

BIG BANDS: AN INSIDE VIEW

APRIL 15, 1971

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the first chorus

By CHARLES SUBER

TWO ISSUES AGO I MADE reference to the "stock" quality of many of the published arrangements currently available for jazz ensembles. Let's talk more about this.

Actually the problem is two-fold. There are not enough good jazz and popular tunes being published (in sheet music form), and too much of what is being published is poorly arranged and inadequately produced.

David Baker, in his two latest texts (*Arranging & Composing* and *Jazz Improvisation*) lists 96 standards, 82 jazz tunes, 45 blues, and 57 bebop tunes as important selections for the learning musician to know. But how many of these 280 modern American compositions are available in published sheet music form? According to the *down beat/Music Directory*, Vol. II (1971), only 60 of the 280 are currently available.

For example, none of the following standards are available in jazz band, dance orchestra, or combo arrangements: George Gershwin's *But Not For Me*, *Summertime*; Cole Porter's *Love For Sale*, *Night and Day*, *I Get A Kick Out of You*; Fats Waller's *Honeysuckle Rose*, or Ray Noble's *Cherokee*.

Only 14 out of the 82 jazz tunes are available in any ensemble arrangement. Among the missing are Charlie Parker's *Dexterity*, *My Little Suede Shoes*, *Quick-silver*; Thelonious Monk's *Epistrophy*, *Off Minor*, *Well You Needn't*; Dizzy Gillespie's *A Night in Tunisia*; Clifford Brown's *Joy Spring*; Horace Silver's *Nica's Dream* and *Sister Sadie*.

There are only six of the 45 blues tunes available. Thus, virtually none of the classic instrumental blues of Charlie Parker, John Coltrane, J. J. Johnson or Wes Montgomery can be played or studied (unless recorded copies are made).

As for tunes that are available—ugh! Burt Bacharach is pretty hot, right? And it would seem likely that school stage bands and other ensembles would like to play his tunes, right? I dare you to play *Promises, Promises* (arranged by Johnny Warrington), or *Raindrops Keep Fallin'* (arranged by Dentato) and still enjoy the original versions. I would like to believe that Bacharach has never heard them either.

If you want to play *Hello Dolly* you have to use the Warrington arrangement. I doubt if you will. If you want to learn, or teach, something about the good old tunes you will soon give up after looking over versions (the only arrangements available) of *After You've Gone*, *All of Me*, *Deep Purple*, *Get Out of Town*, *Once In A While*, etc.

Who is to blame for all this waste? Who is at fault for denying a huge slice of American music to several million learning musicians—to say nothing of a multi-million-person listening audience?

The principal culprits are music publishers who can't see beyond their alligator shoe tassels, and music educators who don't care enough about today's music to insist on the best. However, the composer himself is not blameless; especially if his name is Bacharach. You have to assume that he could "ask" his publisher to produce quality arrangements. It's really hard to figure. You would think that composers, and even publishers, would want to offer something for sale that would enhance the value of the copyright. Unfortunately for us all, that kind of logic has never been a hit at the Brill Building or Hollywood and Vine. 



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contents

- 4 The First Chorus, by Charles Suber
- 8 Chords and Discords
- 12 News
- 13 Strictly Ad Lib
- 14 **Breakfast With Champions:** Dan Morgenstern attends one, the entree being the bands of Rich, Basie, and King Curtis at the bash following the Frazier-Ali bout.
- 16 **Road Band Blues: A Three-way Rap with Henry Coker, Blue Mitchell, and Johnny Coles:** Life on the road with the Ray Charles Big Band as told to Valerie Wilmer.
- 18 **Harold Jones: The Beat Behind Basie:** Leonard Feather talks to the respected young percussionist.
- 19 **Rehearsal Time: An Inside View by Dickie Wells:** The veteran trombonist gives his account of a typical big band rehearsal.
- 20 Record Reviews
- 26 **Blindfold Test:** Gerald Wilson
- 28 **Caught In The Act:** Miles Davis • Various Artists • Janet Lawson
- 32 **Music Workshop:** Hubert Laws' "Gula Matari" solo, transcribed by David Baker.
- 37 **Jazz On Campus**

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Retraction

Although I have spent my entire adult life in the theater, wherein rumors and out-and-out lying are often the societal lifeblood, I cannot recall resorting to rumor-mongering in print.

However, in my piece on big band rock (*db*, Feb. 4), I irresponsibly misquoted a source and said that Chicago was "anxious to escape" producer James Guercio. I was subsequently informed by Columbia Records'

Bob Altschuler that this is incorrect, and that the band is quite satisfied with Guercio. Thus, I offer whatever apology—but for that quick remark only, not for any other critical analysis regarding Chicago. . . .

Mike Bourne

Hear, Hear!

If jazz music ever really does go the way of the dodo and tyrannosaurus rex, a good part of the blame should be laid at the doorstep of the promotion departments of the record companies.

For about nine months now I've been writing an occasional jazz review

column for *The Arizona Republic*, one of the largest newspapers in the West. I have more than enough else to keep me occupied, but I decided to write the column in hopes of calling reader attention to the music I love.

But my biggest hassle is with record companies, getting them to send promotional albums. Some write insulting form letters, the implication being that you better review all the records they send or they'll strike your name from their list, while most don't even bother to reply.

Few record companies regularly send jazz albums for review. On the other hand, the rock albums come into newspaper offices by the boxcar load, complete with promotional gimmicks right out of Tin Pan Alley.

Why? Why would major record companies bother with the sizeable investment in an album, yet be so haphazard or negligent about promotional copies?

I'm not alone in my complaint. A friend, Herb Johnson, who conducts a nightly three-hour jazz program over KOOL-FM (and who has kept jazz alive in Arizona for more than a decade) is constantly frustrated in attempting to acquire promotional jazz albums to play over the air. Needless to say, his colleagues who fill the air with various types of rock suffer no such frustration.

It is frequently said that book promotion is a century behind the times. As an author and regular book reviewer, I concur. But book promotion, however bad, is light years ahead of jazz record promotion. Indeed, it is my experience that jazz record promotion is to music what the Wright Brothers were to Apollo 14. And it pains me, because of memorable hours I've spent listening to jazz music, that this is so.

Edwin McDowell
Editorial Pages Editor
The Arizona Republic

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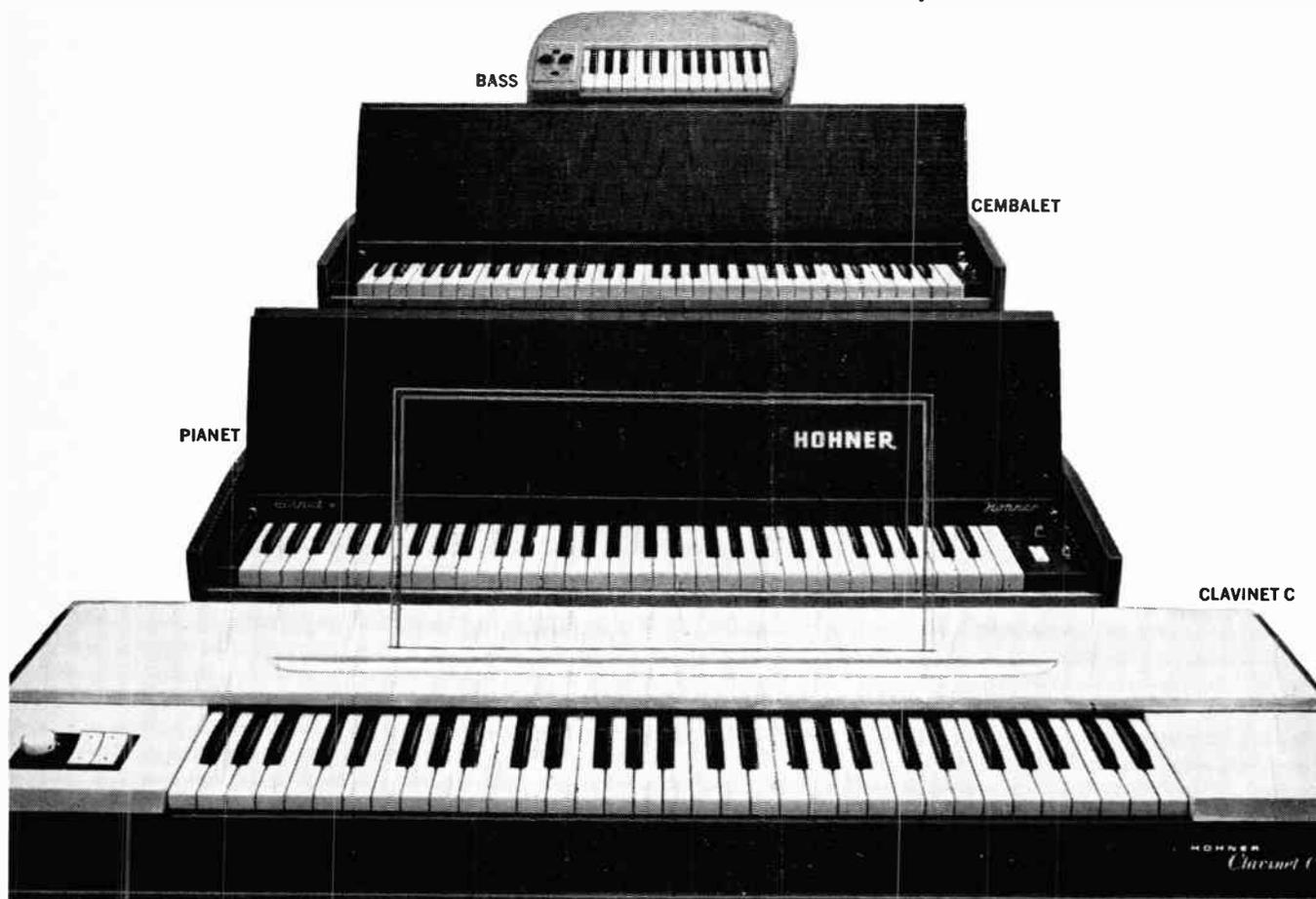
Since our organization, the Black Musicians Association (BMA) was mentioned so prominently in a manner that we consider rather derogatory in your recent article about west coast studio musicians (*db*, March 4), we would like "equal time" to reply to Bobby Bryant's remarks about the BMA.

As for there being any "hell raisers" in the BMA, I think we have been very restrained in our approach to improving the situation here for Negro musicians, and surely there is rampant discrimination and exclusion of blacks here in studio work and in every other form of musical employment regardless of what the qualifications of certain black musicians might be.

As vice president of the BMA, I would like to do an indepth article about the true state of the music scene here as it applies to Negro musicians.

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down beat NEWS

ROYAL SWEDISH ACADEMY TAPS DUKE ELLINGTON

Duke Ellington, a man accustomed to high honors, has been elected to the Royal Swedish Academy of Music, a prestigious 200-year-old institution. He will join such illustrious predecessors as Beethoven, Haydn, Puccini, Verdi, Shostakovich and Pablo Casals, along with a host of Swedish composers and performers.

Ellington was formally inducted into the academy at a March 12 reception in his honor at the Swedish Consulate in New York.

Earlier that week, the Duke was also named to the Songwriters Hall of Fame at the organization's first annual awards dinner at the New York Hilton.

Ellington was one of the first 10 songwriters to be elected, along with Hoagy Carmichael, Harold Arlen, Ira Gershwin, Johnny Mercer, Dorothy Fields, Alan Jay Lerner, Jimmy Van Heusen, Rudolph Friml, and Harry Warren. Irving Berlin and Richard Rodgers were chosen last year by the board of directors, who also named 50 deceased songwriters to the Hall.

Ellington was one of five electees on hand to receive the awards, but he and Lerner left early to attend the Frazier-Ali fight. Later that night, the Ellington band performed at Frazier's victory party.

Thus, Duke missed the entertainment which included the first public performance in many years by singer Lee Wiley who did two numbers long associated with her, *I've Got A Crush On You* and *A Hundred Years From Today*.

Al Hibbler, Mercer, and others also sang, and 88-year-old Eubie Blake made the presentation to Friml, who is 91, and then performed a piano solo of his own famous *Memories of You*.

GEORGE DUKE, SHARROCK JOIN ADDERLEY SEXTET

Pianist George Duke, whose most recent association has been with Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention, has joined the Cannonball Adderley group, now a sextet with the addition of well-known guitarist Sonny Sharrock. A San Francisco native, Duke replaces longtime Adderley sideman Joe Zawinul who left the band last December to co-lead a group with Wayne Shorter.

Duke, whose album *Save The Country* (Liberty LST-11004) was released last fall, has also worked and recorded with Gerald Wilson, the Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet, Jean-Luc Ponty, and others.

In addition to cornetist Nat, the rest of the Adderley group remains the same: Walter Booker, bass, and Roy McCurdy, drums.

FINAL BAR

Record producer **Francis Wolff**, 64, died March 8 in New York City of a heart attack following surgery.

Born in Berlin, Germany, Wolff came to the U.S. in 1939. His profession was



Francis Wolff

photography, but he soon became involved in the operation of Blue Note, a small jazz label just founded by Alfred Lion, a fellow jazz fan whom he had known in Berlin.

When Lion was drafted in 1941, Wolff continued to operate Blue Note. After Lion's discharge, the partners expanded the label, and continued to operate it with great success until it was sold to Liberty Records in 1966.

Lion then retired, but Wolff continued to manage and supervise Blue Note's recording activities until he was taken ill.

More reserved than his partner and friend, Wolff played an equal role in the Blue Note contribution to jazz, which includes such milestones as Charlie Christian's *Profoundly Blue*, Thelonious Monk's and Bud Powell's first dates as leaders, the discoveries of Horace Silver and Jimmy Smith, and others too numerous to mention.

Wolff was also a fine jazz photographer, whose work graced many a Blue Note cover, and he exercised meticulous craftsmanship in his attention to album production details. Completely dedicated to his work, he was among the handful of remaining pioneers in the art of making jazz records.

Pianist-composer **Elmer Schoebel**, 74,

The picture of Buddy Rich which graces our cover won British photographer **David Redfern** a place in the prestigious *Photography Yearbook* for 1971 which called him "a jazz photographer par excellence. . ."

died Dec. 14 in Miami, Fla.

Schoebel, who began his career playing in movie theaters in vaudeville, was born in East St. Louis, Ill. and came to Chicago in 1920. He joined the Friars' Society Orchestra, which later became the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, in 1922 and recorded with them for Gennett. He worked with many leading Chicago based bands throughout the '20s and was also active as an arranger and editor for Melrose Music. He later arranged for Ina Ray Hutton's Band, then spent a decade as chief music arranger for Warner Brothers Publishing House in New York. In 1950, he resumed his career as a jazz pianist working with Conrad Janis' Band and other traditional groups. From 1955, he lived in Florida, occasionally playing with local bands.

Schoebel's musical knowledge was an important ingredient in the success of the NORK and in his work for Melrose he prepared many Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver, and Louis Armstrong works for publication. He also was a successful songwriter whose many hits included *Nobody's Sweetheart*, *Prince of Wails*, *Farewell Blues*, and *Spanish Shawl*. He recorded under his own name in 1929, leading a band that included the legendary Frank Teschemacher on clarinet. Schoebel was also an electrical and mechanical engineer and invented "Tunematic" Radio, which he manufactured in 1933 in his own factory.

POTPOURRI

Louis Armstrong's lineup for his successful three-week stand at the Waldorf Astoria's Empire Room, his first New York night club appearance since the spring of 1968, brought together a number of former All Stars: trombonist **Tyree Glenn**, Satchmo's current right-hand man; clarinet **Joe Muranyi**; pianist **Marty Napoleon**; bassist **Arvell Shaw** (reunited with the leader for this engagement) and drummer **Danny Barcelona**. Louis' trumpet was much in evidence, convincing many doubting Thomases of his amazing comeback.

A **Coleman Hawkins** memorial concert will take place at the Apollo Theater in Harlem at midnight on April 16. The program will include performances by an all-star jazz group formed for the occasion by **Dizzy Gillespie**. At presstime, musicians set for the group included **Zoot Sims**, **Sam Jones**, and **Max Roach**. **Roberta Flack** and her trio will also appear, and a top male singer was being sought. The concert is a benefit for Manhattanville Community Centers Inc., a social service or-

Editorial

A Boost For Jazz From President Nixon

The number of times a president of the United States has taken official notice of jazz can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Thus it is more than gratifying to report and comment here on some recent remarks by President Nixon, read on his behalf by Leonard Garment, his Special Consultant for Cultural Affairs at the Feb. 27 meeting of the Music Educators National Conference in Atlantic City. (That evening's program was under the auspices of the National Association of Jazz Educators, a MENC affiliate.)

Mr. Nixon had some pleasant things to say about his own interest in music—including his piano playing, of course—and he “noted with pleasure” the popularity of Willis Conover's Voice of America jazz broadcasts in countries around the world. He pointed out the John F. Kennedy Memorial Center had already conducted one national college jazz festival and was to hold a second in May; and he mentioned some of the jazz artists who have performed at the White House during his incumbency.

“The growing phenomenon,” he went on, “of the high school and college orchestra—whether it is called a jazz band or a ‘stage’ band—is of special interest to me, not only because of my particular interest in expanding oppor-

tunities for all young Americans in the arts, but for an even more personal reason. As a student musician . . . I played 2nd violin in the high school orchestra. . . .”

The key passage in the president's remarks, however, concerned the National Endowment for the Arts, for which he had previously requested a record appropriation.

Noting that Federal support for the arts “is now the largest in the history of this nation,” Mr. Nixon pointed out that “a major part of this appropriation is firmly directed to the support of music and musicians, both professional and academic.”

“The allotment for jazz,” he went on, “while still smaller than that original American art form deserves, is now more than twice that of last year, and I am gratified to say the jazz allotment will soon be substantially increased.”

This is a statement of great significance. While symphony orchestras, chamber music groups, opera and ballet companies and “serious” composers have been reaping a harvest of federal (i.e. taxpayers') dollars since the inception of the Endowment program, a \$5,500 award to George Russell in 1969 was the first notice taken of jazz. In the following year, a paltry \$20,000 was allocated to America's native music, and

the jazz allotment for the fiscal year 1971 so far is a mere \$50,000.

The firmly stated promise of a “substantial” increase from the President himself now gives us reason to expect that the treatment of jazz as the stepchild of the arts grudgingly allowed a few crumbs brushed from the cultural establishment's table will soon come to an end.

One hopes, too, that this belatedly enlightened attitude of the federal government will be reflected in the state, municipal, and private sectors. The New York State Council On The Arts deserves high praise for its progressive policy toward jazz, but it stands alone in its field. Our great cities, where most jazz musicians reside, have rarely included the music in their various cultural projects. And the private foundations have contributed absolutely nothing, with the sole exception of the John Simon Guggenheim Foundations' recent grants to a few jazz artists.

One need not be a partisan of President Nixon to praise him for his recognition of the need for a new and positive attitude toward America's most significant contribution to music. Our government has long used jazz artists to win friends for America abroad. In these times, friends at home are needed too.



ganization active in uptown Manhattan.

New York City's oldest (and best) radio jazz program, Ed Beach's *Just Jazz*, heard over WRVR-FM for nearly a decade, is threatened with extinction due to an impending change in format at the station. Only a massive protest from listeners could save the program beyond its present termination date of May 1. Readers in the New York area are urged to write to Dr. Eugene Laubach at 490 Riverside Dr., New York, N.Y. 10027.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Charles Mingus' group (Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto sax; Bobby Jones, tenor sax; John Foster, piano; Virgil Day, drums) appeared at Slugs the first week of March. Wilbur Ware subbed for the leader the beginning of the week. The groups of Charles Tolliver and Archie Shepp preceded Mingus at the club . . . At the Club Baron, Gene Ammons' Quartet was featured along with James Moody's Trio (Larry Young, organ; Roy Brooks, drums) in early March . . . Reggie Workman recently returned from an eventful three-month tour of Japan . . . Mary Lou Williams continues at the Cookery downtown at University Place Monday through Saturday. With her is bassist Michael Fleming . . . Elvin Jones worked the

Village Vanguard in early March with Joe Farrell and Dave Liebman, reeds, and Gene Perla, bass . . . Pee Wee's featured the George Scott Quartet on weeknights with Scotty Holt's Expression with Walter Davis, Jr. and Philly Joe Jones playing on weekends . . . Art Blakey's group, fresh from a tour of the Far East, were given a welcome home party at the East Village “In”. Joe Henderson's group has been heard there recently and Sun Ra appears Mondays . . . Ahmad Jamal was featured at the Top of the Gate and was followed in March by Billy Taylor's Trio (Bob Cranshaw, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums) . . . Tubacist Don Butterfield appeared in concert at the YMHA as soloist in a new concerto composed for him by Charles Wuorinen . . . Recent attractions at Jimmy Ryan's have been Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Eddie Locke, Joe Muranyi, and Joe Thomas . . . Guitarist Ted Dunbar and bassist Larry Ridley were at the Guitar through the end of February. Following was a mini-festival of one-nighters featuring George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, Jim Hall and Ron Carter, Joe Puma's Duo, Gene Bertocini and Line Milliman, and Kenny Burrell and Wilbur Little . . . Cecil Young's group continues at Rifiki's . . . Vibist Vera Auer's Quartet was at the Countee Cullen Library . . . Philharmonic Hall had Blood, Sweat & Tears in tandem with Thelonious Monk's

Quartet March 1-2 . . . The Downbeat's exciting Friday afternoon sessions continue through March with Clark Terry and Phil Wilson, the Billy Taylor Orchestra, Jim Hall, and Elvin Jones' Quartet. A March 14 benefit at the club for Jazz Adventures Inc., (sponsored by the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club and the New York Hot Jazz Society) featured reedman Franz Jackson and his Chicagoans in a “traditional jazz jamboree” with the Jazz Adventures Trio as an added attraction . . . The Twilight Jazz Series at the Overseas Press Club presented a Sunday night “Jazz Greats Trombone Tribute” featuring Tyree Glenn, Vic Dickenson, Bill Watrous along with Bob Wilber, Wynton Kelly, Arvell Shaw and Jo Jones . . . Earl Davis' group did a weekend at the Old Reliables . . . Recent performers at Boomer's included pianists Norman Simmons, Barry Harris, and Wynton Kelly . . . The Half Note had Al Cohn's group early in March followed by Zoot Sims for the rest of the month . . . The Cafe London's Sunday night bashes go on with Rudy Grant's group holding forth. Recent sitters-in have been Carmen Leggio, Joe Ciavardone, Bobby Pratt, Jerry Dodgion, and Al Cohn . . . Tenorist Bill Barron's group, Carlos Garnett, and Phase II have appeared in recitals and concerts at Brooklyn's Muse . . . The Gary Burton Quartet did a concert at Carnegie Recital Hall . . . The group at Chuck's Composite

/Continued on page 34

BREAKFAST WITH CHAMPIONS

by Dan Morgenstern

THE PROMOTERS HAD wisely refrained from playing favorites and advertised their function at New York's Americana Hotel immediately following the most widely publicized fight in history simply as "Breakfast Dance In Honor of The Champion". (For those too young to remember, a breakfast dance is an affair that starts anytime around midnight and goes on from there. In the old days it could last well into daylight; this one happened from 11 till 5—a rare enough treat.)

Nevertheless, Joe Frazier had his victory party around the block at the Hilton with Duke Ellington's Band featured, so that's where his close people were—at first. But the Americana event was the more public one (and at \$25 a head, a ten-spot cheaper) and could boast three bands (Count Basie, Buddy Rich, and King Curtis), so the good-sized crowd on hand was not a partisan one.

Estimating that neither Count nor Buddy would hit much before 1 a.m., I arrived around that time. Though it was a chilly, gusty night, the Americana's spa-

heard them, (which he admitted was some time ago). We fell to talking about Duke, a subject for which we shared enthusiasm, after I had suggested that playing a breakfast dance for a crowd that I'd been able to identify as predominantly Harlem (they call it "ghetto" nowadays, but it is also a style and a feeling and a tradition) might be something quite different.

The Imperial is a huge rectangular room in contemporary hotel style. It lacks the warmth of the cheerfully ugly, gilt-edged, stuccoed and muraled ballrooms of another day, but a good-time crowd creates its own atmosphere, and the feeling inside was already happy. Basie's set had begun, and as I got my bearings and made my way toward the bandstand, the blues (was it *Splanky?*) wafted through the air, lubricated by that special Basie oil.

Some dancers were on the floor, and the cluster of bobbing heads and swaying bodies confronted the bandstand, but most people were still coming in or getting settled (and primed) at the tables.

The bandroom across the hall had been sparsely populated when I checked it out, and sure enough, a number of Rich bandmen, easily recognizable in their casual but neat uniforms of striped long-sleeved sport shirts and complementing vests, were checking out the sounds and sights.

(There were other things to check out, among them a sprinkling of hotpants outfits, a style to which I have no objection, plus other sartorial factors of lesser impact. There was much young blood in the well-integrated yet predominately Harlem crowd, but I can't recall seeing many Afros.)

Seeing Basie and Co. again after a while (I'm ashamed to admit that in this case it was quite a while—late summer of '69, to be exact) is like running into a pretty girl you used to know and find that she's still got it all together. A few details may have changed, but the glow remains.

The feeling of constancy within change is amplified by the presence of new faces and the absence of some anticipated ones, the latter balanced by the surprise of seeing Al Grey and Frank Foster in their old chairs.

And then of course, the core presences of Mr. Basie, looking marvelously fit presiding over his chargers, and Freddie Green, keeper of the pulse and embodiment of the tradition.

Two of the Rich boys are attempting to sort out the familiar and the new faces among themselves when one of their questions from a few moments ago is spontaneously answered by the familiar voice of a big band freak who has just joined the diggers with a broad smile on his welcome face.

"That's Paul Cohen up there," Dizzy Gillespie said delightedly, identifying the lead trumpeter. "Paul Cohen . . . you remember him. He goes back to the days with Benny Harris and every thing . . . he's a hell of a man".

Meanwhile, and this by ESP, Cohen has been the first in the band to spot Dizzy, waving and smiling and hunching the others. The trumpets get it first and then it goes through the band.

The second tune now under way, *In a Mellotone*, and the big hand Al Grey gets for his robust solo, in which the Rich boys join, makes them and some others miss the marvelous entrance of the reeds for their soli chorus—a bitch from way back, and executed with a flourish that spells high class. Bobby Plater has a lead alto tone slightly less ripe than Marshall Royal's but just as powerful, and Cecil Payne's bottom, while not as fat as Charlie Fowlkes', is in there.

Sure, Basie isn't playing anything new and on the two sets that night there is nothing that isn't warmly familiar in outline . . . but new and novel are not the same, and everything is novel: the setting, the personnel, the certain something. It's a pity that only age fully reveals the pleasure of familiarity combined with renewal. Basie is like the seasons, like a strong old tree that greets each spring with fresh foliage.

Al Grey gets out his plunger for *Makin' Whoopee*, the band swinging softly behind him at a tempo no other big band has mastered (or dares to attempt), and the older dancers are with it, gliding with the glisses of the reeds. Frank Foster gets his first innings on *Corner Pocket*, Mr. Green's permanently pressed and sharp contribution to his band's wardrobe.

Almost the entire Rich crew is on hand by now. Buddy himself appeared not long after Dizzy. As I noted with pleasure a few weeks before, on a stomping night at Barney Google's, he looks so well and relaxed these days. He'd been looking forward to this particular occasion then, and he's beaming now, digging the band. Basie is one of Buddy's great loves—the man and the music—and it's a two-way thing, as we will soon see.

Buddy's been to the fight, naturally, so we ask him. "It was a very good fight," he says, adding that there can be no question that Frazier won. (At this time, many who neither watched nor listened but only heard "decision" were still a bit doubtful, for which they couldn't be blamed.) Buddy knows a bit about boxing, having done some in the Marines both in and out of the ring, and I don't want to misquote him concerning his other comments—this being neither time nor place to take notes.

One O'Clock Jump. Already? Lots of shouts for more—from Buddy too—but there's lots to come yet. Basie takes the mike, thanking the folks and telling them that they are about to hear a great band, a great young band (his emphasis), "a band that's fiery and exciting . . . I believe it's the last word in big bands today." You can hear Basie now as well as feel him—the piano was badly undermined.

Meanwhile, the object of this affectionate introduction had been setting up. The stand is very long with Basie set on the left, King Curtis' paraphernalia on the right, and leaving just enough room for the Rich brass on the stage. Reeds are on the floor, and Buddy's drums on a platform to their right. Not an ideal setup, but there are no complaints.

The crisp sound of the drums that sound like no others, and they're off at *Moment's*



JAN PERSSON

acious lobby was packed with celebrity watchers. Most of them were probably hoping to catch a glimpse of the champ or his fallen adversary but seemed quite willing to settle for whatever else might come along.

In the checkroom area, things were more quiet. The first familiar face I spotted was the bearded one of ex-Rich pianist David Lahm, who informed me that he'd been visiting the band room and that Buddy's men were kind of down because they were on location in Toronto and this was their night off—the trip back was booked on a 7:30 a.m. flight. I suggested that the unusual nature of the occasion might compensate, but David, who is a marvelous pianist but not very sanguine in outlook, countered that the Basie band hadn't been playing much the last few times he'd

Notice. It's a different groove, yet part of the same tradition. The brass bite, the reeds kick, propelled by a jet stream of rhythm. Basie is like a coiled spring, Rich is the spring uncoiled. Two kinds of tension and release.

There are some new faces around the bandstand now, including that of Ed McMahon, who'd been on the scene a few weeks back too. (Johnny's missing, hospitalized with hepatitis). Big Ed's attention is divided between the music and looking for his son. "I don't want him to miss this," he says repeatedly.

There is new life on the dance floor, too, especially after the contemporary rhythms of *Norwegian Wood* have begun to vibrate through the room. All kinds of dancers, mostly good, now mostly young. The best (now and for the night) is a tall, slender (but not skinny) blonde, not in hotpants, but in neck-to-ankle slinky black, with a matching feather boa. She moves, despite her corny partner, shedding feathers as she goes. The other couples make a bit of room, and Buddy digs the action. (For the remainder of the night, the lady just listens up close. She made her statement.)

The band's fine new chart on *La Ronde*,

table with a family air, wearing a dress that matches her hat—an out-of-sight creation of, I would guess, North African design, though it has an Oriental look—like something a Tartar princess might have worn.

James Brown is mentioned too, but I can't find him in the sea of tables. A Motown-styled male quartet is going through its paces now, but, having been lucky to get in, and noting the increased security at the door (not a cop in sight, but just cats who can't be jived with and know all the stories), I decide to stay, chatting with Frank Foster near the door, joined later by Mel Wanzo, Basie's lead trombone, who was with Woody when I last saw him. We're digging the constant flow of newcomers, like two tall studs in floor-length white fur coats with matching belts and brimmed hats which must have a cost a fortune if they're real, and some more hotpants.

A familiar face whisks by. Frank Sinatra and party, 10 or so, including trusted friend Jilly Rizzo, whom I just manage to greet. By the time they get seated, the DJ is on again, about to introduce King Curtis' band. When he hears that Sinatra is in the house, he doesn't give up until he has

Cuber, and the drummer is none other Pretty Purdie—and can he play that stuff! There is also an organ, two guitars, and electric bass.

This is dance music—none like it in the world—and soon the floor is packed with swaying bodies. Curtis plays tenor on the first piece, a rocking blues (what else?) on which Newman sets most of the background riffs. The music is loud but not piercing, and the beat is irresistible.

King plays alto on *Ode to Billie Joe*, a slower tempo that gets the dancers into body contact. On the last number (all three are long) he features the saxello with a nasal but interesting sound. A job—to play dance music—superbly done, but the cat who came up to the band and yelled "changes" had a point. Curtis (not to mention Joe and Ronnie) can play those, too. But not tonight.

Basie's second set begins while I'm distracted, greeting Leon Thomas with whom I had spent the previous weekend judging at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at Notre Dame, and it's only when I look (the band is into a medium blues that has some Sweets Edison riffs in it) that I see the drummer is Buddy Rich. If you don't think that's a compliment, let me assure you it's the highest I can give. Paul Cohen has a solo on this, not a lead man's type of solo, but one with splendid jazz conception and great chops.

The band is grooving, stretching back with heels dug in, and Buddy's smile is of a sort you don't see too often. There's constant communion between him and Freddie Green, who, when necessary (which isn't often) discreetly alerts the drummer to upcoming cues. Buddy is at home here.

Next, *Discommotion*, a way-up thing by Frank Foster with strong echoes of *Cottontail*. It's cooking now, and Eric Dixon's long solo is in keeping with the Ellington echoes, recalling Paul Gonsalves in its litheness. Harold Jones, the best drummer Basie's had since Gus Johnson (and I do like Sonny Payne), should not be the least concerned about the fact that Buddy makes the band catch fire, and I'm sure he's not. This is, after all, something else.

Shiny Stockings. This brings back the dancers, and gives Sonny Cohn a chance. In front of me is Nat Pierce, wedged into a corner above the band is the beaming face of Phil Leshin, ex-Rich bassist of many moons ago and a good PR man, Bob Thiele is in the crowd, and to Basie's left is Al Hibbler, his sightless face reflecting the music as if it were a light, conducting with his arms and trunk, and not missing a cue. Norris Turney is there too. Duke's gig is over, and Norris is the only one who made it here—there's an afternoon record date coming up. It's good to see him. Buddy's almost gentle on this. He's got a few bags.

Whirlybird. Frank Foster front and center on this, giving his old solo spot new hues. Then, that great climax, with the band shouting and the drums responding, Basie getting up to conduct in that easy yet authoritative manner, opening up the spaces for Buddy to fill. And how he fills them. Total concentration and control, plus that fire which makes him not just a phenom-

/Continued on page 40



The Rich band with tenorist Pat La Barbera

an entirely fresh reworking of what was once *Two Bass Hit*, is the climax of the set. *Midnight Cowboy*, which follows, presents the dancers with some hurdles, what with the changes in time and tempo, but they are a minority anyway. The listening crowd, however, has swelled.

Main solo kicks of this set have come from Pat La Barbera's strong, swinging tenor, Bruce Paulsen's trombone (also first rate in lead), and Danny Hayes' sparkling trumpet. George Pritchard, a fantastic guitarist who upset the joint at Google's, is back home in Milwaukee where he has a steady thing. I hope I'll hear him again someday.

The set is over. A disc-jockey type, dropping so many names that I missed his, points out that Aretha Franklin is in the house and Al Grey shows me where: at a

cajoled him to the stand—a difficult proposition for Sinatra, since his table is now surrounded by gawkers. The people with him appear to be just friends, no showoffs, wanting to relax and have a good time. But the lot of a star is a wearying one, and Sinatra pleasantly comes up to the stand, says a few words, and politely wards off requests for him to sing. He's looking extremely well, better than in his recent photos, face fleshed out a bit, but still youthful and he's being very gracious. Through the rest of his stay, the gawkers never let up, and Jilly doesn't get to sit down at all. I hope Frank got to dig some of the music.

King Curtis, a powerfully built man, has put together quite a band. One of the two trumpets is Joe Newman, one of the four saxes (including the leader) is Ronnie

ROAD BAND BLUES: a three-way rap with

Henry Coker, Blue Mitchell, and Johnny Coles

by Valerie Wilmer

THE YEAR WAS 1962 and I was sitting in a London hotel rapping with some of the cats in the Basie band. Henry Coker, the respected trombonist from Dallas, Texas, was talking about the respective merits of rock 'n' roll and the classic big bands he had worked with, among them Nat Towles, Benny Carter and Duke Ellington. "I'd go over to Paris to hear Ray Charles, you know, but I wouldn't even go to the window to hear some of the others!" was his caustic comment.

Eight years later, Coker wound up his fourth season with the Ray Charles Orchestra, an anonymous, greying figure in the middle of the trombone section, but with plenty of spirit in his horn when given the rare chance to blow. The Charles band also sported two famous trumpeters—Johnny Coles of Gil Evans' *Out of the Cool* fame, and Blue Mitchell, late of the Horace Silver combo. All three men took some time off from paying their dues on the road to talk about the particular kind of existence of the big band sideman.

V.W.: Henry, you are the only guy here with extensive big band experience; how does the Charles band compare?

H.C.: Well, I'm afraid to say. I've been with so many of them that to me it's just another big band. There's nothing extra special about it.

V.W.: Would you rather be with a band where you had more solo space?

H.C.: I would, but it seems that nowadays they're not buying that, anyway, so it doesn't bother me too much.

B. Mitchell: I've always wanted to work with a big band, and when I was given the opportunity I took advantage of it. The first year was very gratifying although the travelling part of it was something that I thought I'd given up quite a few years back! But because of the way they travel, you have to go along with so much regimentation and that's something that I'm not used to. But again, in order to make the whole thing come off well, you have to co-operate.

V.W.: They seem very strict in this band—is that so?

H.C.: I would say yes, very much so. 'Regimented' is what he said, and I mean it's just kid stuff.

B.M.: It does get out of hand when you feel that you're being treated like a bunch of school kids, or something else besides human beings. This is not the sort of thing you talk about, so I guess I'd better stop while I'm ahead!

V.W.: I guess that the eternal problem facing musicians on the road is sleep; how do you cope?

J. Coles: Well, having travelled quite a bit and been in the business as long as I have, I know what is required in order to give my best, so most of the time I'll sleep when I have the opportunity. It's difficult to eat over here (in Europe) like you'd like to because you have such funny schedules for serving food.

H.C.: I get what sleep I can, here and there.

B.M.: It's just that after a while you get so used to travelling that you don't realize

how tired you are until you stop. Then you realize you're *beat!*

J.C.: And you look tired on the bandstand not just because of the lack of sleep but because of the extra-curricular things that are forced on you, coming from the top (of the organization).

V.W.: There's one thing that I can never understand about bands on tour. It seems to me that it would be common sense to try to get the best out of the musicians in order to sell the commercial product—in this case Ray Charles—yet they drive the musicians like dogs at times. Why?

J.C.: This particular conception of how it should be comes from the top, where handling more than four or five people is concerned. But when you do have so many people, there are some within the organization that need discipline and so it has to be exerted. And as a result, those who do know how to conduct themselves have to suffer along with those who don't know.

B.M.: I often feel that in Ray's case it would be a lot different if he had more to do with what's going on, if he could see and be around—although (to mention



Henry Coker

that) is running a little deep—but it would be better for him to *know* rather than to have somebody tell him. That way he would make his own decisions, and all the weight of criticism wouldn't drop on him like it does now when he has to go by what other people tell him.

H.C.: May I say something in reference to what Johnny's just said? I've been in four or five big name bands, you know, with just as many pieces, but they weren't run this way. I figure that every man has a job to do and it should be within himself to know when he messes up. I mean, nobody feels badder than I do when I get out on stage when I'm drunk, and make a pure fool out of myself. I don't need nobody to tell me that I can't drink or I can't do this because I've been with Duke's band, I've been with Basie's band, I've been with Benny Carter and it was never like this. It was just as many men in each case, but because every man *knew* that it was a matter of business, just like

going to a job, you knew how far to go. A man doesn't need discipline, because he's a *man*; children do.

J.C.: That's the main thing I was trying to bring out. If you don't have a certain amount of discipline, then whatever the rules and regulations are, they will be overrun.

H.C.: Well, you have more discipline in this band than necessary. If you don't do right then you don't need the job—bye! It's as simple as that.

B.M.: And the same goes for the leader. If you feel I'm not doing a job right, then fire me.

H.C.: But here they seem to fire you for anything you do. I mean they'll fine you in any band if you do something *wrong*, but in this one. . .

J.C.: Now look, if you come in late five night in a row, then the man will fine you five nights in a row. He knows that you're a man that cannot easily be replaced, though, and so he has to take this into consideration.

B.M.: Oh come on, nobody's indispensable.

J.C.: We know that, but the fact is that you cannot fire this cat today and get someone to replace him two hours later.

H.C.: But at the same time, if the people at the top feel that way about you, they will do little things that will make you want to say "goodbye"; you don't have to be *fired*.

J.C.: Well, a lot of people want to leave but I feel that they won't because of the monetary thing.

V.W.: Do you regard this as a job of work rather than a musical venture?

J.C.: Not as far as I'm concerned. It's a job.

H.C.: Nor me!

B.M.: Speaking personally, for me it's more. Like I said before, it's my first experience working extensively in a big band and so I try to get as much out of it as possible—even though I'm not going to spend my whole life here. I can go further with it.

V.W.: But there comes a time, doesn't there, when you get tired and have to split?

H.C.: Oh sure, then—boom! But it takes me a long time to get tired. Like it took me 16 years to get tired of Basie, then all of a sudden I just got up and left—just like that.

B.M.: Some people wait around for their opportunity to come by.

V.W.: But just like Henry was happy with Basie for so long, there are many people who stay for years and years with many of the name bands. Are most people looking for something better?

B.M.: Oh, you can't compare this job because it's not a fully instrumental group. I only have five or six solos, Johnny has four and Henry doesn't have any this time around.

V.W.: How often does the material change?

J.C.: From time to time Ray gets new music in but he doesn't use some of the better arrangements—at least what I'd consider better from the musical point of view, things that would be more gratifying to

the musicians themselves.

V.W.: Any idea why this is?

J.C.: I think it's his general conception of what the people want and what will go over. But there are over 300 numbers in the book.

V.W.: How often do you rehearse?

H.C.: Too often! Any time he feels like it.

V.W.: Does Ray listen to the first half, when the band plays on its own?

J.C.: Yes, he's always listening, I would say, judging from his general comments (which is the reason sometimes for the rehearsals!)

H.C.: If you goof up a couple of notes there's a rehearsal—it's true! I have no solos this year except for sometimes on *L'il Darlin'* but I don't really feel like messing with it, to tell you the truth. Wendell Culley played such a beautiful solo on that with Basie, and when they converted it into a trombone solo, man, it's just nothing. I can't do it justice because it's a trumpet solo and it could be so much better done by a trumpet player

B.M.: I made it with Earl Bostic's band from Minneapolis to Boston—I'll never forget that one. He had a limousine, but with himself there were seven people riding—and that's with the little jump-seat in the middle.

H.C.: It is changing now for big bands, but in fact it's very seldom that you can get a musician to go on the road now—period. So you have to give some kind of classy transportation to the ones that will go with you. To me, riding in a bus is the lowest thing going, because when you jump maybe from New York to Chicago that's about 800 miles. . . .

B.M.: . . . that's really mean.

V.W.: Musicians are always crying the blues about the work situation in, let's say, New York, yet they won't go on the road. What has to be done to persuade them to leave home?

H.C.: It's just like Johnny was saying a while ago—it's still hard to replace musicians today because they mostly don't want to travel. They'd much rather stay in New

V.W.: Can you choose your own hotel?

J.C.: Yes, you can, but you have to pay your own hotel bill and food and incidentals.

H.C.: Of course it's the same in all big bands.

J.C.: Yes, but when you compare it to the office worker who is making about the same salary, even though you make twice as much money, you have to spend what he makes in order to live on the road.

V.W.: What about the guys who have been with Ray for ages, people like Leroy Cooper, Fathead Newman and Edgar Willis—how long will they stay?

J.C.: Well, if I may voice an opinion, I think that some people get hung up in monetary areas. They get used to making steady salaries and they seem to lose their time for the music, for playing for personal satisfaction. They get caught up in making some steady money; they've got a home, so they just take whatever comes, and grumble and stay.

B.M.: It's good to be able to talk about these things, to meet somebody that's not just interested in the big thing that everybody sees out front. It's good for people to get a little insight.

V.W.: I was just getting to that! What do you think of Ray Charles as a singer?

B.M.: He's an entertainer, a showman, not to speak of his singing. With the help of the music he does well . . .

J.C.: I like his delivery. But speaking of voices, he doesn't have a voice for singing . . .

B.M.: . . . he's a blues singer!

J.C.: . . . but he has got his own thing which he has developed over the years just as he has developed a rapport with the audience. He communicates very well.

V.W.: Do you mean that he wouldn't be anything without the band?

J.C.: Oh yes, he'd be something because he has his own style which is like no one else I've heard. He doesn't need the band, actually, but the band enhances what he does. I don't like his voice *per se* but his delivery is beautiful. I wish I had the ability to deliver like that on the trumpet, because to me delivery is 75% of your impact. I mean, he does the same tune night after night but he just seems to get better and better.

V.W.: I guess that Ray Charles has the ability to grab people from the start, to stop them in their tracks and make them listen.

B.M.: Right. Some people can play instrumentally with a lot of notes and get over, and others just play a few and do just as well. It's like Miles, the way he does it.

J.C.: He *used* to do it but not any more! I like his conception of ballads, though. Miles was a very big influence on me. But as far as Ray is concerned, he has, let's just say, intuition—although that's not a very good descriptive word, but it's what he does. This magnifies his other senses which makes him able to do much better than the ordinary person who has all the other senses.

B.M.: He just about summed it up—there you go, Johnny, I knew you could do it!



Blue Mitchell (l) and Johnny Coles

—although I'm not saying that he could match the original solo, because Culley did such a wonderful job that nobody can equal it yet! The solo wasn't written; that was his own version of it. Some parts are written, but when Neal Hefti wrote it, he left a space and said "Play it the way you want to play it." After that, Hefti had to write it in, and now Sonny Cohn does it with Basie, exactly like Culley did.

V.W.: How often do you have a night off?

B.M.: Some weeks we work seven days and then the following week we'll work maybe six. The following week maybe five and travel two, and then the next week we're back to six again.

V.W.: Do you think conditions will ever improve as far as musicians being herded around is concerned?

H.C.: Well, conditions have improved somewhat because most bands are flying now. I would say that ten or 15 years ago everybody rode in buses; you'd get in a bus and ride for days. I've ridden from California to Milwaukee, and I mean in a bus!

York and get a job now and then than stay on the road for months at a time.

J.C.: Not only that, there's a new breed of musician today. Most of the musicians that I was familiar with were jazz-oriented, but from what I can see, they will only take certain kind of jobs today. Either they're rock specialists or they play jazz, and if they're not doing one of these two, then they don't want to do anything else.

B.M.: Then there's the musician who gets established with the studio orchestras and feels safe just doing that. They can't make the money on the road that they can in the studio.

V.W.: How does "road money" compare with, say, an office worker?

H.C.: There's no comparison because he works, say, five hard days at eight hours a day and I can make one record date and make more money than he makes all week. I won't be working regularly but when I do, I can make that in one day.

V.W.: Fair enough, but what do you have to pay for out of your own pocket?

J.C.: The only thing the company is responsible for is transportation.

VALERIE WILMER

Harold Jones: The Beat Behind Basie

by Leonard Feather

THROUGH ITS DECADES of permutations, the quality and degree of excitement generated by the Count Basie orchestra has depended vitally on the rhythm section as a unit—and on the drummer in particular.

Since the band first breezed into New York City in 1936, with Jonathan (Jo) Jones playing one of the most influential percussion roles in swing-era history, there has been a distinguished line of succession. Some experts have been highly critical of the band's performance at times in years past and have blamed the trouble on an inadequate drummer.

Few will argue, though, that another Jones, Harold, brought an important spirit to the band when he joined it and has played a significant role in maintaining something akin to the old Basie rhythm section sound.

Though Jones was considered an unknown when he became a Basieite, his background and training were as broad as any his predecessors could claim. A dapper, cheerful man of 30, he talks with consistent optimism about his career, using the phrase "I was very fortunate" so many times when interviewed that it had to be omitted here and there to avoid monotony.

Born Feb. 27, 1940, in Richmond, Ind., he started in music at about 14. When his father died two years later, it meant that "if I was going to be in music, I had to get serious enough to make some money."

He played with a pianist named Roy Carter and also in a club across the state line in Ohio, which he found fortunate because the musicians who owned the club would bring in bands like Claude Thornhill's—when Phil Woods and Gene Quill were with the band. He was fortunate too, he said, that living in Indiana, he was able to play with such men as Wes Montgomery, Freddie Hubbard, and Dave Baker.

"Dave was always going out of his way to assemble musicians," Jones said, "get brand new music and try to build something. It was through him that I had my

only chance to play with a big band in Indiana."

His first teacher was an old-time vaudeville drummer named Jack Krakalski, and, Jones said, "I got the right kind of teaching from the beginning, thanks to him. He had me doing a million things that pit drummers used to do; I never saw the reason for it at the time, but later I realized it was basic training."

Once out of high school, Jones went to the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago on a scholarship. He credits another excellent teacher, James Dutton, with further advancing his potential during that time.

"I was 18 when I went to Chicago," Jones said. "I stayed at a Y and spent all my spare time going to every session around. The love of it was so great that I couldn't even tell if I missed a meal. What meals I had were kind of slim anyway."

He remained Chicago-based until the start of his association with Basie, working with bands of every kind. "I was with Roosevelt Sykes, the original Honeydripper," he said, "and a guy called Little Wash; I was in Eddie Harris' combo when it started, and was on quite a few of his first big records, such as *Exodus* and *Mighty Like a Rose*. I was with Bunky Green's group, on gigs and records, and with everyone else right on up to people like Sonny Stitt, Frank Strozier and Ira Sullivan. Joe Segal had all those sessions going, and I tried to stay in the center of that whole mecca of activity.

"I've been lucky that I've had so much variety in my background. I've even worked with people like Roger Williams—I was with him for two or three concert seasons. When Oscar Peterson was in Chicago to record that *Soul Espanol* album, I was one of the three drummers he added to his regular rhythm section."

At the conservatory, he had finished all but one course, and though he never actually was graduated, he spent about four years there. "You have to go to another college to get your academics," he said, "and I never could get around to that. Every time I'd get ready, somebody would call up and offer me two weeks on the road."

An important interlude was the trip he made as a member of the original Paul Winter Sextet, made up of students from universities in the Chicago area who won the Georgetown Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in 1961 and were selected a few months later to make a tour of Latin America—27,000 miles with 160 concerts in 60 cities—for the U.S. Cultural Exchange Program. The tour lasted through most of the first half of 1962. Jones enjoyed early exposure to bossa nova in Brazil, recalled listening to some superior local jazz in Buenos Aires, and heard one surprisingly good big band in El Salvador.

In November, 1962, four months after returning from the tour, Winter's group became the first jazz unit to play at the White House, as part of the First Lady's series of musical programs by and for young people. Mrs. Kennedy's enthusiastic

reaction to the combo made headlines around the world.

Jones was heard with Winter on *Jazz Meets The Bossa Nova* and *Jazz Premiere: Washington*, both on Columbia.

Back in Chicago, Jones resumed his busy freelance career until the opportunity to join Basie suddenly presented itself through a recommendation to Basie by a Chicagoan friend, Harlan Floyd, who at that time was a member of the Basie trombone section.

"I joined the band on Christmas Day, 1967," Jones recalled. "I'd never met Basie before I worked with him. From the day I joined Basie, my whole life changed. I tried to keep roots, but everything had to change.

"Up until that time, I'd had a variety of influences. I liked just about everyone I'd heard. I can remember the old Jazz at the Philharmonic records on 78s, with Jo Jones or Buddy Rich, Flip Phillips, and Illinois Jacquet. And I remember *Soft*, the hit by Tiny Bradshaw's band. But I guess in the formative days it was mainly Max Roach and Art Blakely. They were the two fastest guns in the East, and we'd run out to see what their latest album was and what style it was. They were making a lot of records in the '50s."

Some of the drummers in Basie's band in the early years are known to have worked pretty much without a book. Jones grinned at this mention and said, "Well, the first four or five hundred tunes—there really aren't any drum parts. It wasn't necessarily a question of whether or not the drummers could read. It was more that they were the creators of a certain style, a trend. So whoever the composer and arranger might be, he would just write the chart, and he'd know that Jo or Sonny Payne, or whoever it might be, would instinctively know how to make it work. So to some extent the band didn't really need drum parts.

"Now, since I've been on the band, I've been very fortunate, because we found Sam Nestic, and with his things, I've really been able to jump in right from the beginning. I like just about everything he does, it's so natural and easy and yet has a lot of meat in it. At the same time, he gives you complete freedom to go ahead and do something of your own. I'm able to do with Sam what Sonny and Jo were able to do with the earlier arrangers. Generally speaking, I don't read the parts unless we're accompanying a vocalist.

"Another very fortunate thing that's happened during my time with the band is the help I've had from other drummers who used to be with Basie. Like Jo Jones said a long time ago, it's a family feeling in this band, and people like to help one another. I remember when I'd been with the band exactly a year, Jo spent Christmas Eve hanging out with us; he just wanted to be with the band for Christmas.

"Jo and Louis Bellson and Sonny Payne and Jack Sperling—anybody that's ever played with the band, they've told me little things that have helped make it

/Continued on page 38



JAN PETERSON

REHEARSAL TIME

An Inside View by DICKIE WELLS

The following is an excerpt from Dickie Wells' autobiography, "The Night People", to be published shortly by Crescendo Press, Boston. The book is a fascinating and frequently humorous account of the famous trombonist's more than 40 years in music.

BAND REHEARSALS are never quite the same twice, but after the first 20 years you know pretty well what to expect. Putting together my experience with Ray Charles and with other bands, I'll try to describe one that might be typical.

A 3 o'clock rehearsal as a rule starts at 4. Some brother is always late. If there's a fine for being late, there'll still be one not on time, someone with a tale as long as from New York to Paris.

The band's straw-boss is in charge till the leader gets there. Some straws are liked by the gang and some are not. The one who can get his points over without dragging anyone is it. It's a trying job being in charge of five, ten, or even two people, especially if you're not the one that's paying them. You may be fortunate enough to have a gang of fine fellows who would like to see the band move forward as a whole. If that's to happen, there must be real cooperation from the first note of the rehearsal till the last note of the gig.

Some of the obstacles a straw may meet are jealousy, stubbornness, revenge, and too much ignorant oil. Then there's a



JACK BRADLEY

feeling of superiority in some who know more music than straw and want the gang and the boss to know it, too. (They really showcase when there's an audience around.) The most common drag to straw and the entire gang is the cat who has mud in his eyes, the slow reader, but if he's a right guy everyone tries to help him. You can't always dig him at first, unless he has a solo or obbligato that is to be played as written, note for note, because, if he has big ears, he only needs to hear it once to play it as if he wrote it! He's called the Shadow, because he hides behind the cats with big eyes, the ones who can see around a corner.

Let's say the straw-boss is in charge now.

"Okay, cats," he says, "let's make it. I'm the big s- - till the bigger s- - comes. Take the first tune on the rack. Ready? Medium tempo. Let's put it right here—one, two, three, four . . ."

(Some straws say, "Take it all the way down from the left-hand corner, just for notes." That is, to see if the notes are correct. Another straw may ask for the introduction first, then the first chorus, second chorus, modulation etc., until they've gone right through an arrangement a bit at a time to the coda.)

After we've worked on the number for a while, he says, "Left-hand corner. Let's make a record!" (He means, "Let's play it perfect!")

"Okay, now? Not too fast. Dig the foot, Mr. Drummer Man. Brass and saxes, listen for your first man. Ah-one, ah-two, ah-three, ah-four!"

So we run the number right through once.

"How did it sound, straw?"

"Okay to me, but the boss has to dig it. Anyway, let's take a break. Say 15 minutes. He should be here then. He called and said he was at the office."

Soon the boss comes in.

"How'd it go, straw?"

"Sounds okay to me."

"Well, have no fear, the king is here," the boss says. "Was everyone on time?"

"Everybody but . . . I'd rather not say."

"Why do you think I'm paying you twice as much as everyone else? I know who it was. It was the second trumpet player."

"Yeah, that's right."

"Was he sober?"

"Nope."

"Well, that did it! Tell him to come by my room after rehearsal and get his two weeks. The only way we'll miss him is by his not lousing up the arrangements. We'll be home in a couple of days."

"Look, boss, it would be better to wait it out. If you let him go here you'll have to pay his fare home, and first class at that."

"Okay. Call the band and let me hear what you've done."

He goes to the piano and bangs out a few sounds. All bands have a little personal riff. It's also used to attract attention when you want to call someone far away in the crowd. Sometimes it's whistled, or blown on a horn, or beat out on a piano. About its most important use is to call the gang back after intermissions.

"Everybody here?" the boss calls.

"Yep," says straw.

"Okay, I'll take it. Left-hand corner. One, two, three, four!"

He goes over to straw after we've run the number down again.

"Say, what have you cats been playing? Cards or checkers? Because you sure as hell haven't been playing music! First thing, let's tune up. First trumpet, you're sharp."

"Thanks, man. My chick said the same thing."

"Fool, I mean your horn is sharp. So pull out." (He means a certain shank on the horn.)

"How do the saxes sound, Fess?" the lead alto asks.

"Sick. What does it say over that passage in Letter B?"

"Wait a minute. It says, 'As is.'"

"Oh! It sounds like 'Is as' to me! Isn't that supposed to be played in unison?"

"Sure is."

"Well, please try and do so. Second tenor, watch your part. I heard some clinkers."

"Man, that's one thing I can really do."

"What's that?"

"Read."

"Yeah, I know. The *New York News*, *Jet*, *down beat*, and all sorts of dirty books. Say, bass, keep your mind on your music. She'll be there when you get home. Okay, gang? Let's wrap it up. Okay, we're off! One, two, three, four . . ."

We ran it down again.

"Brass and rhythm are okay," the boss says. Saxes, go over bar Number Ten in Letter C. I don't know who it is, but something is wrong, so let's dig who the Shadow is. Take it one at a time. In other words, let's go back to schooldays. First . . . Second . . . Third . . . Okay. Now the fourth sax take it. Oh, here he is!"

"I forgot to tell you, my horn has got to go to the shop. My octave key isn't working."

"Okay, Fatso, tell me anything! Per night my pocket won't be working if you mess that passage again."

"Okay, boss, I got it."

"I gotta go. Straw, take it down once and tell them the time for tonight."

"Right."

"Aw, I forgot. Where's the valet? Here, tell him to go get a taste for the fellows. Tell them not to get high and start jamming, because we've got to be out of here in a half-hour."

"We'll be out."

"So long, gang."

"So long."

"Man, that's a fine boss."

"Sure is."



record

REVIEWS

THE ALBERT

THE ALBERT—Perception PLP 9: *Pity The Child; Things Ain't Easy; Cold 'n' Hard; Been So Good (For So Long)*/prelude, main theme; *Misery*/prelude, main theme; *Let It Fall*.

Personnel: Jay Silva, Richard Meisterman, trumpets; Jon Huston, trombone, trumpet; Michael Gibson, trombone; Frank Vicari, tenor saxophone; Howard Wyeth, organ, piano; William Chelf, piano (track 3 only); Paul Dickler, guitar; Paul Petrucelli, bass; Barry Lazarowitz, drums; Otis Smith, vocals, congas.

Rating: ★★½

Trends. Followers. Is it possible for a group to be musically valid while being the latter to the former? If so, it's all predicated upon the trend itself being valid. And jazz-rock, big-band rock, fusion or free-form rock seems to be in favor these days—if *only* as a vast improvement over their predecessors in the cash register realm of American music.

So perhaps it's proper to ask whether or not there would be The Albert if Mariachi Oud Bands were the rage. Chances are there would not. But as long as jugglers and magicians need not justify their professional existences I'll gladly let musicians off the hook. Especially The Albert, for they have utilized The Trend only as a jumping-off point and have turned their back to hit-making, bubblegum formulae.

All this serves as a prelude to my introductory description of this unheralded new group, and that is: Happiness is an adventurous yet tasteful group which I refuse to categorize that features Frank Vicari.

Though not as exciting as Chase nor as glibly and tightly arranged and programmed as others in the twilight zone between pure jazz and pure rock, The Albert has, if anything, a fragile personality all its own that could magnetize if the zeitgeist were to become truly quality-oriented. The group employs brass chorales, soft rock, churchy organ (more Gregorian chantish than greasy gospel), space, soulful but restrained vocals, and hard jazz spots handled mainly by Vicari. The former Maynard Ferguson (1963-65) and Woody Herman (three tenures as lead tenorist since October, 1965) sideman dominates the album with his authoritative, uncluttered, and above all sensitive improvisations.

Vicari debuts on *Cold*, which contains a gassy organ intro and good horn writing throughout. The tenorist steps out with a solo more multi-noted than is his wont but some of the groovy characteristics of his style (pithy phrases beginning on an A-natural above high C and staccato-legato phrasing that communicates, to name a few) emerge and conquer.

Been So Good, marred only by quasi-symphonic brass pretension (one of the group's recurring weaknesses), is about the best track. Vicari delivers his longest

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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solo and most effective is the exposed portion (the longest) in which he reworks nearly identical phrases and improves them with an energy and purpose not often witnessed. His only accompaniment during the tour de force segment is hand-clapping, and Vicari transcends this distraction and converts it to his favor as only an expert improviser can.

The Albert's charts (by Huston, Wyeth, and Gibson) are fragmented but to a delightful end—there's breathing room and a sense of suspension; in other words, cognac instead of grape soda and pretzels. The ensemble is not always together, the intonation is sometimes painful and it seems that the wrong trumpet player is playing lead or his chops were down on the date (or worn by repeated takes). The rhythm section is near-perfect for the group's conception and vocalist Smith (who doubles congas) delivers his messages with admirable control. Though the group may have had adequate rehearsal for this date, I sense that an important prerequisite for a boss result—hard, steady playing on actual gigs—has not been experienced. Since no recording dates (or background info) appear, how much of a barometer of current Albert this LP is is unknown. (The group, with all of the above personnel except Vicari, backed James Moody on his recent LP on the same label, *The Teachers*, PLP 6, released shortly before this album.)

The Albert did not knock me cold, in the final analysis, but I'm on the ropes and I urge one and all to check out this embryonic first recording. Furthermore, I'll pay any price for their next offering—especially if Frank Vicari is on it.

—Szantor

DIZZY GILLESPIE

REUNION BIG BAND—MPS 15 207: *Things To Come; One Bass Hit; Frisco; Con Alma; The Things Are Here; Theme (Birks' Works)*.

Personnel: Gillespie, Victor Paz, Jimmy Owens, Dizzy Reece, Stu Hamer, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, Tom McIntosh, Ted Kelly, trombones; Chris Woods, alto saxophone; James Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Sahib Shihab, Cecil Payne, baritone saxophones; Mike Longo, piano; Paul West, bass; Candy Finch, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Recorded in Berlin in the fall of 1968, this LP captures the big band assembled especially for Dizzy's European tour of that year. By the time it hit in Berlin, the band had played concerts in seven countries and achieved the cohesion of a regular outfit. A pity it had to disband after the tour.

The two opening numbers are from the repertoire of the great 1946-50 Gillespie band (of which Kelly, Moody and Payne were members). The unique sound and

spirit of the memorable organization are remarkably well recaptured, especially in the broiling *Things To Come*. The work of the trumpet section, inspired by the leader's stratospheric flights, is something to hear, and Gil Fuller's vintage arrangement stands the test of time—no big band has ever sounded more "modern".

The Things Are Here is a reworking of the same material, played inside out. It features "free" duo improvisations by Diz and Owens, Woods and Moody, Fuller and McIntosh (or Kelly?), and Shihab and Payne, perhaps a mite too short but exciting, and makes for a fitting climax.

Between those two steamrollers plenty of meat is sandwiched. Paul West, a capable bassist, is no match for Ray Brown in *One Bass Hit*, but Dizzy and the caloric trumpets sizzle. Mike Longo's *Frisco*, from Dizzy's contemporary small-group repertoire, is highlighted by a Moody flute solo, plus pleasant contributions by the composer and the leader.

Con Alma, the sole ballad, has prime Dizzy and an interesting alto solo by Woods, reminiscent of Eric Dolphy. Jeffrey, I believe, is responsible for the tenor spot in *Things To Come*, strongly flavored by middle Coltrane. Otherwise, this is not a soloists' band (one could have wished for more Moody, Fuller, and Owens), but with Dizzy taking care of business, why worry?

The sound is as good a live big-band one as you're likely to hear on record, with beautifully clear highs and excellent balance. Finch reveals himself to be a first-class big band drummer (with that characteristic Chinese cymbal sound required by the leader), and the sax section, anchored in two strong baritones, has an unusual dark color. The trumpets, however, are it. I believe it's Paz in the lead chair.

If the big bands ever do come back in force, and it becomes feasible for Dizzy to lead one permanently, it will be something to hear. Meanwhile, this is a nice keepsake for Stateside listeners who never got to hear this bunch in person. —Morgenstern

WOODY HERMAN

WOODY—Cadet LPS-845: *Blues in the Night; A Time For Love; Smiling Phases; Saccharine Sally; How Can I Be Sure; A Stone Called Person*.

Personnel: Rigby Powell, Forrest Buchtel, Tony Klarka, Tom Harrell, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Ira Nepus, Curt Berg, Luten Taylor, trombones; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Jim Thomas, baritone saxophone; Alan Broadbent, acoustic and electric piano; Mike Goodrick, guitar; Tom Azarello, electric bass; Evan Diner, drums.

No Rating

Woody Herman recorded for Cadet in Chicago last July 29-30. I attended both

HOOKER 'N HEAT

Sometime before the members of Canned Heat were born, John Lee Hooker translated an old state of mind into a new musical idiom. Hooker was responsible for the boogie, and three decades later the boogie was responsible for the emergence of Canned Heat.

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Hooker 'n Heat will surely be one of the important musical events of 1971. The seventeen Hooker compositions were produced by Bob Hite and Skip Taylor with knowledge, taste and craftsmanship. John Lee Hooker fans are saying he's never sounded better and Hooker himself says Canned Heat is about the boogiein'est band he has ever played with (he was especially knocked out by Alan "Blind Owl" Wilson's brilliant harp, keyboard and guitar playing on many of the tracks).

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sessions, received a review copy of the resultant LP, and must report that any resemblance between what went down at Studio A and what is heard on the album is purely coincidental—the excellent performances are substantially marred by mixing so superbotched as to boggle, I suspect, even the most undiscerning heads.

The LP was long-awaited—anticipation heightened by the knowledge that Alan Broadbent's magnificent arrangement of *Blues in the Night*, his stunning original *A Stone Called Person*, and the exceptional ballad improvisation of fluegelhornist Tom Harrell on *A Time For Love* would be included. Only the latter received mixing that even approaches the optimum.

The performances are mainly excellent, but the real impact fails to emerge. Witness: brass parts are buried (or sufficiently muffled) and in their place one often hears much-too-prominent lead tenor or subordinate lines; the trombone section is effectively hidden much of the time; the rhythm section's presence often leaves much to be desired, and some of Woody's vocal parts on *Blues* and *Stone* are obscured (or their effect spoiled) by overly loud guitar, and/or brass and reeds.

To rate this LP or even to review it in the usual manner would be unjust to Woody, his sidemen, and especially to Alan Broadbent, who arranged or composed all but one of the six tunes included. So to the prospective buyer, we would say—beware. It's still worth buying, because even the mix-mash couldn't totally obliterate one of the finest Herman efforts in recent years. But brace yourself for a considerable letdown in terms of overall sound quality, reproduction, balance, etc.

Several other points: The liner notes list Oct. 29-30 as the recording dates. False. The band was in the Far East on those "recording dates." And the label copy lists D. Lambert-B. Potter as composers of *A Time For Love*. Are you listening, Johnny Mandel-Paul Francis Webster? And unfortunately, the names of several sidemen were misspelled. It's Ira Nepus, not Nedus, Luten Taylor, not Lotten, and R. G. Powell is Rigby Powell.

It is regrettable that an LP of such high potential had to be tainted by technical mediocrity in this age of all-too-rare big band recordings. The album cover states; "Featuring Alan Broadbent's arrangement of *Blues in the Night*." But it is not the splendid arrangement I've heard many times in person and which was ably performed in the recording studio.

It might be said, in Cadet's defense, that between the recording and release dates, the company was involved in the Chicago-to-New York transfer of various production operations. But *Woody* was recorded in July and released in January—sufficient time, one would think, to do justice to the label's major jazz artist.

What is ultimately inexcusable is that Cadet failed to remix the album (despite the protestations of Woody, band business agent Hermie Dressel, and producer Richard Evans), though the flaws were pointed out long before the distributors received the product. Thus the album, mix-mash and all, will be offered to an unsuspecting public.

Woody has since signed with Fantasy and hopefully will be accorded the treatment he (or any other artist for that matter) deserves. Any good record is ultimately the product not only of the arranger, composer, musicians, leader, etc., but also of the myriad production and technical elements. Every link is vital, and the artist is at the mercy of the technician. In this unhappy instance, Cadet has failed to discharge its responsibility to artist and public alike. The only remedy would be to withdraw the album and remaster it properly. In the end, it might even pay off.

—Szantor

ARCHIE SHEPP

FOR LOSERS—Impulse AS 9188: *Stick 'Em Up; Abstract; I Got It (And That Ain't Good); What Would It Be Without You; Un Croque Monsieur (Poem: For Losers)*.

Collective personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Martin Banks, Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Matthew Gee, Grachan Moncur, trombone; Shepp, tenor and soprano saxophone; Clarence Sharpe, alto saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone, flute; Martin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Cedar Walton, Andrew Bey, piano; Dave Burrell, organ; Bert Payne, Wally Richardson, guitar; Wilbur Ware, Albert Winston, Bob Bushnell, bass; Joe Chambers, Beaver Harris, Bernard Purdie, drums; Chinalin Sharpe, Leon Thomas, Doris Troy, Tasha Thomas, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

"Much has happened since the charismatic appearance of that great guru and seer Mr. Trane. Perhaps because no single man since Mr. Bird has so completely dominated an era by the ju-ju of his mere presence. Which is not to say that any *one* contribution to life is greater than any other . . . but there are rare and magic moments, when suddenly one is in touch with a cosmic medium that lets one know where it's at."

—Archie Shepp

This introductory quote by Shepp contains much upon which to reflect. Shepp is undoubtedly paying tribute to aspects of his history, and to the historic figures to whom he most closely relates. Beyond that, he addresses himself to the universal phenomena of HUMAN capacity for compassion and understanding. Shepp is saying, finally, that it would be virtually impossible for him to ignore his historic (social and psychological) experience and that it would be destructively insane to pretend otherwise. Ju-ju, magic, cosmic experience, Bird, Trane, and the objective realities produced by "American" (world?) history have all interacted in creating people like Shepp who represents the natural and logical extension of his precedents. Shepp is fairly representative of an overlapping generation of "new black music"-cum-"black revolutionary" music players.

What Shepp and his peers have done here is to set out to document and demonstrate that we might glimpse our capacity for human understanding and compassion by understanding that he understands the energies of who he is, where he came from, and what his natural direction would be. Shepp has always had the benefit of a broad historical scope. He has heard and responded in creative fashion to the messages of his prophets: Don Byas, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, and Mr. Bird. He is the contemporary Tough Tenor, a heavyweight, prince of the ghetto! As a composer/arranger Shepp has

heard and *listened* to Duke Ellington, Charlie Mingus, Sun Ra. Evidence abounds in the pieces themselves, but the extraordinary thing is the range of feelings (again, for history, for traditional sources) Shepp is able to evoke both from himself and a group of players.

We are brought all the way from stirring rhythm and blues through reminiscences of Billie Holiday (courtesy Miss Chinalin Sharpe) to orchestral colors conjuring up visions of Duke and Mingus, back full circle to Mother Africa. All this done in good taste, and mirroring not only formidable talent but the spirit of creative genius. Meet this music with some thought (of history) but above all with an open heart and mind, and it will make your heart soar like a hawk. —Cole

THE SOFT MACHINE

THIRD—Columbia G 30339: *Facelift*; *Slightly All The Time*; *Moon In June*; *Out-Bloody-Rageous*.

Personnel: Nick Evans, trombone; Elton Dean, alto saxophone, saxello; Lynn Dobson, soprano saxophone, flute; Jimmy Hastings, bass clarinet, flute; Rab Spall, violin; Mike Ratledge, organ; piano; Hugh Hopper, bass; Robert Wyatt, drums, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

If we consider Blood, Sweat&Tears as the Dixieland of jazz/rock, then The Soft Machine has got to be the avant garde. There are some intermediary steps along the way, but they are not important to the album in question.

Historically, Soft Machine began as a trio (only organist Ratledge and drummer Wyatt remain). They admit to playing a form of avant garde jazz, but package it as rock in order to have it accepted by the general public. As of this moment, they are an octet with some commercial success, one heck of an underground reputation, and at least one album that needs no apologies.

About three fourths of this double LP offers no compromise with the commercial facts of life but goes straight on the freedom path to the way out beyond. The only concession to standard rock fare is Wyatt's song with lyrics, *Moon In June*. While it has its points, I found it less appealing than the other items in the set. Yet it includes some very exciting Spall fiddle and an ending that will match any for freedom.

This is indicative of where the band is at. With the Beatles or the Rolling Stones or most any of the *per se* rock bands, the lyric was uppermost, the music secondary. As rock bands became more and more jazz-oriented, the means of communication became less and less verbal. The idea of putting out an album aimed, even if deviously, at the rock market more than 75 per cent of which is instrumental music is daring.

Of the three composers represented here, (Ratledge, Wyatt and Hopper) Ratledge is the most interesting. Both his compositions, *Slightly All The Time* and *Out-Bloody-Rageous*, show familiarity with the work of Lennie Tristano, who was after all one of the early pioneers of free jazz. The latter tune bears a great resemblance to Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*, as though Ratledge had taken the

harmonies and feeling of the Hancock piece as his point of departure. Hopper's *Facelift* also works, but not to the point of stylized finish that Ratledge's numbers have.

As far as individual performers are concerned, all acquit themselves splendidly, with special honors to violinist Spall, drummer Wyatt, and flutist Hastings.

Spall concentrates on the warmer lower ranges of his instrument, though he can shriek when the occasion demands. There are times he sounds as though he were playing a viola, but it is just this thick, rich warmth of sound and the *vox humana* quality he coaxes from the instrument that attract the ear and differentiate Spall from the many other violinists now

rocking and jazzing their way through the music.

Wyatt's polyrhythmic technique, his musicality, and his sense of what to do just when and where make him that rarest of all things, a band drummer. His solo flights are brief, well constructed, and even melodic.

As for Hastings, he is the Soft Machinist most qualified to be considered a jazzman independent of any rock modifiers. His work is consistently in good taste and swinging.

Much has been written about organist Ratledge. He does not use the organ in the standard manner but as an independent sound-producing device for saying whatever he feels he wants to say. Both

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the organ and Hopper's bass often sound as though they had been transMoogified, but the liner notes make no mention of a synthesizer.

Yet we can be certain that even *Face-lift*, which was recorded live at two different concerts, has been electronically altered in the studios. But the musicians utilize these techniques to enhance their music and have the good taste to use them only when they do so.

The album also serves a purpose which was perhaps not intended . . . but then perhaps it was. The Soft Machine has introduced a lot of rock people to a new musical experience called jazz. The Soft Machine can also open the horizons of the jazz fan to the point where he can recognize the vitality and importance of rock. This band can break down the barriers of the labels we put on music, and that's all for the good. —Klee

SUN RA

MY BROTHER THE WIND—Saturn ESR 521: *My Brother The Wind; Intergalactic II; To Nature's God; The Code of Interdependence.*

Personnel: Sun Ra, two Moog synthesizers; Marshall Allen, oboe, piccolo, flute; Danny Davis, alto, clarinet; John Gilmore, tenor saxophone, percussion.

No Rating

"An Intergalactic-Space Travel in Sound" is how this album is subtitled, and is. And assuming everyone with a head caught Tam Fiofiori's interview, I do not intend any heavier reading of Sun Ra's musical metaphysics (and/or physics), except to express that *My Brother The Wind* is by far the most future of his creations that I've experienced.

Implementing the Moog synthesizers, Ra succeeds in wholly humanizing that instrument, which is certainly a triumph beside the whizzing freakery of Walter Carlos, Mort Garson, et al. And since the Moog is not so quickly programmed as one may alter the stops on an organ, Ra's use of two allows him the necessary variety to duet with himself, especially since he dominates the date.

My Brother the Wind sounds as if a whistling entity bop-riffing against the windows of the brain, adeptly augmented by John Gilmore's shattering drums. *Intergalactic II* features squealing horns and more clattering Gilmore, as Ra's spurting electronic bursts become not so much like notes but, in the metaphor of his art, swift, passing meteors to be caught and mounted for a passage through the cosmos. *To Nature's God* evokes a pastoral sense with Moog ripples like the striking of soft metal bells. Last, *The Code of Interdependence* occupies all of side two for the most varied and perhaps least appealing moments of the album, mainly because the direction of the improvisation seems less formal although still spontaneously evocative than on the other three compositions.

Obviously, to rate such a record would be (in fact, is) impossible, particularly in that one cannot equate Ra with the aesthetics of any other music, not even of the avant-garde. And thus no standard may critically apply to this album, as Ra has consistently maintained his independence

from either traditions or the new thing conventions wrought from cracking those traditions. As the liner notes proclaim: "Too many people are following the past. In this new space age, this is dangerous. The past is DEAD and those who are following the past are doomed to die."

Somehow the stars of a rating system cannot touch the stars of Sun Ra's art.

(And P.S.—Because Sun Ra albums are generally unavailable in regular music markets, one must write for a catalogue to Saturn Research, P.O. Box 7124, Chicago, Ill. 60607.) —Bourne

BILLY TAYLOR

OK BILLY!—Bell 6049: *By George (Theme); O.K. Billy; Somewhere Soon; Tell Me Why; Dirty Ole Man; If You Really Are Concerned Then Show It; Break-a-way; After Love, Emptiness.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, Dick Hurwitz, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Morty Bullman, trombone; Frank Wess, alto saxophone, clarinet, flute; Al Gibbons, tenor saxophone, clarinet, flute; George Berg, baritone saxophone, clarinet, flute; Taylor, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums; Marty Grupp, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Televisionland boasts a number of good big bands, among which Taylor's *David Frost Show* unit is the newest and most unusual. Given the chance to flex its musical muscle, it shows originality, solo strength and promise on this debut album.

Eleven pieces is small by contemporary standards, but one might bear in mind that



big bands weren't always so big. Duke Ellington's seminal mid-'20s band, for instance, had just this same two trumpet-one trombone-three reeds lineup. The secret of making the sound big is blending and doubling—and Taylor's band is expert at both.

All three reeds double clarinets and flutes, and the latter, especially as handled by arranger Johnny Carisi (who charted the four tracks making up Side 1 and uses them as a section) are a prominent coloristic ingredient. (Doubling, by the way, is nothing new either. A photo of Sam Wooding's 1925 band shows the three reed players presiding over an arsenal of 22 instruments!)

As a saxophone section, the trio is well served by Wess' incisive alto lead and big-band veteran Berg's ripe baritone sound, with the tenor as middle voice. The trumpets double fluegelhorns to good advantage on the mellow tunes, and Bullman's trombone is flexible enough to play single lines

or blend with either trumpets or reeds.

The leaders piano, aside from assuming the primary solo role, is also a functional part of the rhythm section and/or ensemble. Galbraith (who has since left the band) doubles Spanish guitar and is adept in solo and rhythm departments. Cranshaw makes the electric bass sound as musical as possible (I still don't like the instrument's tonal quality, though it seems inseparable from anything with a rock or soul beat), and his time is impeccable. Thomas, a solid and versatile drummer, puts real swing into the contemporary rhythms often employed by the band, and Grupp is good on assorted percussion—mostly of the Latin variety.

It is impressive that a band which usually doesn't get much of a chance to really stretch out can come up with eight originals—all but two from within the group itself. Taylor has four tunes, Wess one (which he also arranged), and drummer Thomas one—arranged by Garnett Brown, who also penned and charted *Break-a-way*. (George Martin of Beatles fame did the theme, presented here in a more than percussionary and very swinging version.)

The title tune, by Taylor, is a funky blues with a Latin soul beat, on which all six horns get to solo. Wess' biting alto is quite different from his better-known tenor work, Berg delivers some hip bottom sounds, and Bullman sounds confident. Owens and Hurwitz have compatible styles.

Taylor's *Somewhere Soon* is a very pretty ballad (with good lyrics, it should be perfect for Carmen McRae). Most of it belongs to the trio within the band. Taylor does his own piece justice until solo guitar, softly underpinned by ensemble, takes it out to the fade. A gentle mood, unlike most big-band offerings.

Tell Me Why, also by Taylor, has a bossa-flavored line exposed by the flute trio. Wess' solo is a timely reminder that the man who really gave the flute a place in jazz is still its boss. His lovely sound, fluent conception, swing and flawless execution are a pleasure to hear again.

Wess' *Dirty Ole Man* is a strong back-beater in a groove reminiscent of Buddy Rich's band, not least due to the prominent drum fills. Gibbons solos idiomatically, if somewhat impersonally (he has since been replaced by Seldon Powell). The brass trio shows shouting power.

Aside from the composer's long solo, Taylor's *If You Really*, a ballad, is highlighted by a lovely, melodic fluegelhorn spot, which puts me on one, since I can't say if the author is Owens or Hurwitz. Both can be mellow.

Break-a-way shows trombonist Garnett Brown to be a most interesting composer-arranger, as did his earlier work for Thad Jones-Mel Lewis. Owens takes a spirited trumpet solo, and Gibbons applies a "tough" edge to his tone. Dig the trumpets at the end! Brown's setting of *After Love* is less Thad Jones-influenced, and not unexpectedly makes effective use of the trombone. Galbraith's unamplified guitar is a rare treat (he seldom solos, unfortunately) and Taylor's sensitive contribution is, along with his *Somewhere* work, my favorite here.

Taylor plans to find concert work for

the band. On this evidence, that will be good news to friends of big band music everywhere. So, of course, is this record. Too many good musicians are kept under wraps on TV. Frost, who presents this LP and contributes a short spoken introduction, is to be commended for not following that sorry rule. A little more exposure on the tube couldn't hurt, either.

—Morgenstern

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LIVE AT THE ROOSEVELT GRILL—Atlantic SD 1570: *That's A Plenty*; *Five Point Blues*; *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*; *Black and Blue*; *That D Minor Thing*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Come Back Sweet Papa*; *Under the Moonlight Starlight Blue*; *Constantly*; *New Orleans*; *Jazz Me Blues*.

Personnel: Yank Lawson, trumpet; Billy Butterfield, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Vic Dickenson, Lou McGarity, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

In its first live recording, the WGJB comes across even better than on the two previous studio LPs, though the repertoire does not include any of the band's versions of contemporary hits.

This was only Vic Dickenson's second day with the band, but he has no problems. By now, of course, he feels more at home, yet his contributions here indicate what an asset he is to the group. Not to slight his more than capable predecessors—but Dickenson is one of the unique trombone stylists in jazz, and something

very special indeed. In addition to his solo strength, there are those delightful ensemble "asides": smears, glisses, growls and all sorts of sardonic comments. (This was also one of McGarity's last dates with the band; he has since been replaced by Ed Hubble.)

Co-leader Lawson is in fine fettle. His reworking of his classic Bob Crosby Bobcats feature, *Five Point Blues*, is among the album's highlights and surpasses the original (save for that lovely Fazola solo), especially in the moving stop-time passages.



His phrasing today, while still unmistakably his own, has become more flowing, and his strength and consistency, both as soloist and ensemble lead voice, make it hard to believe he'll be 60 come May.

Butterfield, his partner in crime, has a lively exchange with Dickenson on *Come Back*, but is especially touching on fluegelhorn, in duet with Lawson on *Black and Blue* and *New Orleans*, and in a brief but lovely solo spot on Bob Wilber's *Moon-*

light Starlight. That piece has a melody worthy of Strayhorn and some Wilber soprano worthy of Hodges. Dig his cadenza.

There's more of that superb soprano on another change of pace, Freeman's *D Minor Thing*, on which the composer shines. Bud is also in top form on *My Honey's*, and his fours with Dickenson on *Royal Garden* are a delightful conversation between two sly old masters.

Dickenson's own *Constantly* provides him with a platform for wit and warmth, and his *Jazz Me* solo is another highlight. This track also has some exuberant Wilber clarinet, but his Fazola-hued spot on *New Orleans* indicates a new dimension in his approach to the instrument.

Sutton, who has a knack for devising fitting intros, is especially tasty on *Five Point*, *New Orleans* and *Come Back*. The rhythm section as a whole is one of the key strengths of the band—it never pounds and always swings. Haggart's bass, very well recorded here, is buoyant and subtle—on *New Orleans*, it's a pleasure just to listen to his part. Johnson is the bedrock. Unflinching, he combines taste and power in the essence of swing.

This is a communicating band. You don't have to be a fancier of certain jazz styles to dig its music. Each member has his own story and also contributes fully to the common cause. The WGJB is not an anachronism, but a happy affirmation of the vitality of the jazz tradition. The next album, also recorded live, is already in the can, and I'm looking forward to it.

—Morgenstern

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blindfold test gerald wilson

by Leonard Feather

The multiple images of Gerald Wilson are currently impressing themselves on the jazz world more firmly than at any previous point in his career.

Known off and on for better than 25 years as leader of a spirited orchestra that reflects his colorful and totally original style as a composer-arranger, Wilson has become active over the years in several other areas.

He has composed and arranged for many other big bands, from Gillespie to Ellington, and has scored albums for numerous singers (he recently finished arranging and conducting an LP for Ella Fitzgerald).

His two History of Jazz courses at San Fernando Valley State College, now in their second semester, are among the most heavily attended of their kind anywhere in the country. His Sunday afternoon record show on Los Angeles' all-jazz station, KBCA, is a model of eclecticism and good taste.

Wilson's only previous blindfold test appeared in *db* 1/17/63.



1. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Charpoy* (from *And His Mother Called Him Bill*, RCA). Cat Anderson, trumpet; Billy Strayhorn, composer. Recorded 1967.

I would think that would probably be Duke Ellington's band . . . I'm going to go out on a limb, and say it is. Knowing how these great masters of imitation are coming up, you're afraid to say anything.

The trumpet player I can't distinguish. I know that Cat could do that. I thought the band sounded very good. Duke you can always depend on for stimulating music with thought behind it. I don't know who made the arrangement . . . probably either Duke or Strayhorn.

I've heard the Duke for many years, and there have been bands that were fantastic. I don't know when that was recorded, no way recent; it could have been something a bit further back, but it's not the band with Clark and Louis and Willie Smith. But the Duke is still taking care of business. Those guys, the wonderful sound they get—guys like Procope. In fact they all have a sound. I enjoyed it very much. Five stars.

2. WOODY HERMAN. *How Can I Be Sure* (from *Woody, Cadet!*). Herman, soprano saxophone; Alan Broadbent arranger.

I think that might be Woody Herman, because I've known Woody for many years, and I've followed his bands and his career since back in the early '40s. Judging from just a few things on there—maybe he was playing soprano—I could tell from a couple of inflections that it was Woody. I know that the composer, whoever he is, has borrowed from the first four bars of *Blues For Yna Yna*, because it is the minor to the major seventh, then to the minor seventh, then to the sixth and, of course, it was in three quarter time, and some of the rhythmic things of the brass are inflections like we used in *Blues for Yna Yna*, the whole format of the number. But it is weak in harmonic structure all the way through, besides that four bars that he used there.

The voicing is very mediocre. We can easily hear that. I'm not criticizing, because I'm sure it's a young band.

For instance, we know that the heavy heavies can play out of tune, but they play out of tune with such greatness that it can be alive. I'm not trying to put these guys down, because big bands are

my whole function, but this particular number could probably have been much better. Nevertheless, for Woody Herman, just what he has contributed through the big bands, and to jazz of America, he's got to get four stars.

3. KENNY CLARKE-FRANCY BOLAND. *Rue Chaptal* (from *Rue Chaptal, Sessions*) Clarke, drums, composer; Benny Bailey, Idrees Sulie-man, Dusko Gojkovic, Tony Fisher, trumpets; Francy Boland, piano, arranger.

Well, I don't know what to say about that record other than I liked it. It's from the bebop era, the swing era, the Ellington era all put together . . . Whoever the arranger was, he did a wonderful job with the reeds.

The soloists were very sure; the trumpet players are from that era, and I could tell that small trumpet mouthpieces are used because I can tell that as the trumpet player gets into the upper range, his tone kind of thins out. They were playing from that era that was a very vital part of jazz.

I don't know exactly whose band that could have been, unless it's a European band with some guys from over here. Might be Idrees Sulie-man, Benny Bailey, Sahib . . . and Kenny Clarke might have been right up front there on the drums. Anyway, I've got to give these five stars, because I really appreciate that era that contributed so much to jazz.

4. TIME-LIFE ORCHESTRA. *Moten Swing* (from *The Swing Era 1936-37*, Time-Life Records). Soloists not identified.

Well, Leonard, you really got me that time. Although I know the number is *Moten Swing* and I know the trumpet player was playing some of the stuff of Bunny Berigan, some of his most famous licks. I don't think it was Bunny. I'm almost tempted to say this is a reproduction. Now, the tenor sax player, I don't know who the original one would have been on *Moten Swing*. It could have been Benny Goodman, but that clarinet . . . couldn't have been, because Benny plays a fine clarinet and he has a beautiful tone, and wouldn't do any tricks like that.

Anyway, it sounded like an imitation. But for actual playing . . . to play a solo the trumpet player played, to get those things in there the way Bunny would get them . . . I've got to give these guys some-

thing . . . three and a half.

5. BOBBY BRYANT. *Cristo Redentor* (from *Earth Dance, Pacific Jazz*). Bryant, arranger, trumpet; Duke Pearson, composer.

That sounds like one of the numbers I've heard Don Byrd play. It's one of those things based on the chords from spiritual days, but then it has a little turnaround which is reminiscent of Thelonious Monk . . .

As far as the arrangement, there's just so much a guy could do, because it's just got the two chords. It's the type of number designed for one thing, the emotional experience that could be generated by the high screaming trumpet that takes a lot of stamina and strength. There were times it sounded as if it might be Bobby Bryant; he's a strong trumpeter. I've heard him play better than this.

They didn't have too many pieces in that band, because I noticed that there could have been richer voicings, things that could have been added to give it that orchestral sound. This is a record designed for the commercial market of today, hoping to catch on in the soul or rock fields. However, I have to give this three stars based on its commerciality, offering nothing new in jazz.

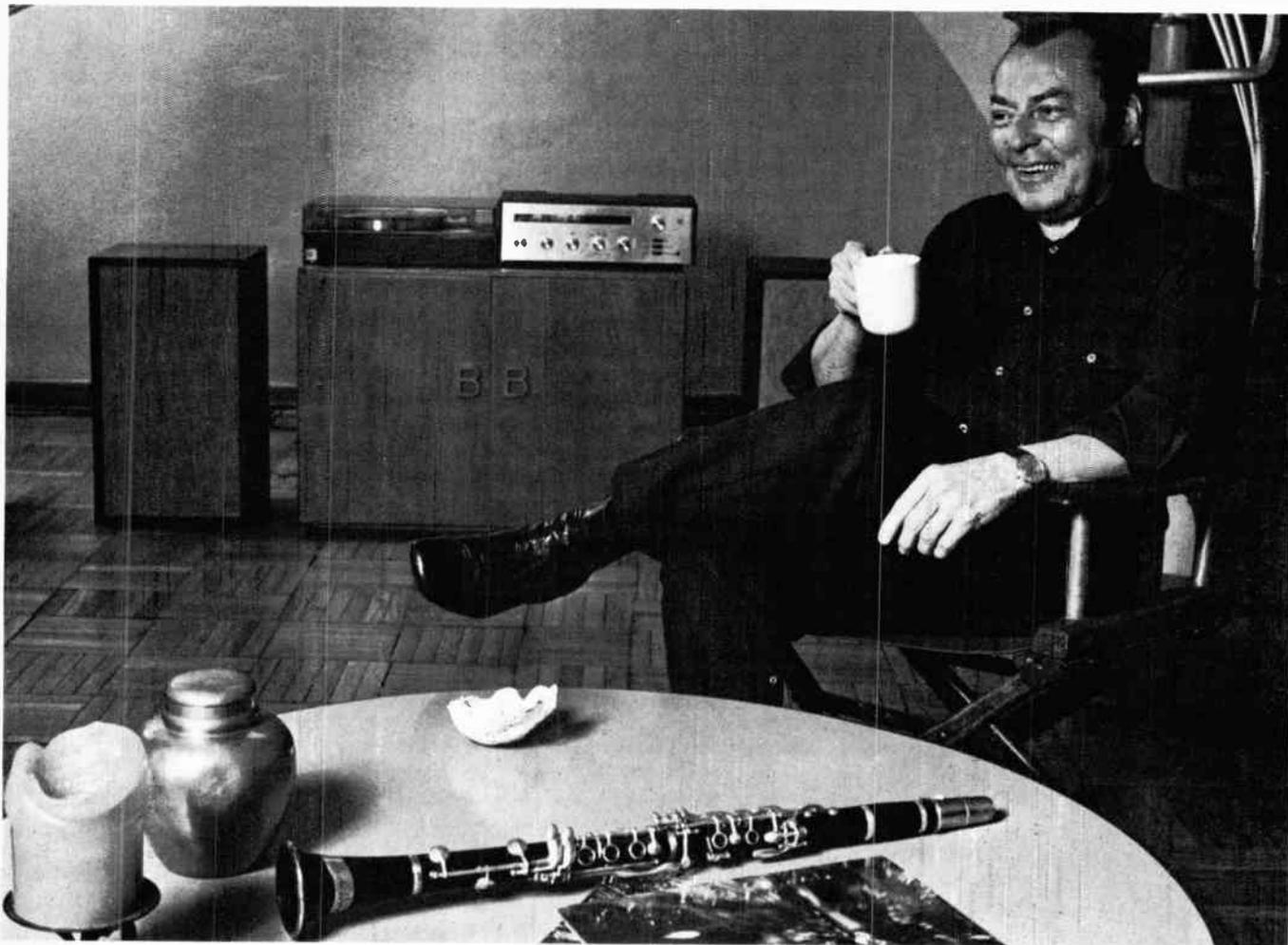
6. OLIVER NELSON. *Miss Fine* (from *Live From Los Angeles, Impulse*). Nelson, composer, arranger; Freddie Hill, trumpet.

I'm going to say that was the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The use of the flute with the cup mute trumpet, maybe a Harmon, and a couple of the riffs were reminiscent of Quincy Jones' trade mark.

Again, the Basie band influence is here. They were associated at some time with the Basie band because certain things played were directly from the Basie book. I thought it was played well; it was no big deal, either harmonically or rhythmically. Some of the things they were doing were created years ago, and now they sound out of place.

I thought that some high school or college bands that I've heard could probably play it better than this record. But big bands have to continue, and it's better to start out on the top as if you were presenting some new invention that's been here a long time. However, I thought it was well played and I'll give it four stars. **db**

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The accuracy with which AR speaker systems reproduce music serves as a valuable tool for many notable musicians. Among the most notable is Woody Herman, whose big bands have long enjoyed great success. His secret seems to be an ability to stay in tune with the evolution of musical styles, as is documented by the Herd's latest recordings

on the Cadet label. In spite of a schedule of more than 200 concerts every year, Mr. Herman can sometimes relax in the seclusion of his Hollywood home. Here, he listens to a high fidelity system consisting of an AR receiver, AR turntable with Shure V-15 type II cartridge, and a pair of AR-2ax speaker systems.



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caught in the act

Miles Davis

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Gary Bartz, soprano and alto saxophone; Keith Jarrett, electric piano, organ; Michael Henderson, bass; Juma Santos, percussion; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

This concert must be viewed in two truths. First as theater, and as theater it was a magnificent spectacle. The concert was originally supposed to start at nine on Saturday night, but because the equipment truck broke down en route from Albany, the concert was re-scheduled for 2 p.m. on Sunday.

It finally began at ten past three at McConaughy Hall, a huge circular hall enclosed by glass windows. Outside it was an exquisite winter day with the sun glancing off the snow. The band was situated on wide risers so everyone could at

Miles was wearing a greyish-blue khaki suit, bell-bottomed. He also wore a wide-mouth, navy-blue fringed jersey. He started playing with his coat on, then off, then on again. He never acknowledged applause, only turning his back. He often squatted down and looked at the band.

Gary Bartz, lean and angular, was wearing a pale red, tie-dyed dashiki. His glasses, tinted light brown, were illuminated when the sun shone through the windows. He was proficient on both soprano and alto. After the first number De Johnette took off his corduroy sweater and played the rest of the way in his T-shirt. Jarrett was fidgety, as usual, and Santos wore a beautiful high-crowned, brimless hat in an elegant shade of violet.

The interpersonal relationships during

plause was acknowledged by the band, but the music always presented peaks and valleys so that the audience had points of reference. The pulse the group sustained was, at many junctures, almost rollicking and most of the audience felt they were participating.

The second truth is the music itself. How would it stand alone? How does it compare to the vigorous black music being played in 1971? I'm sorry, but it just doesn't make it! Miles is playing the same tunes over and over again. And they sound like they *are* being played over and over again. He has fixed a drummer of De Johnette's dimension into rudimentary patterns, even to playing drum rolls. It doesn't seem like he can stretch out at all. Bartz sounds very good, but he's playing 1940s, early '50s stuff. I know he is out there where the land is free but he's not out there in this group. Henderson is, at best, a good rock guitarist . . . at best.

Jarrett is dynamite. He would be dangerous in any situation, so it's almost impossible to stifle his creativity. Miles' playing has become one outburst after another. He is essentially playing the same line with different accentuations. The amplifier is another bad, sad trick and serves really as a glorified "wa-wa" extension. Santos (regular Latin percussionist Airto Moreira was absent) just seemed lost.

All of these musicians play the blues well. In fact, they all play well, but they're so jailed in by structure that they can't play to their capacity. As quiet as it is kept, the members of this band play so well that they almost disguise the fact that what they're playing ain't really happening. I think an artist's concept of music gets pretty warped when he must use gimmicks and theater to articulate it. —Bill Cole



Gary Bartz

least see. The engineer was still working on the systems, which looked like gigantic computers waiting to gobble up information, while the crowd filed in.

De Johnette was putting together his trap set while the engineer diligently completed his task. From the corner of my eye I could see percussionist Santos meandering around the edge of the crowd, which was mostly sitting on the floor. Jarrett jumped onto the risers and began to check out the electric piano and organ. Then bass guitarist, Henderson, long and thin with wide shoulders, leaped on the stand. He was followed closely by Santos, then Miles.

the performance took two shapes: between the band members themselves and between the audience and the band. There is a definite communion which exist in all of Miles' bands and this one is no exception. Nothing is really said between the players except that Miles will occasionally bend down and whisper something in the ear of De Johnette. But it's the way they look at one another, the timely glances and smiles of approval, the relaxation of it. The direction comes from Miles. He moves them, in either one way or the other.

The interaction between the band and the audience was like osmosis—a chemical change not necessarily observable. No ap-

Various Artists

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Laura Nyro; The New Rascals; Alice Coltrane All Stars; Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, reeds; Alice Coltrane, harp, piano; Jimmy Garrison, Cecil McBee, basses; Ed Blackwell, Clifford Jones, drums.

There was something for everyone on this program. The underground people had their love goddess, Laura Nyro. The teenage rock 'n' roll dance freaks had their Rascals, and jazz fans had Alice and Archie and Pharoah. The thread that tied all these loose ends together was Swami Satchidananda and his Integral Yoga Institute, for the benefit of which these unlikely comrades came together.

Laura was first. She did a short (for Laura Nyro) set of her greatest hits covering the whole chronology from *Stone Soul Picnic* to *Christmas In My Soul*. As we have spoken of Miss Nyro at length in these pages recently, it is enough to note that the beautiful one was beautiful, did her usual excellent performance, and was greeted by the largest applause of the evening from a hall full of Nyro addicts who only wanted more. She gave them an

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encore or two, ending with *Up On The Roof*. The crowd still screamed for more, but it was not to be.

After a brief intermission, we found Alice Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders, as promised, plus the added attraction of Archie Shepp. A lot of people have been saying that Shepp is not as heavy as he used to be. I have felt that in some of his more recent performances he had been sort of coasting on his reputation as an avant garde musician rather than remaining fresh and innovative. This was not such a performance. Shepp soared above the rest of those on stage, no small feat when you've got Pharoah and Lady Trane up there.

After being joined by members of the Yoga Institute on various Eastern instruments for some music touching on Indian sources, the band went into John Coltrane's *Africa* and *Leo* for some of the finest improvisational music that's been played since Trane checked out in 1967.

Garrison and McBee complemented each other well, acting as a bass section, and drummers Blackwell and Jones blew together and as opposites, now in unison, now in counter-balance-point. The p.a. system was not overly kind to the lady. Her harp playing was well-miked, but much of the subtlety of her piano was lost.

As for the two tenor players, what could have—and perhaps should have—been a cutting contest developed into a mutual respect and admiration society, as Sanders and Shepp grooved on each other and were inspired to their best playing. To hear Shepp when he's really on is to hear a saxophonist of equal stature with the President, Hawkins, and Trane. That's a bold statement to make, but I'll stand by it.

I would like to be able to report that this crew got as good a hand as Nyro, but I think it might be due to the reticence of the jazz fans as opposed to the exhibitionism of the rock fans that they did not. The audience, bless them, did listen and did not, as some rock audiences will do to a jazz band, compete with what was going on. Maybe it was respect. Maybe it was the good vibes of the Swami's organization, but I'd like to think that maybe the music had something to do with it.

To get on to what producer Sid Bernstein is calling "The New Rascals Band," they are not all that new. True, only Felix Cavaliere on organ and drummer Dino Danelli remain of the original group, but replacements Buzzy Feiten on guitar and Stu Woods on bass fit into the band in such a way that the Rascals sound remains virtually unchanged. A Latin percussionist has been added, but he too makes little difference in the basic sound of the band.

The real difference is in the new female singer, "Little Orphan" Annie Sutton. She has a good heavy voice that blends well with Cavaliere's (always the best vocalist of the Rascals) and Feiten's when they come together in unison. In time, she may very possibly develop into such a strong vocal personality that there may truly be a new Rascals sound. At present it's the old Rascals plus another voice and, for some tunes, the tenor sax and flute of

Joe Farrell. The presence of this fine jazz reedman does not make this a jazz-rock band, however. They are still a basic rock band with jazz influences around the periphery but they sound good and it's probably a lot more honest than some commercial fusion bands.

To sum up the evening, it was a good variety show, like Ed Sullivan, presenting the best of several different categories of music. I doubt if anyone present enjoyed all three of the diverse acts equally well, but nobody went away disappointed. Under the right circumstances, diverse elements can come together and produce a truly eclectic and enjoyable evening. Maybe we should send Swami Satchidananda and Sid Bernstein to Paris to supervise the peace talks.

—Joe H. Klee

Janet Lawson

John Whyte's Blue Whale, New York City

A perky little number named Janet Lawson moves into the Blue Whale on a revolving-door basis. I caught her on two go-rounds and the pleasure was mine.

Miss Lawson is a very good singer. For starters, the voice itself is a fine one, with considerable range. And she uses it well, bringing to bear an impressive command of dynamics, phrasing, diction and even some vocal acrobatics which encompass down-home blues, jazz, rock, ballads and combinations thereof.

The acrobatics are not mere tricks, but rather sound effects delivered with a puckish sense of humor on *Spinning Wheel*. They come at the end when Miss Lawson pipes off calliope-like, accenting her notes with the stiff, jerky body motions of a puppet.

It sounds contrived but it works, harmonically as well as visually. She credits the Blood, Sweat & Tears version of the song as influence but it fits her very well, too. Indeed, her hands, body and lips are extremely expressive instruments; she almost acts a song. Such a style comes in handy when interpreting a comic piece like Dave Frishberg's *Peel Me a Grape*.

The only interlude I thought artificial was the lip-synching to two of her recordings, *Two Little Rooms* and *Good Enough to Live Together*. I can understand the rationale behind it: the comfy but solid John Asher Trio certainly didn't have the instrumental variety to properly back Miss Lawson, and it's an interesting way of plugging your records.

However, it becomes annoying if the lip gets out of synch and the record player (or its operator) refuses to function, both of which happened in one set I caught.

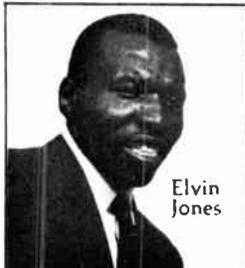
Otherwise, all is pleasure. The love songs are tender but not molasses. Blues like *Son of a Preacher Man* are expressed with the requisite earthiness and verve, and Miss Lawson's version of the Beatles' *Something* is a really moving performance.

Stylistically, she resembles no one else, really, although her vibrant enthusiasm and strong attack remind me of the Joannie Sommers of a few years back.

At any rate, Janet Lawson is a fine performer. Next time she's in your town, give a listen.

—Don Nelsen

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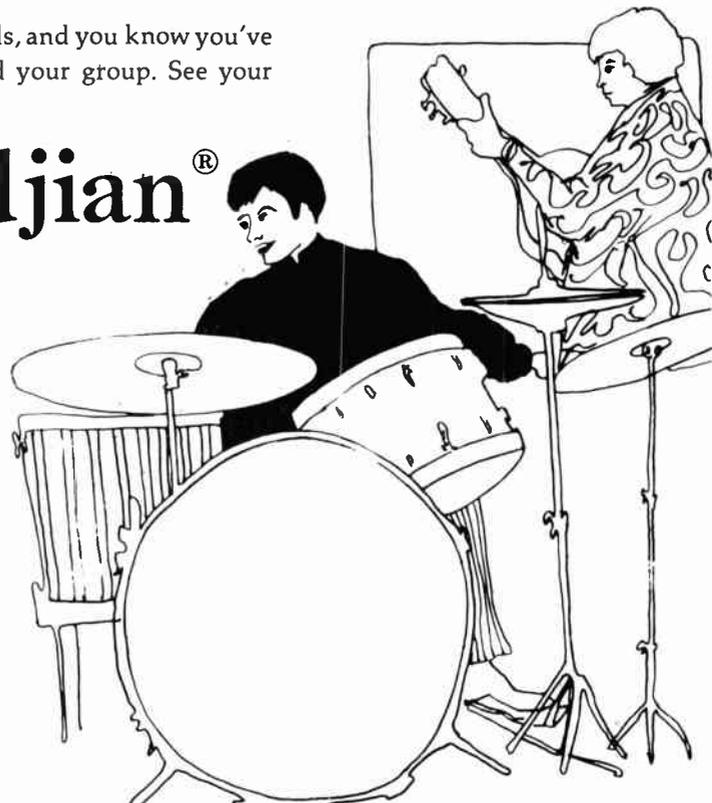
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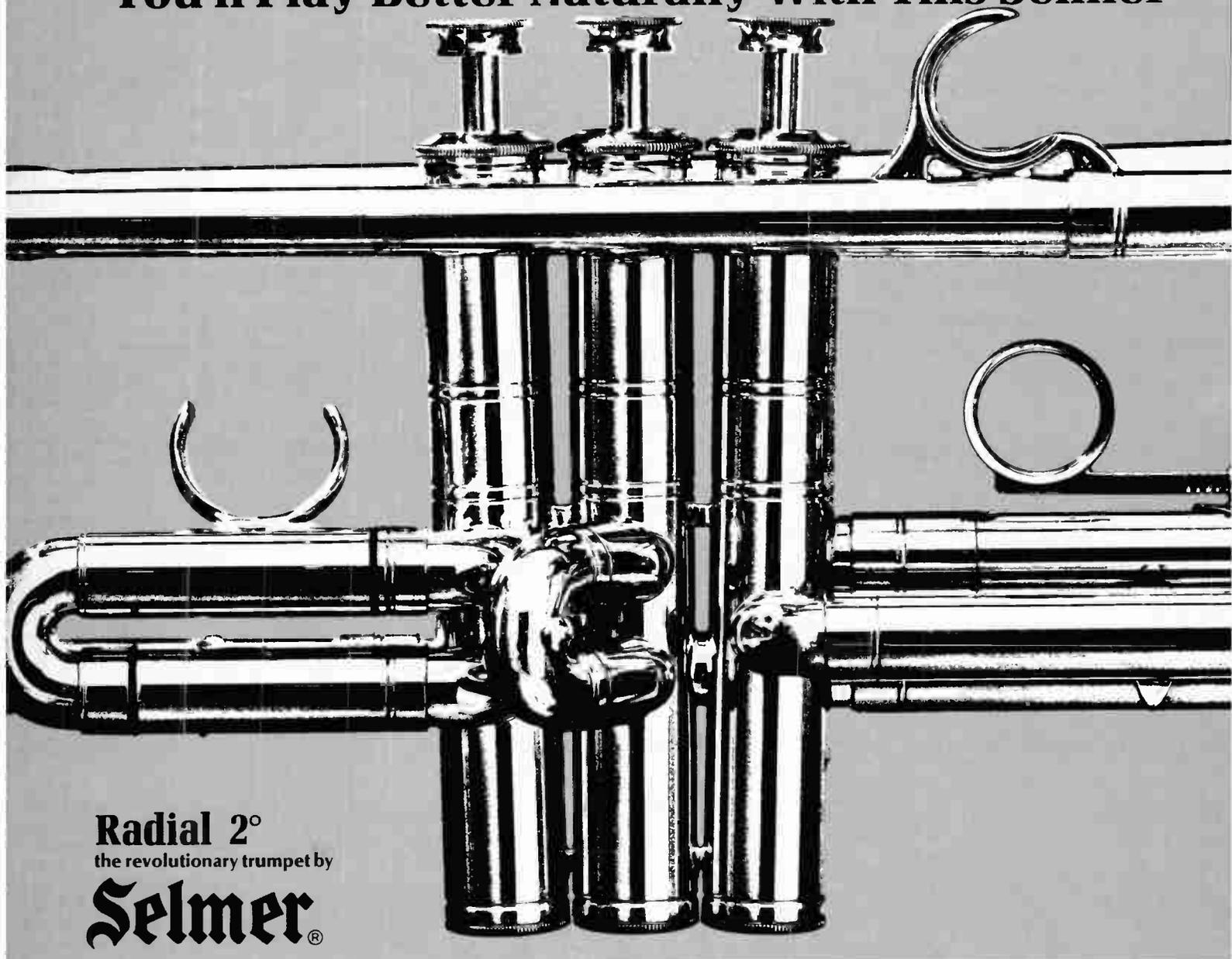
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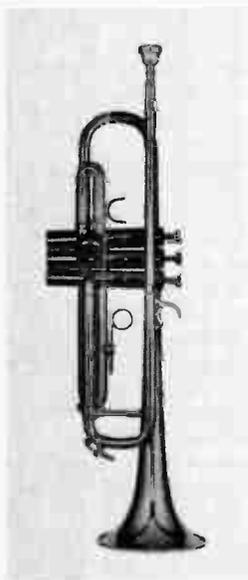
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AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

has relocated its Friday jams at the Rough Rider Room of the Roosevelt Hotel . . . Attila Zoller was at the Needle's Eye . . . The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra along with the Kenny Burrell Quartet and Frank Foster's group did a Town Hall Benefit Show for Phoenix House in mid-March.

Los Angeles: Groups were making the rounds in a huge triangle—if that's possible. Willie Bobo moved from Shelly's Manne-Hole to Donte's . . . Bola Sete shuttled from Donte's to the Lighthouse . . . Gabor Szabo followed his Shelly's gig with one at Donte's . . . The weekend sound at Shelly's is gradually evolving to the non-stop sound of Miles Davis—at least when Shelly Manne and his Men are playing. There may be as many as five or six numbers in each of their sets, but there is no longer a break between tunes. One recent change in Manne's combo: Juno is now on conga drums. Just Juno—don't know if that's his first or last name. Rest of group remains unchanged: Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor sax; Mike Wofford, piano; John Morrell, guitar; Henry Franklin, bass; Manne, drums . . . Bill Evans followed Freddie Hubbard into the Manne-Hole. Eddie Harris came in after Evans, with Young-Holt Unlimited due to follow until April 4 . . . Cal Tjader brought his group to Southern California for a campus tour in San Diego, Rio Hondo and Lancaster. They followed Lee Morgan into the Lighthouse. Personnel in Cal's group: Tjader, vibes; Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; Dick Berk, drums; Michael Smithe, congas. "Since the Skye fell in" (the recording company jointly owned by Cal Tjader, Gabor Szabo and Gary McFarland), Cal is back on the Fantasy label . . . The Three Sounds are set at the

Pied Piper for what appears to be an indefinite run. One change in personnel: Luther Hughes, Jr., is now on bass; Gene Harris is still fronting from the piano; Carl Burnett is on drums . . . A new club in the Crenshaw area, near the Pied Piper, called Chicago West, is featuring Sunday matinee sounds by a new group: Oscar Brashear, trumpet; Charles Owens, tenor sax; Bill Henderson, piano; Henry Franklin, bass; and either Mike Carvin or Reggie Golson, drums. Yes, Reggie is Benny Golson's son . . . Mose Allison followed Livingston Taylor into the Troubadour . . . Richie Havens was featured in a one-nighter at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium . . . Rufus Thomas brought his "Funky Chicken" into the York Club for four nights. Mongo Santamaria played five nights there the following week . . . Carla Thomas played a one-nighter with Kenny Rogers and The First Edition at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium for the Cardiac League . . . Two reed men joined forces to co-lead a combo at Donte's following the Joe Pass Quartet: Jack Nimitz and Richie Kamuca. Kamuca returned to the coast with the Merv Griffin Show . . . Lorez Alexandria worked a couple of weekends at the Bill of Fare, and she got out while the getting was good, for the room appears to be in financial trouble again. Lorez will be heading for the midwest in April and May for a series of gigs in Detroit and Chicago and possibly Indianapolis . . . James Taylor, to no one's surprise, sold out the Anaheim Convention Center for a one-nighter . . . The Johnny Otis Show appeared at the Hollywood Palladium for a one-nighter. Included in the entourage were co-headliners Chuck Berry and Little Richard. With Otis were his son Shuggie, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Big Joe Turner and Delmar Evans . . . Another group that did the SRO bit—for two nights—was Grand Funk Railroad at the Forum . . . The Ash Grove had an impressive blues line-up recently: Charlie

/Continued on page 40

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Al Cohn and Zoot Sims appeared as guest soloists at the 4th annual Midwest College Jazz Festival at Elmhurst College (Chicago) on Saturday, March 28. They also participated in the improvisation clinic on Saturday morning headed by Dave Baker, assisted by Lou Marini Jr. and Bob Tilles. Much of the improvisation clinic dealt with the structure of the Sunday morning jazz religious service. The service was officiated by Reverend Robert Scheiler, chaplain of Elmhurst College with a nucleus jazz ensemble headed by Baker which improvised in blues form, in and around the chaplain and lay speakers. An innovation was the participation of musicians who, as the spirit moved them, came out of the congregation to bear musical witness.

Cohn, who wasn't available for the Elmhurst Sunday program (he was working



the Modern Jazz Showcase session at the North Park Hotel in Chicago) also performed at another area school, Triton College (River Forest, Ill.) on Monday March 30.

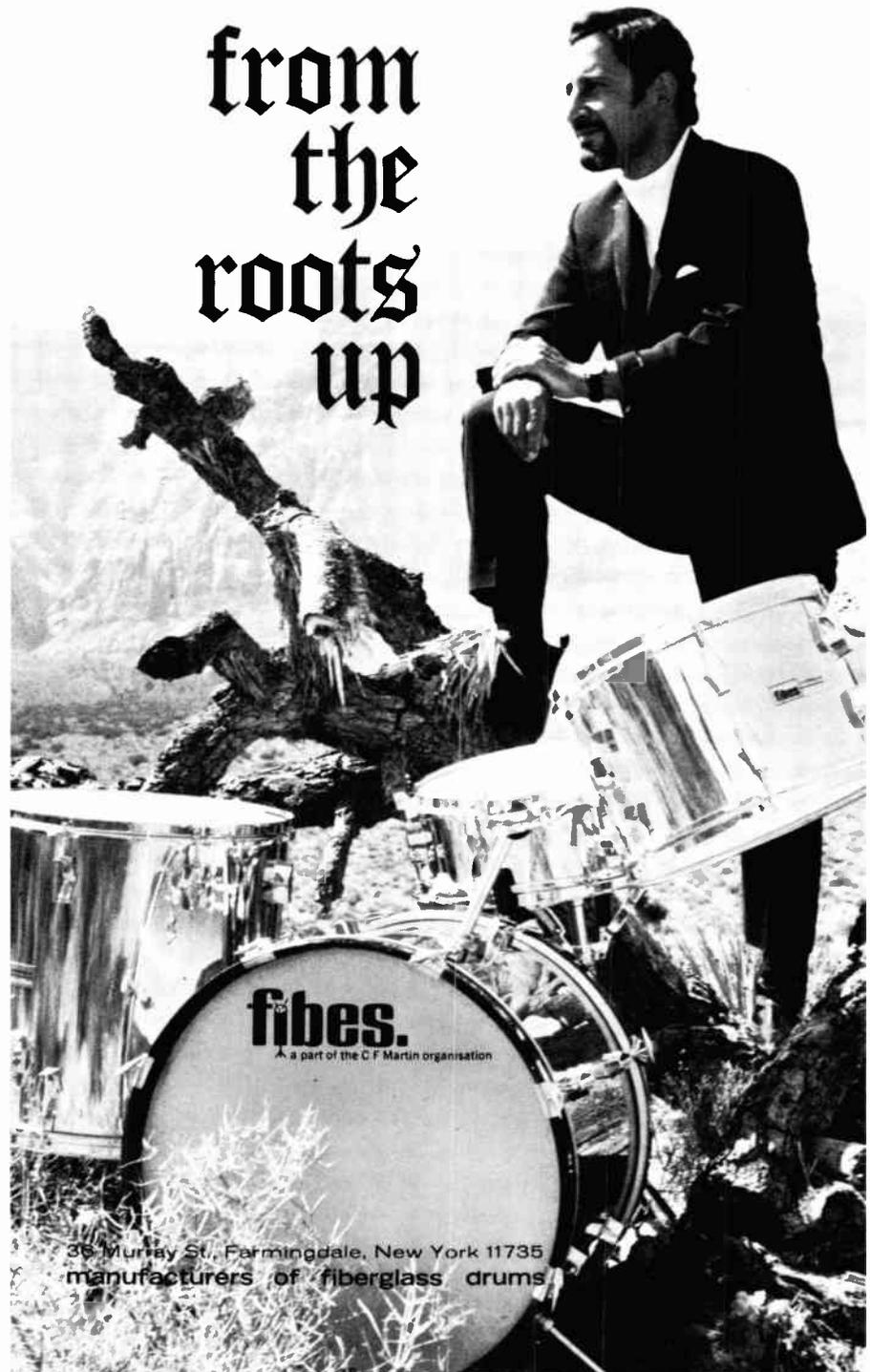
The guest (non-competing) band at Elmhurst's Saturday afternoon program was the Interlochen (Mich.) Arts Academy Studio Orchestra led by Dave Sprony. This is the same band that made a considerable impression last January at the Michigan State Intercollegiate Big Band Jazz Festival and also at last year's festival at Notre Dame. The Interlochen drummer, Peter Erskine, was a sensation at the National Stage Band Camps years ago at the age 5. At 11, he made the "first" band, led by Oliver Nelson.

Campus Ad Lib: Urbie Green served as clinician for the annual high school jazz festival hosted by Joe Hebert and the big band from Loyola University (New Orleans). Green will also play with and conduct a trombone choir at the Sixth Annual Southern College Jazz Festival at Mobile, Ala. April 2-3. Mundell Lowe will conduct an arranging clinic and down beat publisher Charles Suber will present a materials workshop . . . Oliver Nelson will perform with Ladd McIntosh's new lab band during the Fifth Annual Inter-Mountain College Jazz Festival at Salt Lake City April 23-24 . . . Leonard Feather and Gary Burton served as judges for the first Southwestern CJF (Austin, Tex.) on March 13 . . . The recent 12th Annual Chicagoland Jazz Festival at Oak Lawn featured 77 junior and senior high school bands plus 17 combos—a record of 94 jazz ensembles performing on a single day. Woody Herman lead trombonist Bobby Burgess served as an adjudicator and soloed with the Northern Illinois University (DeKalb) Jazz Band directed by Ron Modell. Winning high school ensembles and their directors: Class AA—Prospect, Morgan Jones; Class A—Cham-

paign Central, J. Richard Dunscomb; Class B, C, D—Herscher, Dale Hopper; Junior high school—Wheeling, District #21, Charles Few; Combo—Maine East, Jack Williamson. The Prospect band performed their 13-minute work without a chart and waltzed off with the traveling trophy and the Selmer award for "excellence in jazz performance." . . . Three outstanding Illinois high schools have been invited to perform at the American College Jazz Festival on opening night, May 14. They are: the Notre Dame High School (Niles, Ill.) Melodons, the Rev. George Wiskirchen, director; and the Herscher and Champaign Central bands . . . Dr. John Carrico, chairman of the 10th Annual Reno (Nev.)

Jazz Festival, held March 19-20, was delighted by the response: 110 high school and college big bands, 20 combos, five vocalists and three string orchestras. Gary Burton and Sam Donahue (house band leader at the Nugget Casino) were clinicians and Dr. Herb Wong and Charles Suber served as co-chairman of the 11-man judging team . . . The Fifth Annual Little Rock Jazz Festival will take place April 17-18 at the Military Heights Community Center (North Little Rock). A high school clinic will precede the college level performance. For complete details, write: Charles Bill Black, Little Rock Jazz Festival, P.O. Box 1301, Little Rock, Ark. 72203.

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JONES

(Continued from page 18)

easier for me. Like, there's a lot of things I play that go down well mechanically but perhaps they don't sound right musically, and they've pointed out how to resolve things like that.

"At one point, somebody explained to me what a 'Lunceford Two' was, and how if I played with a Lunceford Two feel for the first 16 bars, well, the bridge would swing if I went into a straight four. They taught me all these kinds of tricks."

The first important album on which Jones made his presence felt with the band was *Basie Straight Ahead*, a collection of Nestico originals on Dot 25902. The rhythm section variously roars, cools it, or achieves that wonderful mid-tempo sense of relaxation that reminds one of the halcyon Jo Jones days.

The flag waver for the date was *The Magic Flea*, in which Eddie Lockjaw Davis played the principal solo role but Jones' support was central to the success of the track. During the session, listening to the playback, Basie was heard to remark: "A great drummer can mean everything to a band. Harold has really pulled us together."

The power of the current team—Basie, the perennial Freddie Green (his unamplified guitar has graced the section since March, 1927), bassist Norman (Dewey) Keenan, and Jones—was again illustrated in *Standing Ovation*, a live session recorded in Las Vegas, and released on Dot 25938. The firmness and conviction of the ensemble, particularly during a crescendo passage, is dramatically brought into focus in the new version of Neal Hefti's *Cherry Point*.

Jones also played on the Basie-Kay Starr album, the second Basie-Mills Brothers collaboration (*Annual Report*) and a couple of commercial LPs of minor musical interest.

During his two-and-a-half years on the road with the band, Jones has seen a series of sidemen come and go—Al Aarons, Gene Goe, Grover Mitchell, Charlie Fowlkes, and even Marshall Royal, who was a mainstay for 19 years.

Though the temptation to get off the road is great, especially after the acquisition of a fairly strong reputation as anchor man in what is certainly the world's most celebrated rhythm section, Jones at this writing is happy in his work. He has enjoyed the fringe benefits, such as seeing a great deal of continental Europe, and more particularly the band's cruise last January aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2. The musicians were offered de luxe accommodations for two; Jones was among those who took advantage of the deal by taking his wife, Verdell, along.

"Getting away from New York at that time of year and only having to play an hour a night," Jones said, "it was more like a paid vacation than a gig."

Land life with Basie, Jones reiterated, is "like going to school—except that you get paid, too! I know I'm getting more help here in my development than I could ever possibly have gotten anywhere else."

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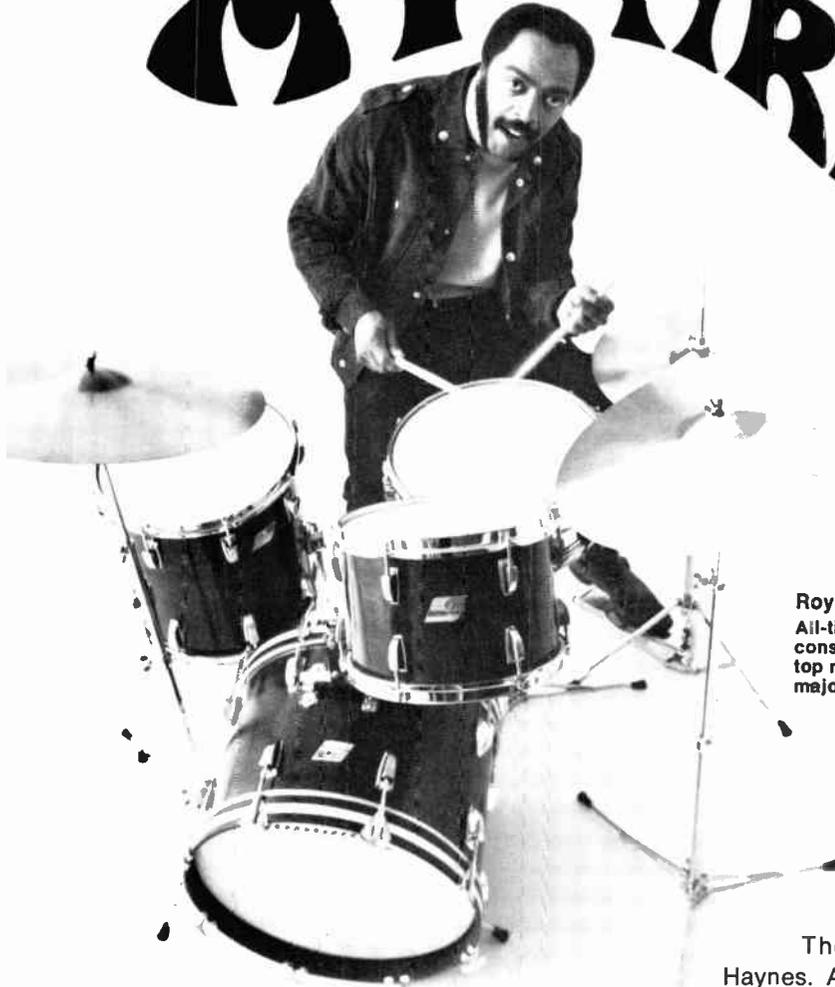
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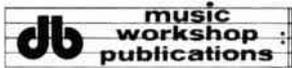
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CHAMPIONS

(Continued from page 15)

enon in terms of speed and skill and unbelievable coordination, but a phenomenal jazz musician.

One O'Clock Jump—the gag version this time marking the last set. And suddenly, the sound of another drummer up front, at Buddy's set, Jo Jones, with some of his unique off-beat things. I didn't even know he was there, though I should have.

As much to give Buddy a well-earned rest as for the fun of it, Jo remains at his perch while the Rich band gets into *Basically Blues*, a tribute to the master, and just the thing for now. If Jo doesn't cut the chart like Buddy did Counts' it's because the one book is a known quantity and the other isn't. And Jo does some delightful things, especially at the end, Buddy cueing him.

Back in the saddle, the leader calls for *Groovin' Hard*, and Pat La Barbera gets off a long solo that brings shouts from the people, still gathered around though it's now nearly 5 a.m. Though passions should be spent, the trumpets with John Madrid's strong lead, still kick. Buddy conjures up an extra ounce of energy for the ending, and that's it.

While chatting with Pat La Barbera, who is the first musician we've talked to in years who says he *likes* to travel and who says he had a ball, we're introduced to a very pretty young lady who still looks radiant at this late hour (which can be done when you're 16). Miss Cathy Rich is going on to Toronto with her father and seems delighted at the prospect.

I convey greetings from Jim Szantor to his old acquaintance John Madrid, who is helping to clear the stand. I ask him if he enjoyed himself. "Oh", he says, "it was great to work with Mr. Basie around. I love that band—I've got most of their things on tape and I listen to them all the time."

Mr. Basie. It suddenly make you realize just how young Buddy's band is, and how a night like this will be something to remember for some who were there long after most of us have checked out and how this music is a living chain of being, of interlocking links that convey the message and pass it on.

In the lobby, we meet Ray Nance, who made it over from his gig just in time to miss all the music but also in time to greet Dizzy and Hibbler and other old friends.

It's early in the morning. A champ has been dethroned (Ali was the champ, no doubt about that, until tonight), a new champ has been born, and on that occasion, two all-time champions and their great seconds and corner men and fans have had a chance to get together and trade not blows but embraces. It's been a good night, and there should be more nights like it, for jazz is a music that thrives in a social setting.

Once, the many big bands that roamed through the nights of this land often met, in serious battle or friendly jousts. Today, the few surviving giants seldom cross paths. When they do, it brings them and all of use a little closer together, and in these times, that counts a lot. 

AD LIB

(Continued from page 34)

Musselwhite and Larry Coryell for six nights; Albert Collins for six nights; Fred McDowell for six nights; Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee for ten nights; and John Hammond Jr. for six nights. Mike Bloomfield will follow Hammond for three nights beginning April 16 . . . Kenny "Pancho" Hagood is back at Schraft's piano bar, and the term "by popular demand" is not just so much pap; in Pancho's case it's the real thing . . . Singer Ruth Olay played Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills for four weeks . . . Bobbi Boyle, who was at the Smoke House in Encino for so very long, moved her trio a few miles down the same street in the San Fernando Valley to Whittinghill's . . . Joe Parnello is still supplying the accompaniments for the acts that come to



the Hollywood Playboy Club. With Joe on piano: Jerry Friedman, bass; Phil Durant, drums . . . One of the best gigs for Donte's, in terms of business, turned out to be the recent two-night appearance of the Hutcherson-Land Quintet. Tenorist Land is now doubling on flute; Hutcherson, of course, is on vibes; and in the rhythm section were Joe Sample, piano; Larry Gales, bass, and Stix Hooper, drums . . . Bola Sete's gig at Donte's was his first there in three years. Aside from bringing in a new rhythm section, Sete also brought in a few rock sounds, but he still does his solo classical shtick. Sete was on guitar and lute—a self-devised combination of lute and guitar; Jose Marino, electric bass; Roni De Mesquita, drums; Mailto Correa, conga drums . . . Les Shepard is fronting a seven piece band for dancers only each Wednesday at the Valley Vegas, in Tarzana . . . Current attraction at the Parisian Room is Liz Lands, who boasts a four-octave voice. She'll be followed by Spanky Wilson until April 18. Green Banks opens a five-week engagement after that. That's not where you deposit pot; Green Banks is a duo: singers Ralph Green and Ernie Banks. On Sundays at the Parisian Room, owner Ernie France has initiated a new gimmick that seems to be the only one of its kind in Los Angeles—a "Salute to D.J.s." Each week a different disc jockey gets a trophy (Lou Rawls and Erroll Garner have been recent presenters), but he has to earn his accolades. The D.J. acts as host for the session . . . Bob Lan presented the second free jazz concert at the University of Southern California, featuring the Blue Mitchell Quintet as well as Lan's own band. Like the first concert which featured Willie Bobo, this recent bash was broadcast over the USC student radio station KUSC . . . If you dig Dixieland with a lot of strings attached, the Southern California Banjo Band will be heard in concert and jam session at the International Hotel April 25 . . . Ray Anthony and his band played two weeks at the Royal Hawaiian, in Hon-

olulu. It was a sort of homecoming for Ray. He fronted a Navy band there in 1942. Jeannie Thomas is the vocalist featured with Ray's eight-piece outfit. Martin Denny followed Anthony into the spot . . . Channel 28, the local educational outlet, featured the powerful film *Charlie Mingus* for two showings. The film shows Mingus and his five-year old daughter Carolyn as they await eviction from their Greenwich Village flat . . . On the score-board: Michel Legrand is in town to score a new Cinema Center Films production, *The 24 Hours of Le Mans*. . . Lalo Schifrin is working on a new assignment for MGM, *Pretty Maids All In A Row*. . . Jerry Fielding is scoring a Warner Bros. pilot, *The Chicago Teddy Bears*, for CBS-TV.

Chicago: Cold weather and Lent didn't keep Roy Eldridge fans away from the London House for the trumpeter's March 3 opening. With Chuck Folds, piano; Truck Parham, bass, and Paul Gusman, drums, Little Jazz was on hand for a three-week stand, doing plenty of singing as well as blowing on his first Chicago club engagement in several years . . . A concert package at the Auditorium Theatre on a recent Sunday featured Cannonball Adderley, Illinois Jacquet, Gene Ammons, Stanley Turrentine, and the Count Basie Orchestra. Basie stayed over for a one-nighter at Ruggles . . . McCoy Tyner's Quartet (Sonny Fortune, alto sax; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravat, drums) appeared at the North Park Hotel March 7. Upcoming attractions in the Modern Jazz Showcase Series are Yusef Lateef (April 2-4) and Lee Morgan (April 10-11) . . . Woody Herman's Band packed 'em in at Ruggles on a recent Monday and returned that same week for Friday and Saturday dance appearances at Nero's Palace, the most recent addition to the growing roster of big band oases. Personnel for the engagements: Forrest Buchtel, Buddy Powers, Tony Klatka, Tom Harrell, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bobby Burgess, Ira Nepus, Don Switzer, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto and soprano saxophones; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophones; Gene Smookler, baritone saxophone; Alan Broadbent, electric piano; Al Reed, electric bass; Ed Soph, drums . . . Rock Roundup: Steppenwolf (at The Syndrome) and Chase (at Loyola University) concertized March 5 while Poco and Linda Ronstadt made up the bill March 7 at the Auditorium Theatre . . . The Otis Rush Blues Band did a weekend at Alice's Revisited . . . Manny Gonzales fronted a seven-piece band recently at the Coco Loco . . . The Gallery Musical Ensemble (Jose Williams, soprano sax; Wesley McClendon, alto sax; Billy Mitchell, electric bass; Gene Scott, acoustic bass; Bobby Miller, drums) perform every Friday from 9 till 1 at the coffee house in the South Side Community Art Center, 3831 S. Michigan Ave.

Pittsburgh: Big band music is still a good box office attraction in Pittsburgh, accord-

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ing to veteran bandleader Art Farrar. Farrar, whose own big band recently played at the Inaugural Ball for the governor of Pennsylvania, recently concluded a run at the William Penn Hotel. Some of his future bookings include area country and supper clubs, the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and the Roseland Ballroom in New York City. One area big band-oriented room is the Harmar House in Cheswick where **Buddy Rich's** crew played to SRO crowds for two nights recently. Weekly entertainment at the House is provided by **Wendell Byrd's** combo and singer **Timmie Stevens** . . . **Walt Harper's** Jazz Attic continues to be the hottest ticket in town. **Young-Holt Unlimited** (**Bobby Lyle**, piano; **Eldee Young**, electric bass; **Redd Holt**, drums) recently teamed with the Harper Quintet to set a house record . . . The Gaslight Room continues its jazz policy with pianist **Bobby Cardillo** on week nights along with the Dixieland house band of **Al DiLernia** . . . Pianist **Frank Cunimondo** now has the gig at the plush Colony Restaurant. The suburban room has specialized in a long line of famed pianists which have included former big band sidemen **Reid Jaynes** (**Hal McIntyre**), **Dodo Marmarosa**, and **Vince Laschied** (**Tex Beneke**) . . . The Crawford Grill had good turnouts for **Alvin Clark** and the **Soul Messengers** featuring **Miss Gigi**.

Washington, D.C.: Alto saxophonist **Paul Winter** brought his **Consort** in for a one-nighter at the Academy of the Holy Name . . . Mr. Henry's on Capitol Hill continues to book top name entertainment since **Roberta Flack** moved on. **Chris Connor**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, and **Esther Phillips** appeared in successive weeks, each backed by a house trio led by bassist **Keter Betts** which includes pianist **Mike Abene** and drummer **Harold Mann** . . . **Les McCann** again knocked 'em dead in his week-long booking at the Cellar Door. Bassist **Jimmy Rowser**, drummer **Donald Dean**, and Latin percussionist **Buck Clark** accompanied McCann. The pianist-vocalist also did an interview with down beat correspondent **Paul Anthony** of WRC-FM for the African division of the **Voice of America** in which he described the trip he and **Roberta Flack** and others are taking to Ghana for Warner Brothers Studios . . . **Buddy Rich's** Big Band played to an SRO audience at Langley High School. The school **Jazz Lab Band**, led by **George Horan**, also performed . . . **The World's Greatest Jazz Band** played the Shoreham Hotel's Blue Room recently. **Young-Holt Unlimited** also played there recently in tandem with reedman **Joe Farrell's** group . . . The first 1971 concert sponsored by the **Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington** featured vibist **Roy Ayers' Ubiquity** (**Harry Whitaker**, piano; **Clint Houston**, bass; **Al Mouzon**, drums).

Cincinnati: The University of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music presented a lecture-concert program featuring **Dizzy Gillespie**, who played with the conservatory's **Con-**

cert Jazz Band and conducted the seminars and lectures . . . Pianist **Art Lopez** worked the Living Room of the Playboy Club for a month backed by bassist **Tom Letzler** and drummer **Ron McCurdy**. The **Action Faction** held forth at the club's Penthouse room . . . **Dee Felice** and **The Mixed Feelings** continue their stay at the Buccaneer Inn . . . Tenor saxophonist **Jimmy McGary** has been leading a group at the Hauf Brau House with organist **Wayne Yeager** and drummer **Jim Latimer** . . . The **Lee Stolar Trio** recently concluded a long stay at the Hospitality Inn and is now embarking on a road tour. With the pianist is bassist **Carl Schweitzer** and drummer **Philip Paul** . . . The **Lookout House** recently presented the **Erroll Garner Quartet** and the **Buddy Rich Orchestra** . . . Though the Ludlow Garage was forced to close, it did so on a bright note. The **Rahsaan Roland Kirk Quintet** (**Sonellus Smith**, piano; **Pete Pearson**, bass; **Chuck Crosby**, drums; **Joe Texidor**, sound tree). Opposite Kirk's troupe were pianist **Ed Moss** and guitarist **Kenny Poole** . . . **Jerry Conrad's** **Rhythm and Brass** recently opened up the newly-decorated Beverly Hills Club.

Minneapolis-St. Paul: The lineup at Tafi's in Minneapolis has included **Herbie Hancock**, **Teddy Wilson**, **Cal Tjader**, and singer **Fran Jeffries**, backed by a group of local musicians recruited and led by trumpeter **Dick Whitbeck** (**Al Bachelder**, trumpet; **Jim tenBensel**, trombone; **Howie Arthur**, guitar; **Bobby Peterson**, piano; **Jay Goetting**, bass). **Miss Jeffries** brought her own drummer and conductor . . . Among the acts at the Depot, Minneapolis rock spot, have been **Richie Havens**, **Ramsey Lewis**, **Al Kooper**, and the locally based **Crow** . . . **KXUL-AM**, long a soul music station, now presents jazz from 4:30 to 5:45 p.m. Sundays with host **Ray Moss**. **WCAL-FM** in nearby Northfield has a half hour of jazz daily from 4 to 4:30 p.m., plus an hour at midnight Saturday. Jazz artists who've been appearing here have been showing up on TV and radio talk shows, and a special featuring a number of local jazz musicians was in the works on **WCCO-TV** at this writing . . . **Bobby Jackson's** new **Cafe Extraordinaire** was visited in January by **Richard Groove Holmes** for five nights, and by **McCoy Tyner's** Quartet for five nights plus a couple of matinees. **Jerry Hubbard**, an excellent Minneapolis guitarist, sat in with Holmes, replacing **Thornel Schwartz**, who was absent due to a death in the family . . . **Sue Weil** of the Walker Art Center, which sponsors concerts at the Guthrie Theatre, had **Miles Davis** booked for March 19 and **Don Ellis** for April 4. **Captain Beefheart** and **Taj Mahal**, among others, have appeared there . . . Jazz, rock, country, blues and classical musicians—33 in all—packed the Guthrie at a benefit concert for ailing Minnesota Orchestra bassist **Frederick (Fritz) Scheurer** . . . **Doc Severinsen's** **New Generation Brass** concert drew an embarrassingly small audience to the St. Paul Civic Center, but the promoter, to his credit, moved the concert from the huge arena into the smaller theater.

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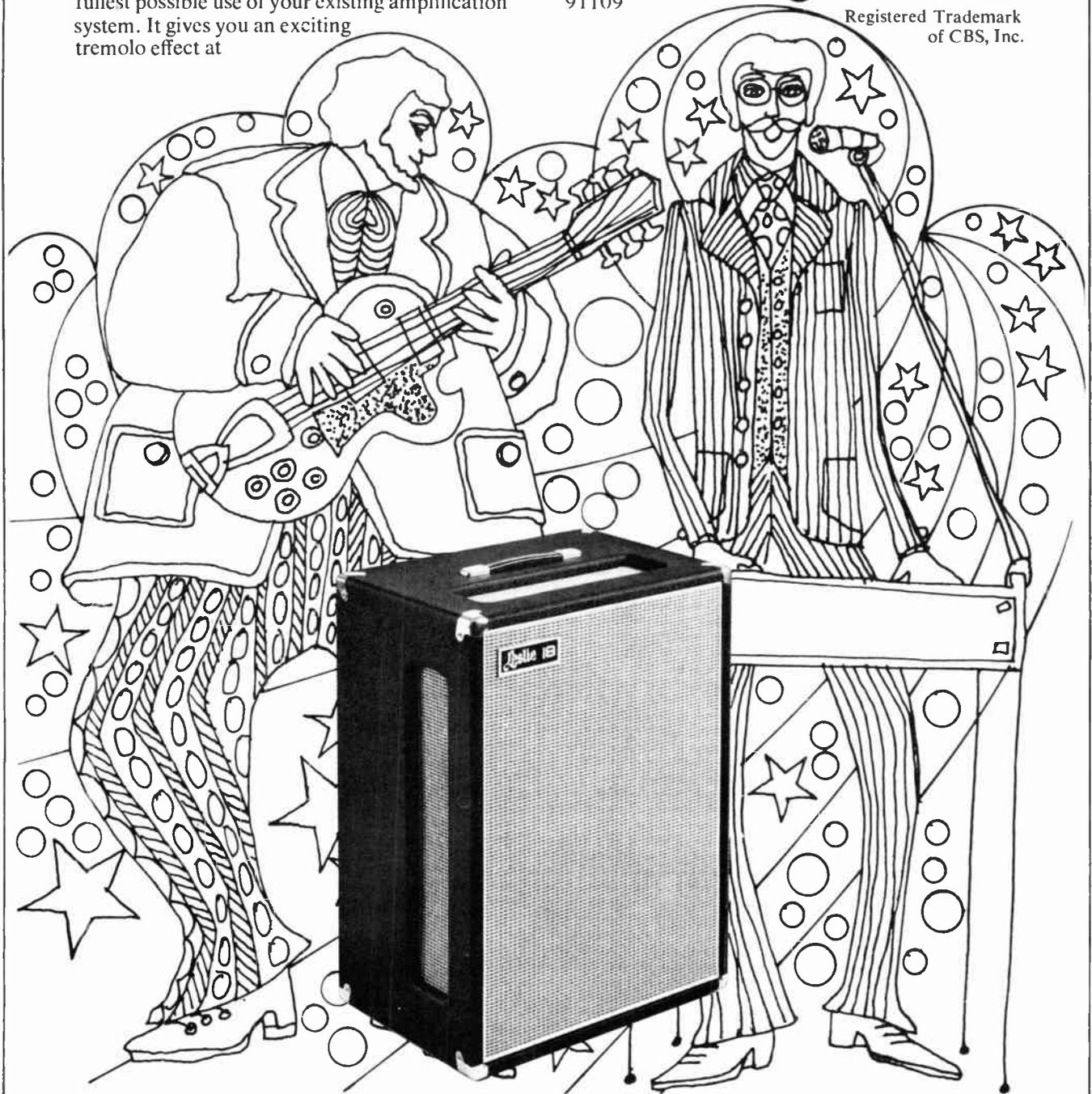
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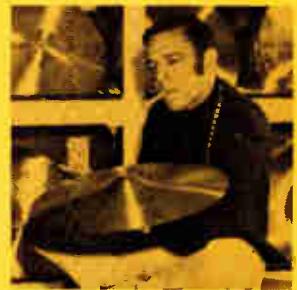
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