bridgeport, but though a large room was consistently packed, the project was eventually discontinued. The Westnor in Westport, where small groups with musicians like Max Kaminsky, Rex Stewart, Buck Clayton, Dicky Wells and Sandy Williams were once to be heard, is similarly no more. What remains, like a beacon in the darkness, is the Continental on Kings Highway in Fairfield.

Since the death of Louis Armstrong, with whom he had been closely associated since 1965, Tyree Glenn has been free-lancing in the East. (A couple of weeks earlier, he was sitting in with the Ellington band in Paramus, New Jersey, where he answered a request for *Black Butterfly* on valve trombone.) A particularly well-equipped and experienced musician, his versatility makes him virtually a one-man show. His trombone solos, first of all, are of great variety, because of his extremely intelligent use of mutes. He doesn't always introduce them where and how the listener expects. Thus, on *Satin Doll*, he played the first chorus with a bucket mute and ended the performance with open horn, but on both *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face* and *Georgia* he used a plunger to great effect. His sound with a plunger is distinctive, partly because he makes a point of always combining it with a straight brass mute. (He searches diligently in the cities he visits for the old and superior kind of brass mute that is no longer manufactured.) In an intimate room

like this, the bucket mute also proved very attractive on number like *Just in Time*, *Stardust* and *I Got It Bad*. But whether open or muted, his tone was always pleasingly musical, his articulation precise, and his phrasing sensitively nuanced.

That he is at heart a melodist—like his old sidekick, Shorty Baker—was just as evident when he switched to vibes. That instrument's rhythmical potential was not, of course, neglected on, for example, *Stomping at the Savoy*, *Just One of Those Things* and *Shiny Stockings*, but his version of *Lil' Darlin'* had the same kind of emotional impact one expects from a good trumpet player's interpretation of Neal Hefti's popular tune.

Ed Graf, a flexible reed man, and his quartet supported the guest capably and enthusiastically throughout. On several numbers, Bill Ratzenberger exercised a proprietor's right and got into the act. This veteran of the Shaw, Barnet, Miller and Cugat bands nowadays picks up his horn only on occasions of this kind, but he immediately displayed command, enviable chops, and firm, positive phrasing. The group's familiarity with a broad repertoire of good standard material was also impressive. Even the guest's excellent and seldom played *How Could You Do a Thing Like That to Me?* was within its compass. The program, in fact, was highly commendable, for not a single dog was played all night, and Glenn's choice of tempos was immaculate.

What an evening's music of this kind invariably suggests is that jazz would be a great deal more popular if more attention were similarly paid to good tunes and good tempos.

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JOPLIN

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And commercially-minded writers, quick to grab onto a fad, were grinding out such derivative, but often successful ditties as *Ragtime Skedaddle*, *Mop Rag*, and *I've Got a Ragtime Dog and a Ragtime Cat*. Stark, trying to deal in music rather than merchandise, soon found the going rough.

Then, Joplin's folk ballet, *Rag Time Dance*, did not come to much with audiences nor as a published orchestration. Neither did his first opera, *A Guest of Honor* in 1903. It was never published and has apparently been lost.

There were personal problems as well: Joplin's daughter died only a few months after her birth, and his relationship with his wife

became strained.

They separated. Joplin moved to Chicago, then back to St. Louis, but he left for New York in 1907. His more adventurous pieces did not meet with wide popularity, and, before long, the financial strain led to a break between Joplin and Stark.

Meanwhile, Joplin had married a second time, happily so, and continued to compose, first from a house on West 47th Street, then in Harlem.

He wrote his second opera, *Treemonisha* in 1911, but could find no one to publish it. He published a vocal score with his own money and sponsored a concert performance. The audience was apathetic and both publication and performance were a financial failure for Joplin. *Scott Joplin's New Rag*, from the fol-

lowing year, has a bitterness heard nowhere else in his music.

The problem was, of course, that Joplin's success heavily depended on the attention of a public that had taken up a musical fad. When the fad had passed, a more stable encouragement or recognition were not available to him. When the public, having been inundated with inferior, derivative rags as well as Joplin's, changed its mind, his talent and his art didn't matter any more. A familiar story for the popular artist (and many a fine artist), but nonetheless a painful one.

Joplin became increasingly moody, erratic, and suspicious, and his pianistic skills declined. In the autumn of 1916, he had to be taken to Manhattan State Hospital. He continued to compose and revise during his more lucid moments. He died there on April 1, 1917.

By that time, of course, there had been changes in American music, changes more important than mere changes of fad or style. W.C. Handy had published his first blues pieces (but anyone acquainted with the effective ABC structure of Handy's *St. Louis Blues* will know how much he was indebted to the rag men). And then in New Orleans, some remarkable musicians had put together the form of the rag, the soul of the blues, with new kinds of rhythms, to make an improvisational music that came to be called jazz. The jaunty optimism of ragtime was left behind.

From our vantage point, however, it seems a fine and important music. And its best works tell us that in Scott Joplin, for one, we had a singular artist, whose works cannot be assigned to the dust bin of history or the categories of mere nostalgia.

* * *

Current interest in Joplin has been stimulated by an LP by pianist Joshua Rifkin on Nonesuch H-71248 on which he plays eight of Joplin's best pieces, *Maple Leaf Rag*, *The Entertainer*, *The Ragtime Dance* (an adaptation by Joplin of themes from his ballet), *Gladiolus Rag*, *Fig Leaf Rag*, *Scott Joplin's New Rag*, *Euphonic Sounds* and *Magnetic Rag*. As befits a music composed by this introverted man, who warned that ragtime should *never* be played fast, Rifkin interprets these pieces for their melodies, and thereby their rhythms and harmonies fall beautifully into place. Rifkin's is easily the best recorded interpretation of Joplin we have ever had, but Nonesuch has more in the works. There is also the possibility of a production of *Treemonisha*, on records and/or live. Joplin, himself, made no records, but he did make seven piano rolls of his own pieces, and these have been transcribed and collected on Biograph BLP-1006Q.

Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis's *They All Played Ragtime* is a very valuable book on American music. (However, the authors stretched their definition of the term *ragtime* in both historical directions, to include both previous cakewalk music and later jazz.)

There is a critical essay on ragtime and on Joplin's late rags by Guy Waterman in *The Art of Jazz* (Oxford), a volume which I edited. Waterman also contributed critical comments in *Jazz* (Reinhardt), edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert J. McCarthy.

And a final piece of good news: In the works from the New York Public Library is publication of the *Complete Works of Scott Joplin* (about 504 of them known so far) compiled by pianist Vera Brodsky Lawrence. **db**



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MANGIONE

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But it went berserk in upstate New York. Everybody started playing *Hill Where The Lord Hides* as the cut—and it was a seven-minute cut. There was no single. But someone at a top 40 station in Dallas figured out a way and edited it down to a four-minute single and made it a number one record in Dallas. On that basis, Mercury then put out a single that broke number one in Buffalo, Seattle and Denver. Sales of the album, at double album price, are over 70,000—that's equal to 140,000 albums.

J.S.: Why do you think it made it? After all, you didn't even intend to make an album, much less a hit single.

C.M.: That's it, I think. We weren't sitting in a studio and listening to some producer say: "We've got to look for the hit here", or "Where's the 2:40 cut". I'd rather do the music the way I feel the music and worry afterwards about where any single is going to come from or where this or that is going to come from. Because as soon as you try to write commercially, forget it. I don't know any formulas. I just write music.

J.S.: That's really the key. You can always tell when someone is trying too hard at the wrong things for the worst reasons.

C.M.: That's why if I can't truly communicate, I don't want to play. I might as well go home and play in the living room with my quartet for personal enjoyment. To me, the greatest satisfaction in making music is getting other people off on music.

We discussed Chuck's role as an educator and the Eastman school in particular. Mangione spoke with animation and enthusiasm, but also with realism. Here are some of his observations, opinions, and comments.

—If Eastman can graduate 20 teachers a year who can go out and really teach about 100 kids each, then you really have something. The whole education process has just got to come around.

—All of a sudden jazz is becoming very "in" at the college level and I think it's only because rock is still outside the door right now and they can't keep everybody out. So they say, "Well, jazz has been around for a long time and we'll let that in the door." But they were afraid. Because the power to teach a music so free—who do you give that strength to? Who are you going to trust? What's he going to do, turn the whole school into junkies? But I think it's changing now. But that's a whole number about young people.

—I was very negative about Eastman for a long time. But I'd have to say that the direction that it's going in is a positive one. I'm really not convinced, however, that they'll ever have a jazz major, there. My concept of a good program there would be to turn out the finest musicians—who have all been exposed to

the best music of all bags—who are capable of handling anything when they get out of there.

—In a way, music education has been dishonest. Like you go the Eastman School for four years and you might pay \$12,000 in tuition alone in four years to get a degree. So you come out with a piece of paper that says "major in violin" and you've been sitting there four years, right? You finally graduate and somebody is surely going to tell you the chances of ever playing in a symphony orchestra are 90 to 1. So the poor cat ends up starving or teaching—as a teacher who never wanted to teach.

—The first thing anyone should tell a musician is that he's never probably going to make a living in the music business. Be realistic about it. Take him out there and show him that herd of cattle at the Union Hall in New York. Man, that freaked me out when I saw that. I couldn't believe it. Everybody saying: "Hey, baby, yeah, give me your number and I'll give you my number" and all those people swarming around trying to pick up a \$35 night just so they can stay alive. Who ever sees anything but the glamor side. The big concert. Guys are scuffling on the road who haven't slept in a bed for days. But nobody ever talks about that.

—The only way I know to teach anybody anything—like I'm rehearsing a symphony orchestra and most of the musicians aren't very receptive to my thing—is to try to show them how much I love the music. That's the only teaching tool I have.

As pleased as he is with the album's success and his music's acceptance, Mangione is not one to stand still. His is a larger purpose.

"I've played a lot of music with a lot of people and have been satisfied, previously, with the music alone. Now I get off on people. If I see them reacting to my music, that's it. And if I can't communicate with them, that's the most frustrating think for me because I'm now beyond playing for my own ego. To me, I don't remember that anymore. I just don't know how to do that anymore. I can't satisfy myself with a "great solo". The greatest thing for me is to communicate with people absolutely without compromise. Not writing down or anything. I just feel that now is the time for my music. What do I call it? It's me, my music, what I am, and what I've been."

What Chuck Mangione is and what he's doing is not only very beautiful in itself. Moreover, his approach to music and his love for it can only help to eradicate the illogical barriers that stubbornly persist. He's already proven that a community of artists can emerge from very diverse bags and produce great music. That's his heaviest contribution to music thus far but I'm sure there'll be many more of like proportions. **db**

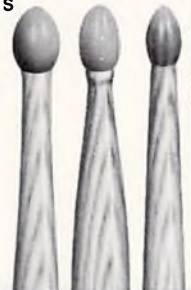
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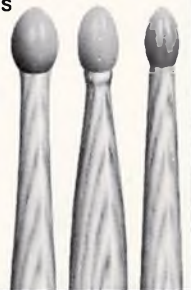
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MONTEREY

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from a statewide competition — truly the cream of the current crop. Here was an organization, under Herb Patnoe's direction, that could have fooled any music lover from the sound alone. Once you opened your eyes and looked at all those unshaven faces, you began to wonder if they were lip-synching to some Buddy Rich records. The band was tight, the blend was smooth, the balance was perfectly controlled, the attack was clean, and the spirit was unmistakably *gung ho*.

Perhaps one indication of how much a *unit* this band was came in the de-emphasis of solo work. Only one sticks in my memory as outstanding: trumpeter Mike Weatherwax. Another indication of the versatility could be found in the demands made on their collective talents by a diverse array of headliners: Terry came on in his classic *Mumbles*; Ladd McIntosh used the band to display his wares, *Sinful*, *Wicked Lady* and *Gotta Get Away*; Lowe conducted two straight-ahead charts: Billy Byers' *Battery Charger*; and his own *Three Little Words*; and Oliver Nelson conducted his *Berlin Dialogue for Orchestra*, with Terry as fluegelhorn soloist.

The best way to pay tribute to the sound and stamina of these high-schoolers is to paraphrase Nelson who publicly admitted that the live Monterey version was superior to the recording he made of his *Berlin* suite.

The long afternoon came to an end as Terry and Nelson (alto) played *Stolen Moments* backed by the band. Only half the audience was left by this time — remarkable considering the evening concert was due to begin in less than one hour!

Sunday Night

This proved to be a Granz night for swinging thanks to a nostalgic re-creation of Jazz At The Philharmonic. For the occasion, Norman Granz came out of European seclusion and presented the type of jam sessions — along with many of those who took part in them — that spell his JATP.

Group number one consisted of Roy Eldridge, Bill Harris, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, and Zoot Sims, backed by the current Oscar Peterson Trio (Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, and Louis Hayes). A way up *Bernie's Tune* heard some sparkling solo work by Lockjaw, and some tentative blowing by Harris and Eldridge. Most satisfying were the riffs cooked up by the non-soloing front line. Equally satisfying was the strong out chorus after each horn exchanged eights with the drums.

For individual showcases, Zoot chose *You Go To My Head* and played very smoothly; Harris' trombone still sounded uncertain on *Nearness of You*; Roy was rhapsodic over *The Man I Love*; and "Jaws" took *This Is Always* and turned it into a flashy, breathy, intimate vehicle replete with occasional dance steps. By this time all were thoroughly warmed up and wailed for the set closer, *Lester Leaps In*.

Group number two found Terry and Carter backed by John Lewis, Lowe, Brown and Bellson. For openers, *In A Little Spanish Town* and *Jumpin' With Symphony Sid* proved what everyone knows: Terry has incredible control of his instrument; Benny Carter has a tone as pure as his personality, plus

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intelligent ideas that never quit; and Brown continues to steal every scene by the sheer inventiveness of his comping.

Solo honors went to Lowe for *Moonlight In Vermont*; Carter for *I Can't Get Started*; Lewis on *'Round Midnight*; and Brown for *Tenderly*. Then the lure of an old-fashioned jam brought Zoot, Roy and Lockjaw back on stage and the cast of thousands asked the musical question: *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Traffic cleared for the next set, but the resulting sound was just as busy: the five thousand fingers of Oscar Peterson, Pedersen and Hayes were on. What can I tell you about Oscar that hasn't already been said? My idolatry is a matter of record, but let me try to be objective nevertheless. *Younger Than Springtime* boasted two leads: Pedersen's bass solo; then Oscar's statement. It was way up and swung fiercely. *A Time For Love* was given reverent treatment, with Pedersen's double stops in the release adding even more tender beauty. Oscar launched into a two-handed unison cadenza that cannot be played on a piano.

On *Li'l Darlin'* Oscar played some chordal jabs just a shade behind the beat that made the slow tempo even more tantalizing. Then the trio slipped into double time from which Oscar emerged with a full chorus of tremolos that must have given the piano legs varicose veins.

The standing ovation that followed was rewarded with Oscar's famous piano primer in which he provided his own searching bass lines, then evolved into a powerful boogie-woogie pattern. Pedersen and Hayes eventually joined in for a stunning set closer.

Sarah Vaughan had Willie Mays on piano, Bob Magnuson on bass, and Jimmy Cobb on drums.

She was in fine form, meaning she swung, she mesmerized and she sassed. She began with *I Remember You*, including its neglected verse; sang *The Lamp Is Low* over alternating jazz and bossa nova pulsations; cooed *'Round Midnight*, inserting some outstanding octave leaps in the release; then cooked way up on *There Will Never Be Another You* — an excellent chart that simply refused to stay in one key very long.

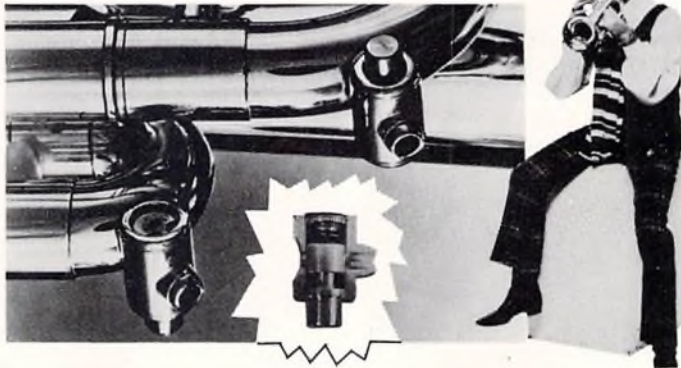
She exercised her scat on a blues; then showed her famous low register was still resonant in *Tenderly*. Inevitably she found herself in the midst of a jam as Eldridge, Terry, Harris, Carter, Davis, Lewis and Lowe emerged to bring the festival to a rousing finale. Included was some humorous mumbling by Sarah and Terry. Also included: further proof that in a jam situation, Sarah is able to contribute a superb instrument.

So Monterey '71 is history and I find myself still basking in the afterglow. Not so with many of my colleagues who have faulted Jimmy Lyons for running scared after the Newport debacle and booking musicians who are as safely removed from the rock scene as Jascha Heifetz. Well, it's his festival and he can do with it as he sees fit. It's possible to lodge a valid complaint about the re-appearance of some of Lyons' personal favorites year after year, but it would be inconceivable to gripe about the quality of his festivals.

Or about quantity. Jesus, can he over-produce! Someone has to remind him that the mind can absorb only as much as the seat can endure. **db**

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JAZZ PARTY

continued from page 17

Jackson, Gus Johnson, Cliff Leeman, Bobby Rosengarden, drums—plus the guitar duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli.

The chronological span ranged from the venerable Lion to 18-year-old Duffy Jackson (son of Chubby, and possessing a similar zany personality plus astounding jazz chops). Fittingly, the senior and junior members of the cast played together.

To run down everything that happened and do it all justice would be impossible. However, for the first time

the party was recorded (by Don Schlitten on behalf of MPS Records) and several albums will be released in 1972.

Everybody came to play, and it may seem unfair to single out individuals. But to these ears, some of the biggest kicks came from hearing once again the lovely saxophone creations of Benny Carter and the inimitable trumpet stylings of Sweets Edison, two faces all too rarely seen in the east, and from seeing and hearing again, after far too long a hiatus, the wonderful Trummy Young—as youthful and spirited as ever.

To this must be added the thrill of Teddy Wilson at the top of his game; the

novelty of hearing Moody in unaccustomed surroundings (he rose to the occasion); the surprise of Pee Wee Erwin's lyrical side (revealed in a lovely quartet set with Wilson); the treat of full doses of Budd Johnson's superb baritone (the man is a master of all his horns); the discovery of Duffy Jackson: the inspired swing of Gus Johnson, and the joy of hearing Barney Bigard in splendid form.

Among the many highlights: Budd (soprano), Flip, and Barney's solos on a truly relaxed *Keepin' Out Of Mischief*; a superb *Mood Indigo* ensemble of Clark, Vic, Flip and Barney; Benny Carter's *I Can't Get Started* (beauty personified); Sweets' Harmon-muted solo on *The Squirrel* and Joe Newman's rousing choruses on a way-up *Night In Tunisia*; a super jam session on *After You've Gone* with Clark, Joe, Urbie, Carl Fontana (a bitch), Kai, Al, Zoot, Moody, Budd, Ross Tompkins, Lynn Christie (who broke it up with his bowing-singing unison stuff on many occasions) and Dawson, winding up with a march through the audience; Sweets, Hubble, Wilber, Zoot, Ross, Bucky, Ridley and Duffy's *Soft Winds* with its lovely, relaxed swing; Barney's *Rose Room*; Vic singing *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams* a la Louis and Trummy's charming vocal on *Please Don't Talk About Me*; Budd's *Summertime*; a brilliant solo set by Sutton, and Lion's first of two sets; Moody's *Body and Soul*; Billy Butterfield's *She's Funny That Way*; a fabulous trombone party with Trummy, Urbie, Carl and Kai plus Hyman, Christie and Rosengarden (a damn good jazz drummer), with ensembles, solos and chases piling climax upon climax; Bud Freeman with Barnes and Pizzarelli only; Yank Lawson's *Closer Walk With Thee*; the clarinet threesome of Wilber, Johnny Mince and Barney, and Mince's *Tin Roof Blues* solo in a set that featured one of the best "traditional" lineups of the bash: Erwin, Trummy, Mince, Budd, Hyman, Ridley and Cliff Leeman, with Hyman dishing out some surprise stride; Wilber's *One Morning in May*; Moody's *Cherokee* (on flute); Al Cohn's *These Foolish Things* and Zoot's *Watch What Happens*; and a very far out and swinging rhythm quartet set concocted by Milt Hinton with Ridley, Dawson and Duffy.

That's just a sample. Once again, this was *all-jazz* party; no concessions made. Of course, this is not a commercial undertaking, but maybe George Wein, who was there and had a great time, did come away with some new ideas. I know of no other festival-type setting in which the musicians have more fun, both on and off the stand, and that's the key: happy people make happy music.

As I said last year: you come away from this annual rite with renewed faith in the present and future of jazz. Truly a feast for the soul.

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Arranging Concepts by Dick Grove, Part 2

In my previous article (db, Oct. 14) I discussed a unique writing concept which utilizes the factor of density.

Density, in an arranging or compositional sense, means the restriction of the number of separate pitches being played simultaneously (i.e. harmonic density), and the span of distance from the top to the bottom of any orchestral voicing. In exploring this concept, the important points covered were: 1) the definition of density as reviewed above; 2) breaking away from the normal section writing approach; 3) using a concert sketch as a working procedure, thereby enabling one to control the degree of harmonic density and the span of register used in the orchestration; 4) a common sense, individual instrument approach to orchestration that avoids the rigid, constant use of entire sections within the band. In my first article I gave examples applying this concept to a two-part density.

Now we will examine the mixing of one, two and three-part harmonic density, and a one to three-octave span of orchestration. The following basic thematic material is taken from an original called *Scuffle* (see example 1).

In comparing the original thematic material in example 1 to the following concert sketch, be aware of these factors:

- 1) What is the harmonic density at any given point?
- 2) What is the span of orchestration at any given point?
- 3) Relate nos. 1 and 2 above to example 1.
- 4) What is the overall effect achieved by mixing one, two and three-part density?
- 5) How the particular instruments from each section are used in combination with each other.
- 6) The contrast between this orchestration and conventional section writing (see example 2).

continued overleaf

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You should be aware of the following conclusions. (The boldface letters correspond to the reference points in example 2.):

A One-part density; one-octave span. Orch.: two trumpets, one trombone, bass clarinet and guitar.

B Two-part density; two-octave span. Orch.: Same as A

C Three-part density; two-octave span. Orch.: two trumpet open, two trumpets in straight mutes (first, second and third trumpets doubling same part); first and second trombones; flute and clarinet in upper register, one and two parts; alto sax doubling first trombone; bass clarinet doubling second trombone; guitar doubling first, second and third trumpet part.

D Third bass trombone enters; three-octave span.

E two-part density; two-octave span.

In the next article, we will continue the application of this approach to four and five parts.

SUGGESTED ASSIGNMENT: 1) If you are in a band or have access to one, transpose and copy examples 1 and 2 and have them played. (Copy example 1 all in unison.) 2) Write your own thematic material and apply this approach. Be aware of the harmonic density and span of orchestration at each point.

AD LIB

continued from page 10

Bill Lee, bass; and Dotty Dodgion, drums, plus sitters-in Jerry Dodgion, alto, and Bobby Pratt, trombone began a two-week stand Oct. 26 with Kenny Ascher, piano; Mike Moore, bass, and Mrs. Dodgion. Jimmy Rushing was set to join them on their first weekend for his first appearance since his heart attack. The Buddy Tate-Milt Buckner-Jo Jones Trio was scheduled to follow Braff. Clark Terry's big band is on hand Monday night through November but yielded to Woody Herman's Herd on Oct. 27 . . . George Benson's trio did two weeks at the Club Baron, one opposite Lonnie Smith's quartet, with Steve Grossman on tenor sax, the other opposite Johnny Hammond's group (he's dropped the "Smith") . . . The Blue Coronet in Brooklyn had October sounds by a group legitimately called the Jazz All Stars: Howard McGhee, trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone sax; Skeeter Best, guitar; Hakim Jami, bass; Al Drears, drums . . . McGhee has also been gigging with drummer Joe Coleman, who puts together heavy groups at various Long Island spots. His colleagues at the Cedarbrook Country Club Nov. 12 were Tyree Glenn, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor

sax; Chris Towns, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass. A few weeks earlier, Coleman had Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Mitchell; Al Williams, piano; Harvey (not Harry) Shephard, vibes, and Beverly Peer, bass, at Alfie's Living Room in Baldwin . . . Clarinetist Sol Yaged is in for an indefinite stay at the Ali Baba on Manhattan's east side with Mike Mann, vibes, vocal; Dave Martin, piano; Ted Cromwell, bass, and Sam Ulano, drums, performing every night except Sunday . . . Ulano held his annual Drum Spectacular Oct. 12 at the 54th St. YMCA, with Jo Jones among the featured guests. Jones also broke it up at an outdoor noontime concert for the N.Y. Hot Jazz Society in Bowling Green Park Oct. 7, with Tyree Glenn (leader), Buddy Tate tripling tenor, clarinet and flute, and Ted Sturgis, bass. Pianist Chuck Folds showed up, but the piano didn't . . . Trumpeter Enrico Rava's group at a recent Jazz Vespers featured Bob Sordo, organ; Bruce Johnson, guitar; Mike Moore, bass, and Marvin Patillo and Bruce Ditmas, drums . . . George Butler, director of Blue Note Records, is lecturing on the history of music in various colleges this fall . . . Benny Goodman opened at the Rainbow Grill Oct. 25 and will be on hand through Nov. 13 . . . A big-band bash in Madison Square Garden Oct. 24 had the bands of Woody Herman and

Stan Kenton, plus Tex Beneke leading a Glenn Miller-styled band, singers Billy Eckstine and Rosemary Clooney, and the Modernaires . . . The annual Carnegie Recital Hall series, *Jazz: The Personal Dimension*, kicks off Dec. 3 with George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli . . . Bow Wow Production's Beacon Theater series featured *Weather Report* (the group's first major N.Y. appearance) plus Dr. John and the Night Trippers and Charles Wright and the 103rd St. Band Oct. 22-23 . . . The first of this season's *Slam N' Jazz* concerts at the N.Y. State Univ. at Binghamton, organized by Slam Stewart, featured guest Marian McPartland with Kent McGarity, trumpet; Richard Pisani, tenor, flute; Joseph Hilla, drums, and, of course, Slam on the bass . . . Singer-poet Gene McDaniels was at Gerdes Folk City in early October . . . Elvin Jones and his quartet did the Village Vanguard Oct. 19-24 . . . The Felt Forum played host to Booker T. and Priscilla plus Santana for three nights Oct. 14-16 . . . Drummer Harold White is a busy man these days, working with three groups: the Danny Moore-George Coleman Quintet (a regular attraction Monday nights at the Club Baron); Gary Bartz' NTU Troop, and the Kenny Dorham-Al Dailey Quintet. He also worked with Freddie Hubbard in Baltimore Oct. 3 . . . Pianist Ron Burton is back with Rahsaan Roland Kirk . . . Singer Ruth Brisbane did her *Blues Experience* program at the United Nation's Jazz Society's first event of the season Oct. 15 . . . Clarinetist Fritz Swischer's trio (Mark Turnbull, electric bass; David Kovins, drums), called Swischer's Penicillin, did a Carnegie Recital Hall concert Oct. 21 . . . Sy Oliver's band began a nine-week stand at the Riverboat Nov. 2 . . . The Meditations (Ron Hampton, trumpet; Kiane Ziwadi, euphonium; Roland Alexander, tenor; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Hakim Jami, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums) played at MUSE Oct. 14 . . . WBAI-FM has a new weekly jazz show, hosted by Homi K. R. Metha, called *Jazz Patterns*. Poet-critic Roger Riggins has a bi-weekly Sunday interview show which has featured such jazz guests as Archie Shepp, Andrew Hill, and Joe Lee Wilson.

Los Angeles: The big news to Angelesnos, whose night life could use a shot in the arm, is the reopening of the Grove, in the Ambassador Hotel. Sammy Davis Jr. said he would; the situation was touch and go; the rumors were as dark as the room all summer; but Sammy did it. Sonny and Cher just played four nights there: Aretha Franklin was due Nov. 10-13 . . . Meanwhile at the Westside Room of the Century Plaza, Los Angeles' only other plush night spot, Mel Torme has completed three weeks and he will be followed by Cab Calloway—the first time in many a year he's been a headliner here. Cab's last Los Angeles appearance was earlier this year, co-starring with Pearl Bailey in *Hello Dolly* . . . Turning to the strictly jazz spots, Mose Allison followed Willie Bobo into Shelly's Manne-Hole, with Pharoah Sanders following for one week . . . Mongo Santamaria was booked into the Lighthouse, in Hermosa Beach, for a whole month. The Johnny Otis Show appeared there for one of the Mondays that Mongo was off. Sundays at the Lighthouse are being dominated by those who record for the newly-formed Black Jazz label . . . Earl "Fatha" Hines followed the Modern

Jazz Quartet into the York Club. Following their week at the York, the MJQ stayed out west for a number of diverse gigs: two weeks at the El Matador, in San Francisco; a concert at the Westmount School, in Santa Barbara; an appearance with the Albuquerque Symphony; and a guest taping for the *Flip Wilson Show* . . . Jazz West, recently turning its thoughts to jazz, is also into the astrology bag quite heavily. But the main thing is the Sherman Oaks club is presenting jazz. Recent groups: Warne Marsh, Tom Scott, John Klemmer, Gene Shaw, Doug Carn and the big band of John Prince . . . Another club dedicated to the good sounds, Donte's, had most of its regulars on display during October: Joe Pass, Herb Ellis, Terry Gibbs, Bud Shank, Jack Sheldon, Al Viola, John Pisano, Jimmy Rowles, plus the big bands of Bob Florence, Don Ellis, Bill Berry, Bob Jung and Dee Barton. And lest we forget: Sarah Vaughan . . . Stan Worth worked three weeks at Oscar's, a revolving restaurant atop Hollywood's new Holiday Inn . . . Bob Jung's band is back at the Fire and Flame in North Hollywood every Wednesday . . . Also in North Hollywood, recent groups at the Baked Potato included Don Randi, Dave Silverman, Victor Feldman, and Mike Melvoin . . . Willie Bobo and Dick Gregory did a one-night concert at San Fernando Valley State College . . . Ralph Green was back at the Parisian Room and he was followed by Lorez Alexandria . . . Hampton Hawes and his trio can be found at the Los Angeles Hilton Tuesday thru Saturday . . . Big Joe Turner did a one-nighter at the Nite Life in Van Nuys . . . Following a two-week stint at the Lighthouse, John Klemmer did a week at the Old Town Theatre in Los Gatos . . . Joe Roccisano presented his 11-piece American Music Machine at the Pilgrimage Theatre. Harvey Siders was emcee for the concert. Roccisano disdains from labeling his book, but the record it's a jazz-rock sound.

Chicago: Freddie Hubbard brought his quintet into the North Park Hotel for a recent Saturday and Sunday stint. Along with Hubbard's tenorist Junior Cook were local stalwarts Willie Pickens, piano; Rufus Reid, bass, and Wilbur Campbell, drums . . . Stan Kenton helped keep the Aragon Ballroom revival going with his one-nighter there on a recent Friday. A ballroom spokesman said the Kenton appearance was the best attended of all the room's attractions since its reopening months ago . . . Sy Oliver's swinging little band at the London House included drummer Don Lamond . . . Vocalist Freda Payne followed Curtis Mayfield into Mister Kelly's . . . The Triton College Jazz Band (Robert Morsch, dir.) followed its joint concert at the Rosary College Auditorium with the Triton College Symphony Wind Ensemble with an appearance on WTTW-TV's *Chicago Festival* show . . . The jazz-rock aggregation led by Fred Wayne, now known simply as Fred, worked recent gigs at the John J. Madden Zone Center and the Safari Room, the latter along with special guests Phil Upchurch (guitar) and Ruby Andrews (vocals). Personnel: Carl Hansen, Steve Cooper, Wayne, trumpets; John Avant, trombone; Rick Kowerski, Richard Corpolongo, Dan Windolph, reeds; Mike Stromski, guitar; Louis Satterfield, electric bass, and Steve Kauffman, drums . . . Cornetist Pete Daily was at the Inn Place on a recent weekend . . . The Gallery Ensemble is

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still heard regularly at the Afam Studio and Gallery Coffeehouse, 1037 E. 75th St. Personnel: Wesley McLendon, Jose Williams, reeds; Prentice Pilot, acoustic bass; Billy Mitchell, electric bass; Bobby Miller, drums, and Cal Jones, the ju-ju man. The Gallery Trio (Jose Williams, Gene Scott, bass; Miller) began weekly performances Oct. 22, along with a variety of contemporary poets . . . The Malcolm X College Band can be heard every Monday at the That's Life Lounge, 1445-W. 95th St. . . Franz Jackson's group did a recent concert at the Big Horn in Ivanhoe.

Baltimore: Hank Levy's Towson State Jazz Orchestra became the first Maryland group to appear at the new John F. Kennedy Center in Washington, where they appeared Sept. 24 in the three-day jazz festival produced by Willis Conover. A week later, several members of the band, who have organized a jazz-rock group called Gate and have been in rehearsal since this summer, unveiled the group at a concert at Towson State. They played several of Levy's originals as well as some tunes of their own, arranged by trombonist Bunky Horak and keyboard man Obediah Potsdam, III. The band tends to be a little top-heavy (3 trumpets and 3 trombones among 12 pieces) but the brass section is a joy to listen to and they swing. Levy has worked wonders with the Towson State students in the few years he has been there . . . Lee Morgan's group and the Barry Miles Trio appeared at the Left Bank Jazz Society the first two weekends in October . . . The Coppin State Jazz Society opened its fall program Sept. 25 with Les McCann's quartet . . . The Merriweather Post Pavilion closed out its season of rock concerts with appearances by Kris Kristofferson and Blood, Sweat and Tears in September. Two earlier concerts by Elton John and Alvin Lee were marred by disturbances, and whether there will be rock at Columbia next summer is open to question . . . Meanwhile, Baltimore theaters have taken up the slack. Chicago and the Jackson 5 played the Civic Center in September, and the Lyric Theater had Frank Zappa booked on Oct. 17 while Painter's Mill has the Allman Brothers booked on the same date.

Detroit: A mid-September fire completely leveled one of Detroit's more popular supper clubs, Lofy's, which had been booking star attractions for about a year. Owner Sam Hadous vows to rebuild and continue the format which showcased Al Hirt, Della Reese, Johnny Ray, and a host of others . . . When Buddy Rich finished his stint at the Moon Supper Club, he held a successful concert at Clarenceville High School in Livonia, playing to a sellout audience of almost a thousand. Young pianist Bobby Peterson made an excellent impression . . . Butch Miles, drummer of the increasingly popular Austin-Moro big band will be joining Mel Torme on a six-week Asian tour . . . Stan Kenton will put in a two-night concert appearance at Clarenceville High School in mid-November, featuring a first-time-in-the-area Kenton Clinic . . . Count Basie moved into the Dearborn Town House Oct. 25-26. The room is again headlining the big band sound . . . Bakers Keyboard Lounge welcomed back Les McCann for a ten-day stay . . . Gene Ammons came in for a rare visit with a one-nighter at Club Mozambique,

where Gloria Lynne was also featured recently . . . A Nov. 6 date at the University of Detroit was scheduled for Sergio Mendes and Brazil 77. This was their first visit since they aged 11 years overnight.

Poland: The 11th International Pop Song Festival in Sopo was topped by several renowned artists among whom the foremost was Nancy Wilson. She was accompanied by the Polish Radio Big Band plus a guest rhythm section comprised of leading jazzmen: Wlodzimirz Nahorny, Jacek Bednarek, Wladyslaw Jagiello. Miss Wilson gave a 50-minute recital which proved her mastery and perfect control of the audience . . . Jazz Workshop-Chodziej 71 is the name of a summer music camp organized this year for the first time by the Polish Jazz Society. This experiment gathered, in a picturesque lake-and-woods area, 50 young amateur jazzmen, giving them a chance to practice under the supervision of leading Polish professionals: Lucjan Kaszycki (Theory of music, ear training); Tomasz Stanko (wind instruments); Jann Jarczyk (arranging, band leading); Marek Podkanowicz (string instruments); Janusz Stefanski (percussion instruments). The music camp was a success and likely will be repeated during the winter in the mountainous region of the country . . . The 14th International Jazz Jamboree (Oct. 28-31) promises to be the greatest of them all. If nothing goes wrong, jazz enthusiasts will get a chance to see and hear in Warsaw such stars as Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, The Jazz Giants, Ornette Coleman, Kurt Edelhagen's Band and many other great artists.

WILKINS

continued from page 10

ball tackle and kicks the band like one. Bassist Benny Hickman has that big sound and steady rhythm that a big band needs. Snooky Young-like Don Slaughter plays most of the trumpet lead, although some is shared by Bill Horner. (Basie wanted him bad!)

Now, the guy I've been saving for last is a wonderful and beautiful musician and man—and that's lead altoist-soloist Ted Buckner. I remember Ted, fondly, as being featured with the old Jimmie Lunceford band along with altoist Willie Smith. I guess he's known mainly for his solo on the Lunceford hit, *Margie*. But as far as I'm concerned, he's greater than ever. He really could have made it in L.A. or New York, but he's now a grandfather—and he's happy. I guess that's what really counts—being happy, I mean.

One of the things that impressed me so much that night was that although this was a dance, and Jimmy's band played dance music, this was a *big, bad, jazz* band! They made no concessions, and yet the people there, in spite of themselves, had a ball!

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Jimmy and his guys hope to soon go into a new club, on a one-night-a-week basis, in the same manner as Thad Jones and Mel Lewis at the Village Vanguard and Clark Terry at the Half Note in New York. I pray that it happens for them. It's fine for a great band to be danced to, but it should also be heard, and I believe there are enough jazz fans in Detroit to support them.

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—Ernie Wilkins



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