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OCTOBER 28, 1971 50c

down beat®

jazz-blues-rock

MONK TALK!
AN UNCOMMON
INTERVIEW

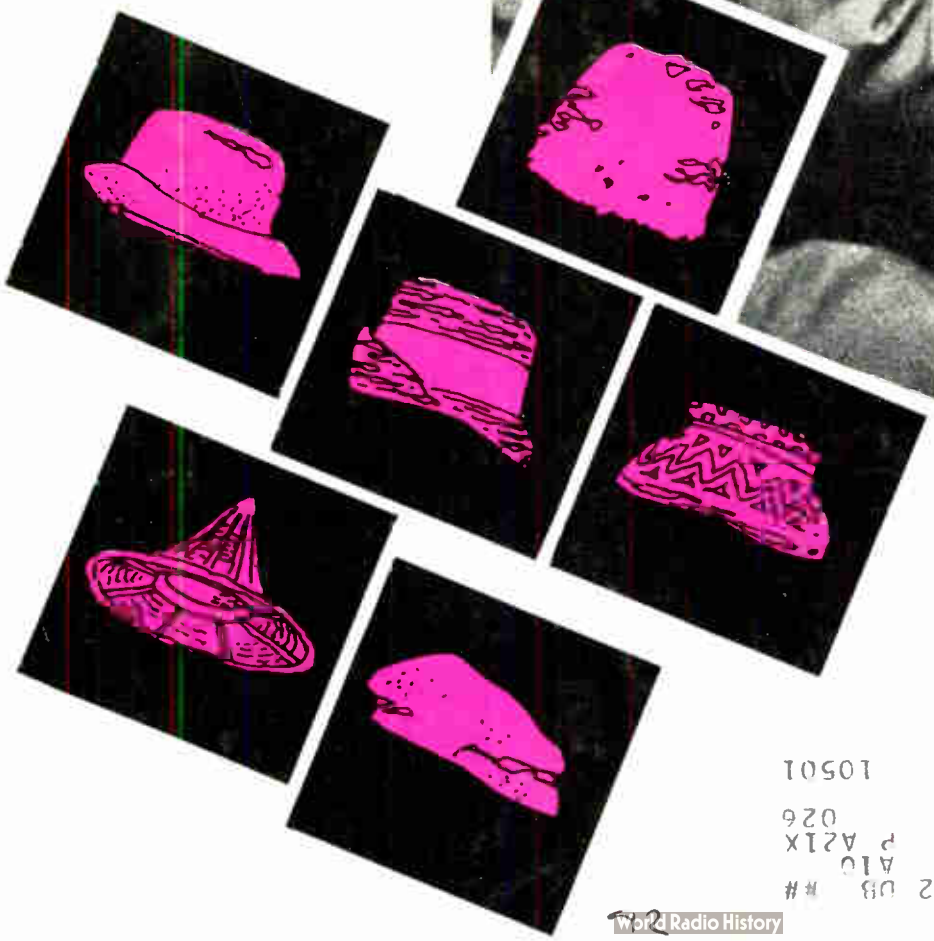
GEORGE DUKE:
CANNON'S NEW
PIANO ACE

CHICK COREA'S CREED

THE VERSATILE
HAROLD MABERN

db music workshop

A FAMOUS MONK SOLO



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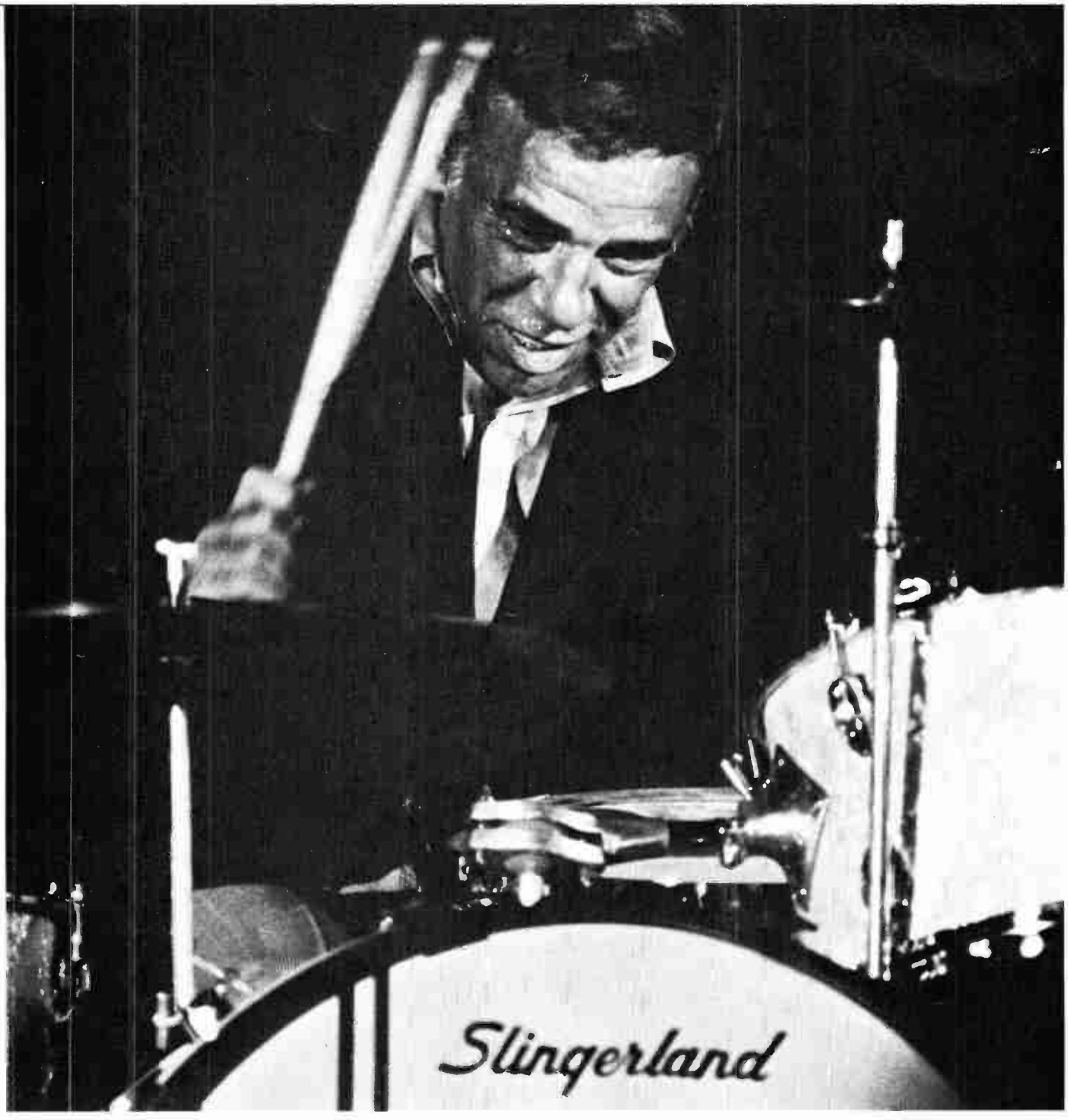

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By Charles Suber

This is our annual report on the music education job market. We urge each reader to make a pass at interpreting the following figures and facts in light of his/her own experience and aspirations. Or to quote a Greek: Know thyself.

First off: There is "full employment" this September for any qualified instrumental music teacher ("qualified" = Mus-Ed degree and certification) who is willing to go where the job is. Our survey of music educator placement services indicate that even though there were 30% fewer jobs open this year over last, that all qualified personnel, including the recent June graduates are on a school payroll. There are even some shortages, such as: qualified (see above) black or brown teachers, especially those who will accept positions in large urban school districts; guitar instructors for college/university level; musical therapists and other "special education" categories; teachers for all levels who can teach lab or class keyboard (piano majors without a Mus-Ed degree are a glut on the market).

Even though college/university enrollment is up over 10% from last year, there are fewer job opportunities—vocal/choral jobs are down 45%, cello 65%, piano 18%, violin 20%, musicology 15%. Theory & Composition is the best area of a steadily decreasing number of jobs in higher education. In all cases, kindergarden to university, the music teacher who is also a good performer has a decided edge on the weak or non-player. On the college level, experience and proficiency of communication and performance are becoming substitutes for the doctorate or even the master's degree.

How many students and teachers are there? The following estimates are made available to us by the U.S. Office of Education.

Grade Level	Public/Private School Enrollment Sept. '71	Sept. '70	Sept. '69
K thru 8	36,700,000	36,800,000	36,900,000
9 thru 12	15,150,000	14,800,000	14,600,000
Higher Ed.	8,390,000	7,600,000	7,100,000
	60,240,000	59,200,000	58,600,000

Grade Level	Public/Private School Teachers 1971	1970
K thru 12	2,359,000	2,340,000
Higher Ed.	617,000	590,000
Teacher Total	2,976,000	2,930,000

Transposing to music, we get:

Grade Level	Number of Instrumental Music Students—Sept. 1971
K thru 8	5%.....1,835,000
9 thru 12	8%.....1,212,000*
Higher Ed.	1%..... 83,900
Total	3,130,900

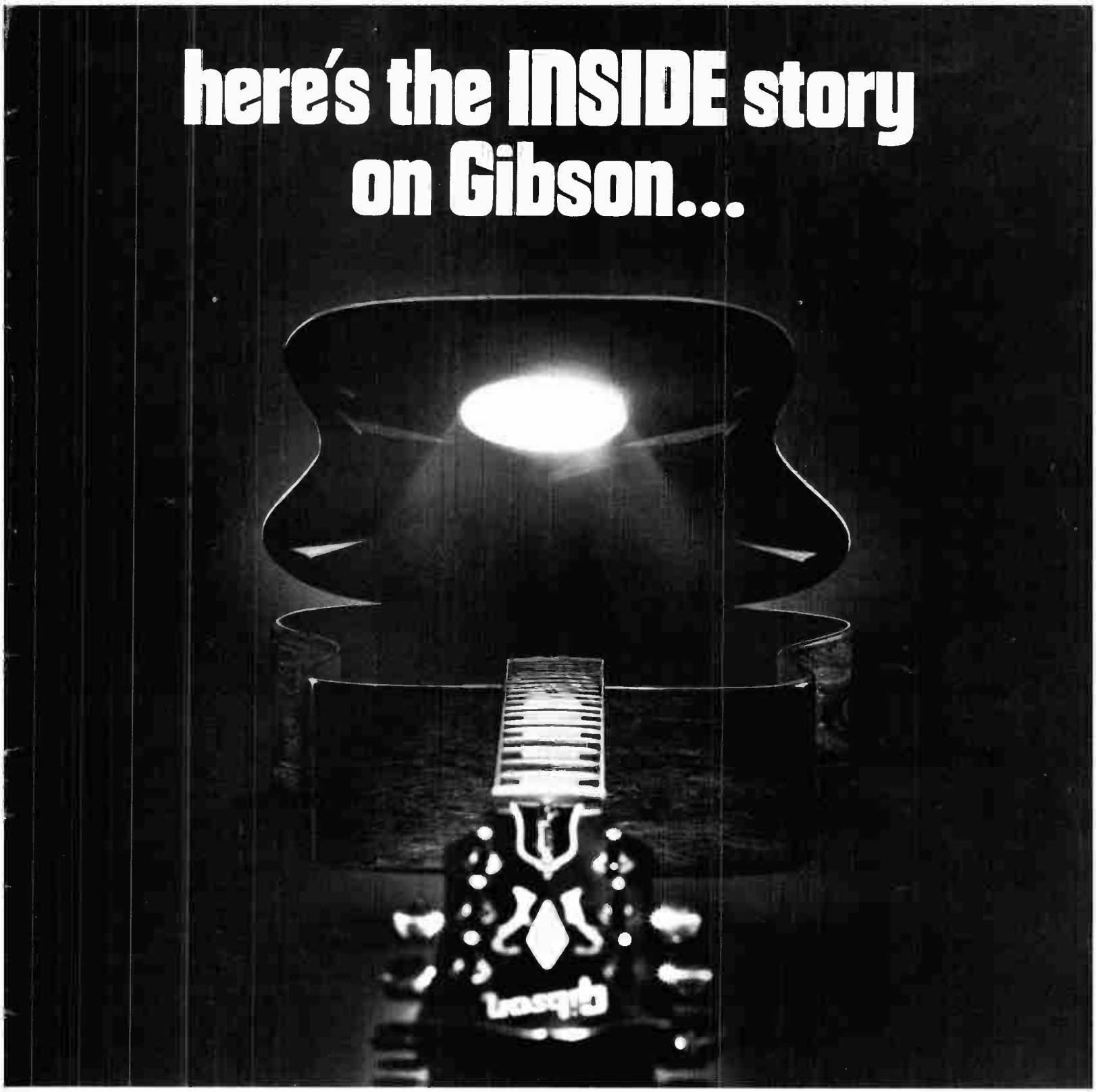
*Research done by the American Music Conference via the University of Chicago indicates that the percentage of high school instrumental music students is closer to 8% than the 5% we indicated last year.

Then there is the "private sector" which is supplying an ever-increasing demand for music instruction which is not being met within school curriculum. Years ago private instruction was called just that, or if sponsored by a music retailer a "music studio". Today the proper term is "School of Music" as the instruction is top grade, the materials often more advanced than public schools, and the choice of music more flexible.

Then there are nationally franchised Schools of Music, such as Yamaha and Baldwin. Yamaha, for example, has 11,000 students, ages 4 through 8, currently being instructed by 234 teachers (average age, 25, female, keyboard majors).

More next issue. db

here's the INSIDE story on Gibson...



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October 28, 1971 (on sale October 14) **Vol. 38, No. 18**

down beat®

jazz-blues-rock

On Newsstands Throughout the World

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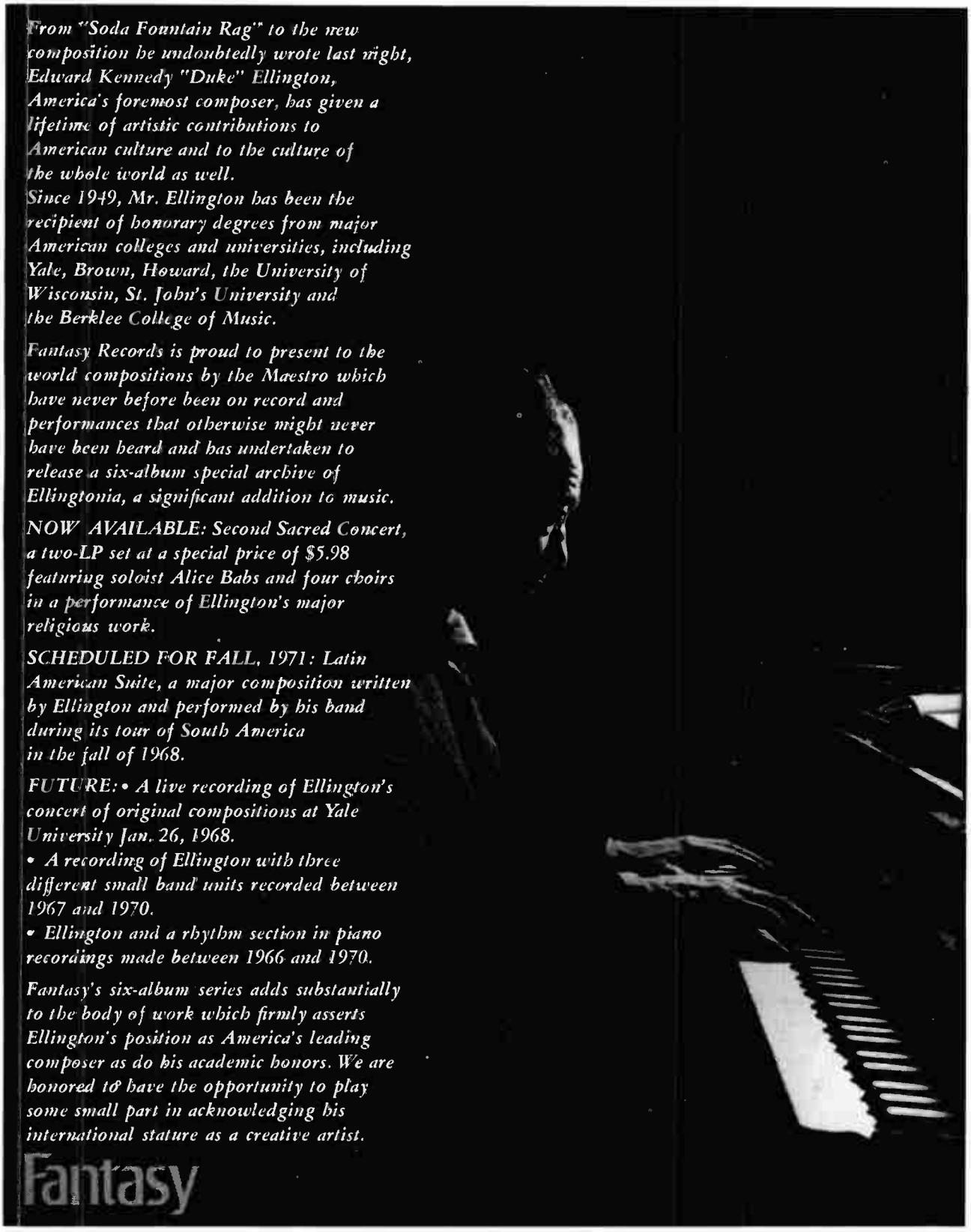
The Ellington Project



From "Soda Fountain Rag" to the new composition he undoubtedly wrote last night, Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington, America's foremost composer, has given a lifetime of artistic contributions to American culture and to the culture of the whole world as well.
Since 1949, Mr. Ellington has been the recipient of honorary degrees from major American colleges and universities, including Yale, Brown, Howard, the University of Wisconsin, St. John's University and the Berklee College of Music.

Fantasy Records is proud to present to the world compositions by the Maestro which have never before been on record and performances that otherwise might never have been heard and has undertaken to release a six-album special archive of Ellingtonia, a significant addition to music.

NOW AVAILABLE: Second Sacred Concert, a two-LP set at a special price of $5.98 featuring soloist Alice Babs and four choirs in a performance of Ellington's major religious work.

SCHEDULED FOR FALL, 1971: Latin American Suite, a major composition written by Ellington and performed by his band during its tour of South America in the fall of 1968.

FUTURE:
• A live recording of Ellington's concert of original compositions at Yale University Jan. 26, 1968.
• A recording of Ellington with three different small band units recorded between 1967 and 1970.
• Ellington and a rhythm section in piano recordings made between 1966 and 1970.

Fantasy's six-album series adds substantially to the body of work which firmly asserts Ellington's position as America's leading composer as do his academic honors. We are honored to have the opportunity to play some small part in acknowledging his international stature as a creative artist.

Fantasy

chords and discords

Does The Right Hand Know . . . .

I fail to see the value of transcribing the work of Bill Evans' right hand without his left (db, Aug. 19). You might as well write out Coltrane's lefthand work, so that people can practice one hand at a time.

Also, in his comments on the changes, Dan Hearle doesn't realize that Fmi-Abmi-Bmi-E7-Eb is not part of the original chord sequence. It is merely Evans- favorite interpretation of II-V-I, which he has used thousands of times and which is original with him.

I hate to think of jazz being *taught* by people who are unaware of such basic details.

Brian Priestley

London, England

You May Indeed

Sy Johnson's article on Filmore East (db, Sept. 16) was excellent – may we hear more from him?

J. Patrick Hulsman

Buffalo, N.Y.

Evans, Davis and CBS

Clive Davis, president of Columbia Records, is "interested in how we're going to get youth to really listen to the giants of jazz." He urges Bill Evans to "use your genius and start communicating." (db, Sept. 16)

Davis' idea that Evans should move into "exciting areas" and bring his musical ideas to "new people" is absurd. Absurd because Evans and other artists of his genre are expressing their genius. Evans has poured forth his heart and soul in all of his recordings and concert performances.

Davis should be asking youth: "Why do you fail to communicate with such a beautiful art form? Do you need an ear examination?"

I am 22 and play no musical instrument.

Thomas R. Schoen

Toledo, Ohio

Dan Morgenstern's recent article on Clive Davis of Columbia was one of the most infuriating that I've read in any coverage of jazz during many years of following this part of our music. It was so damn annoying because of Davis' incredibly transparent obsessive merchandising mentality . . . his comments about the cultural sanctity of "classical" music as opposed to his criteria for jazz acceptance were alarming.

His supercilious remarks about John Wilson's N.Y. *Times* coverage of big bands . . . revealed his ignorance of big band music. Did he hear any of the orchestras and see the age of the musicians, and has he paid any attention to the numerous college jazz bands . . . . ?

I know Miles has been paying his way adequately for Columbia over the years and seriously doubt the need for his transformation. Unfortunately, another group influenced by Clive Davis is Weather Report, which it was my misfortune to see (and partially hear) in Boston. What a fantastic waste of inordinately gifted musicians. The evening could have been billed as "An Exercise in Percussive Expressionism;" dynamics and taste were repetitiously subordinated to bombastic and uninventive drummers.

I hope Clive Davis will allow Bill Evans to exercise his own good musical judgement.

Dick Quigley

Haworth, N.J.

Columbia (has) just released *The Bill Evans Album*. If it had been cut by an unknown talent or a comeback musician, it would no doubt get rave reviews. That Bill Evans is the musician makes it even greater.

Evans has gone through many changes, but I don't think he's ever played a bad solo, perhaps because he has always developed logically from his own music. On this new record there are musical aspects of Evans' entire recorded history . . . .

Play any earlier Bill Evans tune, and chances are you can find its essence further developed on the album. The reverse, of course, is not true; that is, one finds things on the new album which have never been played before. Evans' speed, attack, harmony, rhythm and control are more advanced than ever . . . .

An argument can be made, and I think a good one, that while jazz music keeps changing, it does not really develop; that in fact it may keep losing more than it gains. New Miles may be speaking to more people, but certainly not as tenderly or sensitively as Old Miles. Weather Report produces fine textures and intricate rhythms, but the group sacrifices the whole concept of improvised music. And is anyone going to show how *Moon Man* developed from *Forest Flower?*

This is not really meant as a put-down: if these guys make their bread, great. But Bill Evans is something else. He is the most consistently creative musician in jazz, and *The Bill Evans Album* is a definitive summation of his music.

Stuart H. Cohen

Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y.

down beat NEWS

ELLINGTON IN RUSSIA: THEY LOVE HIM MADLY

After breaking all attendance records at New York's Rainbow Grill in a month's stand and playing a free Jazzmobile concert in Harlem, Duke Ellington headed for one of the few remaining parts of the globe new to him: Soviet Russia.

His five-week tour of the USSR began Sept. 13 in Leningrad's 4,200-seat October Theater. The house was bought out for five nights running far in advance. And on opening night, a wildly cheering audience demanded encore upon encore, refusing to move after the concert has ended, jamming the aisles, pleading for autographs, and fighting over souvenir programs.

According to early reports, Soviet audiences seemed familiar with and most appreciative of established Ellington favorites, while interested in but less enthusiastic about newer and less well known material. On the first night, Paul Gonsalves brought down the house with an impromptu version of *Dark Eyes*—the ninth encore.

The crew Ellington took to Russia included some new faces: trumpeter Johnny Coles and saxophonist Harold (Geezil) Minerve. It also found lead alto Russell Procope back on the job. The complete lineup: Mercer Ellington, Cootie Williams, Harold (Money) Johnson, Eddie Preston, Coles, trumpets; Booty Wood, Malcolm Taylor, Chuck Connors, trombones; Procope, Minerve, Norris Turney, Harold Ashby, Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Nell Brookshire, Tony Watkins, vocalists.

The tour winds up with a Moscow series Oct. 9-12, after visits to Minsk, Kiev, and Rostov. The band then begins a strenuous tour of other European countries.

COLEMAN CUTS FOR CBS WITH OLD & NEW FRIENDS

Studio E at Columbia Records is a tiny cubicle that might do nicely for string quartet recordings. It was the last place where I expected to find the Ornette Coleman quartet PLUS. In addition to Ornette's current band (the leader on alto sax, trumpet, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor sax, musette; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums) there was a reunion with three former sidemen: Don Cherry, pocket trumpet; Bobby Bradford, trumpet, and Billy Higgins, drums.

The album, tentatively scheduled for January release, features a heretofore undisclosed aspect of Ornette's abilities. A poem written by Ornette will be overdubbed onto one of the selections, and he has also written the lyrics for two songs which could be called popular songs in format and maybe even in structure, but certainly go far beyond the limits of this genre in content and quality.

The lyrics to *What Reason Could I Give* and *All My Life* are sung by Asha Puthli, a young singer from Bombay, India with the scope and improvisational ability of a jazz instrumentalist. After Ornette had tried countless other singers, Asha, on the recommendation of Bob Altschuler and John Hammond, came into the studio for a try at it. She locked right in on two of the most complex and beautiful songs ever written by a jazz composer. (Final re-recordings of these numbers with slightly altered personnel were required only because Ornette felt they sounded better in a lower key).

Atlantic Records will soon release an album of previously unissued vintage Coleman performances, including a 17-minute piece by the famous "double quartet" that recorded the influential *Free Jazz* LP. —*Joe H. Klee*

LES STRAND WINNER OF YAMAHA CONTEST

Leslie Strandt, a teacher from Washington, D.C., became the first United States grand prize winner of the Yamaha National Electone Organ Pops Competition held recently at Las Vegas, Nev. In the opinion of the judges—David Baskerville, Elmer Bernstein, Bill Irwin, Rex Koury, Vic Mizzy, and Charles Suber—Strandt was the best organist and improviser of the more than 90 contestants "sponsored" by Yamaha Organ dealers throughout the U.S.

Strandt, sponsored by Ferguson Music Co. of Wheaton, Md., now becomes the U.S. entry in the 8th Yamaha Electone Festival which will be held this year in Nemu-no-Sato, Japan, with 16 countries represented.

Strandt is no stranger to jazz. As Les Strand, he gained considerable attention in the 1950s in Chicago, particularly at the Streamliner Cafe with vocalists Lurlean Hunter and pianist Ernie Harper. His wife, the former Pat Harris, was a **down beat** staffer for several years.

The second-prize winner ($500 and Alternate Representative to Japan) was Dennis Hinman (LaSalle's, Toledo). Third prize ($300) went to Dick Smith (Jason's, Baltimore). Each of the other seven finalists received $200: Don Lee Ellis (Costa Mesa, Cal.); Nancy Jackman (St. Ann, Mo.); Alan Malaby (Wichita, Kas.); Lenny Parretta (Joliet, Ill.); Jay Rosenthal (Inglewood, Cal.); Frank Sicari (Long Island, N.Y.), and Lyman Strong (N. Syracuse, N.Y.).

FINAL BAR

Pianist, singer, composer and bandleader **Lilian Hardin Armstrong**, 69, died Aug. 27 of a heart attack while performing at a memorial concert for Louis Armstrong in Chicago. (See news story for details.)

Born in Memphis, Tenn. in 1902 (her birth date is variously given as 1899, 1900, and 1903, but 1902 was verified by Mrs. Armstrong) she attended Fisk University, then moved to Chicago in her late teens.

After working as a song demonstrator in a music store, she began to gig with New Orleans jazz musicians in Chicago, among them cornetists Sugar Johnny Smith and Freddie Keppard.

She joined King Oliver in 1921 and was in his band when Louis Armstrong joined in 1923. They were married on Feb. 5, 1924 and during the next few years she was a decisive influence in her husband's musical career.

It was at her urging that Louis left Oliver and joined Fletcher Henderson's Orchestra in New York. Beyond this, it was she who encouraged him to develop his own style. When it became apparent that Henderson was not giving Louis sufficient exposure, she obtained star billing and a higher salary for him with her own band at Chicago's Dreamland Cafe, advertising him as "the world's greatest trumpet player". Soon thereafter, Louis began his series of recordings with the Hot 5, for which his wife acted as pianist and musical director.

The couple separated in 1931 and were divorced in 1938 but remained close friends.

Mrs. Armstrong pursued her own career

with considerable success. She obtained a teacher's diploma from Chicago College of Music in 1928, and was awarded a post-graduate diploma from New York College of Music the following year. Through the early 1930s she led her own big bands, both all female and all male, and was also featured in major revues. Later in the decade, she settled in New York as house pianist and talent scout for Decca Records, also recording with her own groups. In late 1940, she returned to Chicago and for the next 12 years enjoyed long stays at various clubs, mainly as solo pianist and singer.

She toured Europe in 1952, recording in Paris with Sidney Bechet and Zutty Singleton, and remained active in the Chicago area for the rest of her life, though she curtailed her performing career for health reasons in later years. She also taught music, piano, and French.

Mrs. Armstrong wrote a large number of songs, ranging from early jazz pieces like *My Heart* to pop tunes. Among the latter, *Just For A Thrill* which she wrote and recorded in 1936, became one of Ray Charles' biggest hits two decades later, and *Bad Boy* (originally

Brown Girl) was a major r&b hit for the Jive Bombers. Her most famous piece was *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, to which Louis relinquished his claim in a copyright dispute.

Mrs. Armstrong was not a major pianist, but played with great verve and enthusiasm in a style influenced by Jelly Roll Morton, and was also an effective boogie woogie specialist. Her charm and vivaciousness, which she retained to the end, was reflected in her affecting vocals, and she had a knack for putting together good bands. Among her best records are *Just For A Thrill, Doin' the Suzie-Q, Sixth Street*, and *Confessin'*.

Trombonist **Lou McGarity**, 54, died Aug. 24 in Alexandria, Va. of a heart attack.

Born in Atlanta, Ga., Louis R. McGarity began playing violin at 7 and at 10 won a state school contest. He switched to trombone shortly after and gigged with various bands while attending the University of Georgia. In 1937 he came to New York with Nye Mayhew's band, then was with Ben Bernie until joining Benny Goodman in late 1940. He left in late 1942 to work with Raymond Scott on CBS staff, then served in the U.S. Navy and rejoined Goodman in 1946. McGarity then did studio work on the west coast, also working with Red Nichols, until returning to New York in 1947.

From then on, McGarity was regularly employed in the studios, including a long stint with Arthur Godfrey's radio show, but also gigged frequently with Eddie Condon, Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, and led his own groups. In 1957, heart trouble temporarily curtailed his activities, but he was fully active through the '60s and toured the Far East with Bob Crosby in '64. He was a charter member of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, but left in 1970 for health reasons.

His first stint with Benny Goodman established McGarity as one of the front-ranking trombone stylists in mainstream and traditional jazz. A master of the collective ensemble style, he was a powerful soloist, influenced by Jack Teagarden but more gutty and extroverted.

McGarity recorded prolifically, with, among others, Goodman, Cootie Williams, the Metronome All Stars, Condon, Muggsy Spanier, Neal Hefti, Mel Powell, Lawson-Haggart, Neal Hefti, Wild Bill Davison, the WGJB, and under his own name.

The solos that put McGarity on the map were *String of Pearls* and *Jersey Bounce* with Goodman, and *Limehouse Blues* and *If I Had You* with the B.G. Sextet. Other memorable solos include *West End Blues* (Williams); *When Did You Leave Heaven* and *Mood At Twilight* (Powell); *Tin Roof Blues* (Spanier); *Stars Fell on Alabama* (Newport All Stars), and *Limehouse Blues* (WGJB). He can be heard playing violin on *Tennessee Waltz* (Lawson-Haggart) and as vocalist on *Blues In the Night* (Goodman). His best own album was *Some Like It Hot*.

A memorial service was held Sept. 12 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in New York. George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, Buddy Morrow, Joe Newman, Dick Hyman, singer Stella Marrs, Bernie Leighton and Cliff Leeman performed, Arthur Godfrey spoke, and ushers were Bobby Brown, Pee Wee Erwin, Hal McKusick, Jim Koulouvaris, and Bart Wallace.

Saxophonist-band leader **Tab Smith**, 62, died of cancer Aug. 19 in St. Louis, where he had made his home for 20 years.

Born in Kinston, N.C., Talmadge Smith grew up in a musical family—his mother and four sisters all played piano. He began on this instrument and later took up C-melody saxophone before specializing on alto.

He worked with Ike Dixon's band, the Carolina Stompers, Eddie Johnson's Crackerjacks, and Fate Marable's riverboat band before coming to New York in 1936 with Mills' Blue Rhythm Band, with which he made his recording debut.

After two years with the MBR, Smith joined Frank Newton's Cafe Society band, then was with Teddy Wilson (on tenor), Lucky Millinder, Count Basie (1940-42), and Millinder again until forming his own six-piece band in 1944.

In 1952, Smith had several hits *(Because of You, Is It a Sin)* in the r&b field, and continued to tour with a little band for several years though he had established a real estate business in St. Louis. In later years, he continued to gig and teach music as well as attending to his business interests.

Strongly influenced by Johnny Hodges, Smith at his best was a fluent, big-toned soloist and section leader. He also played soprano sax well and was a talented arranger.

Among his best records are *St. Louis Wiggle Rhythm* with the MBR (alto and arrangement); *The Jitters* (alto and arr.), *Tab's Blues* (soprano and arr.) and *Parallel Fifths* with Newton; *The Jitters* (alto and arr.) with Basie; *Long Gone Blues* (soprano) and *Them There Eyes* (alto) with Billie Holiday.

Bandleader, singer and clarinetist **Ted Lewis**, 80, died Aug. 25 of a heart attack at his

THE SCOTT JOPLIN REVIVAL

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

There is a revival of interest going on in the works of the great ragtime composer, Scott Joplin, and much of it is taking place among critics and reviewers who usually tell us about "classical" music.

Harold C. Schonberg, chief music critic of the New York *Times*, announced his discovery of Joplin as an important American musician in a Sunday piece. *Stereo Review* ran a feature review on Joplin by H. Wiley Hitchcock of the music department of Hunter College. And *The American Record Guide*, surely the most demanding record review publication we have in its classical critical standards, featured an up-front account of Joplin.

Ragtime was, like so much of our music, so much of our dancing, so much of our slang, a major contribution of American Negroes to the way we all live in this country, and the way we express the nature of our lives to ourselves.

The sources of the rediscovery and celebration of Scott Joplin is a recently released recording on the Nonesuch label (H-71248), on which pianist Joshua Rifkin interprets eight of the composer's most interesting works.

All this being so, I have questions and I direct them to every black intellectual, black writer, black historian, black teacher, black musician, black record producer—and certainly every black man under 30—who reads this.

Why did it have to be that almost all we know about Joplin's life and career comes from the research of two white writers, Rudi Blesh and Harriett Janis in *They All Played Ragtime?* And why, in this time of black pride, does his current revival have to depend on the work of a white classical pianist, playing for a white-run record company, under the auspices of a white producer?

For that matter, how many who are taking, or have taken, Black Studies courses in these 1970s come away with a knowledge of this major contributor to American—and world—culture, Scott Joplin?

I put all this in terms of Joplin and the rag, but my questions are not isolated. To enlarge for a moment, why is *Jazz Dance*, the 1968 history of Afro-American dance and its influence, the work of a white man, the late Marshall Stearns? Why is the forthcoming biography of the great tenor saxophonist, Coleman Hawkins, to be done by a white writer? And one could go on.

I ask such questions seriously, and I ask them of black men. Any white who reads the above and gains a feeling of self-satisfaction or self-congratulation out of it can of course go straight to hell. (And while you're there, buddy, dig yourself.)

There is more on Joplin in the works, by the way. Nonesuch has another recital coming up, and there's a possibility that Joplin's opera, *Treemonisha*, will be produced—for records if not live. Also, Biograph Records has issued an LP of the piano rolls Joplin himself made of his own pieces (BLP-10062).

Which leads me to a remark or two on Biograph's recent LP of Jelly Roll Morton's rolls (1004Q). While I agree with the general tone of Wayne Jones' five-star review (**db**, April 1), I'd like to add a couple of comments. As Jones says, *Tin Roof Blues* and *Sweet Man* are not really Morton, no matter what the box or the roll said. But I would add that neither is the LP's "new" roll, *Tom Cat Blues*. The little embellishments just aren't in his style or technique. The piece is his, of course; indeed it is the same piece as *Midnight Mamma*, heard two cuts later on the LP.

Also, I can't quite go along with the tempos chosen for some of these versions. They often bring out, rather than subsume, the *oom-pa* bass line, and that's bad. And those wonderful final variations on *King Porter Stomp*, they don't ring out with the fine brashness of the old 10-inch Riverside version, I'm afraid. But don't misunderstand me: Biograph has a valuable record here.

Final note: Albert Murray's *The Omni-Americans* is miles ahead (and a couple of miles above) most current commentaries on the life and contributions of Afro-Americans. It's now out in an Avon paperback. **db**

home in New York.

Though Lewis, who was born Theodore Leopold Friedman, was not himself a jazz musician (except in the sense that the term was used in 1920s), his bands almost always included some jazz players of note, among them Georg Brunis (1923-35), Muggsy Spanier (1929-36), Don Murray, and Tony Parenti (1936-42).

On records, he also featured Fats Waller, Jack Teagarden, Frank Teschemacher, Jimmy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman. The latter made his professional debut at 12 with an imitation of Lewis' act. The last major engagement in Lewis' long and enormously successful career was at New York's Latin Quarter in 1965.

Lil's Last Stand

Lilian Hardin Armstrong died Friday Aug. 27 while playing *St. Louis Blues* at a *Tribute to Louis Armstrong* concert held at noon in Chicago's outdoor Civic Center plaza.

Lil had been suffering from high blood pressure and had been resting at her summer home in Michigan but came back to play the concert for drummer-bandleader Red Saunders, who organized the tribute at the request of Operation Reach Out.

Saunders was given only about a week to prepare for the occasion but came up with a fine big band that featured Chicago musicians of various styles. However, upon arriving at the Civic Center, the news media found a 1,000-girl choir from Project Reach Out who performed for about 20 minutes with such songs as *It's A Grand Night for Singing*.

Lil, sitting in the shadow of the Picasso statue, complained of the unseasonably chilly weather and said she hoped she'd get a chance to play.

Following the choir, a news team from a local TV station and the "Tooth Fairy" a local disc jockey) accompanied a supposedly sexy girl, and officials from Reach Out made going-back-to-school speeches.

None of it was very clear as the p.a. system was completely inadequate.

During all this Lil wondered "what this has to do with Louis." She then ignored it for a bit and talked about his funeral, saying that "it was really fine." Asked about the controversial invitations to the funeral, she said that "Lucille had nothing to do with it."

She then said that she planned to play *St. Louis Blues* and *Lil's Boogie* "if I ever get up there. When in doubt," she added, "play what you always do."

The tribute to Louis began with Saunders saying something about "Chicago having done nothing to honor Louis and here was finally an opportunity."

By this time the crowd of about 2,000 had dwindled, since everyone had come for the music which was not about 40 minutes late in starting. The band played a piece by Benny Carter and a rock tune. Again Lil wondered about what this had to do with Louis.

Saunders then introduced Lil as a woman he was proud to know and whose picture his little girl had seen in her history book.

Shedding a light black coat, Lil padded up to the piano wearing the silver slippers she wore on every occasion. She started playing *St. Louis Blues* and she was really swinging. As she played, the TV cameras and photographers moved in. After about three minutes she turned to Saunders, who was on drums, and said something (Hodes thinks she knew her strength was going and asked Saunders to take it out). The sax section came in and had just begun riffing when Lil fell from the piano bench to the pavement.

The cameras swarmed in but one man pushed them aside and attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation before a fire department ambulance rushed her to a local hospital where doctors worked vainly to revive her for half an hour. A hospital spokesmen said doctors believed she had died instantly from a massive heart attack.

That night the news media made much of Lil dying the way she would have wanted it – playing for Satchmo.

At the time of her death, Lil still resided at 421 E. 44th St., in Chicago in the house she and Louis bought in 1927. (For details of Mrs. Armstrong's career, see Final Bar).

– Harriet Choice

potpourri

At presstime, the planned mid-October kickoff date for an extensive U.S. tour by **Maynard Ferguson,** leading the all-British band heard on his recent Columbia album, was not yet confirmed. But there was little doubt that the sound of the Ferguson horn would be heard in person sometime this fall, for the first time in the U.S. since the late 1960s.

•

Bassist **Larry Ridley,** who recently received a BSME degree from New York University, has been appointed associate professor of music at Rutgers University. Saxophonist **Marion Brown** was named assistant professor at Bowdoin College for the 1971-72 academic year.

•

Erroll Garner will make one of his infrequent and welcome New York night club appearances Oct. 18-30 at the Maisonette in the St. Regis Hotel.

•

The Stars of Jazz, a group organized by pianist **Art Hodes,** began a two-month tour, mostly of colleges and universities, with a concert in Ithaca, N.Y. Sept. 29 and performed the following day at Alice Tully Hall in New York's Lincoln Center. Personnel: **Wild Bill Davison,** cornet; **Jim Beebe,** trombone; **Barney Bigard,** clarinet; Hodes; **Eddie Condon,** guitar; **Rail Wilson,** bass; **Hillard Brown,** drums. The 45-concert tour is booked by Columbia Artists.

•

Ken McIntyre has been named professor of humanities and head of the music department of the College at Old Westbury, State Univ. of New York. McIntyre previously taught at Central State Univ., Wilberforce, Ohio, and Wesleyan Univ., Middletown, Conn. He recently returned from Ghana, where he studies under a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

•

Jazz-starved New York radio listeners may be unaware that Columbia University's WKCR-FM (89.9), with a signal covering the entire metropolitan area, offers a number of excellent jazz programs especially in the realm of modern sounds. *Jazz Alternatives,* heard Monday through Friday, recently added an hour and is now on from 6 to 9 p.m. **Jim Carroll's** *Jazz Projections,* now in its third year, is broadcast Sundays from 7 to 9 p.m., followed by **Ed Michael's** *Jazz 'til Midnight.* Many of the station's late-night programs also feature jazz. From 7 p.m. Sept. 22 all through the next day, the station broadcast a special memorial birthday program for **John Coltrane,** including guests performing live. The station regularly offers live jazz, and recent guests have included **Leroy Jenkins, Gunter Hampel, Perry Robinson,** and **Jeanne Lee.**

•

Trombonist **Trummy Young** made one of his rare visits to the mainland from Hawaii, where he has been making his home since 1964. He performed Labor Day weekend at **Dick Gibson's** annual *Jazz Party,* and then went on to Disneyland, where he was reunited with **Earl Hines.** We are pleased to report that Trummy sounds and looks as good as ever.

•

Jimmy Rushing, who suffered a heart attack in August, has made a good recovery and is convalescing at his home in New York City.

•

Lionel Hampton taped a jazz spectacular for Canadian television in Toronto in early September. Guest stars included **Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Gerry Mulligan, B.B. King, Cat Anderson** and **Zoot Sims.**

•

A **John Coltrane** Memorial Concert reuniting many artists featured with the late saxophonist was held Sept. 12 at New York's Town Hall. The groups of **Alice Coltrane, Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner** and **Pharoah Sanders** performed, and **Jimmy Garrison** brought down the house with a solo bass recital. The concert was produced by M and M Black Art Productions.

strictly ad lib

New York: **Elvin Jones'** birthday (Sept. 9) was celebrated during his engagement at Slugs' with some Japanese delicacies, a large cake, champagne, and good sounds by the drummer's group (**Frank Foster,** tenor, soprano; **Joe Farrell,** tenor, soprano, flute; **Gene Perla,** bass, and a surprise new face, **Chick Corea,** electric piano) . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet,** which recently re-pacted with Atlantic Records, made one of their rare club appearances at the Village Vanguard for a week beginning Sept. 21. Other recent incumbents there have included **Max Roach** and **Freddie Hubbard.** Apologies to pianist **Lonnie Liston Smith** for omitting him from the **Pharoah Sanders** personnel at the Vanguard last month . . . Pianist **McCoy Tyner** has signed with Milestone Records . . . Jazz Adventures' Town Hall concert series kicked off with pleasant but ill-attended Sept. 17 event with altoist-arranger **Lew Anderson's** big band, which featured trumpeter **Danny Stiles,** trombonist **Bill Watrous,** altoist **Vinnie Dean,** bassist **Bill Crow** and drummer **Mousey Alexander,** and scheduled Oct. 15 was **Maynard**

Continued on page 47

MONK TALK

by Pearl Gonzalez

Thelonious Monk came out from the wings alone and played a bawdy-house blues version of *I Love You* to an audience that didn't want to go home. Later, in the dressing room at Mexico City's Bellas Artes, he was signing autographs between wiping the perspiration from his face while being questioned like a fugitive from Interpol.

"Was that song your way of showing appreciation to the audience?"

"Yes, it was. Been playing it for 20 years and most people don't realize what I'm trying to say. Some of them don't even know the name of the song."

"What do you think the importance of jazz is?"

"It stimulates a lot of music you hear. All music. Everybody in all countries tries to play jazz. All musicians stimulate each other. The vibrations get scattered around."

"How do you select musicians?"

"Just hire them."

"You look tired. Can we continue this tomorrow at your hotel?"

Tomorrow at his hotel.

"Where were you born?"

He showed his passport. It said North Carolina, 1917.

"I started playing music", he said as his left foot seemed to be keeping rhythm with unheard music, "when I was 5. I always wanted to play the piano. A lady gave us a piano. The player-piano kind. I saw how the rolls made the keys move. Very interesting. Sounded pretty good to me. I felt I did not want to waste this person's gift, so I learned to use it. I learned how to read music all by myself. My sister used to take piano lessons, like all girls whose brothers take violin lessons. Only I stayed with the piano. I learned the chords and fingering on the piano. I figured it out. I jumped from that to reading. But I had to go further than that. I had a little teaching; you have to have some kind of teaching."

"Did any classical composer have any influence on you?"

"I don't know what you mean?"

"You know. Like Bach, Beethoven and so on."

"Oh, you mean Rachmaninoff, Stravinsky and guys like that." He laughed and added: "I only mentioned their names because you're wearing a red jacket."

"Well, did any of them impress you?" I asked after I stopped laughing at the humor of this really sweet, warm man.

"Well, not too much of the classical composers. But the jazz musicians impress me. Everyone is influenced by everybody but you bring it down home the way you feel it. I've never copied anyone, though; just play music."

"What do you think your sound is?"

"Music."

"Let's face it. You have your own style."

"Face? Is there a face in music? Isn't there a song like that? *Let's Face the Music?*"

Monk's saxophonist, Paul Jeffrey, was in the room and the two of us roared along with our cornball friend.

"Where were we?", I asked.

"We were facing the music. Well, you face the public all of the time. And it's something I always wanted to do. No one ever pushed me. If someone wants to play music you do not have to get a ruler or whips to make them practice."

"When was your first professional date?"

"It's so far back." He started laughing and scratching the back of his neck. "Time flies. Let's see. I was playing birthday parties. House-rent parties where they used to sell whisky during prohibition. They'd hire you to play in the house, same as a birthday party. They gave these house-rent parties to pay the rent. Then when Roosevelt came on the scene and brought whisky back I only played in the summer because I was going to school then. So I'd take a gig during the summer. Then I played in a three-piece band in a cabaret. No, I guess you'd call it a plain bar and grill."

"Was this in North Carolina?"

"No. I left North Carolina when I was 4 years old. My mother didn't want me to grow up in North Carolina so I grew up in New York City where I kept on playing music. Things kept right on happening. Gigs. Going on one-night gig jobs."

"Did you think about becoming a band leader?"

"All musicians are potential band leaders. Do you mean was I considered a professional? Union-wise, I guess."

"How do you feel about your influence on jazz?"

"I'm always surprised people dig it. I'm always surprised if someone requests something special."

"Where's the first big place you played?"

"You mean capacity, prestige? Every place can be big; a small place can become the biggest place. Did you ever hear of Minton's Playhouse? No?"

"When did you start to find an individual sound in the world of music?"

"I always believed in being myself. You have to notice and dig what other musicians do, though, even though you don't copy."

"What other interests do you have?"

"Life in general."

"What do you do about it?"

"Keep breathing."

"I hear you don't give out too many interviews, why is that?"

"I can't figure that one out myself. Sometimes I talk, and sometimes I don't feel like talking."

"Why?"

"I don't know. I'd like to know, too."

"Moods?"

"I don't know what makes people talk. Maybe it's whisky. A lot of people talk a lot full of whisky, in other words."

"Is whisky and drugs the atmosphere of musicians?"

"The majority of juice-heads and winos and junkies aren't musicians. Musicians are such a small minority. You have all types of people in all types of professions, like the motion picture actors. They drink. Why do they say this about musicians? These other people are very important in the entertainment world. So most people who do this are not musicians."

"How do you relax?"

"Playing ping pong. Sometimes I play backstage between performances."

"Have you had any problems because you are black?"

"The problems are there before you're born. But you do not have to run into them. It never bothered me. I never thought much about race. I came up in the New York streets. There were all types of people. Every block in New York was a different city. Each block was a different town. Have this on that block and something else on the next block—that's the way it goes. People have gotten killed going to the next block to see their girl!"

"Worth it?"

"All of them are worth it."

"How did you meet Mrs. Monk?"

"You'd better ask her about that."

"How many children do you have?"

"My son, whom you met and who has been playing drums with me for a month. And my daughter's here too. She's 17 years old. She likes to dance. The family travels a lot with me when they can. My wife always does."

Thelonious Monk, Jr. came in and said "hi".

"Hi. Where did you go to school?"

"Stuyvesant High."

"Were you good in mathematics? It's so interwoven in music."

Monk, Sr.: "All musicians are subconsciously mathematicians."

Me to Sr.: "What do you feel like when you're writing music?"

Monk, Sr.: "Like I've accomplished something. Feel as if its a fulfillment. Something's been pulled through."

Me to Sr.: "Have you written words?"

Monk, Sr.: "Years ago. But they were never put out. Used that type of words expressing—well . . ."

He looked a little shy so I noticed the ring on his finger.

Me to Sr.: "Where'd you get that fabulous ring?"

Monk, Sr.: "It's an opal I got in Hong Kong. We've been to Japan often. Hong Kong once."

Me to Sr.: "Is that where you got that wild yellow belted silk suit?"

Monk, Sr.: (Laughing). The family had to force me to buy it. I like casual clothes much better. We've given a couple of concerts in Tokyo."

Me to Sr.: "What about that other ring?"

Monk, Sr.: "I had it made in New York years ago, in the '50s. I designed it. (It's a black onyx with the letters M O on top separated by two large diamonds followed by the letters N K underneath.)

Me to Sr.: "How do you feel about money?"

Monk, Sr.: "I don't worry about it. I just let the family spend a quarter of it."

Me to Sr.: "Are you interested in politics?

Monk, Sr.: "That's all you hear about on the radio."

Me to Sr.: "What do you think about the Black Panthers?"

Monk, Sr.: "Why don't they call them the Black Leopards?"

Me to Sr.: "Ever think about writing a book?"

Monk, Sr.: "I thought about it because other people brought it to my attention. Coming to a decision is something else. I don't know."

Me to Sr.: "What do you want to do the rest of your life?"

Monk, Sr.: "I want to enjoy it."

Me to Sr.: "How?"

Monk, Sr.: "That's what I want to find out from reporters. If you know the best way to enjoy life, I'd like to know. I believe everybody would like to find out."

Me to Sr.: "How do you feel about God?"

Monk, Sr.: "Why bring religion into it?"

Me to Sr.: "It's part of you, how you feel about it. Are you a religious man?"

Monk, Sr.: "Cool it a while. Don't get me too fast. This is a very religious city, isn't it? Do Catholic priests still have to come in the streets dressed without their habits? I was brought up as a Protestant. I went to a lot of Baptist churches and a lot of Protestant churches, Sunday school and all that. I played piano in church in a choir. I once traveled with an Evangelist for a couple of years. It was in the Southwest, and I was a teenager."

Me to Sr.: "How long did you stay with him?"

Monk, Sr.: "It was a she. I stayed two years. When I came back to New York I started playing jazz. That's when it all started."

Me to Sr.: "Do you think much about religion now?"

Monk, Sr.: "At all times. You just know everybody goes for religion."

Me to Sr.: "How do you feel about *Jesus Christ Superstar?*"

Monk, Sr.: "It's a gimmick."

Monk, Jr.: "It's gone too far for just a gimmick. I think its healthy. The kids do not accept just anything. This is just another fight of the young."

Me to Sr.: "How do you feel about that?"

Monk, Sr.: "No comment."

Monk, Jr.: "The people who are running the church are saying one thing and doing another. Why, the Catholic Church can pay off the national debt."

Monk, Sr.: "How do you know? Have you seen their books?"

Monk, Jr.: "The Catholic Church owns everything inside the Catholic churches and all kinds of property."

Monk, Sr.: "This is a Catholic country, you know."

Monk, Jr.: "I can't help that. Look at Harlem. The church isn't helping the people. They throw people out. This is not an opinion, Dad, this a fact."

Monk, Sr.: "Well, I'm not a preacher."

Me to both: "Do you discuss these things at home?"

Monk, Sr.: "All kinds of things come up. Mostly they talk with their mother. You know, I did a gig in the Catholic Church way back, in the Village. Played the same kind of music last night."

Me to Monks and Jeffrey: "Do you think music reflects its time?"

Jeffrey: "Definitely."

Monk, Sr.: "It's not the same kind of music. You don't have as much fire and enthusiasm. It happens to everybody with age."

Me: "That wasn't exactly my question."

Monk, Jr.: "I think more than my Dad about what he said. There are changes a man goes through. You don't have to get old with years. You can get old because you get on something."

Jeffrey: "Music changes over the years."

Monk, Sr.: "You play the same records and it's not the same."

Jeffrey: "As long as you are living, time is going to have effect."

Monk, Jr.: "Music has to be different because everything is different. We're looking at different horizons."

Jeffrey: "Everything publicized is not necessarily good music. The public is fed so much malarky they don't know good music. Different people judge it different ways."

Monk, Jr.: "The commercial aspects become dominant even in rock and roll."

Monk, Sr.: "Good music is something you enjoy. It's pleasing to you. It's good to your ear. Anything that sounds good to your ear, a nice type of sound, is music."

Monk, Jr.: "I agree. But I'll go one step further. Good music has a tendency to last."

Me to Jr.: "What are you studying for?"

Monk, Jr.: "I've graduated a prep school in Darien, Conn., and I'm going to study music, and continue playing drums."

Charlie Bourgeois calls on the phone, and Monk, Sr. goes into the bedroom to answer. Bourgeois was managing the Monk group, which was taking part in the International Jazz Festival. Monk, Sr. came back into the room and said Charlie wanted to talk to me.

VERYL OAKLAND

Charlie: "Let the guys out. You can finish the interview on the way to Bellas Artes."

I went back into the living room and announced:

"Charlie wants me to let you go to work."

Monk, Sr.: "There's still time. It's only across the street."

Me: "Well, I don't want to be responsible if you guys don't turn up for work, so just one more question", and I got up to put on the red jacket which Monk, Sr. helped me with. Then a chambermaid opened the door of the suite and the sound of mariachis was heard. Monk froze. He listened a while, then put his finger in the air and said:

"B flat!"

After we recovered, Monk, Sr., said what was the question.

Me: "What do you think the purpose of life is?"

Monk, Sr.: "To die."

Me: "But between birth and death, there's a lot to do."

"You asked a question, that's the answer", he said with his back to me, staring out of the 12th floor that overlooked a valley once conquered by another kind of sound led by a chief with relatively few forces in his band. db

GEORGE DUKE:

The Whole Gamut

by Mike Bourne

VERYL OAKLAND

At 25, George Duke has already experienced much in playing piano both for Frank Zappa and Cannonball Adderley, thus gaining collective exposure to the best of classical, electronic, rock, jazz, and blues. Yet all the while he has maintained a fierce musical independence. This is quite a feat, considering the divergent but strict disciplines of both leaders, plus the cultural gap between the two; primarily, the Zappa audience is white and younger, the Adderley is black and older. We spoke of such changes during the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival.

M.B.: How did you reconcile the jump from the Mothers to Cannon?

G.D.: I just decided I wanted to do something different, and I wanted to expose myself to a different type of audience.

M.B.: What did you experience with Frank?

G.D.: It taught me there are a lot of high 13-year-old people! I learned a lot as far as control is concerned because his music's so controlled, even though I don't believe in that, personally; if I was head of the band, I wouldn't keep it that tightly organized. And how to conduct—he can control an audience; he can do anything and get away with it.

M.B.: Zappa is so theatrical; what did you do in the skits?

G.D.: Fall out, walk around the piano, walk around the stage, shout, yell, say lines; we were all getting into that line thing, the total group, integral.

M.B.: How free could you play within his control?

G.D.: He conducts the band, the band is him, it's a re-creation of himself, or a creation of himself, and most of the creation you do on your own is from him—you can feel him. When I first got in that band, it was so crammed up to me, because he used to change times and things between my solos and I'd be thinking about one thing, all of a sudden the rhythm section'd be in a four and then a fast three or doing something—I'd look up, "What? What's happening?" I'm trying to play over that! Eventually, I got away from that—I told him to let me play by myself, and he began to let me play by myself, where I could develop my own ideas the way I heard them. Eventually, I got more into his way of thinking; I could understand what he was doing. It was a gradual process—man, he's got so many signals, you have to constantly look.

M.B.: Did you change him at all?

G.D.: No.

(Duke first met Zappa when playing with Jean-Luc Ponty, and later on the "King Kong" album date Zappa wrote for Ponty.)

G.D.: I went there and Frank says, "Hey, I like your playing, where have you been?" Right after that he said, "Do you want to go on the road?"—and I said I had to really think about it, because of the image involved, because of all those different things, but I decided yeah, I can use it, the experience, the dough, and everything else.

M.B.: Switching to Cannon was as big a decision?

G.D.: It's all part of my experience—I dig it. I felt I knew the change that I personally want to go in, and I said, well, if I stay with Frank I know that I'll be playing Frank's music, even though I love it. I think he's an extremely brilliant musician and person, but I think I'd be playing his music so much that I wouldn't ever get my own message through as personally as I would like to. But I think I can do it more with Cannon, because I get more chances to play, to stretch out. And I think I could influence that band more than I could Frank, because Frank knows what he wants . . . there's no doubt about it; he's got his thing and it's successful.

M.B.: How do you relate to the two kinds of audience? Did the rock audience respond differently?

G.D.: I think basically it depends on how I presented myself. It depends on how I play that solo at that particular moment, how they would relate to me. I think basically it's about the same. I didn't play as I do with Cannon; I played more out.

(Duke joined the Adderley band at the request of Nat.)

G.D.: I had to figure out a way to work it out with Frank, because Frank's music is so organized somebody just can't come in and sit down and play the gig, in spite of the fact that Ian Underwood is there. It was really a very difficult decision, because Frank was getting into so much and I felt like I was really a part of making that band successful, and I hated to leave at the point where the band was really getting into it. But I had to make what I consider a musical choice as to my own direction—I think that I can help Cannon do some other things, beside helping myself. I'd like to take him into more time signatures; like, I got one tune we do now that's in five that we're gonna record. I'd like to space him out a little more, but still keep the funk there. I'd like to get a basic acid rock feeling. I think he can really get into it but still have all the other things on top of it and not lose it. And he's going for it; he digs it.

M.B.: Do you sense the ghost of Joe Zawinul?

G.D.: No. I knew that was a big chair to

Continued on page 35

MANY-SIDED HAROLD MABERN

by Elliot Meadow

"I'd like to get to the point where I could play and really try to relate to the people out there and hope that they would enjoy what I am doing. That's what I'm aiming for."

So speaks Harold Mabern, one of the most under-appreciated pianists on the scene today. A friendly, warm, outgoing man, Harold has played with an extremely broad cross-section of fellow performers, ranging from Joe Williams and Lionel Hampton to Miles Davis and Wes Montgomery. His versatility and adaptability are well in evidence. His is a strong, vibrant approach to the piano, yet he is capable of delicacy and subtlety when such is called for.

Born in Memphis, Tenn. in 1936, Mabern grew up with a group of youngsters who, like himself, were destined to make their mark: George Coleman, Frank Strozier, the late Booker Little, Garnett Brown and Hank Crawford.

"I was about 15 or 16 when I really decided to get into music seriously. My first big influence was Phineas Newborn, because we were raised together. He knew all about Tatum, Bud Powell and Oscar Peterson, so I really learned through Phineas. Also Frank Strozier, because he was very involved with music and I would go by his house a lot and practice with him. When Frank and I graduated in 1954, we went to Chicago. He was going to the Conservatory of Music there. I was supposed to be going as well. I had turned down two scholarships, to Tennessee State and Arkansas State, as I felt it would be better to go to an all-music school. At the last moment, the financial thing hung me up and I didn't go. Even though I didn't get the musical education I would like to have had, the experience I got in Chicago by just being there was invaluable. It was where I really got my musical thing together. I practiced a great deal with Frank and Booker Little, who was also at the conservatory. I used to go down with them and find an empty room and practice 8 or 9 hours a day."

In answer to a question about his initial exposure, Mabern replied: "Walter Perkins had decided to form a group in Chicago called the M.J.T.+3, which included Frank, trumpeter Willie Thomas, Bob Cranshaw and myself. We made some records and had a little prominence at the time. After we had worked around the Chicago area as much as we could, we decided to move to New York. Bob left first, then Walter and finally Frank and I made the move in November, 1959.

"My first name gig after arriving in New York was with Harry Edison. Funnily enough, we went straight back to Chicago and played the Blue Note there. In 1960, I joined Lionel Hampton's band. That was very good experience for me. We went to Europe for about 2½ months. The reception we got was so beautiful. The people really dug the band, and they let us know it.

"I left Hamp at the end of 1960, and my next gig was with the Art Farmer/Benny Golson Jazztet. I stayed about 18 months. Between those two gigs, I had worked with a number of singers like Irene Reid, Betty Carter, Johnny Hartman and Arthur Prysock.

"Then in 1963, I joined Miles. In the group at that time were Frank Strozier, George Coleman, Ron Carter and Jimmy Cobb. That was a most enjoyable experience—just to get on the stand each night with those guys and feel the intensity of the music and the reception by the people. Miles is really a magnificent musician. The gig didn't last too long because—well, if you know anything about Miles, he's the kind of guy who gets straight to the point. He's not going to say anything he doesn't mean. When he had called me for the job, he didn't make any promises or say anything about working on a permanent basis; he just said he wanted me to make the job in California with him. I took it and I felt that if he'd wanted me to stay, he would have said something. He didn't, so I just left it at that."

Harold next worked with Sonny Rollins, who called him on Miles' recommendation. Then he joined J.J. Johnson. "Working with J.J. was really something else again, because in the context of the quartet I really had a chance to stretch and play. It was a fine group, with Arthur Harper on bass and Frank Gant on drums. I stayed with J.J. for about a year. Then in 1964 I had the pleasure of meeting and working with the late Wes Montgomery. You know, Wes was one of the finest human beings you could ever want to meet. There were never any problems. He was the kind of man who really respected you as a person and as a musician. About a year after I had been with him, he decided to start working with his brothers again. I went with Joe Williams and spent three years with him, which was another good experience. In 1969, I rejoined Wes and was with him until he passed. Since then, I have been working with Lee Morgan, and doing some freelance things on the side."

Looking back at the wide spectrum he has covered, Harold wanted to mention one area which had given him particular pleasure. "I love working with singers," he said. "To me, it is the most challenging experience for a pianist. Singers are very sensitive people and it's a case where you have to learn to stay out of their way, yet complement and support them. It's a delicate kind of thing and I feel that if a pianist can play well with a singer, he will always find work. Yet on occasions I've heard cats say that they wouldn't work with singers because they would go stale. I don't believe that. For instance, Roy Haynes. Now, he was with Sarah Vaughan for 8 or 9 years, and he is still one of the greatest drummers out here. You could work with the greatest musicians like Dizzy or Miles and if you didn't practice or concentrate you could go stale working with them. It's up to the individual to keep his mind awake."

Mention of great individualists like Miles prompted me to ask Harold if he felt the young musicians today were on or near that high level.

"Well," he replied, "let me start by saying that for me the most important thing is to be able to relate to the public. I feel that this is where a lot of the younger musicians get lost—they want to go all the way out and not relate at all. I don't care what you do, I believe there should be some kind of logic involved. Take John Coltrane. He could read and write music, he could sit in a section, he knew how to shade, he knew chord changes inside out. So consequently, when he got to the point where he was really searching for something else, he had proved that he knew what he was doing. Some of the young cats want to walk before they can crawl. If you told them to play, say *Body and Soul* and transpose it in every key, they couldn't do it. You've got to be involved with the basics first of all. For instance, I like Herbie Hancock very much. His scope is very broad, and I feel this has to do with the fact that he studied extensively when he was younger. He's the kind of musician who's always going to give you something to look forward to.

"You know, I've been listening to rhythm and blues things quite a lot recently. Marvin Gaye's song *What's Goin' On* and the Jackson Five's *Never Can Say Goodbye* are two things I particularly like. In fact, I love what the Jackson Five do and I have recorded about three of their songs on my own albums. It's like these songs have been influenced by what the jazz musicians have been doing. In *What's Goin' On* I can hear a lot of 1963/64 Miles Davis. In the bridge part, Marvin is using a lot of sixteenth, thirty-second and sixty-fourth notes. It's good to hear that influence."

DON SCHLITTEN

Talking about his own albums, (four fine dates on Prestige), the pianist had some per-

Continued on page 36

THE FUNCTION OF AN ARTIST

BY CHICK COREA

Artistic creation is looked upon, for the most part, from a point inside itself and extending no further than the ideas, tools, and production of any particular artistic endeavor. When art is spoken about, analyzed, criticized, or evaluated in any way, the aspects that attention is usually placed on are form, materials, technique, and execution.

This is fine for one who studies to learn about how others make or have made use of these elements so that he can gather data, evaluate according to his own purposes, and make some decisions about what is useful to him. But if an artist defines/confines his expression from this point of view, those will be the only elements he will venture to deal with.

Now, if we consider that any decision (such as the decision to use this or that note or form) is only as effective as the breadth and truth of the data observed to reach it, then it follows that the broader our views of things, the better will be our decisions and thus our ability to act or create.

So, rather than asking questions about what is a note or a chord and how do they go together, let's find out what an artist is and what his function optimally could be.

A true artist is a dreamer. He creates something out of nothing. He is free in his own universe, molding and remolding his evaluations of the elements of life with a serious playfulness pointing to worlds not yet lived or realized — or maybe these worlds were once a reality since destroyed, and are now being recreated anew. He takes sounds, paint, metal, movement, all the elements of the physical universe, and transforms them into objects of wonder and beauty. He'll transform an ashtray into a bell, a stone into a bird, a sound into a picture, a movement into a feeling, a word into a symphony. Anyone involved in this process is an artist to a degree.

What is his function? Does an artist have a purpose?

Surveying the viewpoints that exist, it can be found that the gamut runs from "art has no purpose" all the way to "the purpose of creating a better life and a new and higher civilization." The middle point floats around: art is a distraction, something which gives a little pleasure. Well, any viewpoint is simply a being viewing from his chosen point which becomes that being's reality. And someone will attain the results only of the goal or purpose he has set for himself.

How high a goal can an artist set himself and get agreement on from people? That's a broad question and defines a very high purpose for the artist. For, as he gets agreement about his dream—when others find parts of themselves they can align with his dream—the possibility of its realization becomes greater and greater.

A way to regard the endeavors of an artist would be to define three areas which together would encompass the totality of what he is and does. The first and most obvious is technology. This is the artist developing his art form with his chosen ideas, materials, and methods of execution. The next is administration. This is the taking of what he produces and putting it in relation to the world by presenting it to and sharing it with others. The third would be a balancing factor called ethics. This is the contemplation of good or right conduct so that purposes can be set to enhance not only oneself but other aspects of life, such as family and children, groups, and mankind.

So it can be seen that, for instance, a composer who has developed his art form very far (technology) and has the best intentions with it (ethics) but who makes no attempt to have his music performed (administration) will not be successful. Or a painter who has good intentions (ethics) and promotes his work a lot (admin) but whose paintings are lacking in quality (tech) won't be successful. Or a film maker who has a quality product (tech) and promotes it well (admin) but whose intentions are to enslave others for personal gain (ethics) will in the long run fail. So an artist is and does all these things well when he is functioning successfully—which is to say, when he is actually accomplishing an evolution toward a better life and a higher civilization.

There is much more to be said about how these goals can be located and attained and why there are failures in certain areas—but for now, just to express that an artist does have a function, and that it is about the most important and beautiful function that exists, is enough said.

We, all of us, artists or not, at times become dreamers and create, even if only in our imaginations, ideal scenes of what we would like the world to be like in some not too distant future. This dreaming is what gives us points to head towards and makes life meaningful. Let's together validate this part of ourselves more and more so that we can make these dreams a reality. db

JAN PERSSON

B.B. King

PHOTOS BY BOX

Herbie Mann

The Adderleys

OHIO VALLEY: A NEW PEAK

by Mike Bourne

One assumes that a festival must be festive – such is the nature of the word. But how one defines this festive nature defines the nature of the festival. At one extreme, Woodstock and the miscarried imitations that followed exemplify the notion of the festival as cultural metaphor: a sociological event. At the other extreme, the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati (June 30-31) proves the notion of the festival as entertainment: a social event.

I prefer the latter by far – somehow, lying cold and wet and hungry in the rain and the mud and the dark to hear Joan Baez at Woodstock was not at all as amusing as drinking beer and eating bratwurst and sitting in a dry seat to hear Les McCann at Cincinnati. Evidently, the riot at Newport this year was born of screaming Woodstock Nationals, i.e. jive-ass punks, confusing the festivity.

But the Ohio Valley Festival was far more than music – music was in one sense only the common interest of the great numbers who travelled from all around: Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, and all points within that circle. Over 30,000 attended on both nights at Riverfront Stadium to break all attendance records in this 10th anniversary of the event.

But often I wondered if music was only an excuse as well, a choice opportunity to gather together and strut out all the latest styles, especially for the men. Everywhere, the new black fashions paraded: high lace boots, knickers, exotic jumpsuits, hotpants, or more traditional trousers and shirts, but equally peacocked, and all topped with dynamite wide-brimmed Capone hats or tams – a flourish of costumes in startling patterns and colors that even last year might have called the male wearer's heterosexuality into question. Truly, such new black outfits have revived the rooster in man, the natural plumage too long disguised by drab business suits and women's domination.

Although a surprising herd appeared to experience the concerts only peripherally to their prancing, the majority who sat and listened received their proverbial money's worth. From a compact bandstand at second base, the music shot out toward right field and high into the upper deck. But at best the sound system was only spotty: here and there not balanced among the instruments, or else echoing dreadfully, yet generally okay after considerable ear-tuning; several musicians complained to me that the echo somewhat hindered ensemble playing, but otherwise sufficed.

Far worse and my only main complaint (one producer George Wein recognized himself and plans to alleviate) was the lack of intimacy in the huge Riverfront Stadium. Certainly one cannot expect any close rapport in a baseball arena, but very often the very immediacy of a live performance seemed impossible. With the visual impact dwindling the farther back one sat, but even in the expensive front seats, and compounded by the sound dilemma, the creative presence of the artists was somewhat negligible – in the high decks, one might as well have been listening to records, so distant was the music.

Nevertheless, most of the artists fulfilled the audience in spite of any hindrance, even the almost insurmountable physical separation. For one reason, Wein had chosen performers who generated immediate and tangible appeal. To hear Roberta Flack overflow that stadium with her voice was to marvel at the power of the human spirit, the very mass of the self. To hear Les McCann actually rap with thousands was to realize the limitless energy of communication.

Of course, most of the performers were crowd pleasers anyway: pop stars as well as jazz stars – some not even jazz stars at all. Virtually every act had hit records to play, and played every one to the delight of all. Lee Morgan played *The Sidewinder*, Chuck Berry played *Johnny B. Goode*, Cannonball Adderley played *Mercy Mercy Mercy*, Herbie Mann played *Comin' Home Baby*, and so forth.

Now and then I was bothered that not enough jamming happened, but instead the endless run of standard (guaranteed) hot licks rolled on and on, sometimes sounding inspired, sometimes sounding merely cranked out. Then again, the crowd audibly responded the most to the most familiar music and the least to the least well-known – ironically, like a rock audience digging only the groovy tunes they know and love and hum. But whatever turns you on . . .

Lee Morgan played the best of all possible opening sets Friday night: hard, absolute cooking jazz. Tenor saxist Billy Harper offered many of the best solos of the festival; he is a player to be reckoned with now and in the future. With Morgan and the ultra-tight rhythm section, Harper set a fine standard of performance for the whole weekend.

The Ohio Valley Jazz Festival Orchestra performed a suite, then accompanied Billy Eckstine. When singing *It's Impossible* and *Everything I Have Is Yours* and other blues and ballads, he was as ever the great vocalist – but when he attempted rock on *Can't Buy Me Love* and *MacArthur Park*, Eckstine embarassed. The man is far too hip to play at being "hip" – luckily, when joined by Dizzy Gillespie on *Jelly Jelly*, the passion of that moment quite eclipsed the bitter taste of his pop affectations.

Roberta Flack, as I already noted, overwhelmed the audience with charm and passion. I don't even recall what songs she sang; each was equally the offering of a pure spirit, enshrined in grace – the baseball diamond would be a better place for her sanctified presence.

Chuck Berry played some rock and roll.

Herbie Mann played some more rock and roll, although he did let Air (his new backup band, and tasty on their own) perform one number alone, and best of all let Sonny Sharrock go crazy for my favorite spot of the festival: a maniacal and very impudent, horrendous but righteous host of guitar stuff.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk concluded the Friday

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record REVIEWS

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

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

COUNT BASIE

AFRIQUE—Flying Dutchman FD-10138: *Step Right Up; Hobo Flats; Gypsy Queen; Love Flower; Afrique; Kilimanjaro; African Sunrise; Japan.*

Collective Personnel: Paul Cohen, Sonny Cohn, Pete Minger, Waymon Reed, trumpets, fluegelhorns; Steve Galloway, Bill Hughes, Mel Wanzo, John Watson Sr., trombones; Hubert Laws, flute; Oliver Nelson, alto soloist; Bill Adkins, Bobby Plater, Eric Dixon, Lockjaw Davis, Cecil Payne, Bob Ashton, reeds; Paul Lucas, harmonica; Basie, piano; Freddy Green, guitar; Norman Keenan, bass; John B. Williams, electric bass; Warren Smith, marimba; Harold Jones, drums; Richard Pablo Landrum, conga; Sonny Morgan, bongos. Arranged and conducted by Oliver Nelson.

Rating: ★★★★★

Allen Funt was in high school when Basie first started out and it's been a long and winding road.

But the big news here is that the Basie band can (and does) adapt quite well to new jazz frontiers considerably outside the environs of the "old beef stew" without sounding the least bit strained or uncomfortable. This is Basie in the long pants of the '70s and they fit quite well.

And those trousers be compositions by Gabor Szabo *(Queen)*, Albert Ayler *(Flower)*, Nelson *(Afrique, Kilimanjaro, Sunrise*—a suite), and Pharoah Sanders *(Japan)*. Quite a change but one for the better. The band, due in large part to Nelson's arrangements, sounds born to the new music and lends commitment and perception to their interpretation. Yes, it still sounds like Basie, but like Basie going Forward.

One could well theorize that this is one album that Basie is taking seriously. Some gradual but serious modernization could be taking place, and for good reason. The public isn't buying the pop compromise LPs any more and there are more young forward-looking players of potential in the ranks now than at any time in at least 20 years. Behind all this, too, could be that Basie would like to be considered as a *jazz* force once again. He can do it too, by being selective in his choice of new material and cutting back a bit on the old meat and potatoes that have served him so well (but for how much longer?).

Nelson's suite is the best music. Highly atmospheric with its Eastern and African overtones, it gives the band a chance to sustain a mood other than the typical nightclub fare. *Queen* is quite fetching, thanks to Laws' flute, and Nelson himself delivers the message on *Flower* with his inventive, sometimes abrasive but highly emotive alto work. *Japan* is a perfect marriage of Oriental charm and big band force. *Step* is a typical Basie rouser with zesty solos by the pianist (I love him!), John Doe trumpeter, and tenorist Dixon. *Hobo* is a vehicle for Lucas' harmonica—a boring change of pace.

The ensemble work is very good, though the trumpets veer toward the sharp side. Laws' numerous flute spots are excellent but I think Eric Dixon, sitting idly by in the section while they're being played, should have got the call. Harold Jones is phenomenal—flexible, tasty, and in charge. Not a solo peep from Cecil Payne, though—boo!

Rating breakdown: two stars for good musicianship, two stars for being adventurous, and one more for giving us hope. This could be a turning point album for the Basie organization—the heretofore slumbering giant of the big band community. —*Szantor*

CHARLIE BYRD

FOR ALL WE KNOW—Columbia G 30622: *Love Story Theme; I Do Not Know a Day I Did Not Love You; Burgalesa; Byrdman; Here Comes the Sun; Superstar; It's Impossible; A Lotta Box; House of the Rising Sun; For All We Know; I Want to Be Happy Lolita; Mr. Bojangles; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; See Me, Feel Me; Venezuelan Waltz; Nortina J&B; Going, Going, Gone.*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Joe Byrd, bass; William Reichenbach, Bobby Rosengarden, drums; John A. Pompeo, Airto Moreira, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★½

There's a little of everything on this LP, and not all of it comes off equally well. Yet its strengths are impressive enough to make this one of Byrd's finest albums yet for Columbia. It is purely a session of acoustic guitar and rhythm; there are no strings, choruses of singers, or other horns. This gives Byrd maximum freedom with his material.

And interesting material it is, too. *Here Comes the Sun* and *Bojangles* underline particularly the size of Byrd's talent. He has taken these otherwise simple tunes and succeeded in unlocking great musical riches not evident in their original recordings. His instinctive grasp of the essence of a musical piece is remarkable.

The masterpiece, however, is *I Want to Be Happy*. With this extraordinary version we learn that inside the catchy melody there has been for 40 years and more a potential concerto trying to free itself. Byrd's variations get into the heart of the song like no other's, with never a superfluous note or misguided stroke. The mood becomes more subdued during a chorus by bassist Joe Byrd. Then a chorus that seesaws between guitar and drum breaks builds tension. Then the melody sweeps back into focus in a lush, full-bodied, 24-bar interlude. This one long track alone is worth the price of admission.

But there's much more, too much to detail here. If you're growing tired of electric guitarists with a repertoire of four notes, listen to this one and know the artistry that a guitar can express in the hands of a great talent. Byrd is not only the ultimate technician, but he also demonstrates here a sensitive, brilliantly inventive mind. Those who've been listening to him since the 1950s know this, but they will be happy to hear him here in peak form.

For those who aren't familiar with his work, there's not a better place to start than with this specially priced two-record set.

—*McDonough*

Information, Please

down beat needs details on any regularly-programmed jazz shows on commercial and campus radio stations. This information will be made available to record companies who are cooperating with **down beat** in its effort to make jazz more accessible to radio producers and thence to radio audiences. Please list the station's call letters, title and time schedule of jazz shows, brief list of some of the artists currently programmed, and address and person to whom jazz releases and related materials should be mailed.

Send such information to **down beat/Jazz Radio,** 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

JOHN CARTER/ BOBBY BRADFORD

SELF-DETERMINATION MUSIC—Flying Dutchman FDS-128: *The Sunday Afternoon Jazz Blues Society; The Eye of the Storm; Loneliness; Encounter.*

Personnel: Bradford, trumpet; Carter, alto sax (track 1), tenor sax (tracks 2,4), flute (track 3); Henry Franklin, Tom Williamson, bass; Bruz Freeman, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

John Carter is one of the better composers in the New Music. *Loneliness* is a most evocative conception: a single long, broken melodic line, it is played carefully on bells by Freeman over a held note, and passed briefly to flute. The startling force of Carter's opening tenor statement is underlined by the more complex muted trumpet, alternatively sorrowing and nagging; Bradford beautifully delineates the conception on loneliness. There is no stated tempo, or rather, time is signalled from moment to moment by the horns in solo and duet.

Carter's themes on *Sunday* and *Encounter* are long, single lines very much broken and contrasted. They are like certain pieces Ornette Coleman and Anthony Braxton used to write (hear that Ornette phrase in *Sunday*), but the phrases are more brittle and Carter's wit is more electric. His saxophone work, especially on tenor, has acquired considerable confidence within extremely melodic, Ornette- and hard bop-oriented outlines—frequently the listener might wish for a more expressive attitude, given the material, but just as frequently Carter becomes involved deeply in his melodies, presenting satisfying lyrical playing.

Nowhere on the record does Bradford play as strongly as on *Loneliness*. He seems to be evolving a thematic style, though his thermatic feferences don't always fit properly or develop as they might. *Eye* (Bradford's piece) attempts unified thematic work through solos by both horns, interrupted by small duets that attempt to enlarge the theme. Only the relative slightness of Bradford's ideas prevent the piece from working—actually, much of his performing herein is below his best level. But again, you must hear him

Howard Wales & Jerry Garcia, John McLaughlin, Lenny Bruce.

Grateful Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia and keyboard man Howard Wales jamming at San Francisco's Matrix Club became a Monday night event. (Howard is the organ player on "Truckin'" and "Candyman" on the Dead's "American Beauty" album.) What started as a jam turned into six months of recording and out came "Hooteroll?"

KZ 30859*

From Lenny's private tape stash. The record of all the truth he was busted for. In San Francisco... New York... Hollywood... Chicago... Philadelphia... Los Angeles.

KZ 30766*

The first acoustic recording by guitarist John McLaughlin. After redefining the role of the electric guitar in progressive music, John now does it with acoustic. The spiritual quality that has always been part of McLaughlin's playing can now be heard more than ever. On one side, John is playing with Dave Liebman, soprano and flute; Jerry Goodman, violin; Charlie Haden, bass; Billy Cobham, drums; Airto Moreira, percussion; Badal Roy, tabla and mahalakshmi, tambura. The other side is John double-tracking himself, with percussion accompaniment.

KZ 30872

On Douglas Records

*Also available on tape

play on *Loneliness*.

Freeman takes an excellent solo on *Encounter*, quite swept up in his creative force. The two basses (only Williamson is listed on the liner) duet well on *Encouter*, but on the whole a single bassist would have been better: the advance in rhythmic complexity is quite pointless on *Loneliness*, for instance. *Self-Determination Music* is an LP well worth your attention, though perhaps not as successful as *Flight For 4* or *Seeking* (as the *New Jazz Art Ensemble*). These players have staked out an important place within the mainstream of jazz; their care and skill and love for their art communicate intensely. And considering Carter's development as a composer and Bradford's fresh trumpet challenges, the promise of future discoveries is bright indeed. —*Litweiler*

MICHEL COLOMBIER

WINGS—A&M SPX4281: *Freedom and Fear; Earth; Thalassa; Doesn't Anybody Know?: Pourquoi Pas?: Morning Is Come Again; For Those Who Cannot Hear; We Could Be Flying; Emmanuel; All in All.*

Personnel: Michel Colombier, composer, orchestrator, conductor; symphony and pop orchestras; choir; Bill Medley, Lani Hall, Paul Williams, Vermetta Royster, Herb Alpert, featured vocalists.

Rating: ★★★★½

Wings is by far the best record A&M has ever released; it may even be the best pop LP this year.

Michel Colombier has written a pop symphony that *is* one; that is, unlike countless other attempts to adapt "classical" form (opera, cantata, concerto, whatever) into a pop context, *Wings* makes it.

Although "movements" are not specified, the various interwoven parts sound nonetheless allegro, scherzo, andante, all that symphonic stuff—joined with the sensitivity of a diamond cutter. Never does the orchestration seem tricky or cliche: quick cadenzas by solo instruments now and then naturally rise; voices and electronics are involved with spare and very effective grace; rhythm and color overall relate with power and consummate taste. When the musical atmosphere is quiet, one senses a delicacy like Chinese silk painting; when this music cooks, it'll blow your ears away.

Certainly the vocals are somewhat dominant, especially the two by Bill Medley on *Freedom and Fear* and *Morning Is Come Again*. (Several have said to me he sounds like David Clayton-Thomas, to which I remind him that the opposite is more like it; that Medley is the originial, if one recalls the Righteous Brothers, and still one of the finest, and perhaps most overlooked, pop vocalists.) Both of his features offered strength, in word and in sound, and could be easily lifted from the score to beat all comers on the charts; I play both incessantly.

The spots by Lani Hall on *Flying*, Vermetta Royster on *Cannot Hear*, and Paul Williams on *Doesn't* are likewise spirited and charming, particularly the latter, since Williams also wrote the fine libretto. Only Herb Alpert fizzles, as his limpid crooning on the final *All in All* leaves a taste like stewed tomatoes on my brain (and cuts off that half-star above). But since Alpert produced such a laudable project, perhaps one may indulge him his frivolous participation.

Wings indeed proves that pop may be

readers poll instructions

HERE'S YOUR BALLOT

The 36th annual **down beat** Readers Poll is under way. Until midnight, Oct. 30—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. You need not vote in every category, but your name must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight Oct. 30.

2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

3. **Jazzman and Pop Musician of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz or pop in 1971.

4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the **only** category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to **jazz.** Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Wes Montgomery, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden, Ornette Coleman, Johnny Hodges, Jimi Hendrix, Roy Eldridge, Django Reinhardt.

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

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

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW

well-wrought, may be beautiful music—all that is required is the chance to exploit one's genius, and to do so with passion. Michel Colombier may not be Mozart, but he's sure got it together . . . —*Bourne*

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

SAN FRANCISCO—Blue Note 84362: *A Night in Barcelona; Goin' Down South; Procession; Ummh; Jazz; Prints Tie.*

Personnel: Hutcherson, vibes, marimba (tracks 1, 2); Harold Land, tenor sax (tracks 1-5), oboe (track 5), flute (track 6); Joe Sample, piano, electric piano (tracks, 2, 4); John Williams, bass, electric bass (tracks 1, 2 4); Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★★★

HAROLD LAND

A NEW SHADE OF BLUE—Mainstream MRL 314: *A New Shade of Blue; Mtume; Ode to Angela; De-Liberation; Short Subject.*

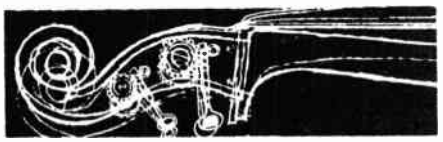
Personnel: Land tenor sax; Hutcherson, vibes; Bill Henderson, piano; electric piano (track 2); Buster Williams, "Buster" bass; Billy Hart, drums, Mtume, conga (tracks 2-3).

Rating: ★★★

The extended association of Land and Hutcherson here has lost its lustre: the vibist often sounds disinterested, especially on the Mainstream set, while Land's major moments are few. The material is familiar Land-Hutcherson writing—nothing fresh here—except for the two Sample bows to latter-day Miles Davis (*Jazz, Goin'*).

Perhaps it's pertinent that Land plays tenor and nothing else on his own songs. It is certainly the only horn on which he demonstrates involvement in his soloing and expressive capacity. Neither is consistent with him: for the most part he runs through glib phrases with no sense of accenting or flowing construction beyond a few measures at a time. As a result, he sounds very cool and impersonal.

Three solos on the Mainstream suggest a less detached music. The theme-based *Angela* solo (a pretty theme) attempts a fuller, more committed kind of statement, while *DeLiberation* finds surprisingly emphatic rhythmic statements amidst cliched lines. More freely melodic ones appear in *Short*, his most satisfying solo on these LPs, though neither he nor



Hutcherson successfully negotiates that recurring four-measure vamp.

But this cool, naturally unstructured style is what Land has chosen to play—no more ballads or bop material (most of his lines are from early bop, still). When he abandoned chord changes for this modal idiom, he acquired occasional sub-Coltrane (i.e. Henderson, Maupin, Harper, etc.) features of phrasing and overall form. They did not aid an already rather disoriented style, and are ineffective on *Ummh*, the r&b piece. The Latin rhythms of *Shade, Mtume* and *Angela* do not seem to put Land at ease.

The bold, amazing strokes that characterized Hutcherson's early work have long since been sacrificed in favor of a determinedly pleasant, impressionist, cool style. Again, this coolness approaches disinterest in the act of improvisation, for Hutcherson is a weak melodist here. (Perhaps this shared capacity for emotional detachment has kept the two together for four years). It is most notable on *Short* that Hutcherson's style is not far removed from pianist Henderson's (who takes off from Hancock and Evans). Undoubtedly pianists of this genre inspired the current Hutcherson. In much modal jazz, the functioning principle seems to be that *what* is played is subordinate to how it is played, and on both LPs Hutcherson is seized with a case of rampant understatement.

Goin, in 7/4, has pleasant Hutcherson sounds with bells, tambourine, marimba. *Jazz* is Miles-meets-MJQ, with Roker doing the Connie Kay drum thunder behind a uniquely empty vibes solo, and with Land on oboe as Wayne Shorter, even down to the brevity. Hutcherson occasionally used ideas from Land *(De-)* and often from Milt Jackson, nowhere more than on *Ummh*, which should have been rescued by Lee Morgan.

The Blue Note rhythm section is preferable, partly because Sample, the former Jazz Crusader, contributes two short and energetic solos, the most pleasant features of *Prints* and *Procession*. The Mainstream rhythm section is also good to hear; it features the musical gymnastics of Buster Williams (and don't ask me what is a "Buster" bass) in solo and accompaniment. Enjoyable in itself, his playing serves to comment on the others' cool approaches. —*Litweiler*

BLUE MITCHELL

BLUE MITCHELL—Mainstream MRL 315: *Soul Village; Blues For Thelma; Queen Bey; Are You Real; Mi Hermano.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; Jimmy Forrest, tenor sax; Walter Bishop, Jr., piano; Larry Gales, bass; Doug Sides, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

This mainstream quintet lives up to the tradition set by the most illustrious predecessors of its instrumentation—Brown-Roach, Silver, Blakey, Davis.

Mitchell has never sounded better on record, and on one piece, *Thelma*, he surpasses himself with a solo that includes a passage using one of Dizzy Gillespie's most intricate and formidable 16th-note devices. Mitchell rips it off so effortlessly that Diz would have to congratulate him for the rip-off. I've never heard the trumpeter play with this much joy and confidence. There is a cheerful aggressiveness in his work throughout this album that must have been lurking in him all these years. It surfaces with a vengeance in his forceful solo on *Hermano*.

Forrest's return to the scene is good news for tenor freaks everywhere, and he is playing as well as ever, which is to say superbly. *Queen* is a Calypso performance roughly in the *St. Thomas* tradition. Forrest seems at home in this idiom, and he turns out a joyous solo.

Bishop is delightful on both electric and acoustic piano, but his Bud Powell-flavored work on the latter must get the nod. He is outstanding on Benny Golson's *Real*, with alternation of single-line passages and block chords. On *Blues* he gets into Tyner-like rhythmic forays through the bass clef, rewarding expeditions that heighten the tension in his excellent solo. After the piece has officially ended, Bishop treats us to a whimsical conclusion.

Sides and Gales combine with Bishop to form a strong, swinging rhythm section. A happy rhythm section. A happy band. A happy album. A recommended album. —*Ramsey*

OSCAR PETTIFORD

THE OSCAR PETTIFORD MEMORIAL ALBUM—Prestige 7813: *Chickasaw; Chasin' the Bass; Bopscotch; The Most!* (1949); *Burt's Pad; Marcel the Furrier; Rhumbles; Stardust; East Lag; Ondine* (1954).

Personnel: 1949 recordings: Red Rodney, trumpet; Earl Swope, trombone; Al Cohn, tenor sax; Serge Chaloff, baritone sax; Terry Gibbs, vibes; Barbara Carroll, piano; Pettiford, bass; Denzil Best, drums. 1954 recordings: Kai Winding, trombone; Cohn, Tal Farlow, guitar; Henri Renaud, piano; Pettiford, bass, cello; Max Roach, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

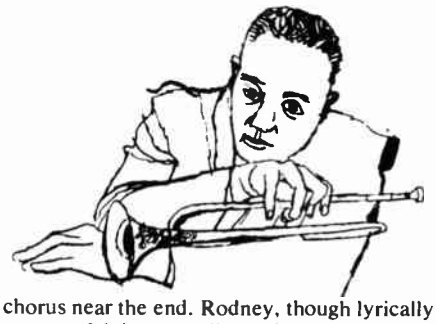
The late Carmen Lombardo wrote a song entitled, *Just Like Old Times*. That is what's right and what's wrong about this album, the times. If one lived with this music, it's good to hear again. And the music, technically and emotionally, is good. For the musician—no matter how atonal, rock or folk-oriented he may be—or for the jazz votary who enjoys the development of an art, this is a damned fine experience.

I doubt, however, that it will greatly appeal to young listeners whose tastes have been shaped largely by the confluence of jazz, rock and folk in the past few years.

The re-recording quality of Side A is sometimes poor, especially for the saxophones in *Chickasaw*, though Pettiford, Rodney and the rest come through clearer. The ensemble playing sounds dated but the solos stand up well.

The best of the '49 performances is *Most!*, a Cohn original which sings beautifully. The ensemble work is particularly rich in the last chorus. Cohn loafs in easily, his long lines flowing like a smooth current. He is one of the most logical of improvisers. He always seems to know where he is going.

Chaloff tunes in for a brief but meaty



chorus near the end. Rodney, though lyrically resourceful, is not really at his best. In general, Pettiford lays back on these tracks but his full, insistent sound is a pounding heartbeat.

The bassist and Cohn are the only repeaters on the '54 date, and here OP comes out front to solo at length. *Pad*, *Furrier*, and *Stardust*, the latter a solo all the way, are fine examples of Pettiford's depth, technical skill and inventive power.

Farlow, to my mind one of the truly great improvisers, shows here—especially on *Lag*—talents which were to ripen over the years. (The late Wes Montogomery once told me that Farlow was his favorite—and these performances begin to answer why.)

Roach, the master, complements and compliments Pettiford—on *Pad*, for example—and the rest with unerring feeling.

In all, a most delightful 40 minutes or so. I hope more people dig it than I think.

—*Nelsen*

JOEL SHULMAN

PENINAH (PEARL)—Jamal LSP 5162: *Goin' Out of My Head; Come Sunday; It's Love; Lazy Afternoon; People; Peninah; Something's Coming; Feelin' Good; Watch What Happens; When the World Was Young; My Foolish Heart; Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.*

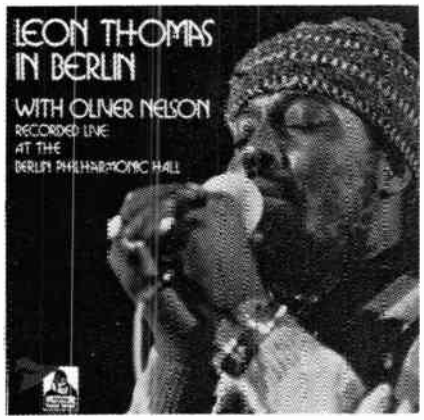
Personnel: Shulman, piano.

Rating: ★★★

This album was recorded at the Top of the Gate in New York, where Shulman was working as soloist between sets by the Bill Evans Trio, and has complimentary liner notes by Evans and producer Ahmad Jamal.

Shulman's playing is full and expressive, and if it isn't creative in the sense that a great jazz pianist's is, it is nonetheless enjoyable. His repertoire is interesting, and his ideas are worked out intelligently and with taste. The music makes no great demands on the listener, but Shulman (known some years ago as Joe Saye) does not assault him with endless arpeggios or other devices resorted to by so many night club solo pianists.

In *Foolish Heart* he achieves a refinement of touch and depth of expression that are missing from the other pieces. It would be gratifying to hear more of that side of Shulman. —*Ramsey*



LEON THOMAS IN BERLIN WITH OLIVER NELSON
FD-10142 (Stereo)

...He is a giant himself in many ways, of course—in stature as well as musically and spiritually...Dynamite! He is without a doubt one of the most impressive—and singularly important—figures on the contemporary jazz scene...

George Kimball
Rolling Stone

LARRY CORYELL BAREFOOT BOY
FD-10139 (Stereo)

His new record, BAREFOOT BOY, features sometimes harsh and always driving guitar work, especially on "Gypsy Queen," a Gabor Szabo composition that Coryell milks and tortures for everything it's got, generating a fantastic amount of raw musical energy. Coryell is backed on this date by the great Roy Haynes on drums, Steve Marcus on tenor, and others.

Stephen Davis
The Phoenix

GIL SCOTT-HERON SMALL TALK AT 125TH AND LENOX
FD-10131 (Stereo)

Perhaps the most astonishing of them all is Gil Scott-Heron, a 21-year-old poet, novelist and songwriter who plays piano and sings as well as recites on Small Talk at 125th and Lenox. His imagination is much more sophisticated, literary and formally compact than Melvin van Peeble's, but it burns with the same unforgiving intensity.

Craig McGregor

The Contemporary Sounds are on Flying Dutchman

Flying Dutchman

TEN WHEEL DRIVE

PECULIAR FRIENDS—Polydor 24-4062: *Peculiar Friends; The Night I Got Out of Jail; Shootin' the Breeze; The Pickpocket; No Next Time; Love Me; Fourteenth Street; I Had Him Down; Down in the Cold.*

Personnel: Genya Ravan, vocals, harmonica; Michael Zager, keyboards; Aram Schefrin, guitar; Tom Malone, Danny Stiles, Frank Frint, trumpets; Dean Pratt, trombone; Alan Gauvin, reeds; Blake Hines, bass; David Williams, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

The Ten Wheel Drive on this album is a new ensemble: new bass, drummer, and horn players; only reedman Dave Leibman is a decisive loss. Otherwise, the band cooks about the same, with Schefrin and Zager again writing all the music and Genya Ravan again shouting high and hard.

The repertoire is standard styles: hard rock like *The Pickpocket* and *Cold* or soul ballads like *Love Me* and *Him Down*—and all are played bluesy and well. Each of the soloists has a spot somewhere, even Ravan harp; Zager's keyboards are overall tasty. *Street* is as sharp and fiery as their best, especially the vocals, as is *The Night I Got Out of Jail. Shootin' the Breeze* is pretty.

Perhaps the one special character of Ten Wheel Drive is that the rhythm section is generally so strong, like a separable hard rock quartet, with the horns, extra percussion, and the un-credited backing vocalists added for choice effect; Miss Ravan's brassy voice makes it whatever the context.

Peculiar Friends is a good album. It doesn't excite me like the previous two LPs by the group but that's cool anyway. —*Bourne*

Ragtime Revisited

Professor David E. Bourne, *Dawn of the Century Ragtime Orchestra* (Arcane 601)

The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra (Pearl 7)

Wally Rose, *Rose On Piano* (Blackbird 12007)

Joshua Rifkin, *Piano Rags by Scott Joplin* (Nonesuch 71248)

William Bolcom, *Heliotrope Bouquet* (Nonesuch 71257)

Scott Joplin, *1916* (Biograph 1006Q)

Thomas "Fats" Waller, *1924-31* (Biograph 1005Q)

The current re-awakening of interest in nostalgia in general, and early American popular music in particular, has caused many young music students to investigate ragtime, to study it, and to seek out its older practitioners.

These intents are serious, and not to be confused with campish pursuits. A trickle of ragtime and pseudo-ragtime albums over the years, by familiar artists like Max Morath (a literate, well-spoken man, and an excellent pianist, known for his one-man show and many appearances on the Arthur Godfrey program), Johnny Maddox (once a prolific recording artist and collector of piano rolls), and Joe "Fingers" Carr (Lou Busch, a competent ragtime pianist despite his commercial image), and by pianists more closely allied with jazz (Ralph Sutton, Wally Rose, Bob Greene, Knocky Parker, Don Ewell, Armand Hug, Dick Wellstood), have kept the collector-fans happy, as have various collations of piano rolls (**db**, 4/1/71).

The list of younger pianists to take up this

music is a long one, and nearly every major city has at least one or two in residence—Trebor Tichenor (St. Louis); Mike Montogomery, Bob Seeley, Charlie Rasch (Detroit); Terry Waldo (Columbus); Bob Wright (Chicago); Butch Thompson and Mike Polad (both of the Hall Brothers' Jazz Band in Mendota, Minn.); Joshua Rifkin (New York); Tom Shea (Detroit, now in Raleigh, N.C.); John Arpin (Toronto); Dick Zimmerman (Los Angeles), and Don Ashwander, Bill Albright, Bill Bolcom—no Crazy Ottos these, but devoted accomplished students of a delightful and difficult musical form.

Of the albums under consideration, the oldest is Rose's, cut in September, 1968. After a long and extensively-recorded career (since 1941) in the jazz bands of Lu Watters, Bob Scobey and Turk Murphy, and later, intermittent performances with Watters' heir group, the Bay City Jazz Band, Rose had retired from jazz to a comfortable living as a teacher (he is also a first-rate classical pianist) and cocktail-lounge player. This is his first album in 10 years, and any shortcomings must be attributed to a combination of a rushed session and unfamiliar material, not rustiness (a second volume, recorded over the July 4 weekend, will appear eventually).

The NORO album first appeared in 1969, the brainchild of a Swedish pianist, Lars Edegran, a New Orleans Jazz disciple, who had previously moved to that city from Chicago. The arrangments are taken from ragtime publisher John Stark's "red-backed book" of rags (except for, as Frank Powers points out, *Creole Belles*, from a better hand and another source), and are played slowly and deliberately—ragtime sheet music often bore a warning that the music was not to be played "fast". The instrumentation is that for traditional jazz band, with violin (played here by the Great Patriarch of New Orleans jazz, William Russell) replacing the banjo or guitar. It is a charming album, but somehow tedious because of its tentative quality and its out-of-tuneness, and I can recommend it only to the hard-core.

The remaining albums are recent releases. Rifkin, classically trained, plays his Joplin program in a measured, calm manner that I find highly enjoyable, though I'm sure some may find it cold. Bolcom, by contrast, is a dynamic performer, given to startling pianissimos, fortissimos, and tempo shifts, all of which seem disconcerting—but as any ragtimer will confirm, there is no one way to play ragtime, and the player's discretion is his only guidepost. Bolcom plays three Joplin pieces, and single titles by Tom Turpin, James Scott, Joe Lamb, and Luckey Roberts, as well as three of his own that display his credentials. I recommend both disks, especially in view of Nonesuch's price (under $3).

Bourne's orchestra is 180 degrees from the NORO. Using a similar instrumentation, but adding a second cornet and violin, and with tuba instead of bass, they sound quite like what I can only describe as Sunday-afternoon-concert-in-the-park-bandshell circa 1915—only better. Their program runs through marches and march-like rags from the 1901 *Repasz Band* march to the ever-popular *Alexander's Ragtime Band* to *Portuguese Rag*, composed in 1968 by the band's clarinetist, Mike Baird. Baird, trumpeter Jack Langlos, and trombonist Dave Kennedy have played and recorded with Ted Shafer's Jelly Roll Jazz Band, and their jazz training gives the band a seasoning and fire lacking in comparable recordings by the bands of Albert White and Paul Miller. Dick Zimmerman is the pianist.

Finally, albums five and six from the Mike Montogomery-Arnie Caplin-QRS confederation. They conform to the very high standards set by the four initial releases in the series (**db**, 4/1/71)—astute, detailed notes by Montogomery, brilliant recording by Jim Taylor, and cover art by Don Hume. Side one of the Joplin LP contains five rolls hand-played by the composer himself for the Connorized Company in 1916 (including the rare *Ole Miss Rag*, of which only one roll copy is known to exist; and a version of *Maple Leaf Rag* made for the Uni-Record Company that same year); side two has eight more Connorized rag rolls from 1916, released under the names of Wm. Axtmann and W. Arlington, the purpose being to open some controversy as to the possibility of these being Joplin's work as well.

The Waller set picks up from where Vol. One left us, completing Waller's 1924 rolls, and proceeding through the later '20s with *If I Could Be With You, Squeeze Me, I'm Coming Virginia*, and Fats' last roll, *I'm Crazy "Bout My Baby* (1931), his style developing into that which we best know him by, prior to the "and his Rhythm" period. Those who may find his earlier rolls too mechanical in feel should be pleased with this set, for it is more in keeping with his 1929 Victor solo work.

I don't believe I'm qualified to rate these albums under conventional jazz standards; for my own purposes, five stars each for the first and the last four listed. —*Wayne Jones*

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GARY KYNARD

blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

Though his reputation has not yet caught up with his accomplishments, Charles Kynard has long been respected as one of the most able and compelling of modern jazz organists. Kynard, who holds a BA in Music Education from the University of Kansas, was born in St. Louis and raised in Kansas City, where he studied piano. He switched to the organ at the suggestion of a Kansas City night club owner.

He had no formal training as an organist, despite his extensive musical training in other areas. "I just picked it up, starting at the Metropolitan Baptist Church in Kansas City," he says.

First inspired by Milt Buckner, Kynard gained later listening-learning experience from Bill Doggett and Jimmy Smith. Since the early 1960s he has been living in Los Angeles, following his dual careers as musician-educator (he is a teacher for Los Angeles Public Schools).

Kynard recently moved over to Mainstream Records after a long association with Prestige. This was his first Blindfold Test; he was given no information about the records played.

charles kynard

1. JOHNNY HAMMOND. *Breakout* (from *Breakout*, Kudu). Hank Crawford, alto sax; Hammond, organ; Johnny Williams, bass; Airto, percussion.

Number one, it's a very easy tune to play and learn, because it's only a one-chord thing. It's kind of free. I thought the bass player got more interesting in the saxophone solo. He seemed to change direction in terms of more soul; he finally got into a good feeling. At the beginning it just didn't seem to settle into anything.

As to who it is, this is a new name for him, I guess, isn't it? I liked the recording, the sound was good, especially the percussion came through. It was just the feeling that bothered me. I'd rate it three stars.

2. MILT BUCKNER. *Chitlins A La Carte* (from *Buckner in Europe*, Prestige). Buckner, piano, composer.

Now that's got to be Milt Buckner. That's just an old time, swinging blues, just straight ahead. And to me that's what jazz really is—it isn't anything if it doesn't swing or groove. I don't care how innovative it is, if it doesn't swing or groove, it isn't jazz to me. I'd rate that four. Milt is a good performer, and a good friend . . . and an influence.

3. COUNT BASIE. *That Warm Feeling* (from *Straight Ahead*, Dot). Basie, organ; Sam Nestico, piano, composer.

Well, that's very easy listening, and of course that's very effective use of the organ background, and pretty good recording quality. And the piano was featured. I think it was Jackie Davis with the Basie band behind him. Good feel. I'd rate it four stars.

I think the piano and organ were the same person. If it's not Jackie Davis, it could be Wild Bill Davis.

4. RAY CHARLES. *Stompin' Room Only* (from *Genius + Soul = Jazz*, Impulse). Ray Charles, organ; Howard Marks, composer; Ralph Burns, arranger.

There's another swing era sound with that tune . . . it's quite old and I can't remember the title of it. It has a Ray Charles sound in the organ . . . like the sound he had on the hit he had some years ago, *Mint Julep*, but I couldn't lay this band on him . . . I don't know whether that's his band or not. It's not the Ray Charles feel. I don't really think that's the type of tune he'd record, but who knows?

I'd rate it two-and-a-half stars for the tune itself. I thought the rhythm section was kind of stiff, it could have flowed more. And that's why I say I don't think it could have been Ray Charles' band. I'm just going according to the sound, and that wasn't really that much of a jazz organ solo.

5. SHIRLEY SCOTT. *Something* (from *Something*, Atlantic). Scott, organ; Billy Butler or Eric Gale, guitar; George Harrison, composer.

Of course, it goes without saying that the tune is *Something*. I think the guitarist should have been in tune at the beginning and I question the second change they're using in the tune. They're all playing the same one, which makes it sound good, but it should be a major seventh . . . it sounds to me here like a dominant seventh.

I also question the guitar taking the last eight after the bridge in the exposing chorus. But the length of the recording maybe would warrant his playing the part, so he could get in there on some kind of solo basis. I also know that that was no solo, as it were, just expose the line, go back to the bridge and take it out. That isn't really jazz unless you solo on something, improvise.

As to who the artists are, I couldn't tell you. It's pretty and very listenable. I guess the lay person doesn't listen for the changes like you and I would. I'd rate that two stars.

6. OSCAR PETERSON. *Manteca* (from *Bursting Out*, Verve). Cannonball Adderley, alto sax; Peterson, piano; Dizzy Gillespie, Gil Fuller, composers.

Who else but Oscar Peterson? My favorite pianist! And of course he swings even by himself. I've heard him in recordings where he's just playing alone and swings.

There's a good feeling in the intro, although I thought it was a little long. It took me a little while to figure out it was going to be *Manteca*. I think that's the only way to play *Manteca*, is with a big band . . . then move into the solos, and let the keyboard be a part of the arrangement, not just a complete solo chorus.

I thought when the alto sax solo came through, the band kind of overshadowed him, but that's not his fault—or the bands, it's the engineer. But all in all it's a good feeling. Can I rate it twice? I'd rate the engineer two-and-a-half and the musicians four-and-a-half, because I think it's ridiculous to cover that alto sax solo, as good as it was.

7. MIKE MELVOIN. *Hum A Song* (from *Michael Seven*, Amos). Melvoin, organ; Hal Blaine, drums.

Now that's what I'd call a rock session with charts. As to who the artist is I really have no idea. The recording sounds good, and the feel was good. I've heard the tune before, but it seems like they got away from the tune after they exposed it, they went off into some kind of embellishment of something else. I was waiting for them to come back to it, but they never did. Not that that's bad or wrong it's just that I thought it was going to be one of those A-B-A-kind of things.

Maybe a bit too much percussion, and once again there were no solos to speak of—no blowing solos, at least from the organ. Does this album belong to the organist?

I especially liked it, though, I could hear the chart, I could discern what was going on. I just wished they had gone back to the original line. I'd give that three-and-a-half stars.

8. CHARLIE EARLAND. *Sing A Simple Song* (from *Black Drops*, Prestige). Earland, organ; Maynard Parker, guitar.

First off, I know that's Charlie Earland and his group. Some of the guys in that group recorded with me on the other label. Of course, this is a montuna, with a release whenever they felt like making it. It had a good feel, except I think the organ had the guitar overshadowed. Once again, it's not the musicians' fault. Usually Rudy Van Gelder gets good sound in his studio, being one of the better engineers on the east coast. But this time he seemed to miss the mark in the editing.

Then, too, the recording gets kind of bogged down with the ensemble. The ensemble things could have been toned down in terms of background and bringing the organ out more.

Then I would have liked to hear the guitar take a solo . . . he seemed to have to so much soul. I would rate that three-and-a-half stars.

Speaking of Charlie Earland, in one of his recent albums he does *Killer Joe*, and I really think they should learn the bridge before attempting to play it. I hear a lot of people playing it with a passable bridge, but not the right one. db

caught in the act

Herbie Hancock

The Bitter End, New York City

Personnel: Eddie Henderson, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Julian Priester, tenor, alto, and bass trombones; Benny Maupin, bass clarinet, alto flute, tenor sax; Hancock, piano, electric piano, echo-plex unit; Buster Williams, electric bass and acoustic bass; Billy Hart, drums. All musicians double, at times, on various and sundry percussion instruments.

As good as their recent *Mwandishi* album may be, nothing beats catching this band live. Sometimes the leader's introductory comments can be too long, but once that's done the music takes hold and visually it's heavy enough to go down in a club like the Bitter End, which is not known for audiences that are into jazz.

The doubling, nay tripling—to say nothing of the thumb pianos, shakers, bangers and other goodies that get passed around—certainly makes a better show than the opening act did, standing there with his bass guitar and overamplified rock band, decibeling us to death. The very sight of Julian Priester switching back and forth between three trombones, like a wine-taster comparing vintages, was almost enough for the eye to cause the ear to become inattentive. And when this band plays, that is a cardinal sin, because it's a very good band; too good to be taken lightly.

A lot depends on what set you catch. The opening set, throughout the engagement at the Bitter End, consisted of *Ostinato (Suite for Angela)*. On the album, this composition took a bit over 13 minutes and yet, both times we caught the early set at the Bitter End it lasted nearly an hour. Hancock can write so that a piece hangs together economically on record but can be expanded in live performances without losing interest.

The later sets included just about anything: *Maiden Voyage, Speak Like A Child,* or *You'll Know When You Get There* from the new album and *Firewater* from the 1969 *The Prisoner*. The latter developed into a real blowing session with every man getting his chance. Great as they all were, I'd like to score extra plusses for the fluegelhorn work of Henderson and the bass clarinet of Maupin. Herbie's electric piano was aided and altered by wa-wa and fuzz attachments as well as an echo-plex unit allowing for many variations in sound and fury.

This band plays together with a sense of purpose and an understanding of Herbie Hancock's music that make it one of the tightest units to be heard in the jazz field today. Herbie has paid his dues. Now he can afford to enjoy the pleasure of making music for awhile, so please don't ask him to play *Watermelon Man*. —*Joe H. Klee*

Lionel Hampton

Regency Hyatt House, Rosemont, Ill.

Personnel: Glenn Drews, Larry Pyatt, Jon Faddis, trumpets; Tom Gambine, Chuck McClendon, reeds; John Spruill, organ; Hampton, vibes, piano, drums; William Mackell, guitar; Eustis Guilmette, bass; Kenny Bolds, drums.

The Regency Hyatt House is an elegant new hotel near Chicago's O'Hare Airport that is bidding to rival the London House as a local spot for established jazz talent. Within a few months, the hotel's main show room has featured Duke Ellington, Sarah Vaughn, and Hampton, and plans for the future include Jonah Jones, long a London House regular.

Hampton's performances have always been crowd (if not critic) pleasers. Since he's scaled down his entourage to nine men, jazz purists may find a bit more to appreciate in his shows than in the days when he carried 16 or more.

The accent is on brass. With three trumpets, Hamp has a full section capable of kicking up a lot of decibels. The two saxes (alto and tenor) hardly deliver an ensemble sound worthy of consideration. I would prefer seeing this situation reversed with three or four reeds against one or two trumpets, a la Frankie Newton's tight little old Cafe Society group. A sax ensemble wouldn't overwhelm the crisp ping of Hampton's vibes so much, and would provide a superior backdrop to the ballads which Hampton continues to execute superbly.

But trumpets it is, no doubt because they better provide the illusion of a big band.

Hampton treads on familiar ground almost exclusively, but much of it is welcome. *Glad Hamp*, a boppish 32-bar theme, opens the set. An ensemble chorus by the reeds underlines the feebleness of a two-sax section. But the leader's several hard-swinging, inventive flights of musical intellect are rewarding and often exciting.

Before the applause dies down, he's into a shimmering version of *Sunny Side of the Street*, the band discreetly laying down the chords behind him. The tempo is slower now, but his first chorus leaves few gaps unfilled as he hurtles through the changes in cascades of 16th notes. The character of his second chorus is different. Rich, organ-like chords waft from his instrument like a fragile mist. Then a vocal chorus. The voice, like the mind behind the music, has changed little since the brilliant 1937 session with Johnny Hodges that made the song a staple in the Hampton repertoire.

Aquarius is another tune that lends itself well to the Hamptonian treatment, and here 26-year veteran Billy Mackell gets his one solo turn. The guitarist is restrained but effective. Spruill's organ is also heard, and by now Hampton himself is at the drums. Long underrated as a percussionist, he is capable of a propulsive beat and dazzling solos of remarkable rhythmic variety. (After Gene Krupa left Goodman, Benny used Hamp on drums on several record dates, often with marvelous results. His work on the 1939 *Smoke House Rhythm* shows him at the top of his considerable form.) When he's not preoccupied with juggling a half dozen drums sticks in the flicker of a strobe light, he can be one of the truly fine swing drummers. On *Aquarius*, he slips into a long but exciting solo on the high hat. Later, on *Hamp's Boogie Woogie*, there's more high hat work, which this time brings calls from the audience for *Sing Sing Sing*, but leads instead into *Flying Home*.

Another old acquaintance gets a hear-

ing—*Pick-a-Rib*. Hamp's vibes sound fresh and vibrant here. But perhaps the climax comes in a long, thoughtful version of *Midnight Sun*, a slow, descending chromatic ballad upon which he bestows deep-toned, resonant chords that almost seem to stick to the mallets. The shimmering lyricism is further enhanced by a particularly fine house sound system which enriches his instrument's sonority without distortion or hot spots.

All this, however, is the yeast in the musical dough. Between such gems there is much hokum *(Hebrew Bebop, Hamp's Boogie Woogie, Son of A Preacher Man)* and at least one gratuitous item *(Gold Bless America)*. However, Hampton is still the complete master of his musical domain. Like many artists who've enjoyed long careers and large audiences, however (and this includes Goodman, Ellington, and other giants) Hampton would benefit from fresh material geared to his style. The brilliance that still lives within the man deserves to be challenged more vigorously. —*John McDonough*

Sam Rivers and the Harlem Ensemble

Wesleyan University Chapel, Middletown, Conn.

Personnel: Joe Gardner, Olu Dara, Ted Daniels, Don McIntosh, trumpet; Grachan Moncur, Dick Griffin, Daovd Haroom, Jack Jeffers, trombone; Ed Perry, French horn; Bill Davis, tuba; Sam Rivers, tenor and soprano sax, flute, piano; Paul Jeffries, clarinet; Harvey Lesene, soprano sax, Rene McLean, Carlow Ward, alto sax; Roland Alexander, Dave Young, tenor sax; Kenny Rodgers, baritone sax; Fred Kelly, flute; Hakim Jami, bass; Warren Smith, Wilson Moorman, drums; Juma, congas.

It's possible, given the type of music exposed through the mass media and the opportunities for a band like this to play, that a man could spend a lifetime without hearing music as dynamic, confronting and in tune with the current life style of black people as this band.

Yet even this concert was in jeopardy because of non-communication and general uncooperativeness by those representing the University. The money for the concert had not been secured until the Tuesday before the Saturday concert, which for Wesleyan is unusual. A request by Rivers for advance money to pay for the bus was denied. In fact, he wasn't notified about the money until Thursday, when he took the initiative to call to see what was happening. Food was supplied for the band when they arrived but they had to eat in one of the dormitory lounges, most of them sitting on the floor. When they arrived the chapel was completely closed, the piano was locked, no music stands were on the stage (which was entirely too small for a 25-piece band), and none of the amplifying equipment had been set up.

In other words, none of the courtesies afforded any other music performers on the campus were available to this band. But Rivers was determined to have his new work premiered.

The piece is called *Shades*. It was introduced by a procession of the musicians entering the chapel ringing bells and playing an assortment of percussion instruments. Rivers was the last to enter. Bedecked in a long, elegant white robe with black trim, he resembled a soothsayer ready to bring the message to the people. When percussionists Moorman, Smith and Juma readied themselves and began playing, Rivers emotionally recited a poem by Yusef Rahman, *All Praise to Allah*, while the other musicians moved onto the crowded platform. The tradition of the reading is as old as Africa; call and response, percussion and bells wailing, and even the smell of incense. The dissemination concerned itself with unity, solidarity and liberation of all black people.

When the poem was finished, Rivers picked up his tenor and the musical extravaganza began. The material seemed to be in four parts, each highlighting Rivers' facility with the tenor, flute, piano, and soprano saxophone. About 90 per cent of the music was improvisation with Rivers juxtaposing his lines against the full band, then a section, then another individual player, and then the percussion. The energy level during the presentation was incredibly high and it was sustained for the hour and 45 minutes it lasted. Sometimes different sections became too energetic and Rivers seemed to have some problems trying to direct and play at the same time, but this was amazingly minimal. The stage area was so small that every time someone would move, music parts would fall off the stands and microphones would be hit. But these distractions were insignificant.

I've tried for some days now to write about Rivers' playing. This music is not something that anyone could write about because it comes from another tradition, the oral tradition. I can only say that at the end I was exhilarated. And I wasn't the only one—the whole chapel seemed to burst at the seams, as if it hand't heard anything like that in its entire history. And it probably hadn't.

I recall my amazement when he sat down at

the piano. This was right after a flute solo in which he joined the other flutists in the band. During this, he created triads with voice and flute timbre at the same time. This was preceded by a vehemently aggressive tenor solo in which he played everything I had ever heard. But it was really the piano that took me off. First his great skill, technically, with the instrument, then the way he combined periods and styles. I watched the other musicians watch him, stunned. (I found out later that this was the first time anyone at this gathering, including the band, had heard his piano.) I just kept thinking that I would love to take lessons from him. He ended the piece playing soprano, and at one time wove some beautiful lines with trombonist Haroon.

John Coltrane left a great legacy. Greatest was his spirtual, religious devotion to music. Rivers has picked up on that devotion. You can see it when you look into his eyes. You can hear it when he plays and particularly in the dedication other musicians have when they're in his company. That's what is known as genius. —*Bill Cole*

Bobby Brown/Ruth Brisbane/ Joe Carroll

New School, New York City

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Bobby Brown, flute, alto and tenor sax; Harold Mabern, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Ms. Brisbane, vocal, accompanied by Horace Parlan, piano; Davis, and Kay. Carroll, vocal, accompanied by the Brown quintet.

It was another of those ninety-plus days in New York. The auditorium at the New School is air-conditioned, but was not advertised as such, which may have had a lot to do with the sparse attendance. But neither Ms. Brisbane nor Bobby Brown are names that have been hyped to the point of being drawing cards. Caroll, who could have been, was a last-minute addition. The shame is that only a handful of listeners caught one of the best concerts I've heard in some time.

To begin with, Bobby Brown is one of those fine musicians around New York with the chops, the licks and the good taste to be an absolute gas on tenor or alto sax or on flute. He just hasn't pushed it. Some will remember him from recordings with Wild Bill Davis and Montego Joe, but you just have to be in the New York area to hear this artist. He has a style that is fresh and original, and his band was a big help.

Richard Williams has achieved more of a name for himself through associations with, among others, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band. He is truly a catholic player with roots in blues which grow into the newest thing one could wish to hear. Mabern comps capably and solos well even though he does have a few pet cliches he uses a bit too much for my taste. Kay is probably the most tasteful and musical *accompanying* drummer since the days of Dave Tough and Sonny Greer.

The miracle of the evening, however, was Richard Davis. I refuse to believe what I saw and heard. His playing was totally fantastic . . . all over the instrument, sliding, jumping, fingers dancing. I regret the years when I couldn't get into his thing as time lost from listening to an artist.

The band made their way through a set composed of such classics as Benny Golson's *Are You Real*, Dizzy Gillespie's *Con Alma* and *Steeplechase* as well as a Brown original, the rockish *Neptune Girl*.

Whether you dig Ruth Brisbane as "Bessie Blues" reviving the '20s depends on how you like your blues. A traditionalist might wonder at her cleaning up the lyrics of *Gimme A Pigfoot* while not changing a single double entendre in *Kitchen Man*. There is no questioning her ability on such vintage pop tunes become standards as *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* or *After You've Gone*. Miss Brisbane's version of Bessie Smith's *On Revival Day*, which works into an evocation of Aretha Franklin's *Spirit In The Dark*, comes off far better than her *Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out* and *New Orleans Hop Scop Blues*. Her blues seem to be more slanted toward the rock listeners of the '70s than the blues aficionados who were brought up on Ma Rainey, the Smith women and Victoria Spivey, but then there are more of the former.

Joe Carroll was an unannounced surprise. Everybody knows Carroll, if not from his early days, then certainly from his years with the Dizzy Gillespie big band of the land of Ooo Bla Dee. Besides the Joe Carroll standards he sang *Watch What Happens*, a brisk bossa nova ballad that is becoming as associated with the singer. He closed with *Moody's Mood For Love* and just tore it completely up.

The Brown Quintet got the last licks in with Harold Ousley's *Elation*, a tune which should add much to the composer's reputation.

I doubt that the sponsors, the Melrose Community School, made any money. It is a shame that so good a concert didn't draw a better crowd. —*Joe H. Klee*

DUKE

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fill, but I had to be me. I can't play like Joe Zawinul—I went in there to play like me.

M.B.: How do you feel about your album, *Save the Country?*

G.D.: I like parts of it. Even though I was allowed a certain amount of freedom, I wasn't allowed as much freedom as I would like—not to reflect on (producer) Dick Bock, because he was pushing me in the direction he thought would be best for me, some commercial things which I didn't particularly care to have in there. And I didn't want to have *Games People Play* put in, but it was put in anyway.

M.B.: Will you have more control in the future?

G.D.: Definitely, I'm not going to go any other way. I have a thing coming out on MPS on which I had complete freedom. The man just said, "Go in there for a couple of days, do what you want to do for five hours, just record, go!" I went in there and recorded and got some good stuff, I think.

M.B.: When did you first get into music?

G.D.: My mother took me to a Duke Ellington concert and I fell out, but I was too young to remember. I started taking lessons when I was 7. I grew up in San Raphael, in the Sausalito area. Frank pulled a surprise on me one night—I used to play cello in the 4th grade and he brought a cello to the gig and said, play it! And the same thing happened with the trombone—I said I used to play trombone in high school, so he said, whip it out!

M.B.: You are one of the few players I've heard master the electricity of the electric piano and the ring modulator.

G.D.: The Fender-Rhodes I love very much. When it's working right, it's fantastic for me, because there are so many different things I can do. And I try to do it creatively, not where it's like an end, but like a means to an end, a way of getting there creatively.

M.B.: Where are you now directed?

G.D.: My own band.

M.B.: To play both jazz and rock?

G.D.: Yep, because I didn't know a little while ago what direction I want to go in, and it's fairly free. But I've learned so much musically from both bands, it's fantastic. It'll be a while; I'm just getting the ideas. I got people I've been working with off and on who I think are great for me: John Heard on bass, Dick Berk on drums; I like Roy McCurdy—because they have a comprehension of how to play rock and a comprehension of how to play jazz. I need somebody who can control the whole gamut.

M.B.: At your early age, can you imagine a legacy for yourself?

G.D.: My soul, just me. That's it, nothing more, nothing less; and a record here and there. **db**

MABERN

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tinent comments to make on the situation in the studios today.

"A lot of musicians use the phrase 'selling out', which I really do not understand. I can feel good about the fact that out of the four albums I've made, nobody has told me what to play or how to play. Any of the stuff you've heard on my records, whether it be something by the Jackson Five or whoever—that's me. Now, I may play things like *Greasy Kid Stuff* which might prompt somebody to say that I was looking for a hit, but that is my heritage. I was raised up on the blues—B.B. King, etc.—so how could I sell out when this is a part of me? I'm always going to associate myself with the blues. On the record dates, I also try to play something pretty like *A Time for Love*, to show that I can also go in that direction. Cats said Wes was selling out when he was beginning to make money playing the beautiful music he did on his last albums. I just don't agree with that, because as far as I am concerned Wes was one of the greatest musicians of all time and everything he played, he played with great taste."

I asked Mabern if he though being called a jazz musician was holding him back in any way.

"There has always been a lot of controversy about the word jazz," he said. "I think probably it has hurt us. I consider myself a professional musician, being able to play any and all kinds of music. I don't like to limit myself by using the word jazz. Even today, if you go someplace, say to borrow money or something like that, and put down jazz musician as your occupation, right away you won't get any co-operation because they won't trust you, or something like that. The stigma is still there. You can't record an album and just put it out there and let it work by itself. You've got to push the product. In the case of my own records I literally pounded the beat because I wasn't going to just sit back. I didn't want to take that chance after waiting all these years to record my first albums. I felt it was up to me to help myself as much as possible. I had handbills made up and wrote to the distributors, things like that. We shouldn't really have to do things like this, but that's what happens most times if you are labeled as a jazz musician."

Where does Mabern see himself going in the future?

"There are a lot of things I would like to do. I want to write more and maybe get a trio together and be out there playing for the people. You know, working with Lee Morgan is beautiful. The people really respond to the music. We did a concert recently in Washington, and the audience gave us a standing ovation, literally from start to finish. Just the idea that there was so much incentive to play among the guys on the stand reached the audience, and you could tell that they were really ready to hear what we had to say."

The people mean a lot to Harold Mabern and that makes sense. Despite the complexities of today's life, most of us can still be reached by direct, straight ahead honesty and that's where Harold is coming from. I've heard him on a number of occasions , and whether it be backing a singer like Marlena Shaw or cooking up a storm in Lee Morgan's group, playing a ballad or a blues, Harold Mabern reaches the people. More power to him. db

OHIO VALLEY

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concert with considerable testifying, both in word and in sound: *Old Rugged Cross* on clarinet, *Never Can Say Goodbye* on manzello, *Three for the Festival* on every horn around, and one gargantuan 7-minute seemingly breathless tenor solo. Such intensity and brilliance, plus Rahsaan's typical rambunctious jiving, well-topped an evening of both beauty and the beast.

Roy Ayers Ubiquity opened the Saturday concert with a sparkling set not noticed enough—people were straggling in, and I observed many ignore him specifically because he was unfamiliar. Nevertheless, his band played some of the best music of the festival, particularly *You Got to Move* and a moody piece entitled *We Live in Brooklyn, Baby* by sharp young pianist Harry Whittaker. Once better known, the Ubiquity will be better heard, especially for the unique voicing of the band: percussion, electric vibes, piano, and bass, plus bassoonist David Miller. Ayers is a musician of great personal energy and will awaken many ears, if enough will listen.

Cannonball explained every piece before playing, to the annoyance of many around me, including an exhausting dissertation on *Directions* and how each of the musicians was free to follow his will, and then all that happened was a fine bass solo by Walter Booker, a cut-short drum solo by Roy McCurdy, and *Mercy Mercy*. Pianist George Duke played his brains out throughout the set, and Dizzy Gillespie joined the quintet for a long swing session on *Lover Come Back to Me*. Even though his guest performing was memorable, I regretted not hearing Dizzy play with his own band—he was "major-domo" (as he described his gig to me) and not a featured artist with his own set.

Lou Rawls sang all his big tunes, like *Dead End Street* and *Tobacco Road* and similar rock'n'soul, and received a standing ovation—as George Wein described it: "Lou broke it up!"

B.B. King played oodles of blues, and did so very well. I am told Wein sat in on piano, but I missed that number.

Les McCann and Eddie Harris concluded the festival with my favorite of all the sets; the playing was exhilarating, but more interesting were McCann's rapping and singing. Woodstock doing the *Fish Cheer* was nothing compared to McCann leading a baseball stadium full in a recitation of "John Wayne is a jive M.....!" But even more ironic were his caustic political comments, both in songs like Nat Adderley Jr.'s *Price You Got to Pay to Be Free* and Gene McDaniels' *Compared to What* and in his preaching. When McCann announced that "When the Revolution comes, they're gonna have to shoot a whole bunch of us first!", the place exploded with right-on applause, as if no one knew at all that he indeed meant himself and everyone there—like the Woodstock Nation condemning "pigs" while wallowing in actual mud. Musically, McCann and Harris satisfied me overall the most of the weekend, but even more so ironically; their playing was tasty and fun, but McCann's wit told far more.

The Ohio Valley Jazz Festival was a bourgeois revel of mammoth proportions, and I am still a bourgeois despite any pose, and I dug it madly, even when bored—a good time was had by all. db

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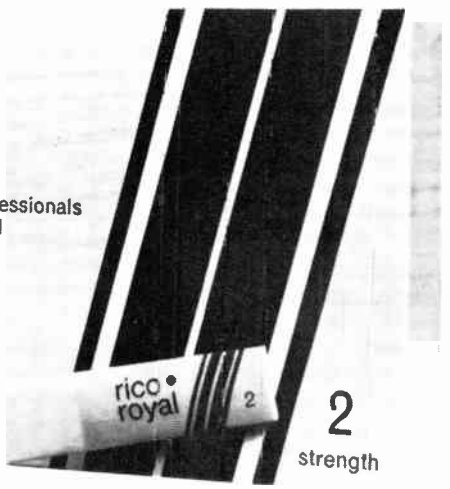

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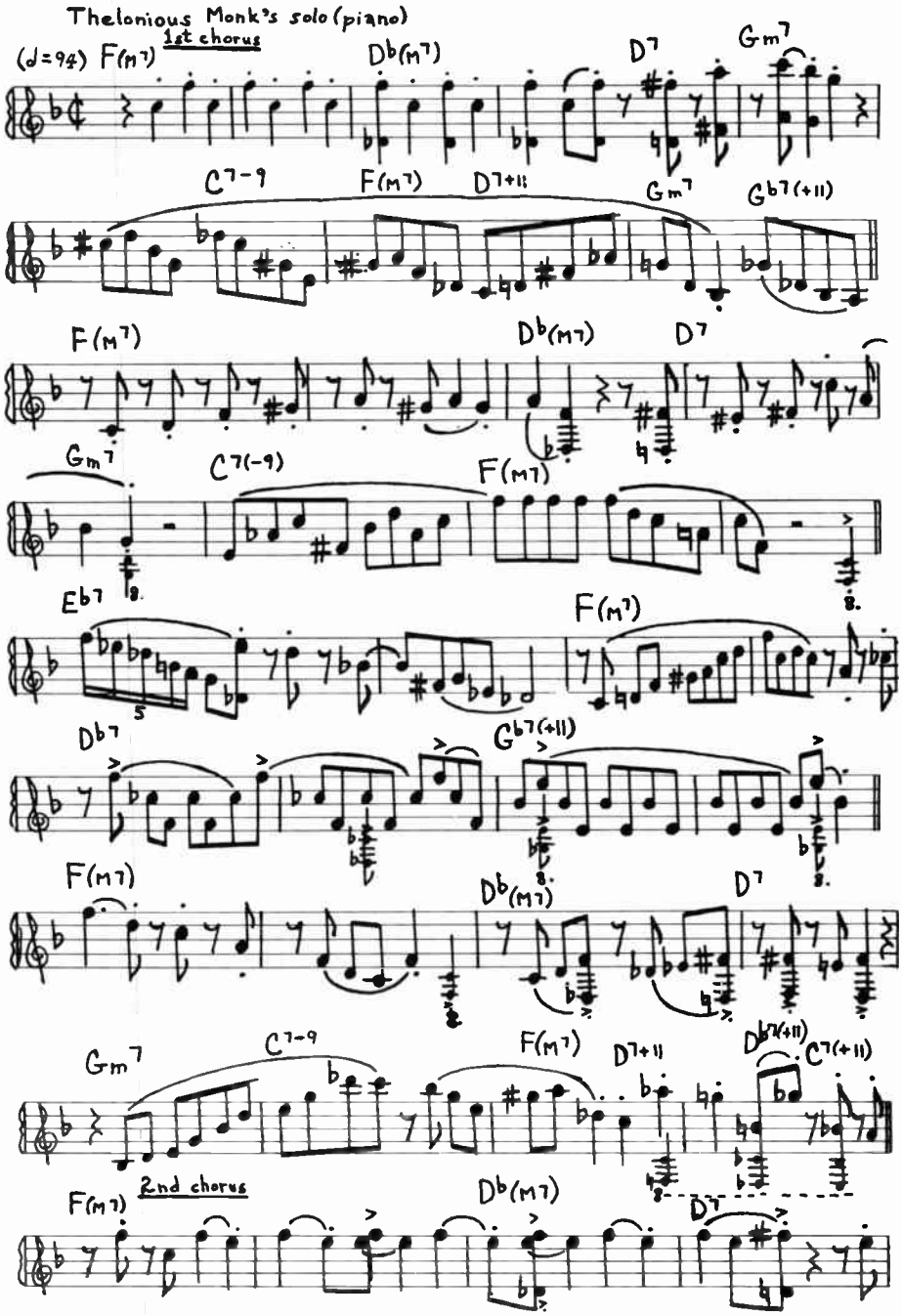
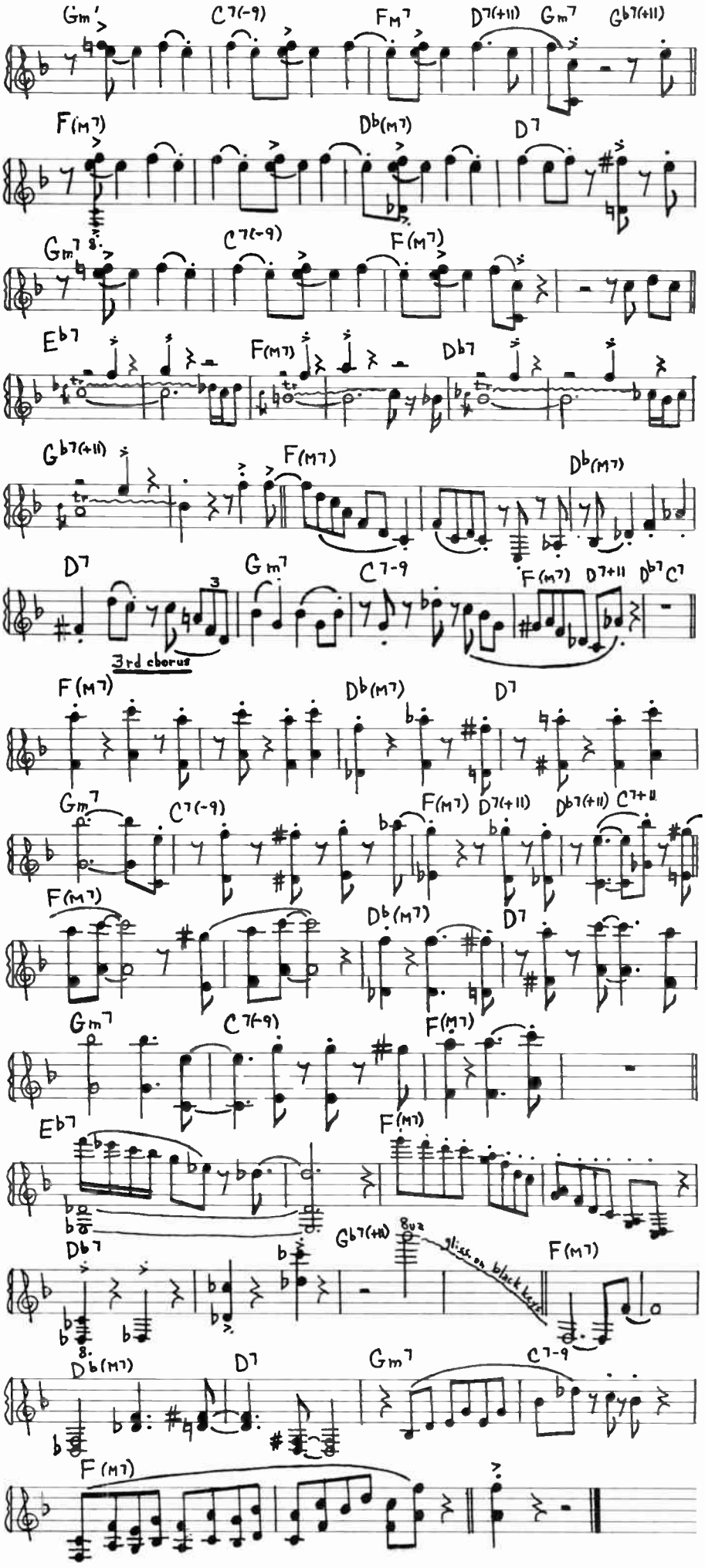
Thelonious Monk's "I Mean You" Solo Transcribed and Annotated by Bill Dobbins

This solo is taken from Monk's *Big Band and Quartet in Concert* LP (Columbia CS-8964). As in many of Monk's tunes, this example includes many chords which do not function in the normal manner (such as VI-II-V-I, etc.). However, they are played just as any other chords, either vertically or horizontally, and the use of melodic connection is also found in this solo (no matter how the harmony functions, melodic connection is *always* effective).

The main features of this solo are the lengthy development of extremely simple motives contrasted by a predominantly vertical (chord-oriented) style of improvisation. Development of simple motives can be found in bars 1-4, 9-12, 21-24, and 25-28 of the first chorus; bars 1-16 and 17-24 of the second chorus, and bars 1-16 and 25-28 of the third chorus. From a horizontal standpoint, the pentatonic (on F and G-flat) and whole tone (on E-flat) scales are the predominant scales used, and are typical in Monk's piano style. The use of tenths in melodic motives and open fifths and sevenths in the left hand are also an integral part of Monk's style.





jazz on campus

Buddy Rich's new RCA album, *A Different Drummer*, is virtually a Berklee College of Music alumni production. Personnel for the band includes some alumni and former faculty members: **Linn Biviano, Wayne Naus, Jeff Stout,** trumpets; **Tony Dimaggio,** trombone; **Jim Mosher, Pat LaBarbera, Joe Calo,** reeds; **Paul Kondziela,** bass, and **John LaBarbera,** composer-arranger, who arranged excerpts of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and composed a three-movement suite, *A Piece of the Road*.

Johnny Woods, a former jazz education specialist from upstate New York, reports that his six years of heading school jazz instruction in Sweden is paying off. His summer high school students recently performed **Bob Curnow's** *Passacaglia* as well as some of the more complex **Johnny Richards** materials. Woods does weekend clinics in addition to his regular school program and, this year will be booked for a series of special jazz workshops for 20,000 instrumentalists by the National Workers Education Council of Sweden.

Ad Lib: **Dr. Warrick Carter** has joined the College of Cultural Studies of the new Governors State University (Park Forest South, Ill.) to head up a new jazz program. Carter, who was assistant professor of music at U. of Maryland Eastern Shore, is a former award winner at the Notre Dame CJF when he played drums with the **Andy Goodrich** trio representing Michigan State U. **Louis Smith,** the other trio member, is now teaching at the U. of Michigan. Goodrich is a consultant to the American Association of Jr. Colleges West in Washington, D.C. . . . **Tom Brown,** well-known N.Y. State jazz educator and vibist has a new book published *(Mallet in Mind,* Kendor) and a double album available *(Jazz Techniques and Effects for Vibes)* from the Golden Crest Clinic Series . . . **Jim Coffin,** head of jazz studies at the U. of N. Iowa is also out with a new book, *Excursion for Percussionist & Woodwinds* (Creative Music). Trumpeter **Larry Franklin** has taken over the jazz lab band at Southern Ill. U.

AD LIB

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Ferguson heading his English crew. **Clark Terry's** big band, sharing the bill with **Babs Gonzales' Three Bips and a Bop (Stanley Turrentine,** tenor; **Barry Harris,** piano; **Wilbur Ware,** bass; **Roy Haynes,** drums) is set for Nov. 12, and **Clem DeRosa's College All Stars** with guest **Marian McPartland** will wrap it up on Dec. 14 (the last event will include a college band contest) . . . Barry Harris has been playing at Boomers in Greenwich Village, and **Tommy Flanagan,** on leave from ailing **Ella Fitzgerald,** sat in one memorable night . . . Recent happenings at Harlem's Club Baron: **Red Garland, Charlie Earland, Ahmad Jamal,** and **Howard McGhee** with **Joe Carroll** . . . **James Moody** was at the Half Note, with singer **Eddie Jefferson** as added weekend attraction . . . Good sounds are being made on the upper West Side. Terry's Pub at 760 Columbus Ave. (97th St.) has had **Milt Jackson,** and bassist **Jamil Nasser's** trio (**Stanley Cowell,** piano; **Frank Gant,** drums). Stryker's, at Columbus and 86th, had drummer **Al Drears'** group (**Mickey Tucker,** piano; **Vic Gas-**

kin, bass), and the Steak&Brew at Broadway and 63rd had **Ray Bryant's** piano . . . Nassau County put on its first annual jazz festival, a free outdoor event, in August. It featured **Duke Ellington, The World's Greatest Jazz Band, Lee Konitz'** quartet, **Maxine Sullivan,** a group of six doctors, and an all-star band with **Rusty Dedrick, Jerry Kail, Budd Johnson, Garnett Brown, Zoot Sims, Arvell Shaw** and others . . . **The Collective Black Artists, Inc.** presented a number of Sept. concerts in Staten Island, Brooklyn and Manhattan, featuring the **CBA Ensemble, Kenny Rogers Ensemble, Yuseff Iman, Lorraine Blakey,** and others . . . Bow-Wow Productions had **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet, **John McLaughlin's Mhavishnu Orchestra (Jerry Goodman,** violin; **Jan Hammer,** electric piano; **Rick Laird,** bass; **Billy Cobham,** drums) and the **Steve Miller Band** Sept. 14-15 at the Beacon Theater. **Nat Adderley Jr.'s** group performed for a pre-show press party . . . *Dialogue of the Drums*, with **Andrew Cyrille, Milford Graves** and **Rashied Ali,** was presented Sept. 25 at CAMI Hall . . . **Gene Bertoncini** and a new face, **Harry Leahy,** were among recent string pullers at the Guitar, and **Jim Hall** held forth at Top of the Gate . . . **Ernie Wilkins** took time out from his a&r duties at Mainstream to go on the road for two weeks with **Sy Oliver's** band . . . **Kenny Dorham,** with **Wilbur Brown,** tenor; **Al Dailey,** piano; **Herbie Lewis,** bass, and **Harold White,** drums, did a Jazz Interactions Sunday Sept. 12, followed by the **Ray Nance** Quartet and Marian McPartland's Trio. Kenny holds forth Monday nights at Minton's Playhouse, and Nance recently took over the house band at the Gaslight Club . . . Heard in the free Thursday night concert series at Brooklyn's MUSE, among others: altoist Kenny Rogers, with **Charles McGhee,** trumpet; **Hilton Ruiz,** piano; **Vic Gaskin,** bass; **Andrei Strobert,** drums, and drummer **Zahir Batin (Michael Shepherd)** with **Atlee Chapman,** valve trombone; **Otis Harris,** alto; **Hamiett Bluiett,** baritone; **Jaki Byard,** piano; **James Jefferson,** bass. Batin also plays Friday through Sunday at the Club Bambi, Mt. Vernon, with organist **Burt Armstrong's** trio featuring **Gene Walker** on tenor . . . Pianist **Dave Burrell** can be heard at Hilly's Thursday through Saturday, often with **Jimmy Garrison** on bass . . . Monday is jazz night at the Needles' Eye. On Sept. 27, the visiting fireman was vibist **Warren Chiasson,** who also did a week at the Ali Baba earlier in the month, with **Atilla Zoller,** guitar; **Victor Sproles,** bass; **Sonny Brown,** drums . . . **Big Mama Thornton** was at the Gaslight .

Los Angeles: Modesty prevailed as a local radio station, KMPC, presented a gala one-nighter at The Forum in Inglewood. The show—a benefit for St. Jude's Hospital—was called *Show of The World* and boasted musical cameos by **Della Reese, Sergio Mendes** and **Brasil '77, The Mike Curb Congregation, Freda Payne, Kenny Rogers** and the **First Edition,** all backed by **Nelson Riddle** and his band . . . Disneyland, much more blase about name-dropping, put on a six-night, "end of summer extravaganza" featuring **Bob Crosby** and **The Bobcats; Dizzy Gillespie; Earl Hines,** with **Trummy Young** and **Marshal Royal;** The **World's Greatest Jazzband** and **Stevie Wonder** as headliners. Also on hand for the week: **Teddy Buckner,** The **Young Men From New Orleans,** The **Delta Ramblers,** the **Royal Street Bachelors,** and the **Southern California Hot**

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Jazz Society Marching Band. Just before that, **Les Brown's** band played Disneyland for a week; and following the "extravaganza," The **Grass Roots, Little Dion,** and **Thelma Houston** played a one-nighter. Who said Disneyland's for the kids? . . . Turning to the smoke-filled emporiums: the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet followed **Joe Henderson** into Shelly's Manne-Hole for two weeks, then gave way to **Willie Bobo** . . . Out at the Lighthouse, in Hermosa Beach, **Gabor Szabo** followed the **Young-Holt** Trio for three weeks. **Herbie Hancock** spent a week at the Bitter End West, then stayed in town to do six nights at Donte's. Among the other repeaters at Donte's during September: **Carmen McRae, Terry Gibbs, Blue Mitchell, John Pisano, Joe Pass.** Among the big bands: **Pete Meyers, Dick Grove** and **Dee Barton.** Among the newcomers: **Frank D'Rone** . . . Following two successful Sunday afternoon concerts at the Hong Kong Bar, **Kai Winding's** septet was upgraded and booked for a full three-week gig at that Century Plaza lounge. The front line is solid bone: besides Winding, **Jimmy Cleveland, Frank Rosolino** and **Kenny Shroyer. Oscar Peterson** followed for three weeks at the Hong Kong Bar—his fifth engagement at the room . . . **Stan Kenton** is still on tour with his orchestra, spending the first three weeks of October in the midwest and the final week in New York and Pennsylvania .

Chicago: **Urbie Green** made his London House debut with a three-week stand that began Sept. 22, and featured a father-son rhythm team. **Chubby Jackson,** of Woody Herman fame, was the bassist and his 18-year-old son **Duffy** handled the drums. **Don Heitler** was also very much a part of things on piano and organ. **Sy Oliver's** little big band followed Green . . . **Bobby Hackett** charmed followers with his two area gigs, a one-nighter at the Big Horn in Ivanhoe and a two-nighter at the Inn Place in Highland, Ind. At the Horn, Hackett was ably backed by **Roy Lang,** trombone, **Jerry Fuller,** clarinet; **Bob Wright,** piano; **Rail Wilson,** bass, and **Hillard Brown,** drums. At the Place, Fuller was on hand along with trombonist **Danny Williams,** pianist **Earl Washington,** bassist **Joe Johnson,** and drummer **Tony Bellson** . . . Alice's Revisited had back-to-back weekends of jazz. The first (Sept. 17-18) spotlighted guitarist **Phil Upchurch** with **Duke Payne,** reeds; **Sonny Burke,** organ; **Arlington Davis,** drums, and **Rich Powell,** congas. On Sept. 24-25, reedman **Maurice McIntyre** and the **AACM Light Jazz Ensemble** performed .

New Orleans: **Isaac Hayes** did a double-header which also featured local singer **Margie Joseph** . . . Memorial Auditorium also hosted the **Al Belleto** Quartet opposite the **Stan Kenton** Orchestra for a Sunday set. Earlier, **Willie Tee and the Souls** played opposite **Cannonball Adderley . . . Count Basie** featured singer **Mary Stallings** for a Wednesday concert which followed a Monday night sell-out for **B.B. King** and **Bobby Bland.** Warm-ups for the King-Bland concert included the **Fabulous Twilights,** the **Miraculous Four** and the **Triplets,** all young local groups . . . **Sam and the Soul Machine** continue weekends at the Club J. B., while **Deacon Jones** and the **Paper Steamboat** work the club on Thursdays . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** filmed a one-hour special. The line-up included B.B. King, **Boots Randolph, Sarah Vaughan, Dana Valery, Doug Kershaw, Roy Clark,** and **The Friends of Distinction.** While Al is busy filming and on the road, the **Dukes of Dixieland** take care of business at the Al Hirt Club . . . **Al Gourier,** host of WBOK's *The Cool World of Jazz* was elected president of the National Association of Television and Radio Announcers . . . **Clinton Scott's** WYLD show, *Second Line,* has been so successful that he is now handling early morning activities five nights a week. *Second Line* is a jazz show with empahsis on New Orleans talent . . . This correspondent was presented with a mayoral citation on the show by Mayor's Aide Caston Elie for "Aiding in the promotion of New Orleans music and talent" . . . Syracuse pianist **Frank Pazzullo** has joined the Al Belleto Quartet at the Playboy Club . . . **Hot Ice** continues at the 544 Club while jazz organist **Ange Gallagher's** group is a LaStrada . . . Clarinetist **Louis Cottrell's** group has been substituting for **Pete Fountain** while the leader fulfills road commitments . . . New Orleans Jazz Club presentations have included a concert by **Dutch Andrus** and his **Dixieland Band,** along with singer **Ellyna Tatum.** Earlier, **Don Albert** and his **New Orleans Six** were featured . . . An Australian trad group, the **Yarra Tarra Jazz Band,** played a Heart Fund Benefit here while on a U.S. tour . . . The New Orleans Recreation Department's final season concert in Duncan Square featured the **Olympia Brass Band,** and the **New Orleans Rascals** from Japan.

Pittsburgh: Summertime jazz was abundant in downtown Pittsburgh as the area on and around Market Square enjoyed one of its best season. Jazz policy was the name of the game at **Walt Harper's** Attic, which features the quintet of its pianist-owner and enjoyed successful visits from **Carmen McRae** and **Ramsey Lewis.** Scheduled for the fall was a return visit by Carmen and an appearance by **Herbie Mann** . . . Next most active downtown club was the newly opened Encore II which brought trombonist **Tommy Turk** into the spotlight. Turk's combo was spurred by the swinging piano sounds of **Reid Jaynes** . . . Another trombonist, **Al Dowe,** fronted a fine quintet at the Sundance Supper Club which features jazz-rock sounds . . . Organist **Bobby Jones** brought his big following to Buddies, and pianist **Frank Cunimondo's** excellent trio did good business at the Red Door. Cunimondo's plays a very modern kind of jazz, assisted by drummer **Roger Humphries** and bassist **Mike Taylor** . . . The suburbs also had some excellent attractions. Biggest news was the opening of organist-pianist **Joe Mooney** at the Colony, a swank Mt. Lebanon restaurant. Jazz buff-owner Dean Steliotes said Mooney would stay until at least late November . . . East Liberty's Diplomat Lounge bagan a name jazz policy and promises fall visits from **Max Roach** and **Freddie Hubbard** . . . Songwriter **Elizabeth Davis** is beaming because **Dakota Staton** used four of her tunes in her new album. Ramsey Lewis has also recorded several Davis originals . . . The Cosmopolitan Country Club, near Butler, Pa., continues great jazz sounds with the combo of pianist-owner **Carl Arter.** A summer attraction was **Linton Garner, Erroll's** pianist brother . . . Trombonist **Harold Betters** and his quintet kept the jazz policy alive and pulsating in the Riverboat Room of the William Penn Hotel.

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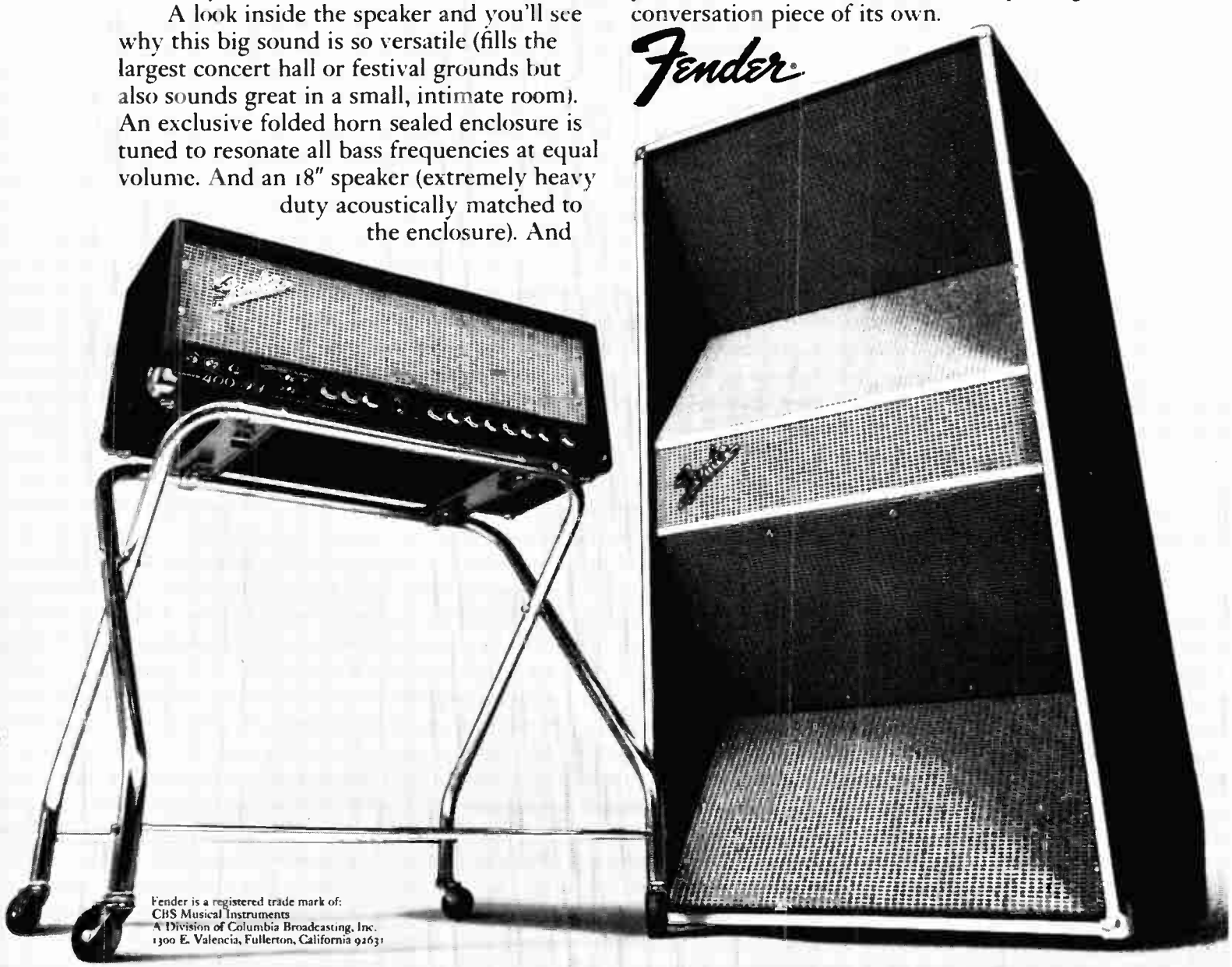

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