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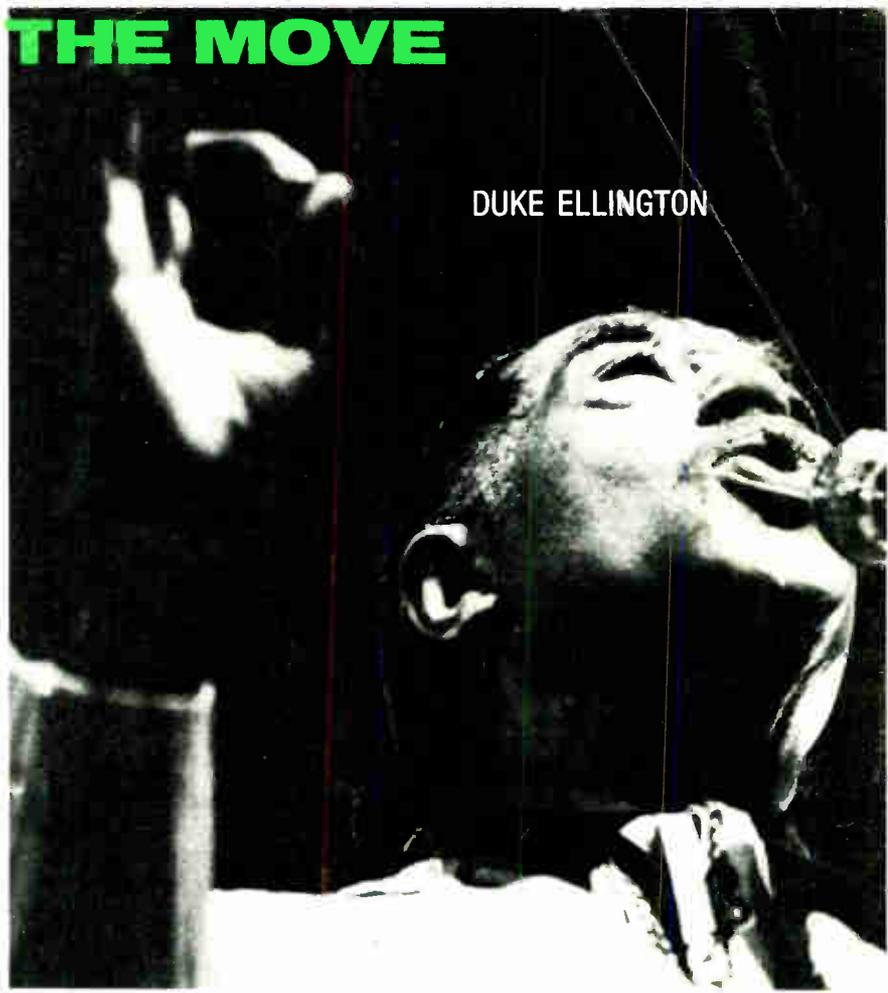
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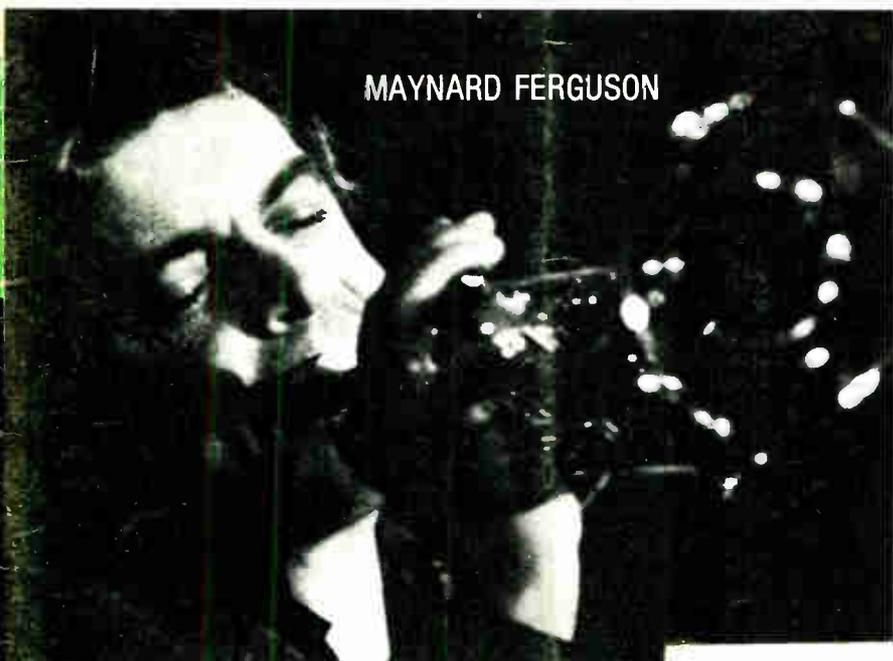
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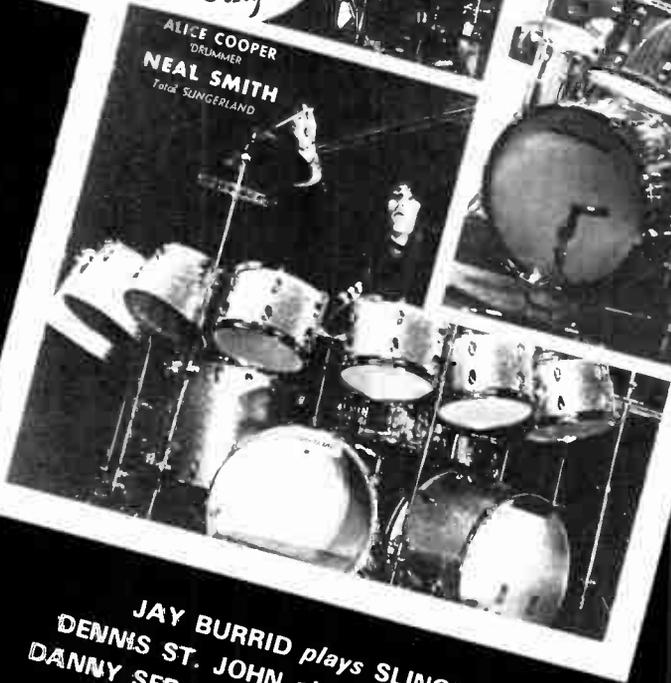


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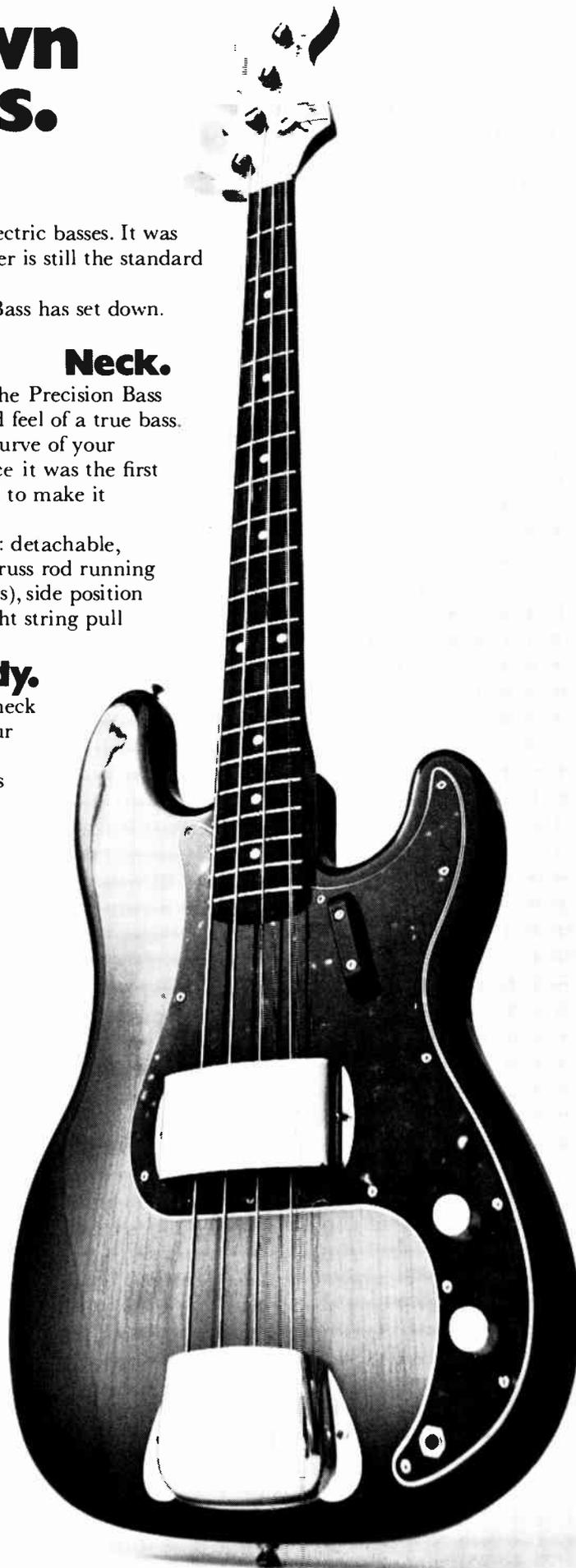
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# the first chorus

By Charles Suber

This is the first in a series of columns on various school jazz festivals. The intention is not to review them in detail but to report from personal observation what seems important to jazz education and to jazz musicians. Obviously, there is no way to adequately report on all the 116, or so, school jazz festivals scheduled for the 1971-72 school year. About 20 festivals will be reported on from a variety of geographical areas at different grade levels running from upper elementary school through college. These festival commentaries will include references to: educational benefits (which must remain the basic premise); level of performances (with particular attention to the degree of improvisation demonstrated); stylistic preferences (is it all unison, triple forte brass?); the effects, pro and con, of (non) competition; the nature and depth of clinic sessions; and the attitude of the educators participating and those from the host school.

First up, last November, was a first year festival at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater organized by a music faculty member, Frank Ferriano. The motivating factors for his festival are typical of many such college sponsored events. (1) The music department needs to find a valid way of attracting good high school musicians away from nearby "big" schools (2) The college jazz lab band director wants to give recognition and status to his student players (3) The area high school stage band directors are constantly looking for ways to improve their jazz program, or at the least, give the student musicians an away-from-home chance to play. (He already knows the musical values jazz playing adds to his concert band and orchestra program.) (4) It offers another opportunity to provide communication with the student body and the community. Ferriano had the additional motivation of wanting to show off new music facilities. His competition for new players within Wisconsin was becoming acute with the national success story developing at UW-Eau Claire and burgeoning programs at six other state colleges. Fortunately for Whitewater (and Eau Claire) the support for jazz at Madison, to put it mildly, is weak. (The attitude to jazz at other Big Ten schools, such as Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, Michigan, and Michigan State, runs the gamut from apathy to indifference.)

Ferriano had a successful event despite—or perhaps, because of—the fact that several high schools canceled out "because it conflicts with the opening of the hunting season. (Gee, Dad, a big bore Wurlitzer!). The chief reason for the success was the choice of clinician—Rich Matteson a practitioner of lower brass and a sure hand at a beginning improvisation clinic. With only six full bands present (plus several non-rimrods from other schools) Matteson was able to deal with each band's particular ensemble problem and then, in another session have the students successfully improvise on rudimentary chord changes.

The evening performance was a sell-out. Several members of the music faculty were seen applauding and stayed to the end. The Whitewater jazz season had an auspicious opening. In the post-mortem session, which met in a nearby duck blind, it was decided that a jazz materials reading clinic should be instituted for next year. Late November-early December is a good time for a reading session. The directors are looking for challenging charts for the festival season. The reading band musicians gain worthwhile exercise in sight reading, and all participants learn that much more about chart construction and the merits of newly published materials. As the reader has by now surmised, the event was non-competitive although a scholarship to UW-Whitewater was awarded plus two honorable mentions for individual performance. (There is probably some significance that the awards went to three female guitar players.)

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# down beat

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## How to be the next three additions to your band

Now that any old quartet can switch on big band power, the most creative new groups are exploring big band instrumentation. Not that big bands are back. Doubling is—a talented alto player, say, with flute and piccolo, clarinets, oboe, even a bassoon. Great idea—if you're already rich—but the price! Well, what about the price? You can buy an oboe and bassoon, or tenor and baritone saxes, for a little more than a pair of Eliminators; B<sub>♭</sub> and bass clarinets, both for less than one good amplifier. In fact, you can own the *entire* Bundy reed section in this photo for the price of a first rate PA system. Bundy, the name you remember from the school band. But forget school; Bundy instruments are so well designed they are often used by smart, thrifty studio men. They know how easy and valuable it is to pick up a second, third, or fourth instrument. Most Selmer dealers keep plenty of Bundys in stock, and will be glad to let you experiment with your own big band sound. Meanwhile, mailing this coupon to Selmer, Box 310, Elkhart, Indiana 46514 will bring you more details about doubling on—

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World Radio History

# chords and discords

## Lee Is Gone

I heard the rumor Sunday, but I didn't believe it. A few days later, a local newspaper carried the article: "Lee Morgan Slain..."

It was true. Lee Morgan. I first saw him with Art Blakey at the now-raised Comedy Club in Baltimore. I last saw him during the fall of '71 with the Jazzmobile when it toured Baltimore. Lee Morgan.

I looked at my Lee Morgan collection, from *Lee Morgan Sextet* through *Live at the Light-*

*house*. I thought about his teen years, when he was considered THE heir to Clifford Brown's vacated throne. I remembered his decline, battling Demon Dope, when rumors persisted about his death. I remembered his reincarnation, beginning with *Sidewinder*, which was the last piece he played at the Jazzmobile concert.

Lee Morgan. Dead. Damn.

McNair Taylor

Baltimore, Md.

## For The Record

In your Feb. 17 issue's report on BS&T and Dreams, Will Lee (Dreams' bassist) is described as steady but possibly not astounding.

Jazz historians may or may not ponder at

what point Lee became astounding, but for the record and in fairness to this musician now, be it known that Will Lee, prior to joining the group and since, has proven to be highly creative and responsive, capable of aggressive and inspired musical leadership coupled with perfect taste and restraint, enormously retentive, a possessor of extraordinarily fast ears and fingers, plus great vitality inside impeccable time. In short, truly astounding, and consistently so.

It's too bad that reviewers, when assessing newly discovered talent, so often miss the mark. For instance, Wes Montgomery got a similarly tepid reception. Jazz publications should be especially alert to the quality of their evaluations because jazz, although an important art, is not reported often and well enough. So we, your famished readers, urge you to get it right!

Jerry Coker  
Studio Music&Jazz Program  
University of Miami

Coral Gables, Fla.

Sure. Right. On the other hand, the reviewer who hears a new musician without the advantage of having heard or worked with him before can (and should) only go by what he hears on that particular occasion, which, Professor Coker might grant, was not necessarily an ideal one. — ed.

## Round-Table Rave

Congratulations on your round-table discussion with Henry Mancini, Quincy Jones,



et. al. What made it so interesting was the transcription.

Most discussions of this type read like polished journalistic pieces. One gets the feeling that they have been rewritten four or five times in order to "read" well. By noting the various reactions in parentheses, I feel I understood the mood in which the discussion took place.

Richard F. Wagner

Philadelphia, Pa.

Credit Harvey Siders with an excellent job. — ed.

## A Masterful "Chorus"

Congratulations to down beat for Charles Suber's masterful *First Chorus* (March 16).

This article... was a sensitive, touching description of every drummer I have ever known and should be on the "must read" list of every percussionist.

Suber displays insight and perception and excellent descriptive ability.

The column is so good that I have it on my bulletin board at De Paul University.

Bob Tilles  
Asst. Prof.

De Paul Univ., Chicago, Ill.

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# down beat NEWS

## B.B. KING, F. LEE BAILEY JOIN TO AID PRISONERS

Blues star B.B. King and famous criminal lawyer F. Lee Bailey are the co-chairmen of a newly formed penal reform foundation, the Foundation for the Advancement of Inmate Rehabilitation and Recreation (FAIRR).

King, who has been giving prison concerts throughout the nation, most recently on March 8 at Chicago's Cook County Jail, where he recorded an album last year, and Bailey, who has termed the U.S. prison system "a total failure," hope to solicit through FAIRR prison appearances by musicians, entertainers, lawyers, sports personalities, and other public figures for concerts, discussion groups and training programs.

FAIRR will also attempt to provide musical instruments, art equipment and other creative tools, including books for prison libraries. All these are in woefully short supply.

Sen. John Tunney and Rep. John Conyers, Jr. will serve as vice chairmen, and other officers include Wayne J. Smith and Sidney A. Seidenberg.

## MONTREUX DATES SET; SPECIAL TOURS OFFERED

The 1972 Montreux Festival will take place June 16 through 29, in four segments. One is devoted to blues (16-18), one to European jazz (20-22), one to American jazz (23-24) and the last to a four-day U.S. high school jazz band competition.

The program has not been finalized at this writing, but the festival is negotiating with artists including B.B. King, Muddy Waters, Miles Davis, Don Ellis, Thelonious Monk, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Herbie Hancock, Les McCann, Earl Hines, Phil Woods, Jean-Luc Ponty and Santana. A music fair will be held concurrently with the festival.

By arrangement with the festival, down beat is able to offer a limited number of U.S. readers special low-price round trips to the festival, noted for its scenic setting. These include transportation via Swiss air, 13 nights a tourist class hotel, rail transportation from Geneva to Montreux and back, and a festival pass including admission to all concerts, use of swimming pool and other specials. Interested readers please send name and address to Dept. ME, down beat, 250 W. 15th St., New York, N.Y. 10011 before April 20.

## NEW HOME FOR VINTAGE JAZZ IN CRESCENT CITY

Last year, New Orleans' Dixieland Hall was forced to close its doors due to lease problems. On Feb. 18, the concept was revived under a new name, Heritage Hall, again in the city's French Quarter.

With the Last Straws and the Frog Joseph

bands alternating on the stand and A. Grayson Clark again at the helm of operations, the well-attended opening and a five-year lease with a five-year option indicate a viable future for the venture.

Clark anticipates using five different bands weekly in a seven-night schedule, and an occasional Sunday afternoon session may be added. Clark also plans to revitalize his Nobility Records label.

## N. Y. CONCERTS REVEAL BLACK MUSIC SPECTRUM

A new and innovative concert series, *Black on Black*, was introduced March 23 at Carnegie Recital Hall, one of New York City's most attractive music venues.

With bassist Chris White, who teaches jazz at Rutgers Univ., as artistic coordinator, the series, co-sponsored by the Carnegie Hall Corp. and the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers, will, White, said "exemplify what it is to have integrity in your heart."

Two "sharply contrasting" groups are featured in each concert, and there are two narrators (billed as "protagonists"), White and Sylvia Ardyn Boone, a specialist in Afro-American culture.

The opening event, "Up from Kansas City," had the Encyclopedias of Soul and The Rhythm Associates (James Moody, Kenny Barron, White, Billy Cobham and singer Honi Gordon). Next (April 7) are the Rod Rodgers Dance Company and the Rhythm Associates (same rhythm section plus Hubert Laws and singer Don Jay) in a program billed as "In Search of Roots."

The two final events will be "Now!" (April 21), with Natural Essence, led by pianist Nat Adderley, Jr., and the Rhythm Associates featuring Archie Shepp; and "A Joyful Noise" (May 8) with the Community Ensemble Gospel Choir (top age of members: 19), and Stanley Turrentine plus Barron, guitarist Cornell Dupree, bassist Gordon Edwards, and Cobham.

## AMATEUR RECORDS OWN MUSIC WITH DREAM BAND

Bob Friedman is a retired manufacturer living in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who for years has nurtured a hobby of song writing and composing. Benny Carter is one of the all-time greats of jazz, as you ought to know.

Last November, the two men got together in a Hollywood recording studio, and last month they completed a project of recording 47 Friedman tunes as arranged by Carter. The resulting albums will be presented to the composer's friends—he has no plans to release them commercially.

With Harry Edison as contractor (and trumpet soloist) Friedman assembled stellar personnels for the various dates, including Cat Anderson, Louis Bellson, Bill Berry,

George Bohanon, Ray Brown, Larry Bunker, Buddy Childers, Buddy Collette, John Collins, Bob Cooper, Vic Feldman, Gene Goe, Plas Johnson, Jimmy Jones, Barney Kessell, Ulysses Livingstone, Shelly Manne, Earl Palmer, Flip Phillips, Benny Powell, Jerome Richardson, Marshall Royal, and Bud Shank. Also enlisted were singers Ernestine Anderson, Carmen McRae and Joe Williams, a 12-voice chorus, strings, French horns, and a&r man Dave Cavanaugh.

At one of the sessions, Friedman managed to get Carter out of the studio on some pretext, at which point Quincy Jones picked up the baton and Ms. McRae sang Friedman's *Tribute to Benny Carter*.

After a satisfactory take had been produced, the unsuspecting Carter returned to hear a playback he wasn't likely to forget. Nor is the Los Angeles music community likely to forget Bob Friedman, who put his money where his dream was.

—siders

## FINAL BAR

Trombonist Al Philburn, 69, died Feb. 29 in Glen Cove, N.Y. He began his professional career in his native Newark, N.J. in the early 1920s, went on to play with Paul Specht, Red Nichols, and the California Ramblers, among others, then turned to studio work. He was on NBC staff from 1936 to 1948, did extensive recording work during the next decade, was with Tony Parenti at Eddie Condon's club in 1962, led his own jazz band at Freedoland, where he also played with Paul Lavalle, and most recently was in trumpeter Willis Kelly's house band at El Morocco.

## potpourri

Gary Burton will be the featured guest star at the Evansville Jazz Festival on April 9. The event will host seven local bands plus one each from St. Louis and Louisville in afternoon and evening performances at the Evansville Coliseum. It is the first jazz festival since 1968 to be held in the 150,000 Indiana city, which boasts more than 20 clubs using live music, many concerts and special events, and a jazz society, The Evansville Area Jazz Club, which is sponsoring the festival. Burton will play at both sessions, accompanied by the Evansville Univ. Jazz Ensemble in the first, and jamming with the Louisville All Stars led by Jamey Aebersold in the second. For details, write P.O. Box 3825, Evansville, Ind. 47701.

On April 10, New York's Whitney Museum will present Duke Ellington in a unique evening. The maestro will perform and discuss his music in the informal setting of the Composers' Showcase series, which kicked off Feb. 23 with a Ragtime and Jazz program featuring pianists Eubie Blake, William Bolcom, Earl Hines, Max Morath and Willie The

**Lion Smith.** It concludes April 23 with an evening of new songs set to poems by Frank O'Hara. Composers include **Charles Mingus** and **Jimmy Giuffre** (both of whom will perform) plus **Virgil Thompson**, **Lukas Foss**, **Ned Rorem**, and others. Limited seating (on cushions) at \$1.

**Kenny Burrell** has signed a long-term contract as both recording artist and producer with Fantasy Records. The guitarist, who recently moved to California, will be producing not only his own albums but also sessions by other artists.

A **Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society** has been formed in the legendary cornetist's birthplace, Davenport, Iowa. Many projects, including an annual festival, a permanent memorial and a scholarship fund, are planned. Membership (\$5 per annum) includes a news letter, bumper sticker and pin reading "Bix Lives", etc. and is obtainable from The Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Society, 906 W. 14th St., Davenport, Iowa, 52804.

**Ethel Ennis** was the featured artist at the National Governors' Conference dinner and dance, held at the State Dept. Ballroom in Washington, D.C. Feb. 24. Reportedly, Vice President Agnew, an Ennis fan, arranged the invitation. The host was a retired singer named **Frank Sinatra**.

After a misguided switch to pop and folk for one year, and a year's absence following that fiasco, the Villanova University Intercollegiate Jazz Festival is back. Dedicated to the memory of **Louis Armstrong** and featuring a concluding concert performance by the **Don Ellis Orchestra**, it will take place April 14-15. Judges include **Manny Albam**, **Ray Copeland** and **Clem DeRosa**. Senior **Steve Ryan** got the 11-year-old event back on course. Call (215) 527-2100, ext. 543 for ticket info. and help keep it going.

The nation's capital has an active new jazz spot, the **Black Circus**, 1 Dupont Circle N.W. Opening recently with guitarist **Bucky Piz-**

**relli** and the **Hal Posey Quintet**, followed by **Charlie Byrd** and **Shirley Horn**, it has **Mose Allison** through April 8. **Darius Brubeck** comes in two days later, and **Teddy Wilson** opens April 24 for three weeks, after which Byrd is expected back from his current tour of Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Trombonist **Slide Hampton**, long a resident of Europe, recently joined the staff of Berlin radio station SFB. On Feb. 17, he debuted a new big band at that city's Jazzgalerie with great success. The instrumentation is unorthodox, the book all by Slide, and the international personnel is **Carmell Jones**, **Milo Pavlic**, **Ronnie Simmonds**, trumpets; **Lou Blackburn**, **Terry Thompson**, **Barry Ross**, trombones; **Charles Orioux**, bass trombone; **Bobby Doerr**, tuba; **Leo Wright**, alto sax, flute; **Rolf Roemer**, **Heinz von Herrman**, tenor saxes; **Vince Benedetti**, piano; **Micky Bahner**, bass; **Billy Brooks**, drums. Radio concerts and a record are in the works, as are regular gigs at the Jazzgalerie, where Carmell Jones hosts a jam session every Tuesday night.

## They Still Turn Out For Pee Wee

For the third time in that many years, the small New Jersey town of Martinsville was the site of the annual Pee Wee Russell Memorial Stomp, an event held to honor the memory of a great jazz musician and to benefit the memorial scholarship fund established in his name at the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University.

The Stomp—and the scholarship—is the brainchild of Jack Stine, a life-long jazz fan who operates a liquor store in Pluckemin, N.J. When he first began to organize the event, he anticipated a turnout of some 300, and had reserved an appropriate hall. But he soon discovered that he had underestimated the combined appeal of Pee Wee's name and the prospect of four hours of jazz on a winter Sunday in New Jersey. He had to change his venue, print up more tickets, and re-plan his logistics.

The first Stomp was a big success, the second an even bigger one, and the third, held Feb. 13 from 3 to 7 p.m., the biggest yet. About 1,000 persons filled the spacious banquet room and bar of the Martinsville Inn, and several hundred more had to be turned away.

There was plenty of music, all of it donated by the players. The warmup set was by the Great Swamp Jazz Band, featuring Warren Vache, Jr. on trumpet. That young man's father played bass with the next group, Chuck Slate's Traditional Jazz Band, with the leader behind George Wettling's drum kit, and Charlie Queener, who'd often worked with George, on piano.

Though Red Balaban was due to hit at 6 p.m. in Manhattan, he brought his Balaban&Cats entire, and their set was the first peak of the afternoon. Ed Polcer, trumpet; Dick Rath, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Red Richards, piano; Marquis Foster, drums, and Balaban on bass blew up a storm on *Beale Street Blues*, *Swing That Music* and several other happy numbers before rushing off.

Guest of honor Bobby Hackett also had to rush off, to catch a plane for Toronto. But not before he had sparked a set of tributes with a lovely *Sleepy Time Down South* (for Louis

Armstrong) and a swinging *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* (for Lil Hardin Armstrong). Pianist Dill Jones dedicated *Little Rock Getaway* to Joe Sullivan, who had planned to be there, and *In A Mist* to Bill Challis, the famous Jean Goldkette-Paul Whiteman arranger, who was there, and who transcribed this and other Bix Beiderbecke piano pieces, thus preserving them for posterity. Trombonist Rick Knittell did *Tin Roof Blues* for Lou McGarity.

It was clarinetist Bobby Gordon who paid



Dill Jones plays for Pee Wee

tribute to the man in whose memory this gathering was held, with a deeply felt and lovingly executed *Pee Wee's Song*, earning him a spontaneous standing ovation. (Though Gordon, a regular at the Stomps, left to relocate in San Diego, Calif. two days later, he promised to be back in '73.)

Another highlight of Gordon's set (and the entire event, for that matter) was the singing of Nancy Nelson. This young (20) and pretty lady has admirable pitch, time and musicality.

Her style, influenced by Lee Wiley, also has some of the effortless ease of Maxine Sullivan, and her repertoire (she did *Sailboat in the Moonlight*, *Mountain Greenery*, *Old Folks*, and *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*) is attractive and unhackneyed. Gordon's quartet (Jim Andrews, piano; Larry Kitt, Fender bass; Mike Burgevin, drums) was appropriately tasty.

A different kind of singer with a different kind of band followed. Natalie Lamb's lung-power, 1920s material and brash delivery went over well with this crowd, and the Red Onion Jazz Band provided suitable backing. Denis Brady's soprano sax and Eric Hassel's enthusiastic banjo were the chief musical assets of the band, which also supported guests Tony Parenti, whose *Closer Walk With Thee* brought the audience to its feet, and Joe Tarto, whose tuba solo on *Runnin' Wild* and cheerful vitality belied the fact that he was little more than a week away from 70. (Famous for his work with Red Nichols and many other studio groups of the '20s, Tarto is still active musically.)

Marian McPartland's solo set of an original blues, *All The Things You Are*, and *Royal Garden Blues* was another deserved standing ovation-earner, and further contributors to the cause included trumpeter Jack Fein, pianist Chuck Folds, and guitarist Bill Sancton. It all ended with a jam session set, of course.

Non-playing visitors included drummer Chauncey Morehouse, another hale and hearty near-septuagenarian; the indestructible Eddie Condon, and a number of relatives and close friends of Pee Wee Russell.

Jack Stine reports that \$3097 was netted for the scholarship fund, and that an additional \$250 was collected for the National Kidney Foundation in memory of Louis Armstrong. Already, he is full of plans for next year, when Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band will come up from San Antonio. "Every year," he says, "the feeling grows stronger that jazz is a tough old girl and isn't quite through yet."

Pee Wee would be happy to know that.

—d.m.

There are any number of ways to evaluate a band: listen to its records; catch it in concert; see how it does in the larger scope of a jazz festival. Or if you're lucky, be around when it's an embryonic rehearsal group.

I can qualify for all of the above in connection with the Don Ellis orchestra—or to be more faithful to his musical evolution—orchestras. It was a question of being in the right place at the right time: Los Angeles, 1964. My defection to the west coast coincided with the formation of Don's first band, and as I later learned, I was the first one to write an article about that group of dedicated musicians who used to hold open rehearsals at the Club Havana on the east side of Los Angeles.

There were frequent comings and goings among his sidemen even then. Don was always hard to work for, but aside from that, the fellows never managed to break even from the door receipts. And they had to work their talented butts off for the loot they didn't get.

Don always came up with new guys capable of thumbing their noses at the metronome while cutting some of the most demanding charts in the business. He also came up

## don ellis: yet another phase

with new gimmicks: three drummers and three bassists; a four-valve, quarter-tone trumpet for himself; Prince Valiant-type band uniforms; and sounds calculated to appeal to acid rockers and Indian exchange student while appeasing his hard core jazz fans.

What I'm getting at is Don Ellis has survived in the glamor-tinged, ego-involved, artistically satisfying but economically depressed jungle of the Big Bands. Condensing three decades of Kentonian crises into eight years, Ellis has emerged from the recent counterpoint of domestic troubles, record company hassles and managerial woes to a new plateau of self-confidence. Like Stan Kenton (with whom he is inevitably compared), Don is writing more, hitting the road with younger cats, and conducting more clinics.

It was in that last setting—the clinic context—that I saw and heard Don's latest band and re-affirmed my conviction that his is still one of the most exciting ensembles on the scene.

The combination clinic and concert took place at Estancia High School, in Costa Mesa, about 75 miles south of Los Angeles. Estancia is one of those sprawling, sound-

COURTESY ELLIS MUSIC ENTERPRISES



proof, spanking new facilities that dot the Southern California landscape. And making a good thing better, it boasts an enlightened musical outlook, thanks to stage band director Peter Fournier.

Thus the logical choice of Don Ellis for a clinic. And Don went at it with the same gusto he lavishes on the blues in 7/8. He and his band left for the trip down at 8 a.m.; put on a detailed clinic from 10 to noon; gave a concert from 1 to 3; then gave a concert that night (along with Willie Bobo) at the nearby Irvine campus of the University of California.

The clinic itself afforded no respite. With Don and the entire band in attendance, Peter Fournier led his young charges through the Neal Hefti arrangement of *Teddy The Toad*. When it was over, Ellis came up on stage and broke down the stage band's interpretation of the chart measure by measure. He called on a sideman from each section to lend his expertise to the criticism.

Then he added one of his own men to each section of the stage band for demonstration and inspiration. The results were uncanny, and the crowded auditorium began to gain insight into one of Ellis' most important attributes and one of his most basic charms: the ability to communicate. His verbal instructions were succinct, yet filled with the kind of humor that highschoolers would readily understand.

Punctuating his explanations, Don frequently picked up his axe, showed how to cut off the column of air with the tongue, demonstrated the art of breathing, how to phrase eighth notes, how to get a certain type of vibrato. Then he encouraged the rhythm section to "get that loose Basie feel," and even showed them how to mark their parts.

The transformation of the stage band before our very ears was a miracle worthy of Oral Roberts. And if that wasn't sufficient, each section of Don's band took over a classroom where individual instruction filled any gaps that might have been left by the stage band demonstration. Don made the rounds from room to room, and whenever feasible, added his own thoughts to those of his men. (He even made this writer take part in the lung-expanding exercises being offered by his health-addicted trumpet section!)

When the formal part of the concert began, it was preceded by another clinical touch—one that has become a trademark with Don Ellis. Expounding on the "rhythm method" that he learned from his guru of the Hindustani Jazz Sextet days, Hari Har Rao, Ellis broke down a number of odd time signatures and had the audience beating out clus-

ters of seven, nine and 11 (broken down into 2-2-3, or 3-2-2-2, etc.) while he and his rhythm section provided some sophisticated "interference."

With the instruction over, Don and the band put it all together, and I finally heard his latest innovations: a string quartet, a woodwind quartet and a brass quintet, all within the framework of his big band. Thanks to excellent amplification and cleverly written charts, the whole fabric is there and none of the strands is overlooked.

Above all, none of the excitement is missing, despite the threat of intellectualizing a big band with the *concerto grosso* concept of a small unit in opposition to a large ensemble. The first proof of that came in *Relaxin' Todora*—a title best understood by its composer, Milcho Lelev, the Bulgarian keyboard whiz who thinks in odd meters the way you and I function in 4/4.

His *Todora* opens with solemn, rhapsodic string statements, fragments of which the brass repeat. Then the rhythm enters (bass, two drums and conga), with Milcho filling gaps on electric piano. A brass fanfare leads to a full-fledged piano solo, and another brass fanfare introduces Ellis. He, in turn, introduces his Maestro electronic set up: ring modulator and echoplex. And therein lies ample cause for digression.

In this age of electronic gimmickry, so many jazzmen are turning on and plugging in that the unamplified swinger is looked upon as an anachronism. Equally anachronistic in this Moog-ish miasma is the critic who judges the synthesized sounds from a strictly musical viewpoint. By rights, all critics today should be licensed engineers. Which is why I appreciate Don Ellis: he represents a musical oasis in the midst of all the grunts, honks, squeaks and bleats that sound more like a celebration of bodily functions than a celebration of individual jazz statements.

Ellis is the "little sir echo" of modern jazz. His carbon paper cadenzas are so thoughtfully sculptured that he can state a phrase. Xerox it, then use the playback of the original phrase for any purpose he desires. In *Todora*, Don made use of his favorite motif: a descending, staccato, two-note figure (usually the interval of a minor third) upon which he harmonized, built upwards—creating chordal pyramids—ran arpeggios against them, all the while carefully adjusting the dynamic shadings. Combined with the forceful playing of his 20 pieces behind him, the whole affair suggested a form of awe-inspiring musical masturbation! I may live to regret this next bit of phraseology (if I'm ever quoted out of

context) but no musician can play with himself as artistically as Don Ellis.

End of digression but not quite the end of *Relaxin' Todora*. While building those pyramids, the orchestra sneaked back into the chart, building gradually to a powerful climax of massive, open-voiced chords covered with the kind of rust that one finds on Moussorgsky's *Great Gate of Kiev*. The whole thing ended with what has become an Ellis trademark: the ear-splitting finale with the sustained chord that Don manages to exhort from his men by means of upraised arms, body English and a jogging-in-place. It may be awkward choreography, but it seldom fails to elicit a shouting, standing ovation from his fans.

Just for the record, *Todora* provided an anticlimactic high F from Don (I think it was an F) piercing through the massed sonorities. But that final screech brought to mind one of Ellis' greatest talents: the ability to build architecturally balanced fortissimos. His climaxes may be decibel-shattering, but every component in the total sound can be detected.

Another number he did at the post-clinic concert was a moody ballad in 7/8 called *Loss*. This is one of Don's most successful efforts at integrating his amplified strings into his band. And thus it becomes at times one of his most successful penetrations into the rarefied world of absolute music.

It might have completely transcended the framework of jazz had it not been for his insistence upon a rhythmic cushion provided by bongos. But that's a minor irritation. Elsewhere, the strings are divided: playing as a quartet; occasionally a single voice will solo; others are used in obbligato.

Against the dark, resonant sound of the strings (which at times suggests the modality of Vaughan Williams) Ellis wisely chooses the equally mellow sounds of the fluegelhorn.

Knowing a thing or two about programming, Don closed his concert with *Strawberry Soup*—a blockbuster in nine that has as much kinship with waltz tempo as Grand Funk Railroad has with trains (or for that matter, funk). The metric division is 3-2-2-2. The sectional divisional is a great deal more interesting. Ellis' intention is to showcase his strings, brass, winds and rhythm.

Again he nearly succeeds in breaking the metronomic bonds during a brass conversation between tuba and French horn, but the hyperactive drums tend to be obtrusive. The rest of the chart is one of Don's most ambitious, and requires tremendous concentration on the part of the listeners. Oboe, flute and clarinet and soprano sax are allowed to improvise in and around the string quartet. The strings earn their own brief freedom later, after they collectively tiptoe in *pizzicato* over the cellist's Pettiford-like walk.

Another freebinger, over string comping, comes from Milcho Leviev who at times comes on like a Bulgarian Keith Jarrett. In marked contrast is a sax soli right out of early Kenton—or perhaps I should say early Herman, because it contains Four-Brotherly solo breaks in the middle.

Talk about mid-section breaks, *Soup* nearly comes to a complete stop before picking up new momentum. When it returns, the writing is entirely fragmented, with snatches of theme tossed back and forth like a volley ball. When the theme is finally reconstructed, it is played in solemn unity—even hummed—over a percussive round table of four drums (the fourth being Ellis).

Excitement builds towards a typical Ellis coda. Could it do anything but build with drummers urging their brothers on? Could it go anywhere except to one of Don's patented fortissimos? It did, as the irregular accents of 9 suddenly melted into a slow, dirty, gutsy blues in 4. It had the effect of putting on an old familiar pair of slippers after trying to break in a new pair of boots.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Don Ellis is that he thrives on rejecting the familiar. As he told me, while we were looking in on the various clinics conducted by his sidemen: "I get bored if I do the same thing over and over. I had reached a point with the band where I felt I had done everything as far as exploring the various combinations of sounds inherent within the traditional big band format. I've been wanting to do some writing for strings for a long time, including a special type of string album, but I've never been able to convince Columbia to do it with me."

Well he convinced two violinists, a violist



PAUL GERHARD DEKER

and a cellist to "do it with him." He tried some charts that combined classical string quartet, rhythm and Don's trumpet. The resultant sound overwhelmed him, so his next project was to incorporate them into the band.

There had already been a precedent within his band: his sax section (Fred Selden, Vince Denham, Sam Falzone and Gerry Cappuccio), capable of doubling on everything that had a single or double reed, formed a free-wheeling woodwind quartet whose collective improvisations had already proven a hit at concerts.

With the addition of the strings, Don was inspired to "collectivize" another section. "I made a brass quintet of two trumpets, French horn, trombone and tuba, and for the extra weight for the bigger ensemble passages, I added an extra trumpet and a bass trombone." (The three trumpets are Jack Caudill, Bruce Mackay and Al Isquith; on horn, Sidney Muldrow; trombone, Jim Sawyer; Kenny Sawhill plays bass trombone; and Doug Bixby is on tuba.)

"So look at the possibilities we now have. I mean you might go to a concert of just a string quartet, or woodwind group, or a brass quin-

tet. That could be a whole evening in itself. But we have from combo on up through all those groups right up to the big band."

(Pushing that behemoth of a band is Bill Plummer on bass—at least at this writing; Ralph Humphrey and Ron Dunn, drums; Lee Pastora, congas. I've raved enough about Milcho.)

One fact that pleases Don is that there are no amplification problems. And for a leader who takes a full hour just to set up, that's a king-sized relief. "We've found the perfect way to amplify the strings so that they balance out with the brass. In fact, we have to be careful because sometimes they can actually overblow the band if their amps are too high."

That brought up a question that conjured up unpleasant aural images that I used to associate with early, abortive attempts by Artie Shaw and Harry James. "Do they swing, and/or (I dig "and/or" questions) are you trying to write so they will?" "Well, the way it's written now, they don't have too many swiny lines. What they play is natural but it fits in with what we're doing. You know, unless I had a whole section of Jean Luc Pontys or Ray Nances, I wouldn't try to give them jazz phrasing. They're not trying to sound like a sax section. They're merely adding a new color to the band in their own idioms."

Which brought up the one attempt that I've heard from the Ellis strings to rise above their idiom. It's on Ellis' latest album, *Tears of Joy* (Columbia). The title is *Blues in Elf* (that last pun based on the German for "eleven") and Milcho begins with a quote from Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* in 11, followed by some anemic licks for strings which Don called "down-home-type blues." That may be, if you can possibly consider Cremona down home!

(Now that I've alienated the gut players, let me introduce them: Earl Corry and Tom Bufum, violins; Ellen Smith, viola; Terry King, cello.)

Now you've met all the new inhabitants of Ellis Island. Don is excited about his new band, and rightfully so. Then again, I've never known him to lack faith in any project he's been connected with. Adding fresh impetus to his new band is the all-important booking mechanism behind it. Recently, Don signed with Bob Steiner and Meade Brown. That's the combination whose only other client is Stan Kenton, so there's no lack of personal attention. The tours for Ellis will not be as time-consuming as those for Kenton, because Don is anxious to be where the writing action is. (In case you don't know, Don scored *The French Connection*.)

He is still somewhat bitter about the way Columbia is handling the recording phase of his career. "The big hits in music come out of left field, from somebody that doesn't sound like anybody else, but the record companies are afraid to take that chance. Why not start with the music for once—get something that communicates with an audience and is musically valid, and then give it the same type of promotion you would give a Grand Funk album and see what happens. It might turn this whole industry around."

He has a point there. With the proper promotion added to the right bookings; with the writing of Don, plus the charts of Sam Falzone, Milcho Leviev and Baltimore's Hank Levy; with those inner choirs and outer excitement; with the odd meters and even blend, the new Don Ellis band might just turn the whole world of big bands around. ●●

# THE LONG ROAD HOME:

## Mercer Ellington talks to Stanley Dance

Although the tour of Latin America by the Duke Ellington band in November and December was more arduous and extensive than that of 1968, it took place at a much better time of year.

"The beautiful thing about Rio de Janeiro," Mercer Ellington said, "was that when we arrived there we found ourselves in a summer climate and were able to bask in the sunshine. After five weeks in Russia and 30 consecutive days of concerts in Europe, we really appreciated it. Besides that, Brazil made a big impression on us because all the people seemed to be happy, friendly and smiling, in great contrast with the attitudes we sometimes encountered in Russia and parts of Europe. And, of course, we were again with one of the most magnificent impresarios anyone could wish for—Alejandro Szterenfeld of Buenos Aires. He always saw to it that we traveled as comfortably as possible and stayed in the best hotels."

After three successful days in Rio, where they had not previously played, they went on to Sao Paulo. The musicians' union there was staging its annual big-band gala, and it took the opportunity of dedicating it to Ellington. He and each of his men were honored with plaques bearing their names engraved in silver. Some confusion about singer Nell Brookshire's identity led to her getting two plaques, one inscribed with her previous stage name, Bobbie Gordon.

"Because we were ourselves playing elsewhere that night," Mercer continued, "we missed the first part of the show, which began at 8. When we had changed after our performance, we found there were still people waiting around to shake Ellington's hand, get his autograph, or congratulate him on the concert. Among them were three girls, and Paul Gonsalves, in his usual cordial fashion, walked over and started to talk to them. Since he could speak Portuguese, he soon built up a good rapport. He invited them to go to the gala-dance, and they agreed, got on the bus, and went over with us.

"You've got some good singers and musicians here," Paul said, after we had found seats and listened to the music for a while. "Who's the Number One singer in the country?"

"I guess I am," one of the girls answered.

"People often say things like that, and Paul pooh-poohed her claim, but it turned out that she really was, and that her name was Claudia. As we walked around later, people kept coming up for autographs, and it was Claudia's they wanted, not ours. We soon discovered that she is deservedly a tremendous star down there, one that ought to be heard in this country.

"We had made attempts in Rio to get out and hear local groups, and we heard some fine music, but it didn't begin to match that in this Sao Paulo extravaganza. We got there about midnight, and we heard five different bands before we had to leave to catch our plane. It was 6:30 in the morning then, and they were still blowing. All told, I'd say they had about a dozen presentations during the course of the night. When I say presentations, I don't mean combos. And when they came out, they came out very well costumed, well organized and well rehearsed. They were orchestras of 16 or 17 pieces. One had eight brass and five reeds, much like an American orchestra, and I just don't know why we don't hear about bands like that up here. They're not just playing Brazilian music, either. They're playing jazz, and they're wailing. It's the same all over the world now. For example, there were first-class musicians who could swing and improvise in the orchestra accompanying the revue we saw in Leningrad.

"Another 16-piece band we heard consisted entirely of saxes and rhythm. One had eight trumpets, eight trombones and rhythm. Another had an arrangement on *Sophisticated Lady* that was so imaginative it knocked me out. I particularly remember how one band used a terrific rhythm section of primitive people from the Amazon region. They got their thing going, and then the whole band fell in with them. It was very exciting."

As on the 1968 tour, there were friendly contacts with U.S. diplomatic representatives

and frequent receptions at the various embassies.

"Sometimes it was as though we were doing two jobs at the same time," Mercer observed. "Both were very pleasant—playing on stage and associating with the people at embassies—and in a sense it was a goodwill tour. Even when we were not appearing under the auspices of the State Department, it was good for us to go to the embassies. The people there always seemed very happy to see us come through. My only reservation about it all was that the handshaking, introductions and other social exchanges sometimes kept us away from the food an hour or more when we really needed it! *Familiar* food was something we always looked forward to at these parties, and also the possibility of some American cigarettes.

"We went into Montevideo for the State Department. Uruguay is not too prosperous right now, and we played the Palacio Penarol at what were considered 'popular' prices. It was one of those places, like the Sports Palace in Moscow, where I felt we really got through to the people, to the man on the street. Audiences down there are always volatile, but the thunderous applause made us feel very good."

The elections in Uruguay were only a few days away, and the chief of police provided Duke Ellington with a bodyguard which never left him until he flew out for Buenos Aires next day. Besides all his musical, social and diplomatic obligations, he, of course, had the major responsibility at press conferences. The newspapers bloomed with photographs and huge headlines above lengthy critiques and interviews. Some of these headlines, in translation, were:

THE INVARIABLE QUALITY OF THE ART OF DUKE ELLINGTON (*La Nacion*)

STILL PREOCCUPIED WITH FREEDOM (*La Opinion*)

JAZZ MUSIC HAD A TERRIFIC NIGHT ON CALLE CORRIENTES (*La Prensa*)

ELLINGTON, JAZZ GENIUS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY (*El Tiempo*)

AND DUKE SPOKE OF JAZZ (*O Estado*)

TRENDS HAVE TO DO WITH MONEY, NOT MUSIC (*O Estado*)

The reception in Buenos Aires, where four concerts were played, was as warmly enthusiastic as in 1968. One newspaper man insisted that on the next visit the band should play in the Teatro Colon, the hall normally reserved for symphony, ballet and opera, and reputed to be the largest opera house in the world.



Duke and Mercer

Mendoza, 600 miles west of B.A. and in the foothills of the Andes, was the last stop before Chile, where Fidel Castro was also visiting. An amusing incident here illustrates the effect and pressure of constant traveling.

"It was a common, everyday experience." Mercer resumed, "for guys to tell me they had signed their checks with the wrong room number, and to ask what city they were in when I called them. We got into Santiago about 11 o'clock one morning, and Paul Gonsalves and I had adjacent rooms. After eating a meal, we went up to catch a little sleep.

"'Paul,' I said, 'don't forget we've got to get out of here in decent time in order to make this concert.'

"'Okay, but be sure to knock on my door.'

"When 7 o'clock came, I knocked on his door before getting dressed. I heard sounds of him moving around, and made sure he was up. As I came out of my room again a little later, dressed and ready for the concert, I heard the click of his door. He was coming out just at the same time I was—but with his two suitcases! He thought we had played the date and were on our way to the airport! It was so very easy to confuse night and day."

From Santiago onwards, Mercer admitted, his own impressions tended to blur and telescope, so that in retrospect he could not always recall in which city specific incidents occurred.

"I know we felt the altitude in Bogota and Mexico City," he said, "but not so badly as in Quito. They call that the City of the Four Seasons, because you get all four in an hour. It was very misty when we arrived there, and they were happy when the sun came out."

Lima, Quito, Bogota, Caracas, Panama City, San Jose, Managua and Sal Salvador were all cities in which the band had not previously played.

"We had a very pleasant stay in Caracas," Mercer explained, "because we were there three days, which gave us a chance to catch up. Of course, we judge places by the food, liquor and audience. Women? There is nothing to be said about the women of Latin America except that they were beautiful everywhere, so there was no need to make comparisons."

Originally, the band had been booked to play four days at the Palacio de Bellas Artes in Mexico City, but a touring Russian ballet company somehow managed to secure two of the dates.

"It developed into a kind of chess game," Mercer remembered. "The Russians had just given the first performance in the new Teatro Presidente in San Salvador, so we took our gang in there right behind them. In San Jose there was a big protest going on from people who objected to their government permitting the Russians to come into the country.

"The tour ended in Guadalajara. You have to worry about early morning fog there, so we left by chartered plane about 2 a.m., which robbed of us sleep again. We waited around in Mexico City for a 9 a.m. flight to Chicago which didn't leave until 11:30. On arrival in Chicago, it took well over an hour to get through customs, another hour to get from O'Hare into the city, and then we just had time to check into the hotel and make the date. I had been looking forward so much to one of those good Chicago steaks, but I never got to the steakhouse. Next morning, we flew from Midway to Indianapolis, took a bus up to Muncie, and then a bus back to In-



Paul Gonsalves, Harold Ashby and Duke

dianapolis to fly to New York to open at the Rainbow Grill.

"In my experience, and that of Harry Carney who has been with the band since 1927, the whole tour through Russia, Europe and Latin America was the most rigorous and demanding we've ever been on. Yet we had such a warm reception that I really look forward to going back to Latin America again."

\* \* \*

After the engagement at the Rainbow Grill over Christmas, the band set forth once more on its world-wide peregrinations on Jan. 4. Enroute to Tokyo, the leader stopped off in Fairbanks, Alaska, thus adding another city and state to those he has visited. A two-week tour of the major Japanese cities was followed by visits to Taipei and Manila, the concert appearance with the Manila Symphony Orchestra proving a huge success. Hong Kong, Bangkok, Mandalay and Burman were next. In traveling from the last to Calcutta, Ellington completed his circumnavigation of the globe. Although he had previously played both cities, he had never flown over the area between them.

Because of conditions arising from the recent war with Pakistan, the band did not play in India as originally scheduled, and after an overnight stay in Calcutta it flew on to Colombo (Ceylon), where loudspeakers relayed the concert to those who could not join the 5,000 people packed inside the cricket ground. The next stops—like Mandalay—were firsts: Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia), Jakarta (Java) and Singapore. In the last city, a newspaperman wanted to know how tastes in music would change. "Do you think it's some kind of crap game?" Ellington answered, refusing to forecast.

Australia was next on the itinerary, and concerts were played in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney. The leader left Brisbane with regret as cyclone Daisy approached.

"Daisy—that was my mother's name," he told a reporter. "I wanted to stay and see

what Daisy was like. She might have given me an idea."

Homeward bound, the band was joined in Honolulu by Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine on Feb. 15, and together they played to over 5,000 people in the H.I.C. Arena. This performance was virtually a rehearsal for those to follow in Los Angeles and other West Coast cities.

"Both are originals," Ellington said of the two singers. "Eckstine is one of the most imitated singers in the world and a great figure on the plateau of art. Sarah, of course, is beyond imitation. Nobody can imitate her, for her musicianship is too precise. She can sing anything."

Back in the U.S., the band immediately settled down to its regular routine, as though it had never been away. "But we are still reeling inside from that last part of our tour," Mercer Ellington claimed in San Francisco. What he meant can best be appreciated by carefully studying a map and calculating the truly enormous distances the band had covered. "We had a little flu to contend with," he added, "but everybody held up well and we were everywhere received as enthusiastically as before."

Three generations of the Ellington family made this last trip, incidentally, for Mercer's son Edward went along to assist his father and grandfather. The maestro, his son revealed, had somehow found time to do further work on his musical impressions of Russia, *Moscow Metro* now having two companion pieces.

What is the effect of all this music around the world? *Vogue* for Feb. 1 contained one answer in the course of an interview with the Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky, who said: "Ellington is our god. His tour in the U.S.S.R. was a triumph. People stood in the streets for days in the hope of getting tickets. We love him—no less than we loved Louis Armstrong. Like one of our own."

While President Nixon was in China, Ellington was inevitably asked how he felt about going there. "I've been everywhere I've been invited," he replied. db

Maynard Ferguson has been gone from the United States for four-and-a-half years, living in England and for a time in India. He left this country in a darkness—an interlude of artistic withdrawal and private despair, facing financial ruin: he broke for a new life and found it on the other side of the ocean.

And now he was back, on his second U.S. tour in two-and-half months, his sound, his soul on fire with today.

The place: the dressing room of Brandi's Wharf, a pleasant supper club in Philadelphia. The scene is surreal: Maynard on a meteoric warm-up streak, hitting a high note, whirling in slow motion; fans, people running in and out; Maynard moving into his strange Hatha Yoga breathing exercises, stretching, leaning, his entire body seeming to fill with air. Then he's resting a moment, taking a sip of coffee, posing for a photograph, somehow alone in the madness, a boyish shyness showing through it all.

His band explodes in pockets of energy around him—youthful, bursting, funny, colorful—a rebellious bunch of crazy English characters who also happen to be talented, serious musicians.

Maynard admits that he feels loved as a leader by his band. He injects them with exuberance. He frees them to be themselves. As a result, they dress wild and play wilder, and there is not a sign of a bruised ego in the bunch; in fact, injured egos are most conspicuously lacking among the trumpet players.

Says trumpeter Martin Drover: "There is

by itself. Desire must be the making of it. I would rather people criticize me for lack of discipline in the band and feel joy in playing."

Sometimes Maynard tells people he puts "secret stuff" on his lips. He's been known to report that he plays the way he does "to support my wife and kids" or because "I like it."

"The truth is I don't know why everyone doesn't play this way. I guess nobody told me it was hard. It's a form of coordination—I'm sure of it—plus a state of mind, and of course the breathing part of it.

"When I'm right, I know there is nobody else who can do what I can do and then I'm higher than any drug can make me. Then it's magic; sheer freedom bursts when I play completely unconsciously with innocence and instinct. You know, sometimes I really feel alone out there."

Part of you is an athlete as well as an artist, says Ferguson. Playing the trumpet is a strenuous physical test. "You must be tuning yourself in first and then having a feeling of turning other people on and having a good time, because if God is in all of us, then for God's sake let's have a good time."

One thing is certain about the Ferguson enigma: The answer is not to be found in the way he cares for his horn. "I'm rougher on horns than anybody, possibly even my son. I really bang them up." Maynard's horn is currently patched up with black electrical tape. He cleans it infrequently.

One clue to the mystique may be Maynard's discovery that he breathes "totally abnormally for a Westerner"—slowly,

blade. "My warm-up mouthpiece," Maynard grins, "especially designed for double tonguing. I practice on it an hour every day."

Pianist Milt Buckner, animated, earthy, real, enters the dressing room, Maynard greets him exuberantly, lovingly; a friend. His arms go around Milt and a fan snaps the picture.

Maynard rapping with the guys, radiating laughter, energy. A series of autograph hunters, some requests for oldies—*Maria* is the favorite—Maynard usually acquiescing.

Maynard's manager tells of a fan letter Maynard receives from a convict imprisoned in an English jail. Maynard got permission from the authorities to visit him and gave him a trumpet lesson.

Suddenly, a surprise. An old mouthpiece is presented to Maynard, clipped from him almost 10 years ago—the mouthpiece on which he recorded the mind-shattering *Ole*. Maynard beams. "How do you like that?" A friend handles the mouthpiece, overwhelmed: "A piece of history." Maynard gives it to him. "I'd like you to have it," and with a wink "You can make a small bedlamp out of it."

More autographs. "Once I decided I ought to be writing something of significance on these things so I impulsively signed "God is love," on some woman's autograph. She chased me for the next four years. I play it safe now." And he scrawls "Best wishes, Maynard Ferguson."

A fan apologizes for a signature already there—"Good luck to you from Doc Severinsen," it reads—and Maynard adds in small letters "plus Maynard Ferguson." Fer-

## M. F.'s back in town

no question of competitiveness. Maynard is an amazing inspiration. He is like a dynamo inspiring the band." And from section mate Bud Parks: "Ego problems with Maynard? We're so satisfied we can't have any ego problems."

(One must add, for the record, that cherubic, blue-eyed alto sax and flute player Jeff Daley has confessed to superiority over Maynard in the performance of a strange, convoluted tongue movement their leader has dubbed a-suck-a-lick-'n-roll. "Maynard hates that I've got the edge on him on that," Jeff grins.)

"My talent," says Ferguson, "is getting people to play great. We're having a good time. In my band there's no such thing as a mistake. If you louse it up, we're going to laugh and have a good time seeing how well we can play those charts.

"To have the music happen with the right kind of feeling is the name of the game. Joy is the name of the game, and if we hit a few wrong notes along the way—well, that's all right. I like to think of myself as a happy amateur."

Maynard never rebukes his players. "They know if they're not catching fire. They don't need additional punishment from me. Sometimes players complain to me, 'You never say anything to me when I play badly'. I seek for perfection slowly. I wait to see if it gets better

deeply—"I don't breathe like everybody else."

Of his high register Maynard says: "It's just something I seemed to be able to do: I enjoy every effort. It's always a thing of pleasure and joy to do that. It certainly gave me an identity, maybe more of an identity in that direction than I wanted."

At his February Town Hall concert in New York, Ferguson hit an F above double high C. His manager, Ernie Garside, reports that he has seen the trumpeter black out coming off a high note, instantly pull himself together, throw a wink to the band and mutter, "Yeah, how about that one?"

His fans enter the dressing room in awe:

The stunned 8-year-old wearing glasses too large for his head; he's been playing trumpet for two years and has just heard Maynard for the first time. He poses nervously for a photograph with Maynard, who is gently reassuring.

The flushed young woman who asks breathlessly: "Do you kiss girls?" "Why, sure," he smiles, lightly kissing her on the mouth.

The music teacher who gasps, "Maynard, you're just not human!"

Maynard laughing, taking from his carpet-bag the latest and most astonishing gift from a fan: a mouthpiece, the inside of which is constructed from broken glass, glue and a razor

blade. "My warm-up mouthpiece," Maynard grins, "especially designed for double tonguing. I practice on it an hour every day."

guson tells about one of his more ardent fans, a prominent brain surgeon in Texas, who has asked the musician to leave him his brains. More autographs. Maynard forgets to return the ballpoint pen and confesses the habit is chronic.

An endless stream of trumpet students and buffs is giving Maynard the third degree: What do you think of this mouthpiece, this trumpet; would you test this one out; what do you think of that; what am I doing wrong; what is this about breathing exercises; why, how, tell us, what is this miracle?

Maynard is softly bemused, sensitive, a bit baffled, happy, elated by it all, a little tired, still able to laugh at himself, the people, the joy, the absurdity.

In a Chinese restaurant at 4 a.m. after the show, Carly Simon comes over the radio. Maynard is unfamiliar with her. He simply doesn't "tune that one in." He zooms in with his head only when the music compels it. Otherwise it just passes him by, unheard. Maynard laughs at the recollection of old friend Willie Maiden "who used to go berserk" from Muzak piped into elevators and restaurants.

Maynard's never had any musical heroes. "I've never listened to anyone over and over. That's why I've never copied anyone. As a kid, you see, I did a awful lot of playing in proportion to listening." At 13, Maynard had

already put together his first band.

"Wind instruments, that was it. It came from within. I might have been the smartest kid in the class during my early school years, but then the fun thing took over. It was very strong in me. I left the public school system at 13 years of age." His parents, both teachers (his father was a school principal) had the wisdom to stand by him and believe in him. "They were unsure at times, but they felt that they could give me a lot of my education at home. I was very lucky. They understood."

Maynard is, in fact, an incredibly lucky person, as illustrated by this incident:

*Sheik of Araby*," Maynard recalled.

Maynard talked about some of the outstanding trumpet players of today, among them the great William Vacchiano, lead trumpet player of the New York Philharmonic.

"I have a wonderful story to tell you about Vacchiano," Maynard said. "A few years ago, Bill Russo was commissioned to write a symphony to be performed by the New York Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein.

"He wrote something that was very far-out in a symphonic schooled sort of way—complicated rhythms, you know? It was very controversial, very hard to play, and

removed. "I believe in practicing what you play rather than just practicing." He does not believe in practicing every day. He owns only four trumpets.

Maynard will soon be marketing his own "M.F. Horn" through one of the major instrument companies here, built along the specifications of his own horn with a range of mouthpieces to suit individual players. "I won't be making mouthpieces that are impossible to play on—not right away," he adds with a grin.

I spoke with the trumpeter's intense, gifted composer-arranger-producer, 32-year-old Keith Mansfield, the creator of some of the beauties in the current Ferguson repertoire. The two met four years ago in London, when as a producer at CBS Mansfield was assigned to Ferguson. The first result was an album of commercial tunes, played in ballad style, "which in effect relegated Maynard to yesterday rather than allowing him to be relevant to today."

Mansfield was convinced that Maynard could be part of the charged, wild, rhythmic scene of today. An arranger for 17 years and aware of Maynard since the age of 14, he understood the trumpeter's harmonic sense, his drive, sound, and conception. Exploring the '70s with the Ferguson band has turned out to be "kind of the culmination of a dream."

Maynard has his own dream, too. He is taking his band in new direction and he wants to be free. The great Indian philosopher-poet Krishnamurti has become Maynard's spiritual teacher. He instructs each man to be free, alive to the moment, open to change. "A man must think for himself, accept change for himself and then he'll be receptive to change," says Ferguson.

The issue of change is a significant one for him, particularly in music. "The old followers tend to dislike it, and the new fans can't relate to the old thing." Maynard is reluctant to play the old charts, "to imitate the band of yesterday instead of being the band of today. I don't want to become the Play it again, Sam, of America."

Maynard's audiences are a college of nostalgia and youth, old and new. They are passionate, and they are buying his records. He was nominated for a Grammy Award this year for best big band album (*M.F. Horn* on Columbia).

Maynard Ferguson is into new dimensions, new sounds. The nirvana he really wants to experiment with now is "Indian music, my musicians and African drummers."

For Ferguson, India was Shangri La. There he steeped himself in a new kind of life, and the sound of the East has only just begun to emerge in his music.

"You know," he says softly, "an instrumental player is a mystic communicating with sounds, not language. Instrumentalists have many experiences. It's hard for them not to have magic involved in a performance."

The Indians call it an ecstatic and mystical state of mind; Maynard says he has experienced it.

The audience, riveted, watches him moving, feeling it through his horn, telling it all—his pathos, his ecstasy.

An audience consumed, gone with him.

Later, alone, he gathers his energies, free inside.

After a while, he speaks, his voice strangely suffused. "You know," he says, "after I play like that I really feel happy." ●●



GIUSEPPE PINO

In India, he was bitten on the big toe by a poisonous snake. By an act of fate, it happened only 100 yards away from a school hospital. "I remember those dark, brooding Indian women standing over me. I looked into their strangely beautiful faces and saw death in their eyes." He survived after having a solution poured through his system for 24 hours.

Maynard, incidentally, attended the same high school as Oscar Peterson in Montreal. "We used to play together in my brother Percival's band," laughs Maynard. "The Montreal High School Victory Serenaders. Oscar used to play boogie woogie and sing the

I was brought in as the principal soloist."

The trumpet played a crucial part in the symphony, called *The Titan*. "I never played a note for the first three movements but the fourth movement was one long incredible trumpet solo—all me.

"Anyway, after the fourth and final performance, Vacchiano came over to congratulate me and informed me that the brass had worked harder than they'd ever worked in their life and said if I ever lost my lip I could always play lead with the New York Philharmonic."

Maynard stated that he practices to tapes of the band from which his own parts have been

and valid things may lead him to whatever that leads him to and maybe it won't be big bands. In other words, Don is first and foremost a musician and his recent success with film scoring (*The French Connection*) may lead him more heavily down other paths. Too, anybody fiercely committed to a cause or format may find himself balking at what are to many the limitations of a big band and in the future we may find more and more departures, a la Ellis, from the standard approach and instrumentation.

But Ellis' importance thus far has been in demonstrating the flexibility and potential of the idiom and that there may indeed be exciting tomorrows—that big bands need not be steam locomotives puffing out *One O'Clock Jump* or *Little Brown Jug* at dances.

Thad Jones and Mel Lewis have adhered, though, to the basic format, proving that it has not been milked dry. You only need to hear one track from one of their albums to be put straight on that score. So, before you write off the idiom, remember that pulp novels and classics come from the same source. It's what you do with it that counts. That takes in a lot of territory, but then so does music.

Though their musical ends may help assuage the realities of the means, one would hate to think of big bands being forced to go the route of Thad and Mel—being solely resident bands making occasional tours. Economics may force this, but even Thad and Mel are having trouble keeping a steady personnel on tap while remaining in New York and the fact that their albums apparently did not sell what you would expect given the caliber of the music (and, again, the "great demand" for big band music), the Jones-Lewis phenomenon might just have proved that records are not enough and that you have to go out and reach the people more directly. Therefore, let's hope the obstacles to taking bands out on the road do not become any greater than they are now.

Maynard Ferguson's British big band has been so successful with its two recordings (*M.F. Horn*, the first, has been nominated for a Grammy) and its two relatively brief U.S. tours that maybe a new golden age is in the cards for the trumpeter. His U.S. band of the 1950s and 1960s remains, to me, one of the most intriguing and significant chapters in big band annals and will be the subject of a forthcoming book.

Apparently, the jazz-rock brass emphasis has paved the way for Maynard. The time is right and his more commercial approach may lead to a genuine Ferguson renaissance. Thus, one of the "leaders of the future" may have merely been in exile. So, Ferguson provides much hope and whether or not fulfillment will result will depend on the factors that will apply to all future bands.

Another leader of future consideration is one who has been off the big band scene for a few years now. On the basis of his classic recordings for Verve and Mercury in the early 1960s, Terry Gibbs cannot be counted out. As sort of a west coast precursor of Thad and Mel (guess who the drummer was), the Gibbs band, as evinced on *Live at the Summit* and *Explosion* (both long out of print) gave us some of the most exuberant, swinging big band jazz of the past decade. It's a pity that the band folded and that so many people are apparently unaware of its glories.

Harry James' band must be one of the best-kept secrets in the band business today. This is puzzling, because the leader (still a potent balladeer and always an underrated jazzman) is still a great drawing card and his band through the first half of

1960 (with Buddy Rich on drums, Joe Riggs or Willie Smith on lead alto) was a powerhouse. With a well-rounded (but far from contemporary) book the James band should be much more prominent on today's scene than it is. The band may have painted itself in a Las Vegas corner in the 1960s and lost touch with its public. If so, that's tragic because Harry's top quality bands have always been, and still could be, a credit to the scene.

It would be great to see a Gerry Mulligan big band again. Whereas his band of the early 1960s was perhaps too subtle to catch the public fancy, maybe that of another 1960s figure, the late Johnny Richards, was perhaps too strong and esoteric. But for Mulligan and yet another big band figure of that period, Quincy Jones, other avenues may be too enticing and the rewards of full-time big band leadership not quite high enough to offset the hassles that led to their previous demises.

Therefore, the future of big bands will not diminish due to a lack of leader talent. Willingness, yes—talent, no. If Ferguson, Gibbs, Mulligan and Jones are not enough to convince you, consider this: 10 years ago, who would have considered Thad and Mel as big band leaders, but look what they've done. An isolated case, you say? Well, there may be more people out in the bullpen than you think—people with considerable big band experience and writing talent, to wit: Bill Chase, Don Menza, Alan Broadbent, Phil Wilson, Don Rader, Duke Pearson, Oliver Nelson, Don Sebesky, Don Piestrup, Dee Barton, Bill Holman . . . . Though its painful to think and harder yet to conceive of a big band scene without the Legends, if there is to be one I see more cause for optimism in the leadership realm than almost any other. Who would play centerfield for the Yankees after Dimaggio? As long as the road is open, I'm sure there will be leaders, well-qualified leaders, who will seize the musical and commercial opportunities.

Future leaders still may have to face one of the hangups that have dogged big bands for so long—catering. A considerable portion of big band gigs seem to bog down in this respect—the obligatory recital of past hits and the acquiescences to requests. That's a touchy area, always has been, because for too many, a big band experience is a once a year proposition and leaders, aware of this, are unwilling to alienate. Perhaps too unwilling. But, on the other hand, often present are the impressionable younger fans and the "show me" types who do not understand this or are unwilling to excuse it. Those are the people who will report the next day that "it was a drag because they played *Deep Purple* three times and didn't play any of their 'heavy stuff.'" But, this phenomenon has extended to the rock area and it may be somewhat of a deluded tradition, a masochistic tribal ritual, a misreading of audience temper. Or, for some, a cop-out, the easy way out, the safe way.

Are big bands about to turn the corner? That is, what impact or significance will the recent big-band jazz/rock scene have on tomorrow's bands? What of the big-band dominated jazz education scene?

To answer the first question, I hardly think so—there have always been periodic upsurges since the "era" and I don't think any current or recent thrusts have carried enough weight to merit more than cautious optimism.

Big band rock is really a misnomer. Big band devices and the sheer presence of horns may be an encouraging step in the right direction, but just how long will it last? A trend, a brief romance, or truly the start of something bigger and more valid?

Well, those who say don't know and those who know (?) don't say—to coin a phrase. However, we cannot equate the furtherance of authentic big band music to the big band jazz/rock thing. That has been a mixed blessing—making its fountainhead, the real big bands, imitators instead of creators. Consider also that the bands that have been more jazz-rock than rock-jazz (*Dreams*, *The Albert*) haven't really made it. And there's surely no great allegiance to big bands on the part of big band-oriented groups. It was a sound that clicked. When it stops clicking, so may the big band influence.

Jazz education—is it becoming a business or will it be the beginning of a new age, with increased awareness and the presence of hip future teachers paving the way for a society of connoisseurs and patrons and practitioners of the big band art? Or will there merely be a horde of 400,000 degree-wielding sidemen roaming the earth with no place to go and a lot to despair? I opt for the former—something has got to give.

"Extra-musical factors," namely the state of the world, will have a great bearing on big bands or any live music of the 1990s. Where and how will music be heard? Will there be clubs and concert halls or will it all be done by remote control. One has to think that live music will never die out completely, but then, look what's happened in the last 20 years. What will the relationship be of jobs to demand? How far will electronics go—will there be new instruments?

One definite future prediction can be made, and that is that the 50-weeks-per-year road band will cease to exist, giving way to semi-resident, occasionally touring bands that may have greater contact with their selective publics through other methods of transmission. All this perhaps tied in with Marshall McLuhan's prediction of the detribalized society, the growth of decentralized min-states. Thus, the big bands as we know them, the one-nighter grinders, are doomed for extra-musical reasons too complex and hazy to fully comprehend or confidently diagram.

One of them is that hardly anyone of future leadership caliber will be imbued with or has been conditioned by the factors that led to the peripatetic life styles of Duke, Basie, Woody et al. That kind of life is undesirable to today's musician and it may not be necessary given future, societal eventualities. That's conjectural but we can say that this is 1972 and the bus hops have gone from 30 to 300 miles. Thus, the days of the musical Pony Express are numbered.

Do we, or have we, come to an option of either-ors: domination vs. survival, popularity vs. existence, chicness vs. tolerance? Just how much dedication will there be to keeping big bands alive and prospering? Will tradition be a two-edged sword, with totally new forms as our next meal?

If big bands are not to be in the vanguard of new musical trips, they're going to have to be capable of following pretty closely and accurately if current trends mean anything. Perhaps there will be just enough music to satisfy those who want to hear it and play it. Big bands just might remain in that niche, leaving the frenetic top-dog slaving to those who will. Or can.

Think of big bands, then, as the family canine of a certain age. No longer a frisky car-chasing puppy, the old dawg still has teeth and the few bones and table scraps may just keep on coming no matter how much time is logged sleeping, sunning (or barking) in the back yard.

Yeah, the back yard—maybe that's where it's at. It's so much groovier back there.



Willie Ornelas with Sonny and Cher



Jay Osmond with the Osmond Brothers



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# record

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

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### COUNT BASIE

HAVE A NICE DAY—Daybreak DR 2005: *Have A Nice Day; The Plunger; Jamie; It's About Time; This Way; Scott's Place; Doin' Basie's Thing; The Spirit Is Willing; Small Talk; You 'n Me; Feelin' Free*.

Personnel: Paul Cohen, George Cohn, Pete Minger, Waymon Reed, trumpets; Al Grey, Bill Hughes, Grover Mitchell, Melvin Wanzo, John Watson, Sr., trombones; Bobby Plater, Curtis Peagler, Eric Dixon, Eddie Lockjaw Davis, J.C. Williams, reeds; Freddie Green, guitar; Basie, piano; Norman Keenan, bass; Harold Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

This LP has received considerable praise as being among the best Basie LPs in many years, and indeed it may be, considering the irregularity of his output over the last decade or so. But all this does not necessarily make for a completely satisfying session.

First, the material. All tracks are originals by arranger Sammy Nestico, a veteran Basie penman. They are all immaculate and bouncy specimens of the big band art played with spotless perfection. But, alas, they are also politely and unobtrusively boring. Clean and crisp as they are, none of the charts exhibit any compelling style or sense of originality. The reed ensembles sound statuesque and



without warmth, while the brassy bursts from the trumpets lumber along without spirit. The overall effect is a pleasant and refreshing, but hardly lifting, fusion of the sly and foxy coyness of Henry Mancini with the more extroverted brashness of early-'60s Quincy Jones.

The very few solo opportunities available are handled with a rather perfunctory aloofness. The lack of inspiration at the individual level, however, is understandable considering the routine writing. Grey and Dixon come off best on trombone and flute respectively. The band as a unit sounds thoroughly professional, but does nothing here that could not be done equally well by Doc Severinsen, Bob Rosengarden or Billy Taylor and their excellent studio groups. The point, again, is the overall lack of a strong style. There is an anonymity about this record, in spite of its faultless facade.

The most pleasant moments are those when Basie himself tiptoes over the keyboard against the ageless pulse of Green and Keenan. Harold Jones is an excellent drummer, but unfortunately his work here is limited to slick, splashy fills plugging up the pauses of the horns. In providing the facing on the rhythm section, his pinched high hat cymbal triplets bring a tenseness to the beat that has been characteristic of Basie since the days of Sonny Payne. For those who prefer the looser, more supple flow of Jo Jones, Shadow Wilson or Gus Johnson, this rhythm section will not be completely satisfying.

—mcdonough

### CAPTAIN BEEFHEART

THE SPOTLIGHT KID—Reprise 2050: *I'm Gonna Booglarize You Baby; White Jam; Blabber 'n Smoke; When It Blows Its Stacks; Alice in Blunderland; The Spotlight Kid; Click Clack; Grow Fins; There Ain't No Santa Claus on the Evenin' Stage; Glider*.

Personnel: Beefheart, harmonica, jingle bells, vocals; Zoot Horn Rollo, glass finger and steel appendage guitars; Winged Eel Fingerling, guitar; Rockette Morton, bass; ophelios; Ed Marimba, marimba, piano, harpsichord, drums; Drumbo, Ted Cactus, Rhys Clark, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

### KING CRIMSON

ISLANDS—Atlantic SD 7212: *Formentera Lady; Sailor's Tale; The Letters; Ladies of the Road; Prelude; Song of the Gulls; Islands*.

Personnel: Robert Fripp, guitar, mellotron, Peter's Pedal harmonium, sundry implements, Mel Collins, flutes, saxes, vocal; Boz, bass guitar, vocal; Ian Wallace, drums percussion, vocal; Peter Sinfield, words, sounds, visions; Keith Tippett, piano; Paulina Lucas, soprano; Robin Miller, oboe; Mark Charig, cornet; Harry Miller, string bass.

Rating: ★★★½

Both Beefheart and King Crimson represent once unorthodox music now become the new orthodoxy. That is, the first records of both ensembles started with abstracted and visionary rock, but now that even their most bizarre direction are assimilated into the mainstream, their music becomes "accessible" (a favorite Beefheartian adjective) to the public—both esthetically and commercially. Hence, the music is also less interesting, or at least without the first fervor.

*Islands* sounds like the previous King Crimson recordings; even the imagery (and attempted dramatic effect) of Sinfield is similar. The overall playing is still pleasing, especially the extended space atmospheres where in various soloists muse through an expanse of mellotron and siren-like soprano Lucas. And now and then, composer Fripp moves it all into somewhat avant/Baroque near-rock, like his oddly metallic guitar moment on *Sailor's Tale*, or *Ladies of the Road*. But otherwise, the direction of the music seems meandering, if often intricate and very sensitive—rather like the Moody Blues, only far more creative.

Beefheart sounds "pop"—none of the rhythmic and theatrical exuberance of his previous music is at all present. Instead, his Delta blues influence is emphasized, as is his crazy vocalizing; his lyrics at least remain as zonked as ever. But this is saddening, not because the album isn't hot—it is striking and perverse—but because the atomic energy of Drumbo and Rockette Morton seems eclipsed, if not altogether ignored.

Virtually every song is rock 'n' roll, with Beefheart growling his poetry (with rather grotesque flair) above almost repressed band action. As such, none of it attains the mad heights (and delights) of *Trout Mask Replica* or *Lick My Decals*. Again, this is personal regret—to me, to hear the Magic Band only

back-up is disheartening. *Alice in Blunderland* takes off somewhat, especially the Fingerling solo, and now and then the players emerge, yet not enough.

Then again, Beefheart told me he intends to record a sequence of LPs, each one featuring a particular Magic Band member. And so, inasmuch as *The Spotlight Kid* is all his, maybe it's the first of this sequence. I only hope the others don't take another year of waiting.

—bourne

### GEORGE BENSON

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—CTI 6009: *So What?; The Gentle Rain; All Clear; Ode To A Kudu; Somewhere In The East*.

Personnel: Clarence Palmer, organ; Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Jack De Johnette, drums; Michael Cameron, Albert Nicholson, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Periodically on this album there is in the background an extraordinary sound which alternates between resembling a half-human cry or that of a violated violin or a strangling saxophone. It is unclear who or what is making it, but its relationship to the otherwise excellent music is so remote that when I first heard the LP I thought I was getting crosstalk from some ham radio operator in the neighborhood.

Get by the interloper, who hopefully isn't present on all pressings, and you have a modern mainstream date with as good guitar playing as I've heard from that first exciting Columbia LP five or six years ago.

Palmer is an unusually crisp and incisive organist. De Johnette performs up to his high standards, and Carter is magnificent. The added percussionists contribute an interesting rhythmic density to *East*, which builds into a tremendously stimulating performance.

Next time around, let's hope Benson can banish the mysterious banshee from the studio.

—ramsey

### MILES DAVIS

LIVE-EVIL—Columbia 30954: *Sivad; Little Church; Medley—Gemini; Double Image; What I Say; New Um Talvez; Eelim; Funky Tonk; Inamorata and Narration* by Conrad Roberts.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet, all tracks. Tracks 1, 4, 7, 8: Gary Bartz, saxophones; John McLaughlin, guitar; Keith Jarrett, piano; Michael Henderson, bass; Jack De Johnette, drums; Airtio Moreira, percussion. Track 2: Steve Grossman, saxophones; McLaughlin; Hermeto Pascoal, Herbie Hancock, Jarrett, keyboards; Dave Holland bass; De Johnette, Moreira. Track 3: Wayne Shorter, saxophones; McLaughlin; Joe Zawinul, Chick Corea, keyboards; Holland; De Johnette; Moreira; Khalil Balakrishna, sitar. Tracks 5, 6: Grossman; Hancock; Corea; Jarrett; Ron Carter, bass; De Johnette; Moreira; Pascoal, voice.

Rating: ★★½

One should, I suppose, be thankful for any and all recorded scraps that help document the ongoing development of a major musical

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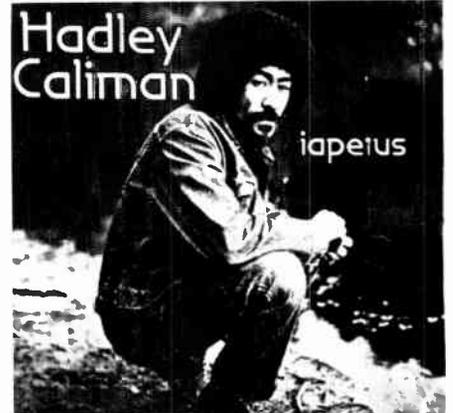
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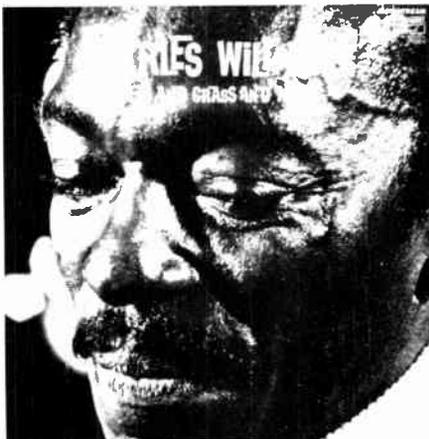
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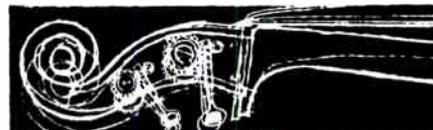
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innovator. On these grounds, this double LP album might be considered important. Otherwise, it continues the downward spiral that has marked much of Miles' recorded efforts since *In A Silent Way*—which remains the incontestable apogee of this musical direction. *Live-Evil* is in many ways the least interesting or effective of all the Davis albums since that beautiful achievement.

With the exception of the curious *Jack Johnson* soundtrack album, each of the sets since *In A Silent Way* has been a double album that could have benefited immeasurably from a process of careful editing down to a single disc preserving only the most coherent, consistent moments of music-making and sparing us the arid stretches which bracket them. There's an inordinate amount of the latter in this set.

Of course, painstaking editing of the music would add a great deal more production time and cost to the albums. It's far easier just to mix the recorded performances and issue them as is. On the face of it, too, it seems a far more "honest" proposition to present unedited performances, as though the record listener were hearing the group "live" in a club or onstage. And then, isn't the purchaser getting greater value for his money in these two-LP sets?

Well, yes and no. Like the previous Davis double albums, this offers the listener a considerable amount of material. The shortest of the four sides is about 24½ minutes long, as



contrasted with the far more usual 15 or 16 minutes per side. So it's true—there is a lot of playing time per album. But equally true (to these ears, at any rate) is the fact that there's really not a lot of *playing*—that is, genuinely, consistently creative high-level music making.

Despite the ferment of electronic and rhythmic energies, there's quite a bit of musical temporizing throughout the four sides of the set. Or maybe it just seems that way, since there are fewer moments of truly inspired playing by Miles or his compatriots than in either *Bitches Brew* or *Live at the Fillmore*. Still, there are enough of them to have resulted in an impressive single LP.

It's not that this set is a collection of odd performances left over from previous sessions (though there is such a slack air about it) or that there are occasional technical difficulties (loud amplifier buzz, bad piano, soprano saxophone mixed in at a curiously low level from time to time, etc.) that leads me to rate this album as I have. No, the rating is for the music and the music alone, exactly as Miles and/or producer Teo Macero have given it to us: straight, unedited, *as played*, as though all elements—creative and lesser moments alike—were of equal weight. Were the album composed entirely of "live" recordings, there might be some justification in presenting the tracks as documentaries of spontaneous musical creation. But "controlled" studio cuts are included as well, and they're just as subject to the vagaries of performance, i.e. long dull stretches of water-treading alternating with moments of strength and inspiration—as the live pieces.

So what? you ask. Is all the foregoing fussy and academic niggling over a series of small

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points, esthetic matters better left to the discretion of the artist? Then too, since jazz is nothing if not a music of the moment, a music based in and charged with spontaneous creation and, as such, subject to the inevitable ebb and flow of creative energies, should not the recordings reflect this aspect of the music? After all, an artist—let alone a group of interacting musicians—is not always at the very top of his game, so why should one expect his recordings to reflect a perfection that is only rarely present in his club or concert performances? Should one demand of his recording of the music a kind of perfection which even its most gifted practitioners hope to achieve only occasionally? Is every recording to be a deathless, timeless memorial?

Obviously not, of course. Every trip of the jazz artist to the recording studio does not automatically result—as so many current recordings so forcibly remind us—in interesting, let alone classic, performances. Though courted assiduously, inspiration strikes when and where it will and its incidence is certainly no higher in the recording studio than in the club, concert hall or rehearsal studio.

Miles Davis, however has been a law unto himself. Over the duration of his recording career, he has insisted on the highest standards in his music, and as a consequence his recordings have been distinguished for the extraordinarily high creative levels they have attained. Davis has until now stood aside from the often demanding pressures of the commercial music apparatus and resolutely gone his own clear-sighted way. We have been the beneficiaries of this purposeful integrity, which has been documented in countless albums of superbly realized music through all the phases of his music's development.

And that's why this album, which otherwise might not occasion such attention, is so distressing: it represents a relaxation of the standards we've come to expect of the trumpeter, a relaxation that is as unwelcome as it is unexpected. With perhaps anyone else, the album simply might be dismissed as a record that for some reason or another failed to coalesce into a totally striking expression; but because it is a Miles Davis album one inevitably feels a keen sense of disappointment that's disproportionate to the music's dereliction.

Is this relaxation of standards a sign of sudden, unfortunate (primarily for us) complacency on Davis' part? Or does it reflect disdain for his newly acquired mass audience, his unconscious reaction to indiscriminate adulation? Perhaps, knowing that his music is viewed by many of his new listeners as a kind of strange, weird but essentially pleasantly freaky trip music, is this the form his retaliation has taken—that is, give them what they deserve: they won't know the difference anyway, so why bother?—that kind of thinking? Or is the collection an accommodation to the record company's urgent need for a new Davis record—any record, irrespective of quality—to merchandise? After all, when you're hot, you're hot, the song tells us.

I earnestly hope it's none of these things, any of which would distress me more than I can say. Let's hope it represents some unavoidable, temporary hiatus and that Davis will give us an unequivocally affirmative answer in his next recording. Jazz is not so conspicuously healthy nowadays that it can uncomplainingly suffer the sacrifice of so brilliant a contributor on the altar of commercial success.

—welding

## MAYNARD FERGUSON

MAYNARD FERGUSON—Columbia C31117: *Move Over; Fire and Rain; Aquarius; The Serpent; My Sweet Lord; Bridge Over Troubled Water; Your Song; Stony End; Living In The Past.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, fluegelhorn, valve trombone; others inexcusably unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Quite simply, the most honest, successful and exciting marriage of big bands and contemporary tunes yet. When playing rock, as on much of this LP, the band is truly playing it and not it them.

The album succeeds in three main ways: first, because of the brilliant writing—the essence of each tune captured perfectly; second, with Maynard's inspired, soulful, and scorching trumpet playing, and third, due to a beautiful rhythm section (the electric pianist and bassist used to telling effect) and a strong tenor soloist, who is heavily featured and rightly so.

Though still carrying a torch for the Maynard bands of yore, I'm delighted at his enlightened and more commercial direction. Maynard has reached more people in the past year than his U.S. bands did perhaps in five. And though the pop-rock material may disappoint the Maynard Ferguson connoisseur (remember *Airegin*, *Oleo*, *Whisper Not*, *Pretty Little Nedra*, *Four*, *Zip and Zap*, etc.), only a timmy or the staunchest anti-rock person could fail to be moved by the power and promise of this new approach. The Maynard concept, in essence, still lives, then, through different vehicles and it's obvious the leader's heart is in it and that in itself guarantees a lot.

Since the sidemen are not listed (why?, why?), I have to guess at the tenorist, and his sound, linear conception, and high harmonics lead me to believe he is the person identified as Brian Smith on *M.F. Horn*. His playing on *Aquarius*, *Past*, and *Lord* has fire and purpose—his multi-noted run-on sentences adding up to meaty, logical paragraphs.

The writing (mainly by Keith Mansfield and Kenny Wheeler) is perfect for the material and for Maynard and there are some very effective saxophone passages in particular. With not a trace of overwriting, the arrangers have provided dark, solid, potent vehicles and the band overall is more into feeling and spirit (as opposed to mere execution) than on *M. F. Horn*.

Maynard is simply beautiful, using fluegelhorn and trumpet to great effect on *Rain*, and soaring high and wide on *Aquarius*, *Lord*, and *Bridge* (especially fine). On *The Serpent*, his valve trombone opening cadenza sounds like he's talking back to the viper that bit him in India.

Further highlights, details and praise could be provided but are not needed. But this album is. It's a release in more ways than one.

—szantor

## JIM HALL

WHERE WOULD I BE?—Milestone MSP 9036: *Simple Samba; Where Would I Be?; Careful; Baubles, Bangles and Beads; Minotaur; I Should Care; Vera Cruz; Goodbye, My Love.*

Personnel: Hall, guitar; Benny Aronov, piano; Malcolm Cecil, bass; Airtio Moreira, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★½

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fin Show. This new album shows not only that amazing adaptability, but also the lyrical clarity that has always characterized his best playing.

The title song is especially exquisite; Hall's reflective solo sings like delicate bells, echoing one by one. On *Simple Samba* and *Vera Cruz*, his simplicity is enchanting; his ease and swing is straightforward, uncomplicated by any guitar trickery, and very true.

And yet the music is far more than simply pleasant. The genius of Hall is his ability to transform otherwise commonplace ideas into special beauty, like the subtle mystery on *Careful*, or the odd charm of his variations on the time-worn *Baubles*, or the grace maintained in the almost "outside" frenzy of *Minotaur*.

Throughout, the trio complements very well, although I might've dug some more bizarre percussion from Airtro. But on *I Should Care*, Hall particularly proves his singular excellence: unaccompanied, his playing radiates his dedication to lovely melody—this is truly fine music. —bourne

## JOE HENDERSON

IN PURSUIT OF BLACKNESS—Milestones MSP 9034: *No Me Esqueca; Invitation; A Shade of Jade; Gazelle; Mind over Matter.*

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet (tracks 2,4); Curtis Fuller, trombone (tracks 1, 3, 5); Pete Yellen, bass clarinet, alto sax, flute (tracks 1, 3, 5); Henderson, tenor sax; George Cables, electric piano; Stan Clarke (tracks 1, 3, 5) or Ron McClure, bass; Lenny White, drums; Tony Waters, conga drums (track 4).

Rating: ★★★★★

From all indications, Joe Henderson should be the next jazz superstar of the pop world. As Miles Davis found his audience with the rock fans, so Joe is on the threshold of finding his.

He didn't go looking for it; rock came searching for him. When Fred Lipsius decided to leave Blood, Sweat & Tears, the group attempted to get Henderson. They were delighted and perhaps surprised when he agreed. And Henderson will probably maintain his own image and identity, because that is what BS&T asked him to bring to the band.

Judging from this album, Henderson is playing and writing better than ever. The improvement between September, 1970, when tracks 2 and 4 were recorded live at the Lighthouse, and the other tracks, recorded May 12, 1971, illustrates this.

From his early days of Coltrane influence, Henderson has developed a highly personal and original style and this shows clearly in his lengthy tone-poem, *Mind Over Matter*.

The earlier session finds him still in transition. Its highlights include the always welcome trumpet of Woody Shaw.

The later session has Fuller's booting trombone and Yellen's multiple reeds. The bass clarinet in particular lends a very *Bitches Brew* flavor to *Mind*. Yellen is a skillful performer on this recently rediscovered instrument pioneered by Harry Carney and championed by Eric Dolphy.

Cables and White are on both sessions and their work is top caliber. Cables has mastered the electric piano to the point that it takes on a character of its own in his hands. Waters' congas, present on *Gazelle*, don't get in the way.

BS&T should do a lot to enhance Joe Henderson's reputation beyond jazz circles, and

he should do much to enhance the group's music. Hopefully, he'll also continue to record albums of this caliber on his own.

—klee

## RUDOLPH JOHNSON

SPRING RAIN—Black Jazz BJ/4: *Sylvia Ann; Fonda; Diswa; Mr. T.J.; Little Daphne; Devon Jean; Spring Rain.*

Personnel: Johnson, tenor sax; John Barns, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Ray Pounds, drums.

Rating: ★★

To be fair to west coast tenorist Johnson, it should be said that he plays a nice tenor—not very original, but nice.

The cloud of influence—early and middle Coltrane speed and cries, occasional Rollins robust steam and some touches of Johnny Griffin—hangs heavy over his work. The little, spinning clichés, the tone, the basic ideas. He's got them down very well, but he's not got to himself.

Pianist Barns helps solidify the comparisons. When Johnson is Traneing early-style, Barns is doing a Red Garland number. And when the tenorman is more adventurous, the pianist's McCoy Tyner side is revealed.

Bassist Johnson and drummer Pounds are the only shining lights. Johnson seems to grow stronger by the minute. He's subdued by the conventional nature of this music, but his strong personality asserts itself. Pounds, a busy player, has taste and drive.

It's a beautifully recorded album. Too bad something more meaningful couldn't have been going down. —smith

## RICHARD LANDIS

NATURAL CAUSES—Dunhill DSX 50115: *A Woman You Don't Love; Livin' Like A Gypsy; Soft Answers; From Champagne to Candied Yams; Natural Causes; A Man Who Sings; Freedom Is The Name of The Man; Better; We're Gonna Make It; The Ragged Man.*

Personnel: Landis, piano, vocal, accompanied by orchestra including Markie Markowitz, trumpet; Joe Farrell, reeds; John Tropea, John Hall, guitars; Billy Cobham Jr., drums; conducted by Charles Calleo.

Rating: ★★★★★

Youth culture-oriented singer/composer/pianist Landis, a classmate of Eddie Gomez and Billy Cobham at New York's High School of Music and Art, is a first rate pop artist (I won't saddle him with a rock label) whose roots include such diverse influences as Bill Evans, Mose Allison, Harold Arlen and Harry Nilsson.

He does well enough with all the components, though I think even he realizes that his forte is his ability to write love songs. His up-tempo tunes are nothing to be ashamed of, but don't come across as well as such ballads as *Soft Answers*, *Natural Causes*, and *Better*. If my preference runs to the last, it is partly due to the stark nakedness of such lines as:

*"I've been straight  
 And I've been bent.*

*Straight is better."*

It is partly due to the bluesish, boppy trumpet comments made in the distance by Markowitz, a name from the Boyd Raeburn, Woody Herman and Buddy Rich bands. An album this excellent would do credit to a seasoned veteran, but it is Landis' debut as a featured artist. Those years of playing piano

on everybody's rock 'n' roll dates not only gave him a good first hand knowledge of how to get it on in a recording studio but also taught him what cliches and pitfalls to avoid.

Richard Landis has much that's worth hearing. —klee

## MIKE LONGO

**MATRIX**—Mainstream MRL 334: *Night Rider; Soliloquy; Matrix; My San Francisco; Let Me Out; Travel On.*

Personnel: Longo, piano; Al Gafa, guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Ron Carter, acoustic&electric bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Potato Valdes, conga.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Longo's growth has been steady during his seven years or so with Dizzy Gillespie, and in this LP we have the rare and welcome phenomenon of a successful sideman recording on his own not before but precisely when he is artistically ready. Longo is universally admired by his colleagues for his solid musicianship and his creativity. Both aspects of his makeup shine through here.

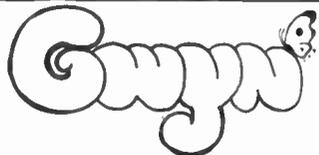
The Oscar Peterson and Bud Powell influences have been fully assimilated, and while they are firm underpinnings for the



Longo style they are in no way dominant. The voicings and attack at the opening of *Travel On* are directly out of the Powell of *My Devotion*, but the solo that follows is distinctly personal, bringing out the contemplative side of the pianist's personality through contrast between rich legato chords and spare, dancing lines.

*My San Francisco* is a Longo composition first recorded as *Frisco* by Gillespie and a reunion big band for MPS four years ago. Longo doesn't solo on the MPS version, but compare his statement of the introduction then with the way he plays it now for an indication of his development strictly as a player of the instrument. The touch, attack and assurance are remarkably better, and the solo is first-rate, with a stimulating use of tremolo clusters in the right hand. The bass solo is really a duet, so effectively does Longo interact with Carter. Roker cooks along, but always listening. Mr. Energy.

The spirited *Matrix* has also been recorded by Gillespie. Its slight gospel overtone is combined with an Afro-Cuban feeling in a good quintet performance. Gafa has his best



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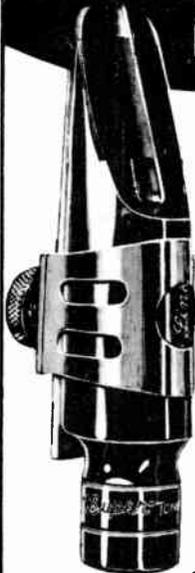


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solo of the album here. He has modeled himself after Wes Montgomery, and plays well in that style. The conga drums are bearable. *Night Rider*, *Let Me Out*, and *Travel On* are also Longo compositions, each of them at least interesting and *Rider* considerably more than that. *Let* is the blues, with good solos all around.

*Soliloquy* presents a mature ballad player in a superb performance. Taste, restraint, and gentleness of touch distinguish this track. In fact, this is a distinguished album by a pianist who would seem destined to become considerably better known. —ramsey

## GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.

INNER CITY BLUES—Kudu KU-03: *Inner City Blues*; *Georgia On My Mind*; *Mercy Mercy Me (The Ecology)*; *Ain't No Sunshine*; *Until It's Time For You to Go*; *I Loves You Porgy*.

Personnel: Snooky Young, Thad Jones, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Wayne Andre, trombone; Washington, alto&tenor sax; Don Ashworth, baritone sax; Bob James, electric piano, arranger, conductor; Richard Tee, organ; Eric Gale, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Idris Muhammed, drums; Airto Moreira, percussion; 12 strings; vocal group of four female voices.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album has been showing well on the charts and getting a lot of airplay on such stations as New York's WLIB, and it's not hard to see why.

For lack of a better term, this is a "soul" album, but unlike many entries in this popular genre, it has been lovingly produced with nice attention to musical values. And it showcases the work of a saxophonist with a most appealing sound.

Washington has been heard as a sideman on a number of organ albums and such, impressing with his fluency in the idiom, but here he gets a chance to shine. Both tenor and alto are listed, but I hear only the latter instrument, which Washington plays with a singing tone, warmly inflected but never strident. A good, attractive sound is a very important ingredient in a musician's success with the public (something many modernists tend to forget).

He also has a talent for exposing a melody firmly and tastefully (hear *Georgia*), and when he gets to stretch out, as on *Sunshine*, the longest track, he proves that he can improvise. The blues, of course, is a major element in his vocabulary, but he is by no means merely a blues player.

Bob James' arrangements are excellent. Everything is done in the best of taste; the strings are used subtly, there is no relentless pounding out of the beat, yet everything moves. The backup voices appear only at the end of *Sunshine*.

There is little solo space for the sidemen, but Gale has a nice spot on *Sunshine*, and Jones and Andre state the theme of Gershwin's *Porgy*, to me the prettiest track of the album. Buffy Sainte-Marie's *Time*, a song I've always liked, fares well in the hands of Messrs. Washington and James, and the title track puts together all the things needed for a hit.

If all soul albums were produced as well as this, more people might wake up to the fact that this type of music, surely the dominant trend in jazz as a popular music today, has something to offer the sophisticated listener. This is more than nice background or dance music, though it certainly is that.

—morgenstern

## Soul Stirrings

Mel Brown's *Fifth*, Impulse 9209

Rating: ★★★★★

Charles Kynard, Mainstream 331

Rating: ★★½

Bobby Womack, *Communication*, United Artists 5539

Rating: ★★★★★

Young-Holt Unlimited, *Born Again*, Cotillion 18004

Rating: ★★½

The wide spectrum of soul music becomes apparent when considering these four albums together. All are by black artists who are attempting to tell their story through music with soul rhythms at its base. Beyond that, there is a wide divergence of methods.

Mel Brown is a damn good blues guitar player. His fifth Impulse album finds him surrounded by his customary cast of unknown but perfectly tuned-in accompanists. However, the production is loaded with electronic gimmicks, a process that seems about as necessary as carrying sand to the beach. The kind of groovy blues background he creates behind *Seven-Forty-Seven*, sung by his father, and on *Drifting Blues*, which he sings himself, is what he does best. If you hear about any Shuggie Otis-Mel Brown jams, call me.

Charles Kynard is a musician of singular ability. A *musician* who plays organ might be the best description. He has plenty of chops (one of his favorite routines is playing unison lines on both keyboards!) but he needs inspiration to function at his best, and that isn't present here. The material is furnished by Richard Fritz, an outstanding small group arranger, and that doesn't appear to be the problem. Perhaps it's the minor-league cast of sidemen, or the somewhat tinny recorded sound. The best tracks are *She*, the loping *Grits*, and the funky *Greens*, which contains the leader's best work.

Bobby Womack is a veteran r&b performer who sings and plays guitar. On this album he gets the Muscle Shoals treatment and the results will please Womack fans. His singing has elements of Ray Charles and Lou Rawls and is not especially original. He is best in his own material, and why he needs James Taylor is beyond me—after all, Womack and his brothers have seen *more* than Fire and Rain.

It's been some time since Young-Holt spun off from Ramsey Lewis. Now that Bobby Lyle (piano and organ) is part of the group it should blossom. Lyle is largely locked in here, but he shows plenty of talent and should make the group tight. Young divides his time between bass and amplified cello; on the latter, he frequently plays melody, adding refreshing variety to the trio's sound. Holt is a fine timekeeper at home in any groove. The rating would have been higher if Lyle had more spots like his *Something* solo, but he isn't present on four tracks, and these are considerably below the rest. This group should be more interesting next time around.

In fact, each of these albums, despite the shortcomings, leaves one optimistic about the future of its leader.

—bob porter



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# blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

Tommy Vig's only previous Blindfold Test (db, 3/20/69) produced such startlingly frank comments that his return visit was a pre-determined mutual pleasure. Tommy pulls no punches, and men like that make most readable blindfoldees.

During the three years since that first encounter, he has been based in Los Angeles, doing a variety of studio jobs on drums, percussion and vibes. Recently he was sidelining for a scene in *Lady Sings the Blues*.

All this, of course, to make a living. For pleasure, his big band work has continued. Wherever there is a room large enough to accommodate 20 musicians, and perhaps a dozen customers, Tommy will negotiate to play a one-night stand. He has enjoyed many a success of esteem, from Donte's to the Melody Room to Jazz West; and his annual concerts at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas have continued to draw critical acclaim. Last year he returned home to Budapest for the first time; a live State Radio broadcast taped there is now on his own Mortney label.

## tommy vig

**1. OLIVER NELSON.** *3, 2, 1, 0* (from *Black, Brown & Beautiful*, Flying Dutchman). Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Nelson, composer, arranger.

First of all I would like to say that I'm very happy you are playing this kind of music, because it's much different from the last time, when many of the records you played for me I didn't like. But this one I really liked right from the beginning. It started out with several dissonant chords, which I think might have been 12-tone structured, and then it started to swing and it sounded like a very well rehearsed band. It sounded like a European band with American players. It was excellent.

The trumpet player was very good; he sounded European. The arranger had both a good knowledge of leading American arrangers' styles like Bill Holman, and also a classical background. Four stars.

**2. HAROLD LAND.** *Ode To Angela* (from *A New Shade of Blue*, Mainstream). Land, tenor sax; composer; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Buster Williams, bass.

This record had a subdued mood; a nice feeling which is not my type of feeling in this particular sense, and I don't understand the purpose of the record. I think it's boring—I mean, for me it's boring. All the players sound like they could really play if they wanted to.

This particular feeling of this recording, this tune, goes against my own temperament. The bass player has a beautiful big sound, in the lower register especially; he used it very well.

The tune itself I would call either pretentious or amateurish, and I would like not to rate it. It's not that it shouldn't get any stars at all, but as a jazz blindfold test . . . I find it indifferent . . . I just don't want to rate it.

**3. WOODY HERMAN.** *Aquarius* (from *Heavy Exposure*, Cadet). Herman, soprano sax; Richard Evans, arranger.

At the beginning it sounded like Stan Kenton's band, and I think it's one of the tunes from *Hair*, but the soprano solo sounded like Woody Herman. So I'm debating which band it was. The arrangement is not really repre-

32 □ down beat

sentative of either band, so it could be any band.

Like, for the soprano solo they used a montuna beat because on these illogical, horrible tunes you can't improvise. I think the tune was well played. I don't like it, but I think it's very good for what it is. No rating, because I don't know how to rate it.

**4. BUDDY RICH.** *Group Shot* (from *The New One*, Pacific Jazz). Chuck Findley, trumpet; Don Piestrup, composer.

I have been listening very intently throughout the whole song to be able to get into it; for one thing, to try to guess who it is, and also to get a special impression of it, and all I can say is that it sounds like much good average big band jazz I've heard many times before and I can't pinpoint who it is. It could be many people and it doesn't have any specialty in it. It's so nondescript. Two stars.

The only thing I could say about the soloists is that the first one sounded a little like Maynard Ferguson.

**5. CLARKE-BOLAND.** *Rue Chaptal* (from *Live at Ronnie Scott's*, Session). Kenny Clarke, composer.

As it started out I felt right away that I liked it—it's my kind of music. It started out as a well-known bebop line, and the first chorus sounded like it would be a sextet or something, and the second chorus the whole band came in.

The whole thing was very swinging, but it somehow faded in interest toward the middle; it didn't fulfill the promise that it set up at the outset. Beautiful saxophone section! Every one of them has excellent conception; they played together, and very swinging.

The funny thing is that in the background it sounded like Terry Gibbs yelling all over the place, and it reminded me of his band, which I think was one of the greatest big bands of all time—the one he had here in Los Angeles a few years back; they played at the Summit.

It's very happy jazz; I would even say it's West Coast in its conception. But of course

there's no vibes, so it couldn't have been Terry. However, I'll give it three-and-a-half stars.

**6. CAL TJADER.** *Nica's Dream* (from *Tjader-Ade*, Buddah). Tjader, vibes; drummer not credited; Horace Silver, composer.

It has a beautiful feel and it's a beautiful tune, and I would say it's Cal Tjader with Johnny Rae on drums. This was the easiest to guess.

For the second chorus I would rather have had Milt Jackson; for the first Cal is okay! Cal to me has always been commercially oriented; he plays the melody, which he plays beautifully, but afterwards for the exposition, the improvisation, he is, I think, very limited.

The first chorus is good enough for anything, but the rest of it is like mood music, and again I don't think I should rate it.

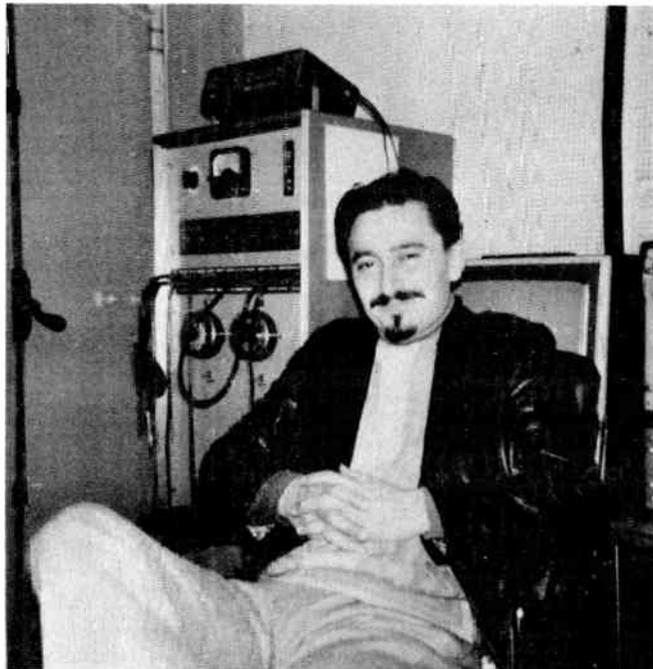
**7. GERALD WILSON.** *Freddie Freeloader* (from *Feelin' Kinda Blues*, Pacific Jazz). Tony Ortega, alto sax.

This started out rather nondescript and it wasn't very interesting until the alto solo which I liked very much. I would guess this is Gerald Wilson's band, and I would give it two stars. But usually I like Gerald; this is just not up to his standards.

**8. EDDIE HARRIS.** *It's Crazy* (from *Plug Me In*, Atlantic). Harris, electronically amplified tenor sax.

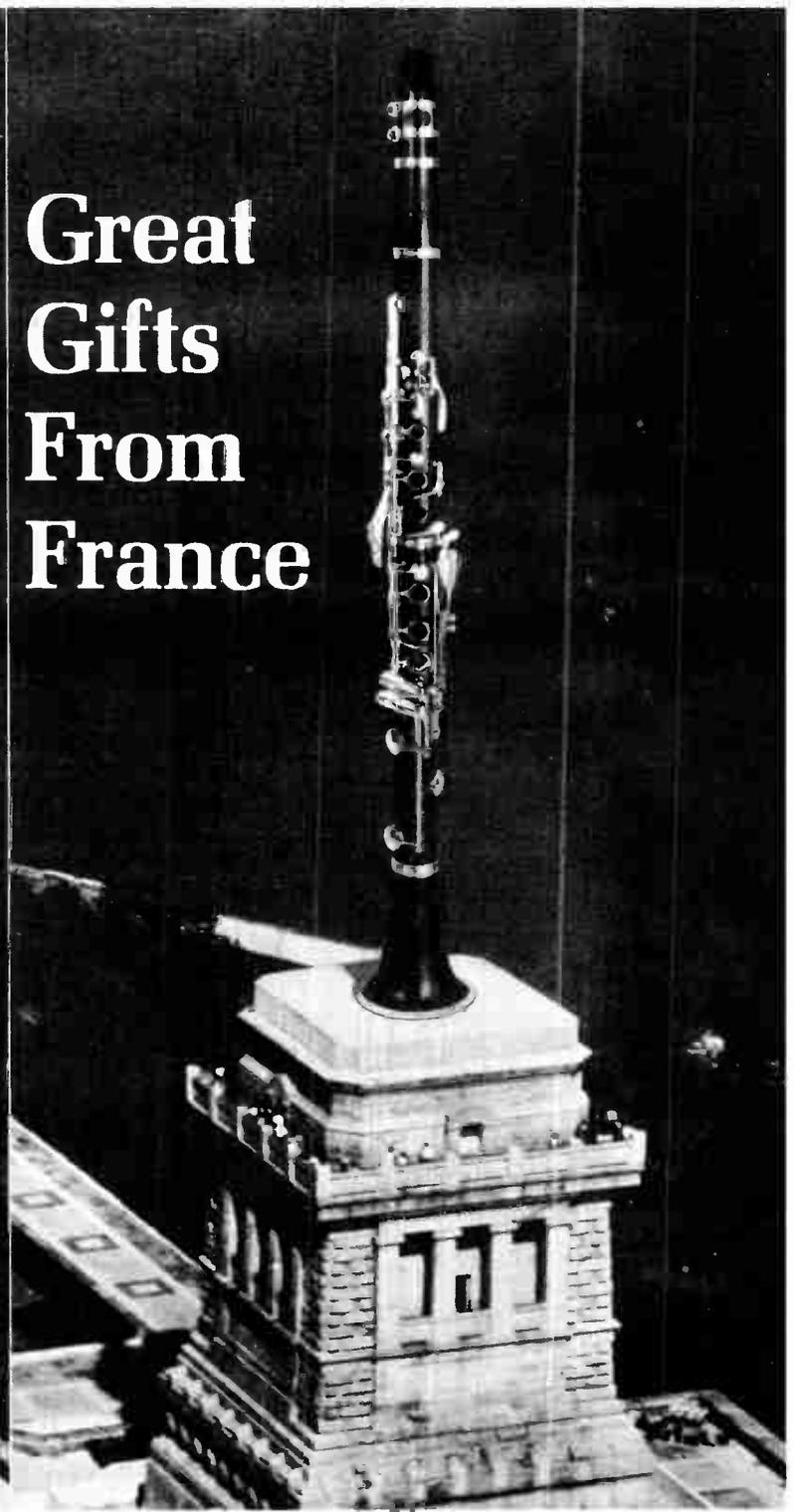
It sounded like the saxophone soloist was using an electronic device that makes him sound an octave higher and lower, because occasionally the solo sounded like a tenor and a baritone, then an alto playing in the very high register. They also used, I think, the trumpet to play in unison with this.

The sound itself was very good. It was a rockish big bandish thing. I wrote down my impression of it, which was: interesting, how interesting it sounded, and still it *wasn't* interesting musically! There was another record you played before that gave me a similar reaction; I waited all the way to try to find out the interest . . . I would rate this two stars. db



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# caught in the act

## Woody Herman

Left Bank Jazz Society, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: John Thomas, Charlie Davis, Bill Stapleton, Bob Summers, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bob Burgess, Rick Stepton, Harold Garrett, trombones; Herman, clarinet, soprano&alto saxes; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Gregory Herbert, tenor saxes; Tom Anastas, baritone sax; Alan Broadbent, electric piano, composer-arranger; Alec Camp, electric bass; Joe LaBarbera, drums.

Woody Herman is 58, "the same age as Nixon, which I'm not too happy about," he said at the Left Bank. He is, however, considerably more swinging.

This is Woody's 35th year with a big band. He quit numbering them years ago; it has been the "Young, Thundering Herd," for some time now. The personnel changes fairly consistently, but there are enough good players rotating in and out, and enough, such as the fine writer-arranger Alan Broadbent, who stay for a while (Broadbent has been with the band two years and has 15 charts in the book), for the musical level to remain pretty high.

Woody always finds good tenor players, a tradition that extends back to the "Four Brothers" days. Sal Nistico and Steve Marcus have left, but Gregory Herbert has amply filled the lead soloist's chair. And it was good to see Bob Burgess, a veteran of several big bands, and the elder statesman in this one, sitting in the trombone section again.

The difficulty with having a band as long as Woody has is that it has to appeal to a number of different age groups. Those who remember *Woodchopper's Ball* are likely to be indifferent to rock, and the new crowd tends to view



VERY, OAKLAND

such old chestnuts, and indeed big bands in general, as anachronisms. Nevertheless, Woody tries to have something for just about everybody—and somehow he makes it work.

The first set I heard opened with Broadbent's brilliant arrangement of *Blues in the Night* which always seems to knock everybody out, including the band. *Caldonia*, on the other hand, was taken at a breakneck tempo, as if they wanted to get it out of the way, the sections chopping off Woody's vocal before he reached the end of the choruses, and the unison trumpet passage whizzing past almost before you recognized it.

The highlights of the final set were Broadbent's tribute to Burgess, *Love in Silent Amber*; a fiery version of Chicago's *25 or 6 to 4*, that ended with tasty fills from LaBarbera alternating with blasts from the trumpet section; and a Burgess interlude on *MacArthur Park*, at the conclusion of which the trumpeters stationed themselves in the audience for the final chorus.

Broadbent's *Variations on a Scene* closed the concert. It is a segmental piece that opens with a driving rock sequence into which lyrical bossa nova sections are interspersed, and finally opens out into a shouting jazz movement that featured excellent work by trumpeter Bill Stapleton.

The days of the triumvirate of big bands—Ellington, Basie, Herman, who have been the most consistent performers over the past two or three decades—are necessarily numbered, if only as a consequence of the age of their leaders. Meanwhile, it's good to hear them play perennially good jazz in defiance of the laws of musical averages. —James D. Dilts

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## Winter Jazz

Civic Opera House, Chicago, Ill.

**Personnel:** Freddie Hubbard, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Grover Washington Jr., Hank Crawford, alto sax; Stanley Turrentine, tenor sax; Hubert Laws, flute; Johnny Hammond, keyboards; George Benson, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Bernard Purdie, Airtio Moreira, drums, percussion; Esther Phillips, vocals.

Trying to catch the nuances of a relatively small group of musicians practicing their art from the sixth floor balcony of the Civic Opera House in Chicago is like watching an event of great detail and precision on a five-inch television screen, because, quite literally, that is exactly what the giant proscenium of the Opera House looked like: a five-inch TV screen.

While I felt a bit remote from the scene of the action, I was nevertheless encouraged and a little surprised by the spectacular turnout. Virtually every seat in the great plaster palace was occupied—a persuasive reminder of the remarkably healthy state of good jazz in the marketplace today. Ellington, Goodman, Basie, Armstrong and even packages that have included the likes of Ammons, Jacquet, and Stitt have failed to pack the house in recent years. This troop of relatively young musicians, however, did it, and with an overflow to spare.

Because some of the equipment was late in arriving, the show was not in any shape to go on at the scheduled hour. Happily, however, the audience was treated to a generous portion of extra-curricular playing not on the program. Johnny Hammond and Grover Washington Jr. strolled out onto the empty stage about 8:15 and offered some easy and relaxed playing sans bass and drums. They were evidently the only two men on hand, but they got the show off to a nice start. They were soon joined by Hubert Laws, whose playing was richly inventive and intelligent, full of ideas and remarkably cliché-free. A relaxed, medium tempo blues was next. Laws drew chortles from the audience with some piercingly high notes and some calculated repetition that stimulated one or two bursts of applause. I've always been puzzled why crowds applaud long strings of repeated notes and phrases, as if the musician was performing a particularly difficult feat.

Hammond's solo on *Summertime* exhibited a tendency to fall back on flourishes and clichés in an attempt to fill up a performance played at such a slow tempo that it almost threatened to come to a complete stop.

The full complement of troops (less Hank Crawford) then joined the early birds on stage for a riff-based though unnamed item that served as a rocking vehicle for Turrentine and particularly Hubbard. Guitarist Benson also was featured and offered a very compelling solo of soft chords that was one of the high spots of the evening. Hank Crawford then came on for a solo flight on *Misty*. His intense alto was perhaps more closely linked to the Charlie Parker tradition than any other horn on the program.

Following intermission, the official program got underway with a wrenching, churning showcase for Washington called *Inner City Blues*. Backed by a strong rhythm team of Purdie, Airtio, Benson, and Carter, Washington played with great energy and power. Musical ideas and phrases of delicate subtlety and invention are not what give Washington his strength. More significant is the pure vigor and emotionalism of his attack. If one looks too closely at the components of his work, the

point and its potency will be lost. It must also be said that his playing seemed to derive considerable inspiration from an excellent backup ensemble of Turrentine, Hubbard, Crawford and Laws.

Hubbard's spectacular tone and clean articulation were well displayed in *Red Clay*, although there were some occasional splashy excesses and overdone devices. There were moments of extroverted flamboyance where he seemed to suggest Miles Davis, although Hubbard is basically a much more orthodox improviser than Davis. He played fluegelhorn with equal authority on *First Light*. During his set of two numbers Airtio switched to drums and Purdie engineered the percussion effects. There was also a long solo by Carter on electric bass during *Red Clay*, but it seemed to fail in gaining momentum or direction.

Laws then returned for a powerful rendition of *Fire and Rain*: powerful, that is, once he hurdled an unnecessarily long opening coda. Esther Phillips followed with a hoarse and excessively mannered version of *God Bless The Child*, which saw her in a somewhat satirical impersonation of Billie Holiday for one chorus, complete with the broadly wobbling vibrato that marked the Lady's later years. Interestingly, the mention of Billie's name drew an enthusiastic response from the young audience.

Following an aimless percussion interlude by Airtio, Washington came on again to break it up with *Ain't No Sunshine* and *Mercy Mercy Me*. A player of great passion and force, he was again superbly supported by two simple charts played with thundering power. Turrentine, a player of subtlety and inventiveness, then took his turn at *Storm* and *Flamingo*. His attack was nimble and more symmetrical than that of most of the other horns. Although he showed some contemporary feel for rock and soul elements, his was probably the most traditional playing heard during the evening.

Crawford played a short and snappy blues that literally swung from the first beat, due to Purdie's propulsive shuffling on the drums. The altoist rose to greater heights, however, on *Never Say Goodbye*, which built to several effective climaxes. The concert closed well after midnight with a reprise of *Inner City Blues*.

Through all the fine music made during the show, the work of George Benson should be singled out for its consistently intelligent and inventive character, whether backing another soloist or in the spotlight itself. His playing always had something compelling to say; he never played to the audience purely for effect.

It was, by and large, a fine show of contemporary though not avant garde, jazz. For this, the people came out in force and, indeed, got their money's worth by the time the curtain rang down. The show was dedicated to the late Lee Morgan, who was buried earlier in the day.

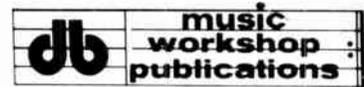
—john mcdonough

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flawlessly mimicking current professional fare, they're composing original suites and concertos at Berklee these days.

Perhaps it's the delayed influence of the 1960s' leading edge of jazz music development. Maybe it's the impact of the post-*Pepper*, thematically conceived record albums. Whatever the cause, the effects emerge in numbers that are longer, more musically varied, somehow more self-conscious (and successfully so) than in years gone by.

Mike Crotty writes such music. His suite, *Unanswered Questions*, is composed around a reading from the stage of fragments from four modern poets, Aiken, Auden, Eliot and e.e. cummings. Yet the music is not a passive setting for the poems, rather an active comment on them. Even when played under the recitations (here vibrantly delivered by Berklee teacher Gene Haley), the accompaniment is subtle and informed, not merely the random rimshots and bellwails familiar from the days when a similar genre had its San Francisco vogue. Young Crotty knows every valve, string and slide of the jazz orchestra, and he has the confidence to put them together inventively.

Greater richness is evident, too, in the music played by Phil Wilson's ten-man Berklee trombone ensemble. Unaccompanied in previous public performances, the group is backed now by vibes and rhythm, heightening the lushness of the massed trombones.

*Suite for Keith* was composed by student pianist Jim Burt around the opulent talent of Wilson's latest trombone protege, Keith O'Quinn. O'Quinn's exceptionally clean control allows him to range from a murmur that is never muffled to a shout that never blares. If not yet cast in a personally distinctive style, his playing is a virtually unimpeachable model of technical accomplishment.

Similarly sustaining the Berklee tradition of promoting professional musicianship in the ranks of the country's leading young pre-professionals were such other student soloists as trumpeter Crotty and Claudio Roditi; saxophonists Jim Perry and Mark Kirk; drummer Ted Seibs, and pianist Vicki von Eps, whose admirable inventions were sadly too often lost due to faulty miking.

Of the evening's two guest soloists, Sam Pilafian, lately associated with Leonard Bernstein's Kennedy Center *Mass*, invested his tuba's mess of pipes with comic personality aplenty in student Dennis Wilson's arrangement of *Who Will Buy?*

Vibist Gary Burton, latest among Berklee alumni turned faculty, joined the Thursday Night Dues Band for two numbers. Student Mark Kirk's chart for *The Summer Knows* left Burton ample room to pursue the tune, through a thickly planted field of colorful harmonies at slow tempo. Jaxon Stock's original, *Duplicities*, a more percussive piece, proved eminently vibe-able under Burton's chiming mallets. Stock is also a Berklee graduate and is a past winner of the school's Levy Prize for Composition.

The entire concert proceeded under the refreshingly subdued direction of Phil Wilson, Berklee's trombone don, whose solo work on the Crotty piece was as inspired as this reviewer has heard in several years of Wilson-watching. As the veteran producer of this Berklee big band series, Wilson wins the lion's share of credit for its new turn toward more audaciously original programming.

—john hambright

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## book reviews

**Louis Armstrong: A Self-Portrait.** The Interview by Richard Merryman. The Eakins Press; 59 pp.; \$4.95 cloth; \$1.95 paper.

**Louis: The Louis Armstrong Story.** By Max Jones and John Chilton. Little, Brown & Co.; 256 pp.; \$9.50.

**Louis Armstrong.** By Hugues Panassie. Charles Scribner's Sons; 149 pp.; \$6.95.

Louis Armstrong, it might be said, exemplified the mystery of human personality. Perhaps the most accessible of famous men, he cheerfully gave thousands of interviews and never said a word he didn't mean. Yet he was a master at evading questions he preferred not to answer. He disliked and avoided controversy, but when he was stung he could erupt like a volcano. His public manner was not a mask, but underneath he was an enormously complex man—proud, sensitive, a keen observer of people and events, and vastly more perceptive than the intellectuals he forever exasperated.

Excepting those momentary outbursts of



Max Jones (in beret), author of *Louis*, and Sinclair Traill (left), listening with Pops to authenticate his participation in a record by Jimmie Rodgers (London, 1949.)

temperament, he was reluctant to bruise anyone's feelings, and since so much of his life belonged to his public, he carefully guarded what remained to him of private time and private thoughts. In later years, however, he began to state his opinions more bluntly and even revealed some facts previously known only to intimates.

These three books, all written before Louis' death, in varying degrees contribute to our comprehension of a great man—one of the few very great men of our age.

The *Self-Portrait* is a slightly expanded and more logically sequenced version of the long interview by Richard Merryman published in *Life* in 1966. It is candid, unusually revealing, and presented wholly in the subject's own words. It is an essential compendium of his philosophy of life and music, as always stated in concrete terms and without a trace of sham, and as always addressing itself most seriously to fellow musicians.

Though the ground it covers is familiar to Armstrong students, new light is shed on many details of the terrain. This is authentic,

first-hand material—and what a storyteller Louis was!

This is a handsome little book, beautifully printed and illustrated with 16 full-page photographs. The text is slightly flawed by a few mis-hearings ("flairs" for flares; "Alphe" for Alpha; "Holman Empire" for Holborn Empire) and occasional over-idiomatization (Louis didn't speak "correctly", but he was a wizard with words, and some nuances here just don't sound right).

There are large chunks of Pops himself in *Louis*, with not a false note. This big, lavishly illustrated book would not, the co-authors state, "have been attempted without the helping hand" of its subject, and he lent it generously.

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Though somewhat confusingly organized (it jumps around a lot, chronologically speaking), this is a fascinating work full of new and newly uncovered information and anecdotes.

Jones and Chilton are British, the former a veteran journalist, the latter a musician-researcher, and some of the book's most interesting passages deal with Louis' 1932 and 1933 visits to England and the Continent, a period largely neglected by previous biographers. The glimpses we get here of the artist as a young man still unaccustomed to adulation and of his tremendous impact on musicians and the public are priceless. Jones was there, and sought out others who were.

Chilton, himself a trumpeter, contributes an excellent, concise essay dealing with Louis'

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recorded work, and there is a detailed chronology, "Travelin' Man", listing all major engagements and tours from 1923 to the end, a useful list of films, and a good index.

But it is no reflection on the authors to say that the highlights of the book are Louis' own contributions, in particular the chapter called "Days of the Vipers", in which he discusses his involvement with pot (or as he liked to call it, gage) in the early '30s, including his brief incarceration in California.

Though it concludes on a diplomatic note, this little masterpiece is most relevant to our times. It is the first public commentary by Louis on a subject that was of much concern to him.

This, the British chapter, and other instances in the book are indications of what the

artist's life was like before he became a world-famous celebrity. Being on the road in the South in the early '30s, for example, often involved dues-paying far beyond the ken of today's angry young men of jazz—including those quick to pin labels on their elders and betters.

Though it offers no in-depth analysis of the man or his music, this is a valuable, engrossing sourcebook lovingly compiled.

Love for its subject also informs Panassie's book, but it is a love bordering on adulation, and this, combined with an awkward translation, makes it difficult to recommend it without strong reservations.

The book is slender, consisting of 40-plus pages on Louis' life, 14 or so on his style, and about 90 on his records. Of these three sec-

tions, only the latter will be of interest to any but novice readers. Here, Panassie's vast listening experience sometimes yields valuable results, though those looking for technical analysis will be disappointed.

Panassie's appreciations (one can hardly speak of criticism) are couched in aesthetic terms, by and large, and his taste is excellent. Moreover, he has lived with this music, in some cases for decades, and brings to it boundless enthusiasm and empathy.

On the other hand, merely to say that a particular performance is *swinging* rather than simply swinging doesn't tell the reader very much, and the comments are often on this level. As I say, the translation is dismal, doubly so since French is a language in which a classically simple style has considerably more resonance than English. This, however, is Pidgin English, reducing noble simplicity to clumsy platitude. This anonymous translation reflects little credit on the publisher and the author's advisors.

It is painful for me to have to say all this, since I was raised on Panassie and respect



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him greatly for his lifelong dedication to the music. His books were the first sensible and informed guides to jazz I was able to find, and though I later came to disagree with his parochial views on modern jazz, I will always remain indebted to him.

One might recommend this book to young readers, and, for its comments on the records, to collectors. And of course to Armstrong fanatics, of which I am one. The photos are poorly reproduced, and there is no index.

In the growing Armstrong literature, his own *Satchmo: My Life In New Orleans* remains the cornerstone, schoolmarmy editing notwithstanding. Louis continued to work on the autobiography of which this was the first part, knowing it would not be published in his lifetime—he wanted nothing less than the truth. Hopefully, this precious document, completed or not, will see the light of day eventually, with the author's incomparable style uncontaminated by "corrective" editing.

There is, of course, still a need for a first-rate critical biography. Until then, the existing literature—usefully augmented by the books discussed here—will suffice. The rest is music.

—dan morgenstern



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**jazz on campus**

**Ad Lib:** The Judy Roberts Trio, a Chicago-based jazz group, will do a series of clinics and performances in an unusual county-wide program sponsored by the Albertville (Ala.) school system and partially financed by the Alabama Council of Arts. Other school districts involved are those in Boaz, Arab, and Gunthersville. Al Laser of Albertville is the program director... Ed Baker, pianist and composer formerly with Sonny Stitt, Miles Davis, and Roy Eldridge, has joined the music faculty of Columbia College (Chicago)...

**Boh Tilles**, head of percussion studies at DePaul U. (Chicago), is engaged in a 15-week percussion workshop for pre-high school students at the Harris School, 2700 N. Lake View. Tilles is also teaching *Jazz Improvisation* in private lessons and class form at DePaul where Alan Swain has the *Essentials of Jazz* classes, and Joe Casey heads the *Jazz Band Ensemble*. Dr. Leon Stein is Dean of the DePaul School of Music... George Einhorn, a percussion student of Tilles at DePaul, has organized a new Chicago area big band which plays school concerts and reads new charts as a rehearsal band... Lou Marini Sr., theory-harmony-arranging professor at Bowling Green State U. (Ohio) is currently writing a new theory book "in the jazz idiom" which will be published by **down beat/MUSIC WORKSHOP Publications** next fall... The Jazz Seminar at the U. of Pittsburgh, Nate Davis, dir., has been postponed from May to October 18-20. Texts of the lectures to be presented by Cannonball Adderley, David Barker, Max Roach, Charles Suber, and others to be announced, will be published prior to the seminar by the U. of Pittsburgh Press... Rider College (Trenton, N.J.) offers a course entitled *Jazz, Jazz, Where Have You Gone?*, taught by Leon Agourides, a historian by training... Louis Bellson has been named to the faculty of the two-week Concord Summer Music Camp at Lake Tahoe (Nev.), June 19-July 2. Barney Kessel is musical director for the camp which is sponsored by the City

of Concord (Cal.)... The First Birmingham (Ala.) Jazz Festival will be held at Vestavia High School on April 18. Ted Galloway, jazz band director at VHS, expects at least 14 bands. The Jazz Lab Band from the U. of South Alabama (Mobile) will demonstrate and perform. Clinicians to be named.

**SCHOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL CALENDAR** (March 29-April 16):

March 29	Plymouth State College (N.H.)
31	U. of Portland (Ore.)
April 7	Loyalsock HS (Williamsport, Pa.)
8	Lincoln HS (Vincennes, Ind.)
14-15	Villanova U. (Pa.)
14-15	Mustang HS (Okla.)
14-16	Quinnipiac College (Hamden, Conn.)
15	Boyerstown HS (Pa.)
15	Kansas State U. (Manhattan, Kan.)

**FESTIVAL RESULTS: Memphis, Tenn., Feb. 15-18.** 2nd Memphis State U. Jazz Week. Tom Ferguson, dir., Feb. 15: 15 HS bands, First place winner—Hillcrest HS, Jim Terry, dir., Feb. 16: Concert with top three HS bands—Hillcrest; Humboldt, Tom Hay, dir.; Wooddale, Sam Vinson, dir.—plus Arkansas State U., Tom Williams, dir. Feb. 17: U. of Mississippi, Bob Jordan, dir.; Memphis State U. Jazz Band "B", Art Theil, dir., featuring Bill Watrous, Feb. 18: MSU Jazz Band "A", Ferguson, dir., with Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, Richard Davis. MSU Jazz Quintet "A", Ferguson, piano, plus Jones-Lewis quartet; Marv Stamm with MSU band and Thad Jones.

Minot, N.D., Feb. 17, at Minot State C., Gerald Poe, dir. Clinicians: Joe Hegstad (jazz choirs); Jere Fryett and Roger Pemberton (bands); 32 j-SHS bands; 13 HS choirs; #1 Choir—Minot, Herb Parker, dir. #1 Group III Band—Yorkton JHS, Sask., Can., Blaine McClary, dir. #1 Group II Band—Northwood, Larry Pladson, dir. #1 Group I Band—Mandan, Ernest Borr, dir. Concert with MSC Jazz Ensemble, Poe, dir., with Pemberton, reeds, guest soloist.

Creston, Iowa, Feb. 19 4th Creston Jazz '72 at Southwestern C. Clinician: Jack Oatts (rehearsal techniques and improvisation), 15 HS bands. #1 jHS—Creston, Dick Bauman, dir. #1 Class C—Woodward, Tom Wehr, dir. #1 Class B—Willisca, Gaylin Sudik, dir. #Class A—Harlan, Steve Lawson, dir. Concert by SWC Jazz Lab Band, Bauman, dir., with head blues chart in which HS directors joined for extended improvisation.

New Orleans, La., Feb. 24-26, 3rd Loyola U. Jazz Ensemble, Joe Hebert, dir. Clinicians: Cannonball Adderley (performance and lecture); Charles Brent (arranging); Kent Sills (sight reading); Charles Suber (lecture). 26 HS bands. 1 jHS band; 5 HS combos. Non-competitive, ratings only; awards for outstanding musicians. Concert with LU Jazz Ensemble "A", Hebert, dir., featuring Adderley, alto&soprano saxes and Teddy Ludwig, alto sax.

The First Morehouse College (Atlanta, Ga.) Jazz Festival ran for two and a half days (March 24-26) with Donald Byrd and David Baker as clinicians/performers. Participating groups included the Morehouse Jazz Lab Band, Ted McDaniels, dir.; The Tuskegee Institute Jazz Band, Ronald Sargeant, dir.; the Life Force, an avant-garde jazz group from Atlanta; a jazz-rock group, Beautiful; the Paul Mitchell Trio (Mitchell, piano; Layman Jackson, bass; Alan Murphy, drums); and a sextet led by Feldier Floyd (former trumpeter with Art Blakey, Ray Charles, Lou Donaldson and others). McDaniels is head of jazz studies for Morehouse and teaches two jazz courses: History of Jazz, and Jazz Lab:

**strictly ad lib**

**New York:** Count Basie's band and a bunch of lucky tourists departed from New York March 11 aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2 for a two-week cruise of the Caribbean. Count's third for the Cunard luxury liner... Charles Mingus was set to bring a big band to the Village Vanguard for four Monday nights starting March 20, following a one-week stand with his Workshop group at Slugs... Maynard Ferguson brought 90 minutes of cheer to the inmates at Rikers Island Prison with his full band Feb. 22. The booking was arranged by trumpeter Carl Warwick, the institution's musical director... A memorial service for Lee Morgan Feb. 26 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church featured the *Jazzmobile Section 1 Workshop Big Band* directed by Paul West with pianist Harold Mabern sitting in. The eulogy was delivered by disc jockey Ed Williams... Steve Kuhn, playing electric and acoustic piano and singing his own songs, led Ron Carter, Paul Motian and Airto Moreira at

Top of the Gate for two weeks, followed by Brazilian multi-instrumentalist Sivuca and his group. David Amram's foursome featuring Pepper Adams was due next, and Bill Evans opens May 15... At Slug's, Keith Jarrett headed a very interesting group for a week in February, with Dewey Redman, reeds; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums. It was good to hear Jarrett on acoustic piano once again, and he seemed much improved on soprano saxophone. Elvin Jones followed, and McCoy Tyner was next... Trumpeter Enrico Rava recently returned from a tour of his native Italy, where he led a quartet with Bruce Johnson, guitar; Marcello Melis, bass, and Chip White, drums in concerts, a TV special, radio broadcasts and on a record date for Foni-Cetra... Ruby Braff headed a quartet at the Half Note... Jazz Adventures' Friday noon sessions at the Maisonette in March had Lew Anderson's big band, the Jimmy Guiffre 3, Balaban&Cats, and vocalists Jackie Paris and Anne Marie Moss, backed by Hal Galper, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Danny Spencer, drums... In addition to heading up Sunday and Monday night sessions at Oh Fiddlestix, Bobby Jones took a quartet to Trinity Church

Coffee House March 13 . . . Andrew Hill, La Verne Hill and Dave Amram were featured in a midnight concert at the Olympia Theater presented by the University of the Streets Feb. 19 . . . Cal Massey continues to be haunted by bad luck; now it's his daughter, Singh, who needs corrective surgery for a crooked spine. The trumpeter-composer ran a benefit Feb. 23 at the Underground in Brooklyn which featured, among others, McCoy Tyner's quartet, Archie Shepp, the Heath Brothers, Joe Lee Wilson, Clifford Jordan, Charles Davis, Bill Hardman, Billy Higgins, Bill Lee, John Ore, Roland Alexander's quintet with Kiane Ziwade, Hilton Ruiz, Hakim Jami and Clifford Jarvis, and Massey's youngest daughter, Waheeda, backed by her father on piano, Jami, and Zahir Batin. Massey also presented his Jazz Review at the Apollo Feb. 18. Waheeda, 7, stopped the show, and other participants included son Zane Massey, tenor sax; Russ White, flute; Bob Ford, tenor, piano; John Stevenson, baritone; Jami and Batin. On Feb. 22, Massey performed at Danbury, Conn. State Prison with Shepp and Beaver Harris . . . The International Art of Jazz, the very active Long Island jazz society, presented Shirley Scott with Billy Mitchell and Percy Brice March 5 in

Notice to Colleges: *The down beat guide to College Jazz Studies*, a new publication, is currently in preparation. It will list all junior and senior colleges and universities in the U.S. and Canada that offer jazz-oriented courses for credit. The Guide will also feature a descriptive list of jazz-oriented courses under the general headings of Theory, Arranging, and Composition; Improvisation; Instrumental Studies, Literature and Materials; Business of Music; Vocational Music. Send descriptions of jazz-oriented courses currently offered, or to be offered, in 1972-73, to *down beat/Guide*, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 60606.

Port Jefferson, Clark Terry with the Half Hollow Hills Jazz Ensemble (a high school band) March 11, and the Billy Mitchell Sextet with Ruth Brown March 14&15 in two concerts for students . . . Eubie Blake drew the biggest audience (900 persons) so far in the Town Hall Wednesday Interlude Series on March 1, garnering a standing ovation . . . The Concerto West, 522 W. 125th St., is featuring pianist Nat Davis and bassist Skinny on Fridays and Saturdays . . . The JPJ Quartet resumed its series of high school concerts in the N.Y. area Feb. 18 . . . Johnnie Ray, making his first club appearance since 1965, was at the Rainbow Brill, with pianist Stan Freeman as his musical director . . . Ruth Brisbane's program of songs, *The Legacy of Bessie Smith*, was presented for two weeks in March at Theater at Noon, a function of St. Peter's Lutheran Church . . . Doc Cheatham replaced Buck Clayton at the March 7 N.Y.U. concert previously mentioned here . . . Trumpeter Joe Thomas and his vocalist wife Babe Matthews recently did a series of engagements in the Chicago area . . . Pianist Neil Wolfe's trio (Richard Youngstein, bass; Bob Pozar, drums) completed a six-week, 14-state tour for Columbia Artists .

**Los Angeles:** Politics reared its controversial head as Quincy Jones, Aretha

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Franklin and Sammy Davis, Jr. headlined a one-night bash at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. The benefit was given "to meet the defense needs of Angela Davis" . . . Not nearly as controversial, but unusual enough to raise some eyebrows was the recent recording session that paired **Bing Crosby** with **Count Basie** and his orchestra. The musical inter-marriage was **Sonny Burke's** idea, for the Daybreak label. Basie's band, while in town, did a couple of one-nighters at Donte's and at the Go Go in Rosemead. On their crowded agenda is a European tour: from Denmark, April 17 to England May 14, with Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, Spain, and Switzerland in between . . . Apparently big names aren't enough to fill The Grove, not with a \$10 minimum and a cover up to \$7.50. So the idea is to present "packages." Thus the show that recently closed: **Duke Ellington**, **Billy Eckstine**, and **Sarah Vaughan**; and the combination that is scheduled for May 24-June: **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Count Basie**. Under ideal conditions, any *one* of those names would have filled the room. Which leads to the change for the April 26-May 6 booking: **Diana Ross**. She will now share the Grove with **Dick Haymes** and **Les Brown** for "Nostalgia Nights From the Fabulous Forties!" . . . **Herbie Hancock** followed **Eddie Harris** for a two-week stint at the Lighthouse. **Ujima** and **John Klemmer** did one-nighters there. **Elvin Jones** is due to play the Lighthouse May 30-June 18 . . . At Shelly's Manne-Hole, there was also a succession of giants: **Bill Evans** followed **Thelonious Monk**, with **Donald Byrd** due to open there March 28 . . . **Joe Williams** recently finished a three-week gig at the Hong Kong Bar, following **George Shearing**. **Carmen McRae** will open at the HKB April 17 . . . San Diego is bragging about its funky new quarters for jazz and rock performers. It's a new room called **Funky Quarters** and the Feb.-March listings were quite impressive: **Vince Guaraldi**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Johnny Otis**, **Albert King**, **Merry Clayton**, **Bill Evans**, **Cal Tjader** and **Kenny Burrell**—in that order . . . A new room with a less descriptive, more direct name opened on the site of the old 940 Club. It's called **The City**, and the first show featured **Terry Gibbs** and **Mavis Rivers** . . . **Arthur Prysock** interrupted his gig at **Memory Lane** for a week, and during the hiatus, **Sam Fletcher** headlined at that supper club . . . The February program by the **Baroque Jazz Ensemble** (**Ira Schulman**, woodwinds; **Jocelyn Sarto**, piano; **Don Felix**, bass; **John Baker**, drums) at the Egg and The Eye was dedicated to the memory of **Vicki Hamilton**, the late wife of pianist **Dave Mackay**, and a very talented composer/lyricist in her own right. Two of Vicki's numbers, as well as a swing bossa nova by **Cat Anderson** were included among works by **Handel**, **Bach**, **Vivaldi** and **Hindemith**. **Schulman**, commenting on **Baker's** drumming: "If drummers had been around in the Baroque era, it would have been something else." . . . A new group is in a new room in Venice, appropriately called **The Beginning**. **Dick Horn**, leader, on piano; **Dave Parlato**, bass; **Bart Hall**, drums. The gig is on Sunday afternoons . . . **John Gross** and his new jazz-rock group did a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena: **Gross**, tenor sax and flute; **Kent Glenn**, piano; **Pat Smith**, bass; **John Tirabasso**, drums . . . Donte's lumped three bands together to greet the month of March: **Jack Daugherty's** orchestra which he calls the "Class of 71" (hasn't he learned from

**Sergio Mendes** that subtitled years are a form of instant obsolescence?); **Count Basie's** veterans; and **Bud Brisbois's** studio swingers . . . Following the bands, **Quincy Jones** presented singer **Geraldine Jones** for two nights and **Tom Scott** fronted his quintet for two . . . **Dolo Coker** is keeping his chops (all ten of them) limber. He fronted a number of groups at the Baked Potato, in North Hollywood including at various times, **Harry Sweets Edison**, trumpets; **Jimmy "Night Train" Forrest** or **Teddy Edwards**, tenor sax; **Larry Gales** or **Bob Whitlock** or **John Heard**, or **Chuck Berghofer**, bass; **Earl Palmer** or **Donald Bailey**, drums. At one of the sessions, **Basie** trombonist **Al Grey** sat in. At **Shelly's Manne Hole**, with **Edwards**, **Coker**, **Heard** and **Bailey**, **Damita Jo** sat in.

**Coker** led **Edison**, **Edwards**, **Gales** and **Bailey** at a fashion show at the Hacienda Hotel. **Coker** and **Sonny Criss** are in the midst of an 80-concert swing (approximately two per day) through federally-funded Los Angeles schools. **Criss** is playing alto and soprano saxes; **Coker**, piano; **Wilfred Middlebrooks**, bass; **Mel Lee**, drums. **Criss** sat in with **Ike Isaacs' Trio** (**Gildo Mahones**, piano; **Isaacs**, bass; **Jimmy Smith**, drums) at **Diamond's 9000 Restaurant** on the Sunset Strip and later worked with that same trio for a one-nighter at the **Pisces Club** . . . **Alex Rodriguez** led a quintet at the University of Southern California. Personnel: **Rodriguez**, trumpet; **Richard Aplan**, tenor sax; **Harold Land, Jr.**, piano; **Tom Azarello**, bass; **Chuck Glave**, drums.

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# GETZEN

Rodriguez has opened a jazz workshop in the predominantly Mexican-American community of East Los Angeles. It's part of the Me-Chicano Art Center and is open free to jazz musicians every other Thursday . . . Mose Allison and Margie Evans shared the Ash Grove for one week. Allison used Ray Neapolitan, electric bass; Lee Charlton, drums.

Miss Evans had the backing of the George "Harmonica" Smith quintet . . . The Ash Grove kept the hue blue with Mance Lipscomb for three nights, followed by Albert King for a week . . . Tex Beneke, Ray Eberle, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires plus former members of the Glenn Miller Orchestra put on a concert and dance at the Hollywood Palla-

dium for two nights . . . A different type of nostalgia could be found in the middle of Beverly Hills: Cafe de Rex, with a New Orleans-Creole bill of fare. Among those who have played there are a Dixie group led by clarinetist Joe Darensbourg and banjoist Nappy Lamare; and a trio led by John Collins, with vocalist Carolyn Blakey, but the future of such music on a regular basis is not certain . . . Meanwhile, the Dixie sounds of Nick Pelico's Gaslight Club Band are now enjoying their fifth year. The Gaslight Club is in the Beverly Hilton Hotel. Regulars include: Warren Luening, trumpet; Al Jenkins, trombone; Rick Faye, sax and clarinet; Dick Kane, piano-organ; Pelico, drums. Sitters-in include: Matty Matlock, Bob Havens, and Peanuts Hucko . . . Ray Brown, backed by Carol Kaye and Duffy Jackson put on a demonstration of upright and electric bass for the Los Angeles Bass Club . . . Turning to another Local 47-oriented musicians club, Percussive Arts, Shelly Manne and his combo were the featured clinicians. At a clinic held at San Fernando Valley State College, Bill Douglass and Chuck Flores took part in a panel devoted to teaching drums . . . Gene Ammons put the finishing touches on his latest Fantasy album—not in Berkeley, but in Los Angeles. Bobby Bryant did all the charts and Jug claims it's the best things he (Ammons) ever did. He's looking for a home hereabouts, getting ready to add his name to the growing list of emigres to the west coast. . . Stan Kenton, who hasn't seen much of the west coast lately, continues his grueling itinerary: Aspen, Colo., April 5; Denver, April 6-7; Pittsburg, Calif., April 8; Eureka, Cal., April 9; Walla Walla, Wash., April 12; Pasco, Wash., April 13, 14; Boise, Idaho, April 15; Arlington, Texas, April 18 . . . Jesus Christ Superstar ("the original concert version," according to the ads) played Clairmont for two appearances, followed on two successive nights by appearances at the Anaheim Convention Center . . . Final Bar: Andy Grand, who introduced Sunday afternoon jazz sessions to the city of Phoenix, Arizona, died there, Feb. 19 at the age of 59. Grand whose real name was Angelo Grandinetti, came to Phoenix from New York in 1949. He owned several night clubs in the Phoenix area.

## db music workshop publications

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**Chicago:** Mark your calendars: The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, fresh from their tour of Soviet Union, will do 6:30 p.m. clinics and 8 p.m. concerts at Barrington High School (May 12) and Proviso East High School (May 13) . . . Oscar Peterson's Trio, in for a London House three-weeker, had Michel Donato, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums. Pianist Monty Alexander followed O.P. . . A Wisconsin rock group, Soup, the Sonny Wimberly Blues Band, Chicago Slim and SunnyLand Slim's Blues Band and (get this!) Big Bo Peep, a blues-rock group, were among the March parade of performers at Alice's Revisited . . . The Four Freshmen did two weeks at Mister Kelly's (following Prof. Irwin Corey and Billy Daniels), then gave way to Billy Eckstine (March 13-April 2) . . . Eddie Piccard's Trio can now be heard at the Spaghetti Boat (napkins away!) . . . The Malcolm X College Jazz Band and Afro-American Dancers did a free evening concert at the Chicago Public Library . . . The Preservation Hall Jazz Band did back-to-back concerts at Harper College

in Palatine and at the University of Chicago . . . The Gemini, 131-35 E. 103rd St., features **Sonny Cox** and the **Four Souls** along with **Stuff 'n' Things** Friday through Sunday . . . **McLuhan**, a unique jazz-rock group, performs on Thursday at the Orphans, 2462 N. Lincoln Ave

**Boston:** **Bobby Hackett** (backed by **Cass Brotsky**, trombone; **Sonny Drootin**, piano; **Tony Eira**, bass; **Les Harris**, drums) is still holding forth at the Lakeside in Topsfield. Guest artists such as **Herb Pomeroy**, **Lennie Johnson**, **Bobby Branca**, **Marie Marcus** and **Dave McKenna** are featured on Wednesday nights . . . **Elvin Jones** gave a free concert at Clark University . . . **Gary Burton**, now teaching at Berklee, did a Jazz 'n' Supper Series at Lennies-on-the-Turnpike. Gary was backed by **Mick Goodrick**, guitar; **Abe Laborial**, bass and **Harry Blazer**, drums . . . **Freddie Hubbard**, along with **Junior Cook** on tenor sax and flute; **George Cables**, electric piano; **Alex Blake**, bass and **Lennie White**, drums appeared at the Jazz Workshop, followed by **Pharoah Sanders**, **Art Blakey**, **Paul Pena** (who has a new record out on Capitol), **Elvin Jones**, and **Jimmy Smith** . . . The **Maynard Ferguson** big band did a week at Paul's Mall, followed by **O.C. Smith**, **Herbie Mann**, **Ramsey Lewis**, and **Clara Ward** and her **Gospel Singers** . . . The **J.R. Mitchell Quintet** did a weekend at the Western Front followed by two appearances at the Northeastern Afro-American Coffeehouse . . . The **Al Vega Trio** (Vega, piano; **Mitch Brook**, bass, flute; **Dick Banda**, drums) are appearing at Amaru's in Dedham. **Judy Lynn** and **Mae Arnette** are featured vocalists with the trio . . . The **Webster Lewis Group** with **Lewis**, organ; **Steve West**, trumpet; **Bobby Green**, alto sax; **Stan Strickland**, flute; **Webster**, organ; **Art Matthews**, electric piano; **Aurell Ray**, guitar; **Ralph Pinland**, drums and **Juma Santos**, congas, was recently featured on Channel 2's *Say Brother*. The group has been busy doing college dates and have just embarked on a six-week, nine-country European tour during which they recorded live at the Club 7 in Oslo, Norway.

**Pittsburgh:** The winter season of jazz activities in Pittsburgh was one of the most successful in years. Some instances of unusual acceptance for jazz indicate another renaissance of interest in jazz in this area and, surprisingly, a trend of renewed popularity for mainstream artists . . . The **Crawford Grill** set an all-time attendance record when **Arthur Prysock** and his saxophonist brother, **Red**, had people lined up in the streets outside the famed Hill District bistro. Proprietor **Joe Robinson** said he saw the Prysock phenomenon as an indication that his clientele was turning back to jazz and away from far-out rock . . . The **World's Greatest Jazz Band** also had a fine reception during a four-day stint at the Harmar House. The two senior members, **Bud Freeman** and **Vic Dickenson**, had the longest lines of autograph seekers . . . The town's new **Heinz Hall** had a sellout for the big bands of **Lionel Hampton** and **Jimmy Dorsey-Lee Castle**. They managed to hold the bands over for another sellout on Sunday . . . **Walt Harper's Jazz Attic** also got the bestplay from established stars **Herbie Mann** and **Carmen**

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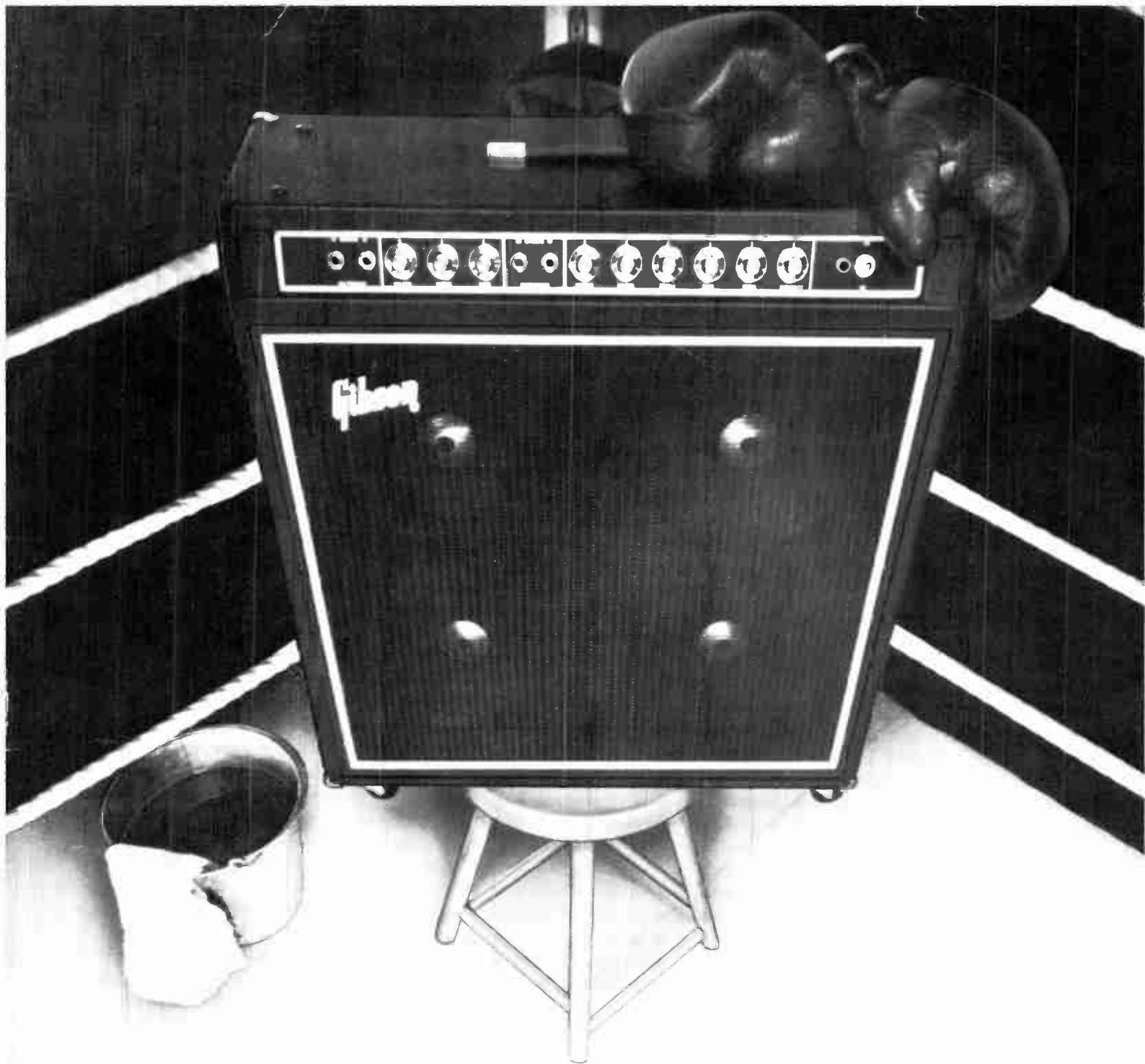
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McRae . . . The Crawford Grill did big business with pianist Frank Cunimondo and vocalist Tim Stevens, and the Harmar House with the Maynard Ferguson Band . . . Meanwhile, veteran jazz stars began to increase their following: pianist Reid Jaynes at The Colony; trombonist Harold Betters at the William Penn Hotel; pianist Linton Garner at the Hilton Hotel; drummer Dick Brosky and bassist Harry Bush with pianist Bobby Negri at The Schoolhouse; The Silhouettes at The Little Red Door; pianist Joe Kennedy at The Sheraton Motel; trumpeter Benny Benack on the country club circuit. It was far from a winter of discontent.

**Minneapolis-St. Paul:** The once-stagnant jazz and pop music scene in the Twin Cities is stirring once again with the opening of a new jazz club in St. Paul and changed music policies at other clubs. The Take Five Club in St. Paul opened with the Ron Lee Trio, with the leader on drums, one-time Buddy Rich sideman Bobby Peterson on piano, and Bobby's brother, Billy, on bass. The Silver Dollar Club in Minneapolis has become a blues room, thanks to promoters Charlie Campbell and Dick Durfee. They began their blues concerts with Muddy Waters, followed by Luther Allison's Chicago Blues Band. Albert King was due there soon. Mr. Anthony's, a St. Paul restaurant and nightclub, has been booking some of the areas' finest musicians and singers. Trumpeter Leroy Fisher and a trio backed singer Louise Drake there recently for several weeks. Singer Judy Perkins followed. f. david's, another new Minneapolis club, has initiated a "name" group policy, which began Feb. 13 with Bill Haley and his Comets. Owner Frank Yarusso probably will continue with '50s rock 'n' roll, until it runs out, and then might go more modern . . . St. Paul's Prom Center has booked Buddy Rich for April 20 and Stan Kenton for May 10 at the Twin Cities' last bastion for name bands . . . **John McLaughlin** and his **Mahavishnu Orchestra** were in concert Feb. 27 in the Guthrie Theater . . . **Henry Mancini** and **Andy Williams** played the Metropolitan Sports Center in St. Paul to make it big. He's with **Donny Hathaway** and is on the singer's newest album . . . Trumpeter **Gene Adams**, an instructor at the Afro-American Cultural Arts Center in Minneapolis, is trying to get a jazz society started. He and other musicians have been meeting to rap and jam on Sunday afternoons at the center for several months now . . . **Warren Covington's** attempt to start a subscriber-only supper club in the Twin Cities area featuring big bands apparently has failed. The trombonist-bandleader-businessman-recording executive et al. reportedly needed 5,000 subscribers, but got only 2,300 (despite a report in Earl Wilson's column that there were 7,000) . . . **The Whole Earth Rainbow Band**, a young jazz group from Minneapolis, donated its time and energy to play at a party in St. Paul to raise money to publish the area's first journalism review - TCJR (Twin Cities Journalism Review). Nearly \$900 was raised . . . Another new club in Minneapolis is **Once Groveland**, located in the basement of a church, featuring local rock, jazz and blues groups for just \$1 admission . . . The Twin Cities have another representative on the Buddy Rich band - altoist **Brian Grivna**. **Bruce Paulson**, trombonist from Minneapolis,

is with the band and Minneapolis pianist **Meredith (Mickey) McLain** served a brief stint recently. Bassist **Jay Goetting** was with the band a few years ago.

**Norway:** Art Farmer, who had to postpone his scheduled year-end visit here, due to other engagements and his permanent work for the **Vienna Radio Orchestra**, was due to arrive for performances at the Bikuben and the Student City Jazz Club in March, coinciding with the latter club's fifth anniversary celebration . . . Oslo has a couple of new jazz outlets. One is the basement of the La Boheme restaurant, seating only about 100, but perhaps the coziest listening spot in town. Music is heard every Monday, and the opening attraction was guitarist **Paul Weeden**, with **Ditlef Eckhoff**, trumpet; **Ivar Anthonen**, piano; **Terje Venaas**, bass, and **Ole Jacob Hansen**, drums - a very good group. Weeden, who recently took a short trip to the U.S., went on from Oslo to the north. The other new venue is the New Orleans Workshop, held every Thursday in the Bergum Cafe and featuring the **Christiania Jazz Band** . . . Traditional jazz is making a comeback in Norway. At any rate, the **Big Chief Jazz Band** seemed to prove this when it celebrated its 20th birthday with a big session at Chateau Neuf. The place was sold out, and the bands, in addition the celebrants, were the **Danish Papa Bue Viking Jazz Band**, the **Dutch Swing College Band**, and **Ben Webster's** quartet. A special honor for the occasion was the appearance of their Royal Highnesses Crown Prince Harald and Crown Princess Sonja - their first at a jazz event . . . **Jan Garbarek**, recently noted for two five-star reviews in **down beat**, was on a short tour of Finland with bassist **Arild Andersen** and Finnish drummer **Edward Vesala**, and followed up with some Oslo club dates before going on to Frankfurt . . . **Bjarne Nerem**, the 48-year-old tenorist, was recently awarded the Gold Record prize in Sweden, where he lived for nearly 20 years, for his first LP under his own name, *How Long Has This Been Going On* (Odeon E062-34320). He has been a member of the **Swedish Radio Jazz Group** for many years and should be internationally known . . . **Karin Krog** received the Golden Record Award of Japan for her *Some Other Spring*, recorded in Norway with **Dexter Gordon**. Ms. Krog was also chosen vocalist of the year by Japanese critics, she was in Hamburg recently, and will be going to the U.S. for a concert with the **Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band** in Champaign next month . . . Trumpeter **Shake Keane** played in Oslo in Feb., also broadcasting with the radio big band. He was in good form, also reciting his own poems and singing the blues . . . Polish violinist **Michael Urbaniak** and his wife, singer **Ursula Dusziak**, who've had a big success in Germany with their new group including **Roman Dylag** on bass, have been booked for this summer's **Kongsberg Festival** . . . **Tubby Hayes** was in Oslo in Feb. for broadcasts with the **Ostereng-Husum Big Band**, as tenor soloist and composer-arranger. He also did a few nights at the **Down Town Key Club**, and did a concert with the **Swedish Radio Band** in Gothenburg just prior to arriving in Norway. This was the first Scandinavian tour for the British star since undergoing a serious heart operation. He sounded like his old self and seemed fully recovered, but still has to be a little careful.



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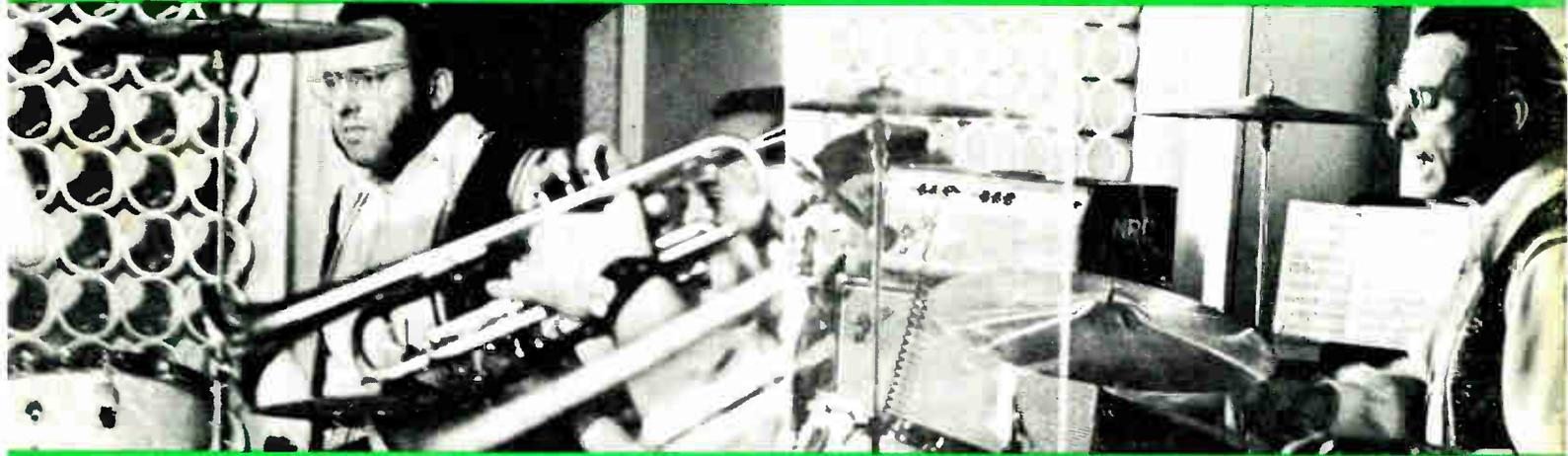
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