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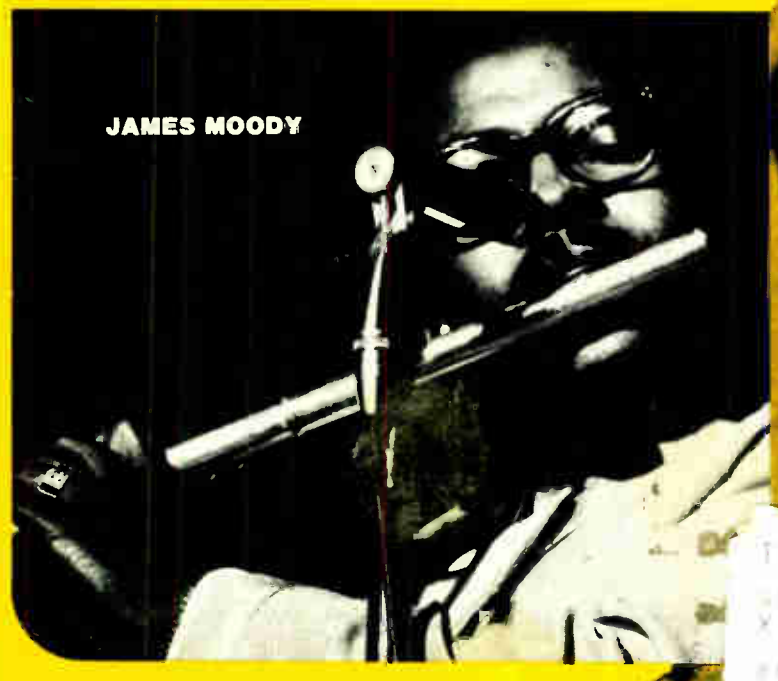

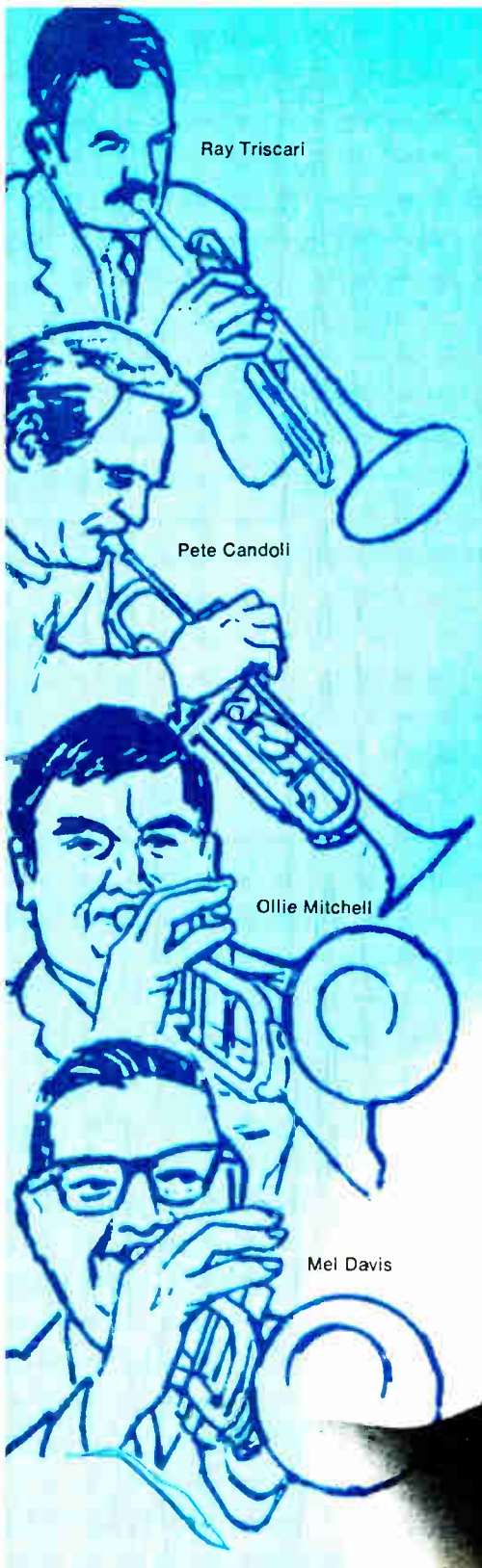

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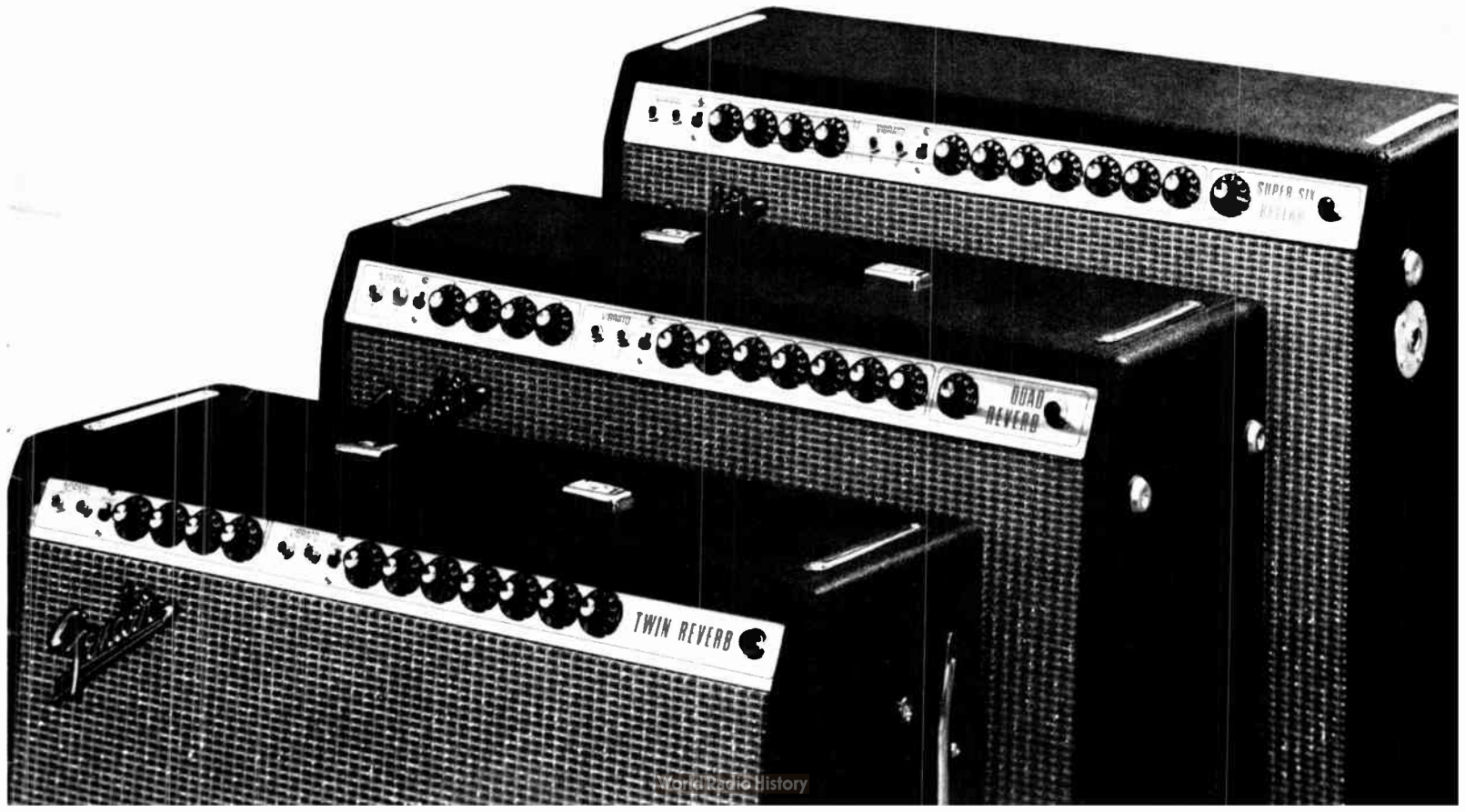

the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Dig this. As of June 1 there is no money appropriated for music, art, and physical education in the Chicago public school system. To say it again: Unless something drastic happens, 600,000 Chicago students will have music, art, and sports eliminated from their elementary and high school education. Space does not permit a closer examination of what P.E. and Art contribute to a growing person but we can take a closer look at what school music means to the student and the community, and some of the consequences of its elimination.

Motivation—It's no secret that not all students are crazy about school, especially in certain parts of Chicago—and other cities—where hunger, gang control, and deteriorating neighborhoods make schools a battleground for survival. It's no secret either that affluent neighborhoods have problems related to school boredom. Music often provides the major reason why a young person can tolerate school. And this tolerance is not limited to the music participant—music in a school effects all the students even if it merely evokes "school spirit" (which is togetherness) whipped up by a pep band or the solemnity of *Pomp and Circumstance* at graduation time.

Economics—In just one high school in Chicago, 80 per cent of bandsmen who go to college are assisted by music scholarships and for many of them—and those in other schools—that may very well be the deciding factor between college and immediate search for a job. And it's still a fact of American life that college-trained persons earn more money than those who had their formal education terminated after high school.

For those who cannot go on to college, there is the need for vocational training while still in high school. Chicago does at least offer some vocational music training now—but not after June 1. So the musically talented will likely quit Chicago schools and go where they must go to get trained.

Social Dislocation—Tens of thousands of people who can afford it have left—and are leaving—Chicago and other cities to flee to the suburbs principally to offer their children a better education. Obviously not all who wish to go can afford to move or would be welcome in a community near to where the family breadwinner could find a job. The suburbs also have money problems and many are not particularly anxious or able to receive more city emigres. It is all too likely that suburban school boards faced with a money squeeze—and that includes just about all towns, villages and school districts—will say "If Chicago can do it, so can we".

What can be done? Plenty—if sensible people will act sensibly. School Board members are human (yes, they are) and MUST listen—if students, parents and the community at large start speaking with one LOUD voice. In Chicago—and the formula is not exclusive to Chicago—an action group has been formed with the acronym SOME (Save Our Music Education Citizens Committee). Personal contact, group meetings, and the metropolitan media—newspapers, radio and TV—are being used to get the story over to those who make the decisions: appointed school board members and those city and state officials who should be (are) sensitive to public outcry in an election year.

Here and now the teacher has to actively fight for his professional survival. Parents must come forward and demand that their tax money be spent for a complete education. The teacher's union has to fight for *programs* as well as jobs and salaries. The community has to come to grips with what an education is all about. At this writing we are in the thick of it and will report developments to you.

Later on we'll publish the case history of SOME—we hope it saves music education in Chicago. db

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May 25, 1972 (on sale May 11, 1972) **Vol. 39, No. 10**

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Garnering

We would like to hear from people who have materials on Erroll Garner, for a collection (and possibly a book) which is being assembled.

We would welcome a note from Garner discographers, photographers who have some good photos of Garner (black and white or color), and people who have any interesting memorabilia on Garner.

We also are interested in hearing from campus (college and high school) radio stations who would like to have some background material and recordings by Garner. (Will send these materials only to college station addresses – not to students' homes.)

M. Glaser

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Lee Morgan's Legacy

I think the article on Lee Morgan (*The Last Interview*, **db**, April 27) was too good to be true. It was really fantastic. It is just too bad that one with such great ability was also one that was so unfortunate. His ideas about jazz today, I'm sure, are felt by many others, and yet jazz really is no further ahead today than it was 10 years ago.

Just ask the average person on the street: "Who was Lee Morgan"? It's a damn shame.

T. Gove

St. Paul, Minn.

Right On, Joe Lee

My sincere thanks to **down beat** and Barbara Simmons for a beautiful and much deserved article on one of the great jazz singers, Joe Lee Wilson (**db**, March 30).

Joe Lee has been making fine music for years. But his talent has been sorely underexposed in the music world.

Right On for seeing and hearing more about Joe Lee!

Peter P. Horne

New York, N.Y.

Women's Lib – Look Out!

Since my first issue of **down beat** (Vol. 1, No. 4), I have never written to register a squawk, but I give in.

I thought you had hit the jackpot of journalistic "garbage" with Valerie Wilmer's articles and her fantasy that all junkies, hop heads and mainliners are just poor misunderstood "little chillun."

But – along comes Eve Berliner and her "bit" on Maynard Ferguson(**db**, April 13): "his sound, his soul on fire with today" – my God!

As for the description of the band, they are no doubt a very fine group, but she makes them sound like an outfit of "limey" fags.

Please!, Please! have somebody like Morgenstern take Eve aside and have a nice heart-to-heart with her about coming down to earth.

End of beef!

Neal F. Coleman

Sun City Center, Fla.

down beat NEWS

PITTSBURG PRESS CLUB HONORS ERROLL GARNER

Erroll Garner, one of Pittsburgh's most publicized native sons, was honored March 22 by the Pittsburgh Press Club which made him an honorary member.

Garner was the third personality from the world of entertainment to receive the honor from the world's oldest press club. His predecessors were Victor Herbert and Gene Kelly.

During the club's annual Presidents Dinner, Garner was entertained by a group of musicians including some he had worked with in Pittsburgh. It consisted of pianist Reid Jaynes, who once shared twin pianos with Garner at Mercur's Music Bar; trombonist Joe Dallas, saxist Flo Cassinelli, guitarist Joe Negri, bassist Harry Bush, drummer Dick Brosky, and singers Jeanne Baxter and Sandy Staley.

Among the speakers were Lennie Litman, once owner of Mercur's; clarinetist Nick Lomakin, who appeared on the first recording Garner made, as a teenager; drummer James (Honeyboy) Minor, an old friend, and pianist-leader Walt Harper. Among the honored guests were Linton Garner, Erroll's brother, and Mrs. Martha Murray, his sister; Carl McVicker, his teacher at Westinghouse High School; pianist Carl Arter, and Leroy Brown, leader of Leroy and his Brown Buddies, a group which once included Garner.

In addition to the lifetime membership, Garner was presented with a framed caricature drawn by John Johns, president of the Pittsburgh Art Institute and a long-time Garner fan. Some 400 members and guests were on hand for the event. *—roy kohler*

PIANO PARTY TO END ALL PIANO PARTIES . . .

His great musical gifts aside, Randy Weston has always had a talent for making (and keeping) friends. This was amply demonstrated by an unusual event which took place in a spacious town house on Manhattan's fashionable East Side April 8, a few days before the pianist-composer ended a five-month visit to his home town and returned to Tangier, Morocco, to reopen his African Rhythms Cultural Center and prepare for *Tangier '72*, the festival he will produce Sept. 1-3.

The event, billed variously as a rent party, a parlor social, and "the night of the pianos", was an all-day affair in three stages. From 1 to 4 in the afternoon, 5 to 8 in the evening, and 9 p.m. until the wee hours of the morning, a host of pianists manned (and womaned) the four pianos (one on the ground floor, two on the first floor, and a magnificent grand on the third floor) in the home of Mrs. Edith Kerr. There were bars on every floor, and plenty of food, and the donations, ranging from $10 for the first stage to $25 for the night-long marathon, all went to the African Rhythms Cultural Center.

Among the pianists who came to play for Randy Weston were the venerable Eubie Blake, Andy Bey, Patti Brown, Dollar Brand, Ray Bryant, Jaki Byard, Al Dailey, Walter Davis Jr., Tommy Flanagan, Emme Kemp, Harold Mabern, and Don Shirley. Bassists Al Hall and Wilbur Ware were on hand to provide occasional backing, and the younger generation was represented by 16-year-old Anthony Coleman, whose range of interest runs from ragtime to the present, and Brooks Kerr, the son of the hostess, and Ellington devotee and scholar who seems to know every piece Duke has recorded.

Randy himself also played, of course, backed by his son, Azzedin, who has become a

BEVERLY PABST

Randy Weston

master conga drummer. Randy's parents were there, and so was Bud Powell's widow, Buttercup, Ruth Ellington, Duke's sister, and her two sons, Pastor John Gensel, Ira Gitler, Gil Noble, and many other prominent members of the local music community.

No less than three television crews attended the afternoon session, representing ABC, CBS and WPIX news. We came for the late session, and by midnight negotiation of the stairways between floors had become something of a challenge.

It was impossible to take in all the sounds, but we did catch a recital by Blake, some very pretty playing by Bey (a much underrated pianist), a swinging bebop session by Davis and Ware, some top-drawer Byard, a stride recital by Coleman, an Ellington medley by Kerr, a rousing set of songs by Miss Kemp (a great crowd pleaser), a steaming father-and-son duet by the Westons, and delightful solo ventures by Dailey and Mabern.

With due respect to all these fine keyboarders, the highlight of this piano banquet was a very special recital by Tommy Flanagan at the upstairs grand, for a rapt audience including Bey, Byard, Dailey and Mabern. We can't recall hearing solo piano like this since Art Tatum left town. (The last time Tommy made an album of his own was in 1960. For shame!)

The piano party was a fitting finish to a very productive stay by Weston, which included a record date for C.T.I., TV and club appearances, playing visits to Chicago and Hartford, and much important ground work laid for his Tangiers festival.

As a farewell present, Atlantic Records re-issued a valuable 1964 Weston album, *African Cookbook*, featuring the late Booker Ervin. First released on Weston's own independent label, it never got adequate distribution. It will keep Weston fans happy until the new album comes out. *—morgenstern*

IMPUSE JAZZ STABLE TOURS COLLEGE COUNTRY

ABC-Dunhill Records, which has been sponsoring concerts by its rock stable in the New England area, turned to jazz in April with a series featuring Impulse artists Alice Coltrane (with her quartet plus strings), Pharoah Sanders, and Michael White.

The first concert was held April 7 at Boston's Fenway Theater, followed by appearances at the Univ. of Rhode Island, Clark Univ., Amherst, Univ. of Mass., Brown Univ., Univ. of Maine, and Yale.

According to Steve Backer, national promotion head of Impulse, "we feel the largest concentration of 18 to 24-year-olds is in this region, and we want them to hear Impulse jazz." The admission of $1 is the lowest yet for any record promotion concert tour, and the auditoriums played averaged a 2,000 capacity.

Spots on college and commercial radio stations and a full print-media and campaign backed the tour.

potpourri

The **Count Basie** Orchestra, **Roy Eldridge,** and singers **Joe Turner, Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson** and **Joe Williams** toured Europe in April as a Kansas City jazz and blues package assembled by **Norman Granz.** Eldridge performed in a special combo culled from the band, with trombonist **Al Grey,** tenorist **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis,** Basie, guitarist **Freddie Green,** bassist **Norman Keenan,** and drummer **Harold Jones.**

•

Organist **Larry Young (Khalid Yasin)** has formed his own group, **Ma-Sha-Allah!** (Arabic for "As Allah Pleases"), with the leader doubling electric piano and keyboard synthesizer, **Stephen J. Nicholas II** on guitars (including synthesized and steel), and percussionists **Tony Williams, Edward Gladden,**

Art Gore, Jimmy Molneri, Shahid and **Joe Gallivan** (the latter doubling on mini-moog). The group, which will record for Columbia, made its debut in April with appearances in Newark, Washington, D.C. and Philadelphia.

•

James Moody, Urbie Green, Clark Terry, and **Mundell Lowe** will be among the guest soloists performing with student bands at the third annual American College Jazz Festival, to be held May 28-29 at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (Washington, D.C.). The above artists' appearance is being funded by various musical instrument manufacturers. The festival, sponsored by American Airlines and presented by the Kennedy Center and the National Association of Jazz Educators, is produced by Jimmy Lyons.

•

Erroll Garner began an extensive European junket April 22 in Copenhagen. The itinerary includes four concerts in Italy, four in Germany, five in France, and one each in England and Belgium. There was also a possibility that the pianist would perform in Yugolsavia May 19-20, which would be his first time in Eastern Europe. Garner's new album, *Gemini*, was rush-released abroad to tie in with the tour. From June 15 to 21, Garner will tour the Far East, with concerts in Australia, Japan, Hong Kong and Hawaii.

•

Pianist **Marian McPartland** began a busy spring season with clinics and concerts at North Carolina State Univ. and area high schools in April and a guest apperance at North Texas State. She will be artist-in-residence May 1-15 at elementary schools in Northport (Long Island), N.Y. and also do three concerts and a clinic in East Hampton, and then is off for Europe. Her latest album, *A Delicate Balance*, has just been released on Halcyon, and her song, *Twilight World* (lyrics by **Johnny Mercer**) is on **Tony Bennett**'s new Columbia LP, *Love*, and has also been issued as a single.

•

Gil Evans and his orchestra have been performing weekends at the Westbeth Cabaret, a plain room with a large bandstand and informal seating arrangement located in a West Village housing development for artists. The sessions are produced by Evans himself, soft drinks are available and the admission is $3.50. Personnel of the band has been fairly stable with only minor fluctuations and includes: **Marvin Peterson, Richard Williams** or **Charles Sullivan**, trumpets; **Dave Bargeron**, trombone; **Pete Levin**, French horn; **Howard Johnson**, tuba, baritone sax, fluegelhorn; **Joe Henderson**, tenor sax; **Trevor Koehler**, soprano&baritone saxes; Evans, electric piano; **Dave Horowitz**, synthesizer; **Ted Dunbar**, guitar; **Herb Bushler**, bass; **Bruce Ditmas**, drums; **Sue Evans, Airto Moreira**, percussion, and **Flora Purim**, percussion and voice. The engagements began April 5 with a five-day run and then switched to a Saturday and Sunday schedule of two sets (8:30 and 11 p.m.), which will continue at least through May 20-21. Westbeth is at 155 Bank St., between Washington and West Streets, just a few blocks west of 8th Avenue.

•

The popular *Jazz Adventures* noon-time jazz sessions changed location in April, moving from the Maisonette at the St. Regis to the New York Playboy Club's Penthouse. A Wednesday session was added to the regular Friday event on an experimental basis, and the program kicked off with a double-header featuring **Bobby Rosengarden's** orchestra and the **Barbara Carroll** Trio April 7. **Steve Kuhn's** quartet (April 12), the **Rod Levitt Band** (14); pianist-singer **Emme Kemp** (19); **Howard McGhee's** big band with **Joe Carroll** (21); the **Don Ellis** Orchestra (26); and **Bill Watrous' New York Band** (28).

•

B.B. King has signed a long-term contract with the Las Vegas Hilton and opens at the hotel's new Casino Lounge May 17 for two weeks. In contrast to such glamorous gigs, the blues master has appeared at 18 U.S. prisons during the past six months.

•

A tribute to **Dizzy Gillespie** was held at one of Manhattan's newest jazz outlets, Fiddlestix (1st Ave. near 77th St.), on April 10. Conceived by **Bobby Jones**, who runs sessions at the club Sunday and Monday nights, the event, attended by overflow crowds, featured Dizzy's regular group (pianist **Mike Longo**, guitarist **Al Gaffa**, bassist **Alex Blake**, drummer **Mickey Roker**), Jones, and the object of the tribute himself in fine fettle. Trumpeters **Jimmy Owens** and **Johnny Carisi** sat in. A happy result of the event: Dizzy&Co. were booked into club for a May 2-6 stand.

•

A&M Records has donated $10,000 to the Los Angeles Free Clinic. The money will be used to support and expand the clinic's drug control program. Since the Free Clinic opened in 1968, it has treated over 150,000 patients—mostly young people—with no questions asked.

Playback, by Elliot Horne

I Remember . . . A short conversation with Eddie Condon at his Dixielandry in the Village. I had come in with a copy of *Really The Blues*, the just published life story of Mezz Mezzrow by Mezz and Bernard Wolfe. "Good book," said I, waving it at Condon. "Very good," shot back the dap Mr. C., "as a matter of fact, it's the best book Mezz never wrote."

***

I Remember . . . Falling into Georgie Auld's west side Manhattan watering hole to dig Barbara Carroll's Trio one summer eve. The hour became unique when Charlie Parker, wearing an old T-shirt, made the scene with eyes to blow. He asked me would I mind lending him my sport jacket; then, having put it on, he got up on the stand and did his magic. Ballad after ballad, beauty upon beauty, poured from his horn. He zonked me so, I actually split the club in my shirt sleeves, completely oblivious to the "loan." The Great Man caught me on the fly, in the street. "Hey, man," he said, holding my coat by an elegant finger—with a smile that lit up the Broadway night—"you forgot your threads." Bird dug what he had done to my head, my heart and soul, and that made the moment indelible for me.

***

I Remember . . . Paul Desmond's sense of humor. He had joined RCA as a solo recording artist and was asked to fill out a lengthy questionnaire by the publicity guys. To the query "What is the funniest thing that ever happened to you?," Paul counterpointed, "I got married."

***

I Remember . . . A between-sets rap with Pee Wee Russell. I'd asked him how he liked gigging with trumpeter Max Kaminsky. "Fine, fine," Pee Wee said, nodding his head for emphasis, "good man, good man." Then his nose crinkled up, as if he'd just whiffed something foul. "Maxie's got one trouble, one trouble," he said. "What's that?," I laughed, realizing that Russell was cupped to euphoric proportion. "What's *that!*", he slurred, fixing me with a stare that froze for half a minute, "Leadershipitis!, that's what he's got, LEE..DER..SHIP..ITIS!"

***

I Remember . . . An ad in an old-old **down beat:** *DON'T BE SQUARE, BE ROUND LIKE A BAGEL . . . DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF OL' CHIC SLEAGLE.*

***

I Remember . . . A Louis Armstrong session at Decca. I recall Satch being handed a slip of paper by Sy Oliver, who was conducting the date. It contained lyrics to the Edith Piaf classic, *La Vie En Rose*, which Louis had neither heard nor seen before. He read them aloud, once, asked Oliver for the music, ran down his trumpet part, once—the backup men vamping quietly under him—then, in one magnificent take, he created *his* classic. Munching a hamburger during the ensuing break, Louis kidded about the tune. "Nice folks," he gravelled, eyeing us all devilishly. We were all puzzled, until he told us: "LEVINE and ROSE!"

***

I Remember . . . Scintillating raps with Ornette Coleman about his attempts to "obliterate memory." It would take a book to chart the peregrinations of those Colemanic impressions; so suffice it to say (with apologies to the man) he sought to effect a better personal view of one's fellow man by *forcing* from one's memory the entire history of one's life. Paraphrasing Ornette, "when you get rid of memory, you get rid of all that merde that went down." Simplifying even further, if one could succeed in this, and de-merde himself, why, one could then look at another human being "with curiousity" rather than "with innate hatred and/or fear." Dig? Needless to say, the jury's still out on the matter. However, it occurs to me that had I been able to do what Ornette readily admits he hasn't, I could not have written this piece. Nor, worse yet, could I continue to be pleasured by the embering memories I report.

joe osborn: studio stringer

by david perry

Although jazz has experimented with the violin, the electric saxophones and even the moog, it has never given an honest chance to one of the most popular mainstream instruments, the electric bass.

Purists complain that it lacks the warmth and tone definition that men like Charlie Mingus can draw out of their acoustics, but therein lies the mistake. To view the electric bass as just a mechanical imitation of the upright is to say that the baritone sax is nothing more than a clarinet in a lower register, or the trombone is just a French horn wound in a different direction. The power and presence of the electric bass have made it as unique and original an instrument as we have, and to view it as stepchild to the acoustic only serves to narrow jazz horizons and cut us off from one of the electric's foremost artists and technicians, Joe Osborn.

Osborn's instrument is a vintage electric, dating back to the era when Leo Fender was still working his own assembly lines, and the intervening years of steady work have mellowed its strings and copper windings to a point where they produce a beautifully classic, natural bass tone. As Hal Blaine says, "Joe's sound is as distinct and unique as Erroll Garner's, Wes Montgomery's or even Ella Fitzgerald's. He can pull the most beautiful, soft, lyrical tone out of that axe, and he can also make it breathe fire. It's that kind of versatility that's been keeping him so busy."

Since the late '50s, Joe has been one of the fabled heavyweight Los Angeles rhythm players and has worked himself into a position where he now handles well over half of the Coast's hit record dates. Though his work ranges from the most basic kind of bubblegum music through rock to jazz, most of his calls come from solid pop artists like Simon& Garfunkel, the 5th Dimension, the Carpenters, and Barbra Streisand. He has several years of road work under his belt, but prefers the studio business.

He says: "Studio work is really the only area where an instrumentalist can cover the entire spectrum of music. In the course of a week I might do a film, commercials, records, TV shows, and maybe even a live club date. There is a challenge in virtually every kind of date, ranging from trying to make a good lick out of a dotted-quarter-and-eighth pattern to deciphering a wild jazz chart. Studio work offers a man as many challenges as he cares to find."

Dick Bogert, engineer at A&M Studios, has recorded Joe hundreds of times.

"Joe's dates are always a treat," he says, "from both a technical and esthetic viewpoint. I always run his output cable directly into my console, no amps or microphones, and his signal is so clean that I never try to doctor it up electronically. Most producers like to favor him in the mixdowns, partly because of his tone but also because his bass lines have such an important melodic function outside of their rhythmic value."

Despite the unique timbre of Joe's instrument, his reputation and career have been based more on creative judgment and ability. The 5th Dimension's arranger, Bob Alcivar, seldom records without Joe.

"I like to keep a pretty tight rein on my rhythm section, but Joe is not a man to be crowded. I leave lots of room in my charts for him to stretch out and get into those slides, shadings and attacks that only he can do. Bass players have a tendency to be very linear; by contrast, Joe always gives me a very vertical harmonic possibilities in even the most basic 1-4-5 blues progression, and by working in 9ths, major 7ths, octaves, glisses, harmonics, double-stops and other colorings he can really break up the same old tension-resolve, dominant-to-tonic routine."

"It's Joe's background on the guitar," says Johnny Rivers, "that has given him such a solid chordal approach to the bass. He is so accustomed to fingering five or six notes at a time on the guitar that he has the speed and agility to build bass lines that might not even occur to an arranger or another bassist. That plastic pick he uses may be a little unorthodox on the electric bass, but it's the key to his whole bag of tricks. He gets a much cleaner tone with it, and it makes him fantastically quick in the strings. Back in the early '60s, we worked as a duo, but we sounded like a complete rhythm section because Joe's bass lines were handling rhythm, lead and even counterpoint. He wouldn't have half of his intuitive and creative sense without those early years of head work."

Like many rhythm players, Joe prefers to see himself as an inventive thinker rather than an accurate reader.

He says: "It's hard to find a rhythm player who'll admit to being a good reader. It's a matter of pride that we all fly by the seat of our pants. But still, some work, like film dates, does require very sharp reading with all those sync points and time changes. I have been a relatively solid reader for three years. Before that, I got by just reading chord changes, but one day Mike Deasy told me about a call I had lost because they needed a strong reader. So I taught myself to read very quickly. Still, I think I do my best work when the arranger gives me just the chord symbols and maybe a light sketch of what he is looking for. There are very few arrangers who won't allow their rhythm players to experiment with their written parts."

On the subject of today's music, Joe is very lucid.

"I suppose it is sort of a low-brow thing to say, but of all the work I do, the pop record dates are really my favorite. Commercials pay better, films can be more exciting, but the variety of record work, and the impact a hit record has on the business satisfies me the most. I don't mean that every session is a classic, but when we turn out records like *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, *Superstar*, *Aquarius*, etc., I am very proud to be a part of the business.

"An awful lot of hit records have made it solely on the strength of a few tuned-in sidemen. With 16-track machines in general use today, almost all records are produced in sections, rhythm first, then vocals, then strings and horns. Most arrangers depend on their rhythm players to create hooks, figures, turns, and even chordal variations on which the vocal, string and horn writing can be pegged. We have to keep our minds not only on how our own lines are working, but also on what the arranger can make out of them. It's a responsibility, and those guys who lay down just ordinary lines don't get asked back.

"A lot of our lines have become classics. For instance, Larry Knechtel's piano part on Simon&Garfunkel's *Bridge Over Troubled Waters* is now as important to the song as the lyric. I was on the date, and I saw Larry sweat through days with Paul (Simon) working out that line. Every version of *Bridge* I've heard since then has lifted Larry's part directly from the original. I consider that a tribute to Larry, and indirectly to all sidemen who are really the anonymous giants behind so much of our music.

"My work gets lifted too, by jazz as well as pop people, but somehow neither Larry nor I ever make the polls. I guess we have to be contented in knowing that some very heavy artists like our work enough to steal it. Some day, I'd like to see a little note on the liner jacket of an album that reads something like: 'The bass line heard on Side 2, Cut 5, *California Dreamin'*, was crested by Joe Osborn on February 6, 1965 for the Mamas & Papas, and is copied, note for note, with his permission!'"

With five of the recent Top 25 records (and four more scattered throughout the rest of the survey) graced by his presence, it is a little ironic that the name of Joe Osborn won't be appearing in the pop polls this year. But he does have the kind of bread-and-butter recognition he needs: a tight datebook and nine chart records this week.

More than a few All-Stars would trade their position in the polls for a little of Joe Osborn's kind of recognition. db

Two Generations of Brubecks: A Talk With Dave, Darius, & Chris

transcribed and edited

by Dan Morgenstern

Sons following in the footsteps of famous fathers are nothing new in music history—consider the sons of Bach. On the contemporary scene, such generational continuity is represented by the sons of, among others, Stan Getz, Jackie McLean, Jimmy Heath, and, of course, Duke Ellington.

But the two generations of musical Brubecks—father Dave and sons Darius, 24, and Christopher, 20—do represent something out of the ordinary. For one thing, there is a closeness between father and sons rare in this age of the generation gap. For another, all three Brubecks are leaders of their own groups. Moreover, all three groups have performed together and will continue to do so in the future, though on the surface, each stands for a different current in contemporary music.

Darius Brubeck, like his father, plays the piano and composes. He also doubles on guitar. His first album, *Chaplin's Back*, recently released on Paramount, is a tribute to the genius of film comedy, and he has himself produced and composed the music for several short films. If one must categorize the music of his ensemble, the labels "avant garde" or "free jazz" are probably closest to the mark. He is a serious student of ethnomusicology.

Chris Brubeck is a music performance major at the University of Michigan. His main instrument is bass trombone, but he also plays keyboards, bass and guitar and does most of the writing for his six-man rock band, New Heavenly Blue, which plays an important role in Brubeck Senior's just-released cantata, *Truth Is Fallen*.

Dave Brubeck, after some four years of concentrating primarily on composing (*Truth is Fallen* is the last of four major works completed in this period), is not planning to return to the full-scale, year-round grind of touring with a group, but he is expanding his playing activities and on Sept. 20 will embark on a two-month tour of Australia, Japan and Europe. He recently signed with Atlantic Records, terminating a nearly two-decade long relationship with Columbia.

This conversation took place on a Saturday afternoon in Dave Brubeck's spacious, comfortable Japanese-style split-level ranch house in Connecticut, where Darius and Chris were visiting. The free-wheeling, informal discussion flowed easily, reflecting the rapport between father and sons, brother and brother.

Dave: If any person was ever conditioned and pushed into becoming a musician, it was Darius. Looking back, I leaned too hard. At 10, he was studying counterpoint, playing trumpet, writing for trumpet and piano. At 15, I had him study with Darius Milhaud (the famous French composer with whom Dave also had studied).

Chris: I remember, earlier than that, when Dary was in the fifth grade. There was a composition contest, and he wrote something that was so good that they disqualified it because they figured Dad wrote it . . .

Dave: I was on the road at the time, gone about six weeks or two months. I knew he was writing this piece for the Oakland Public Schools, for four trumpets . . .

Darius: It was really a simple piece . . .

Dave: . . . and on the night of this contest for young composers, the judges said to him: Tell your father that was a really good piece. I had nothing to do with it, hadn't even seen it, and unfortunately this is what my kids had to put up with. That discourages a 10-year-old; it can discourage a 20-year-old.

Anyway, at 15 he studied with Milhaud, and at 16 he went into the revolt of all times and quit studying. Then he said he only wanted to play folk, no more jazz or classical. He wanted the kids to accept him at high school. This family has been exposed to crazy things because of me. People have been very unfair to my kids . . .

Darius: I wouldn't go that far.

Dave: When we moved into the house before this one, there was a newspaper article saying to expect all-night jam sessions and a different quality in the neighborhood.

Darius: Poppy fields . . .

Dave: The kids have had a really tough time living down that they're mine . . .

Darius: Nothing caused me to snap out of my revolt against jazz because no decision was made. By the time I was old enough to revolt, I played three instruments—maybe not well, but it was still my favorite thing to do. I never thought of music vocationally, and that's what Dad considers my great revolt. I went through a period I'm just coming out of, of being very bored with AABA-type choruses. I never write that way myself, and I'm constantly flattered by the fact that people consider me a jazz musician, because without question the best musicians in America are jazz musicians, and yet I don't consider myself stylistically committed to all that.

What got me back into music that could be considered jazz was studying Indian music very intensively for about 4½ years, along with a good dose of Indonesian, Japanese and African music. I studied them as a scholarly endeavor, but playing instruments meant that there was an application for it and I learned three Indian instruments and vocal music; you can't learn all that stuff without playing . . . . I don't think I'm now or ever will be a player who will set the world on fire on any one of my instruments. I never had the aspiration to be a Dizzy or Tatum or Monk. All this music that's in my head that's coming out now, it's natural and good . . . .

In the course of my career (if you can call it that), I've written commercials, been in production, written movie scores, but everything that came out wasn't a planned thing until now. I have a manager, have a contract with an agency now, but that's what people eventually come to. Let me say it another way: Everything I did was the next thing to do, never me hustling a gig—it was getting a call to write a score for an animated film (I'd say let me see the film, sounds like fun) or getting the Chaplin album out of the blue. At the time, I had a group that was considered avant garde by various standards (not my own, it was just music I was doing) . . . so I put together a new thing to make this music as interesting as possible, and out of that developed the current group.

The drummer is the same since I've been playing free music (guess that's the right word); he's Serbian, studied Indian music and plays great African drums. Richard Bock, the cellist, has done everything but hadn't been in a group and was looking to get in. I changed horn men from Bob Fritz to Perry Robinson, though I intend to use Fritz from time to time . . . it was a splendidly amicable parting; I suggested he form an avant garde group I could play in while making records, going on the road and making a name for myself. Perry is someone who's done everything—you'll find a credit for him on a folk album if there was a clarinet; he's been with Archie Shepp, and he's got a fantastic thing coming out with Gunther Hampel. Perry is really more interested in what I'm doing now than in what you might call hard-core jazz.

Everything has happened sort of circumstantially in terms of my career . . .it's all been on a flow basis, and if things continue to happen for me as well as they have happened, I'll probably be in music for the next 25 years—and yet, in five months I could be doing something else. You wouldn't be giving me this interview if it weren't for the family name; I could be optimistic and say maybe you would in a year, but not now. In those ways, it's been an advantage, yet it's not an advantage because it's hard to have people take you seriously. In many dull interviews I've done, it's always been: What's your father doing now? Are you following in his footsteps? I have to gauge the correct answer, which is no. Not a negative no, but a factual no. Sometimes I feel that I represent a sort of gossip source for my dad; also, people are not taking me seriously in terms of what I have to say that might be different, either musically or personally . . . most people probably think of me as being 18 or 19. I'm 24, and I've done a lot of things that haven't been noted publicly; like you don't notice film score writers, or people who do commercials or play on studio dates, which is what I did in L.A., for about four years .

Chris: I'm the white sheep of the family. I've yet to have my big revolt. Maybe one will come up. The thing in school is that the kids who mature the fastest, who are basically brightest, want to become hoods more than anything else, and I was kind of into that. If you got all good grades you were an idiot, so you worked at getting at least a D in some course. Then I got out of that and wanted to go to Interlochen Arts Academy. I'd been there one summer and felt it was too strict, but now I felt school would be good for me, so I went to Interlochen . . . .

Darius: Which provided you with most of your group.

Chris: Yeah, my bassist and drummer. That's what's so funny; like Dary's thing is much more intellectually oriented, but mine is just people growing up together. We started out as kids watching *Secret Agent* together, but we've been getting better and better.

I started piano at 5 but hated to practice. I'd get a quarter for every half hour, but even that didn't do it. Then I got into trombone and forgot about piano, but got back into it because I started writing. Darius doesn't like AABA form, but for some reason I like it.

Darius: Chris is a good song writer. That's a very different thing. My focus is on improvisation. He's written about 150 pretty good songs. It's a different kind of talent, even though they're related. I'm more of a composer than a writer; he's the reverse.

Dave: Fortunately for Chris, Dave Sporny was at Interlochen and helped give the kids jazz. He's so aware; a good musician, and works so well with young people. Chris was really interested in being a good classical bass trombonist for symphony orchestra, which he is capable of now, but Sporny turned him on to jazz . . .

Chris: I don't know that much about jazz; well, maybe I do, but not the way some people know baseball statistics. Trombone is my major at music school. I'm a bass trombone performance major, which is supposed to be the most difficult curriculum. You don't have the education stuff; you're just supposed to be getting really good at the instrument. I'm not getting good at trombone, though I tried harder than I did all my life. But I like going to school. You hate being in school but then you like it. If I get depressed because

school is such a drag I write a good depressed song so that I don't mind being in school.

Darius: With such an incredible band I would feel the same way.

Chris: In my group I used to play keyboards most; then we added a keyboard player and I thought I'd switch to bass. I rarely play trombone. Everyone is really great . . . and then there's me, and I don't do anything really great as far as playing an instrument goes. I don't even know exactly what to do but I have a lot to do with what we have in my group. I think I can become a good bass player; it's easier than anything else, and the maybe I'll be really great on that and feel I'm contributing. I'm doing most of the group's writing. Before, our first bass player, Chris Brown, was doing the writing. At Ann Arbor—the rock and roll center of the midwest, and possibly of the country, at an outdoor concert—5,000 kids steaming in the sun—Chris Brown played a string bass solo and a girl in the crowd cried: "Rock and roll! What is this shit?" It's a thing where, if you're playing for audiences and you do too much nice music or complicated music, they don't dig it, and Chris was writing good stuff in that direction. Since he left the band, we're doing a little more towards pleasing audiences . . . .

Darius: Last night, he played me a tape and I couldn't get it at all. He showed me where "one" was—it was in 48/8. They invent these incredible blowing forms and yet the sound that reaches your ears somehow makes you think in terms of hard rock though it's involved in such complex forms and everything. Most jazz musicians are too lazy to come up with the sort of things that New Heavenly Blue does. Not because jazz musicians are *lazy*, but because they think in terms of the individual soloist, and everyone is a soloist, and a group is good that has five good soloists. New Heavenly Blue is a group that defies categories, because the group is a soloist. As a group, it has fantastic rhythmic phrasing and interplay about it, almost like a synthesizer being played by one soloist, because it's so complex.

Chris: Not all of us have classica' backgrounds. The harmonica player (Peter "Madcat" Ruth) has no classical background whatever, strictly Chicago blues, and that's great because he's rubbing off on us and he's learning theory from us. As a group of people, we're really into knowing that just from the farthest out your imagination gets is really where the most exciting energy of your mind is. We often do things people consider unorthodox. I didn't listen to Zappa until recently because people were telling us we were just like him. I don't think we are . . . we're starting to get into theatrics, where someone plays a role, 'cause I think it's fun to write stories. So many songs are written about subjects, but if you make up your own story you have a bigger chance to do something different. Chris Brown, though not in the group now, still writes for us and we just did his ballet, *The Old Man That Never Died*, in which some of the group were characters. We'd be good for videotape cassette records. . . .

I have faith in what Darius calls fate; I'm just waiting for it to happen. Our first RCA record received no attention and probably has a lot to do with my feeling that way, but it was good—we took ourselves seriously as a group then; our average age was 17—that we got it out of our system. Now we know what's happening, are familiar with studios, so I'm just waiting for someone to come to us soon.

Dave: I used the group on my album *(Truth Is Fallen)* and the commission came not from me but from the person who commissioned the piece—he wanted me to use them. Most of the guys in the group can sightread anything you put in front of them—except the harmonica player, and he's one of the most natural musicians, so you just tell him what to do. You can put them in a classical situation with a symphony orchestra or into a jazz situation. The guitar player (Dave "Mumbles" Mason) is equal to any great jazz player, and he's just a kid; the pianist (Jim Cathcart) is a fantastic classical pianist, a good trumpet player, and great jazz keyboard artist. His uncle is Dick Cathcart, the trumpeter.

Chris: He has perfect pitch.

Darius: They all sing . . . Chris' musicians never think about making a reputation for themselves so that they can get other work (as players of my generation would). The frame of mind seems much groovier. I'm on the other side of that reality; to me, it's utopian to think in terms of a group being a group and not being hired, or not doing any hiring specifically, but for Chris it's the most natural thing in the world . . .

Chris: I don't see why it would, but I hope it never breaks up. Only within the last few months I've started to say I'm the leader. I'd always shied away, but it got to that point because of the Brubeck thing. I think I finally am (the leader) but I don't like to say it because it implies that the other people aren't, but it got to the point where everybody else was such a good soloist or virtuoso that my thing might as well be leading, as opposed to playing real good.

Dave: Your thing is writing *and* playing, Chris! He plays real good trombone; I don't know what he's talking about . . . .

Darius: That's the eulogizing of his generation . . . . From my viewpoint, and I could be wrong, I don't get the feeling that I could work with his rhythm section, or any of his guys. I could work with Chris. But I could write for them. It's not a question of which is better, but they are very different realities. There's no interchangeability, but that doesn't mean the musicians are less versatile, because what they do within one group is so tremendously versatile. I would have a very hard time playing in his group—I'd have to memorize so much music, more than I have memorized in a lifetime, to know the book, because instead of knowing changes and structural charts, I'd have to know it like a classical performer and then improvise at given places—like, at end of 7 measures of 9/8 counted as 4½, do a three-bar solo in 6/8. That's what I meant by jazz musicians being comparatively lazy

Chris: I have my own theories about jazz . . . It gives people a chance to play, but the bad thing is that a lot of these people are overindulgent. The best thing is to have places in the music where a guy has a chance to play, but don't let him overindulge . . . the result is structured improvisation.

Dave: What do you do if a guy is really cooking?

Chris: Keep going. It's bad for me, since I'm the judge. There's a point where we'll have to get into different things. You can just see me playing in Darius' group: "Oh, you're not doing so good, let's go on to the next part or the next number." I really like freedom, but I think a lot of stuff has a wandering quality.

Dave: The parallel thing happened in jazz. With Goodman and those guys it got more structured; you got so many bars to solo . . .

Chris: Rock ensembles are taking on the big band structure.

Dave: Some of the most beautiful things I heard were when a guy knew he had 8 bars to do it, or one chorus. My favorite records are still the three-minute things; you bought the record just to hear one guy play 8 bars and really make it.

Chris: I bought Dream's album just to hear Mike Brecker play the beginning of the second side . . .

Morgenstern: Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* . . . .

Dave: Jack Jenney's *Star Dust* solo . . . immediately every jazz musician was talking about that great chorus. So there was greatness in the limitation. Then, in the period after that—maybe the LP brought it about—guys took their time, played a long time but didn't say much.

Darius: Our categories at this point are so inadequate. If you buy an Eric Dolphy album, the whole point is to hear something that he will never play again which happened to be recorded, and you know that anything else he played could have been recorded too and would be just as good. You're buying time, history, a perception of

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EDWARD KASPER

James Moody:

Versatile Virtuoso

an interview by Charles Suber

The following interview took place in a hotel room in Atlanta, Ga. during the recent biennial convention of the Music Educators National Conference where James Moody was doing a series of clinics and informal jazz sessions. His playing made a vivid impression on the educators and students, many of whom had never heard of him. It is a sad fact that the James Moody kind of jazz does not reach enough people. His records are not played enough on radio (if the stations ever get them) and the too few remaining jazz clubs are not permitted to harbor young people.

It is an encouraging fact that Moody—like his first boss and permanent friend, Dizzy Gillespie—will be heard by more people via the school clinic/performance route. Now, it is to be hoped, more young musicians will be inspired by one of the truly great melodic reed players who is so brilliantly fluent on tenor (his favorite horn), alto, and flute.

Before we begin the interview, a few words about Moody's voice delivery. It's very musical and flows in patterns similar to his tenor playing—an instinctively measured rush of inner feelings mixed with incomplete but expressive allusions to other times and places. His frequent laughter during his own talking is not self appreciation but a mocking of his own fallibility.

To "warm-up" before actual taping, we talked of friends and friendly places. He indicated he was ready by saying . . .

J.M.: I was born in Savannah, Ga.

C.S.: What year?

J.M.: '25—1925.

C.S.: When did you go up to New York?

J.M.: Let's see. March-April-May-June . . . In June of '25 I went north, or rather, my mother took me. First, we went to Reading, Pa. This is going to crack you up. Here's how I got to Savannah. My father, a trumpet player, was playing with a circus band. He went down to Savannah to play a gig. My mother was pregnant and he didn't come home or something. So my mother heard he was there and she went down looking for him, you know. And meantime, I'm born! Right. When she recuperated she came back to Reading and that's where I went to school. Right?

So, I'm going to school but the teacher always noticed that I always say "Huh? Huh? Huh? Huh?" Something's wrong with him, you know. So, it winds up that they put me in a special school because I'm supposed to be deaf. But I'm in a school with kids who were actually retarded. My mother was kind of drug about it, you know. So what she did—man, I love her so much for doing what she did—she left Reading, Pa. for me and went to Newark, N.J. She explained the whole problem to the teacher at the Newton Street School in Newark which is in the heart of the ghetto now—like Lou Donaldson says, "The get-toe". At that time it was not exactly like that, it was a little different. So, she explained it to the teacher and I was put in a front seat. I skipped a few grades. I was up with the class and everything was cool. All right, don't you know they had examinations—you know, they come around and see your eyes and your ears. They dug my ears and they said, "Uh-Oh, we've got to put him in the deaf school". So in I went. Actually, I was supposed to go deaf but that didn't happen. I just went dumb. (Laughing)

So . . . now dig this, I'm 15 years old and I'm in deaf school. For the next year, guess how I get my lessons? It's why I wear glasses today. I had to stare so hard at the teacher's face—Miss Grosvenor. I'll never forget her. I had to look into her face, man, and *read* her lips. I would say: "But, Miss Grosvenor, the other kids they *can't* hear. I can. So please, can't you just speak out and let me hear what you're saying?" She would say: (silently moving his lips) "I am sorry but I can't do that". I went through that for a year. Then I went to Arts High School. I said I wanted to learn music.

C.S.: This is still Newark?

J.M.: Yes, it's still Newark. So I graduated from deaf school and went to Arts High School. They thought of me in Music II and Music III. I said that I don't know anything about music. I like music and I would like to learn about it. You know, I've never flunked any subject in my life in school except one. Guess what it was! Right. A big red "F" they used to give me. I didn't know *anything* about music. They put me in this class and I'm supposed to sing solfege. The other kids would be singing: "fa me la so do re . . .", you know. Every day I'd get up and sing an "F" because I didn't know what I was doing. I would say that I would like to learn and they would say: "Sing the thing"! But one day, man, like I didn't know what I was doing, I sang: "la me fa so do me ti do" or something . . . and CORRECT. One time, I got one right. I still don't know how.

I left there and went to Eastside High School and Mr. Bernardo, he was a beautiful guy—remember, I wasn't playing an instrument yet—let me take an alto and play on it. I can't read yet, mind you—can't read at all—and Mr. Bernardo says: "Okay, you're going to play in the auditorium the next day". He says that I should just follow the other alto player—he can read the thing. NO! My uncle bought me the alto. That's how I got it. *Then* I got in the band. Yes, after I got the alto, a guy came by and taught me a scale and then I went in the band. So, we were playing a military march (scats two bars)—I'll never forget it. Dig it. There I was playing and I can't read a lick—just following the other alto player with my one scale. Now the next thing I know, I'm 18 and before I can get with anything, I'm in the Air Force. They took me out of school and gave me a diploma. Dig it?

C.S.: Did the uncle who bought you the alto, play?

J.M.: No, but he bought it for me. As long as I can remember I wanted to play but I could never get a horn. And there was no money for me to have one.

C.S.: Did you ever hear your father play?

J.M.: When I became grown, you know. He knew a little bit of what he was talking about, too. He played piano; he wrote a bit. But I never saw my father until I was 21 years old. I mean I never saw him to know him.

C.S.: Do you know if he played the T.O.B.A. circuit at all?

J.M.: I just don't know. He played different things. I think he played with Tiny Bradshaw's band at one time or another. He played the parades and all that. My mother used to say: "He looked so nice in his uniform going down the street". I used to say: "Never mind how did he look. How did he sound?"

C.S.: Back to the Air Force.

J.M.: Well, like I said, they *took* me into the Air Force when I was 18. I went into an Air Force band in Greenville, North Carolina. *They* had the band on the other side of the base and *they* said you people have to have a band, too. So we had a band . . .

C.S.: Separate but equal.

J.M.: Yeah, right, separate but equal. It was funny, you know.

C.S.: You are out of the service . . .

J.M.: Okay. Well, meantime, Dizzy Gillespie came down there with his band. Diz says to David Burns and myself: "Look, I'm going to start a new band in a couple of months. When you get out come and try for it. So we got out three months later and went up to New York. We tried out for the band. Dave made it and I didn't. Walter (Gil) Fuller was the musical director then. Walter says: "You don't blow loud enough. Blow, blow! Blow, blow!". Man, I would get out there nervous with all those guys hanging around and go "coooocooooo" like a pigeon or something.

But then about three or four months after that, I walked into the house—my mother was ironing, man—I looked at her face and I said: "What's the matter." I could tell it was something. She said: "Look over there." Man, I looked and there's a telegram says: "You start with us tonight. Dave Burns". That was at the Spotlite. That's where I joined the band—at the Spotlite. That was *the* band. Milt Jackson was on vibes. Ray Brown on bass. Monk on piano. Kenny Clarke on drums. Can you see this? Howard Johnson, the other Howard Johnson from Boston, on alto. David Burns on trumpet.

C.S.: When were you first aware of bop?

J.M.: In the service and before. We had the Charlie Parker records and the Dizzy Gillespie records. You know, it's the same as being a rock guy today. We had the thing down from records—(scats some bop lines) you know, we *had* it.

C.S.: So your first style of playing was bop.

J.M.: Oh yeah, definitely. Bop and Lester Young. Wait a minute, let me say this now. When I was in high school, and my uncle bought me that alto, Jimmy Dorsey used to

JAN PERSSON

kill me, boy. This cat used to play (scats high register pretty Dorsey alto sounds). Oh man, how can he play so fast and so pretty. Then I heard Charlie Barnet on tenor and wow! Then I heard Georgie Auld and I liked that even better. It killed me. And then I heard Charlie Parker and that was the end . .

C.S.: All you heard was on records?

J.M.: Just records. In the first place, I couldn't go anywhere. Man, if I went a block away from my home to get a pound of sugar, I better be back in a minute 'cause if I didn't I would be mud, James Muddy. I couldn't go anywhere, man.

C.S.: What was the first live band you heard?

J.M.: At the Adams Theater in Newark, New Jersey. And it was also the first time I really wanted to play tenor. I heard Don Byas who was taking over Lester Young's chair in the Count Basie's band. And I was disappointed because I really wanted to hear Lester Young even though I had great respect for Don Byas and Coleman Hawkins at that time too. Chuck, Lester had that other thing. What Pres was playing just got to me.

C.S.: How about tone?

J.M.: When I was with Dizzy, I used to say: "Diz, who's this?" (scats) "Don Byas". He'd crack up. (scats again) "Lester Young." I wanted so to play like him. I think my tone developed from all of them – Hawk, Pres, Byas – all of them, and Ben Webster, Benny Carter – I first heard Ben Webster with Duke's band playing (scats Webster in the section). And Joe Thomas with Jimmie Lunceford. But that Lester he would go (scats) and then (scats). Oh, man!

C.S.: Do you remember your first solo?

J.M.: It was "no name" backwards *(Emanon.)*

C.S.: What was your first own record?

J.M.: *Tropicana*, I think. (Scats three or four you're taking me back to the Last Supper.

C.S.: It was a good supper.

J.M.: Yes, shucks indeed, very good indeed. Yes, good days, but, you know, now that I look back, I'm sorry that I was so naive. No, that's not the word. You know how you get into some situations and you don't know a damn thing. Like I was there but yet I wasn't there . . . but I really was.

C.S.: When did you go to the flute?

J.M.: About 10, 11 years ago, maybe more than that now.

C.S.: Why?

J.M.: Well, I had a problem with alcohol. After I was with Dizzy I went to Europe and I became an alcoholic. I became a wino. And (long pause) I was in Chicago, juicing as usual and I was out of it and a guy came by and wanted to sell me a flute. And I bought it – for 30 bucks. Out in front of the club, the Crown Propeller, I think it was. After I bought it, you know me, a couple of nights later, I played me a solo on it. Sounded like hell, but I played a solo.

C.S.: What would make you go from one instrument to another?

J.M.: Different people are motivated by different things. Now, I would imagine that a studio musician would be motivated by knowing that he can get more money by doubling on certain instruments. You might also say that having different instruments is like getting polygamous cooly. Because, man, they all have different sounds and you can fall in love with each one of them. And there's something really different that each one can give you. You know something? I dig my flute. I dig my tenor. And I dig my alto. I dig my alto flute. I play clarinet like I'm Superman – up, up, and way. It's a drag. I dig my soprano the same way but, you know, it's funny – here's that masculinity thing. I prefer tenor.

C.S.: Take a slow blues, for example. Does that suggest any particular instrument?

J.M.: At times. And then, in what key? You know, I can play in any key but I can play in another key better. I'm being honest. I figure I'm bettering my musicianship by trying to be an efficient player in any key and that's what a musician should be. If I'm going to get around to do more of these clinics, there's not going to be any more blues in Bb as the criterion for the beginning of the blues. It's like if you get a kid to swim at an early age, he can get to be a pretty darn good swimmer. So what I'm saying, if you are going to start a guy off on his home key, why can't his home key be F#? Or B natural?

C.S.: As long as he doesn't know it's supposed to be hard to do.

J.M.: Right. Because it isn't hard. But you have to keep it changing and interesting. You don't want to get into a rut or become a corny old musician with only one way to go. It's like this. I see what you're wearing, Chuck – brown shirt, brown pants, brown shoes and so on. Well, I see you next week and you've got the same thing on . . . so I see you but I don't see you. It can get monotonous.

C.S.: Are you getting bored with yourself?

J.M.: Getting? I've been! No, man, really – I don't dig myself playing at all.

C.S.: What's lacking?

J.M.: Everything, that's why I called Dave Baker. I said: "Dave, help me, man." He said: "Moody, your asking me is beautiful.". That gassed me right there, man. It felt good to hear him say that. It's like going to a psychiatrist and he says: "You're half cured already because you have come to me. Now I'm really going to be able to fix you up".

C.S.: So Dr. Baker prescribed.

J.M.: Right! He sent me his books, man. *Jazz Improvisation, The II V VII Progression* and the others. He's been really beautiful to me.

C.S.: When did you first meet him?

J.M.: I saw him in Chicago for a quick thing last year but we've really not gotten together yet.

C.S.: How did you know to call him?

J.M.: I had heard so much about him. You know how it is when you're hung up. – you call for help. I don't mean this facetiously but I didn't really need the Lord at that time – well, I really did because He's the one that gave Dave what he has – I wanted Dave. The Lord knows what I mean.

Another gentleman has helped me very much – Tom McIntosh. He's played with my little group. That's another thing. I always like to have musicians in my group who know more about music than I do. If you hear someone who goes along the same as you, hire him. When you hear something and you don't understand it – and you dig it – hire him. Get that cat in there.

C.S.: Baker gets very much into Coltrane's *Giant Steps*. Did you see anything in Dave's analysis that you had not heard yourself?

J.M.: Of course. Like he says, there are different approaches you could take to the tune. Different people have different types of things that they like. Dave says you can take the tune vertically (scats down, and partially up, a scale) and you can cut it leaner (scats the same phrase again with a sharper edge to each note) or do most anything you feel. Trane took the tune (scats same phrase wide and handsome a la Coltrane) and covered it from every angle. In time, though, *Giant Steps* will come to be like (scats first eight bars of *Exactly Like You*). The way music is going now, *Giant Steps* will be like that some day. I just wish I could be around to dig it. The way kids are today – they're very inquisitive, they want to know and people like Dave Baker make it possible for them to know. Oh, Lord, do me this favor – let me stick around and cut this last chorus and then, then – maybe I could catch the next chorus too? (laughing)

C.S.: The boredom you mentioned before. Is it still with you?

J.M.: Of course, it is. Sure, Chuck, do you think the applause I got this morning really gives me what I need? I need . . . I admire Brother Yusef, Yusef Lateef – oh, this cat is something. I've never gone to school for music. I've never really studied music. That's why I'm up tight. I *know* I don't know but I

Continued on page 32

school jazz festival roundup

by charles suber

In the last issue of down beat, we discussed some of the important aspects of one of the largest competitive school jazz festivals—the 13th Oak Lawn (Ill.) Jazz Festival. Let's now examine two recent non-competitive events—the second Illinois Invitational (Elmhurst) and the third Loyola University (New Orleans) Jazz Ensemble Festival.

The Illinois Invitational was started last year by several high school jazz educators in the Chicago area who had had their share of winning (and losing) and had concluded that learning to play and create better music is the straightest path to joy and rapture. The system they devised—it's not patented, about 15 festivals around the country use variations—is for four or five bands to have one hour each on stage. The first half hour is performance; the second half is for clinics. This year, Phil Wilson and Jamey Aebersold were the experts rephrasing, polishing, and demonstrating a more inventive line and generally, bringing a professional jazz player's concept to the learning musician. Perhaps the most significant aspect of the Illinois Invitational is the fact that two of its founders are among the most creative jazz educators to be found anywhere—the Reverend George Wiskirchen (Notre Dame HS) and Paul Tolosco (Proviso East HS and Elmhurst College). It is their considered judgment that their students benefit more from increased skills and concepts than accumulating more rubbed walnut and brass plate. And their students emphatically agree.

The Loyola festival was a well run, low-pressure, three-day event in which 32 high school bands and combos participated. This year Cannonball Adderley was the principal judge/clinician/performer. As in many large events, the schools were divided into classifications according to school enrollment and the judges evaluated ensemble performance on the basis of First Division (superior rating); Second Division (good to average rating), and Third Division (poor to fair rating). After each ensemble performed before three judges, it set up in another area where it was judged for sight reading ability by one adjudicator. After each session it was interesting to compare the performance and sight reading ratings. As a general rule the better bands excelled in both. And it was obvious that those few band directors who worked three or four numbers to death failed to impress in either category. The pacing of the sessions was especially good as it left ample time for students and educators to meet and talk with the judges and clinicians and, just as importantly, with each other. It was not just a case of set up, blow, break down and head home. The relaxed atmosphere also aided the rapport that Adderley was able to reach with the Loyola musicians with whom he performed (rehearsals were open to festival participants as a learning session). And it was a touching and inspired moment when Loyola alto sax star Teddy Ludwig got to trading choruses with Adderley, his long-time hero. The Loyola band, in fact the Loyola jazz program, is rightfully beholden to its director, Joe Hebert. He manages to convince all his students that hard work and jazz virtuosity are necessarily compatible. Hebert also taps good local New Orleans players, such as Al Beletto, for assistance. You would think that it would be fairly easy to work in school jazz in New Orleans. It isn't really. The Louisiana natives are more prone to c&w and Cajun fais-dados than jazz, and the New Orleans tourist is sure that jazz began with a straw skimmer and a banjo and ended with Al Hirt down the street from Pete Fountain.

Two events in downstate Illinois pointed up an interesting fact of present day school jazz festivals. On the same Saturday, 60 miles apart, were the 14th Eastern Ill. Univ. Jazz Festival (Charleston) featuring Gary Barone and Bill Watrous as clinicians; and the 11th Millikin Univ. Jazz Festival (Decatur), featuring Dick Grove, Don Menza and Jay Daversa. Very impressive: five outstanding jazz and studio players imported from New York and Hollywood to bring their jazz expertise to mid-America. Charleston had 43 high school and junior college bands (over a two-day period) and Decatur had 15 high school bands. Both events were competitive and featured the host schools' jazz ensemble for the evening performance with the guest clinicians. Both events were run very well with, perhaps,

VERYL OAKLAND

Cannonball Adderley

only Charleston coming in for some small criticism for maintaining so tight a schedule that students, educators, and professionals didn't get enough time to mix and mingle.

The jazz situation at Millikin is somewhat tense these days. Roger Schueler is technically on leave of absence but stays in town to work with the jazz ensemble. The school, like so many others, is hurting for money and has not been able to activate a more full jazz program for credit. E.I.U., a state school, has relatively the same problem. Pete Vivona is the chief jazz honcho but has to do the whole thing—run the jazz ensemble, teach arranging, jazz improvisation, history of jazz, and handle a number of private (trombone) students. His administration is sympathetic about his work overload but money for assistance is tough to come by.

Dom Spera ran a very good and interesting festival at the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire. In his fifth jazz festival, there were 47 high school and college bands competing within their own classifications plus clinics on reading new stage band materials, black studies, improvisation and method and technique materials. David Baker and Oliver Nelson were the chief clinicians/performers. One evening session featured a variety of local jazz ensembles—Dixieland, folk-rock, jazz-rock, and a faculty combo which was delightful. The other sessions were competitive but didn't seem combative. The best overall high school band was a popular choice—just 240 students in the school—from Eleva-Strum HS. The director, David Kiepert, is a second generation jazz educator—he went through jazz himself in high school and college—who decided to see what could be done in a tiny rural community. And he did it very well. The winning college band from the University of Minnesota (St. Paul) is one of those I'll-make-it-in-spite-of-you cases. The jazz ensemble is not part of the curriculum; they get virtually no assistance from the University, so as Ladd McIntosh had to do at Ohio State, some student named Tom Keith steps forward and says "let's do it." Maybe the winning and the trophy that goes with winning will impress somebody at the University of Minnesota to provide assistance for the nucleus of an excellent jazz program.

The fifth Midwest College Jazz Festival at Elmhurst College was the first of eight events in the American College Jazz Festival network. It had several interesting ideas going; most worked, one didn't. What worked very well was guest night on Friday to open the festival, which featured Chicago area players. The Pharoahs, an 11-piece Afro-jazz ensemble, virtually stunned the audience with an authentic and colorful presentation plus some rather sensational percussion ensemble playing. A high school jazz-gospel chorus did well but the emotional hit of the evening went to the first public performance of the Chicago All-City High School Jazz Band. Burgess, Gardner, the leader of the 25-piece group, did an outstanding job in whipping the band together with just two weeks of rehearsals. It made ever so clear how much talent can go unnoticed and perhaps uncared for. (See the *First Chorus* in this issue for the serious problem facing school music in Chicago.)

The Saturday morning clinic was the weak spot in the festival. The idea was to try to combine a reading clinic with an analysis of the charts by the judges. It was good as far as it went but previous clinics on improvisation were much more appealing.

A new formula for competition was used and turned out very well. Each group played only once—no "finals" or playoff was planned. This left the last evening session, where the winning groups performed devoid of artificial tension and everyone played their hearts out. Another new development was the idea of a performing all-star ensemble. The judges chose 24 players for David Baker to rehearse for 75 minutes. The all stars were so good (and interested) that they were able to cut five difficult charts for the finale marking the end of the festival. Playing with the all stars as soloists were the "Jazz Adjudicators" for the Midwest CJF—Baker, Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Bunky Green, alto sax; Buddy Montgomery, piano, vibes, and Rufus Reid, bass.

The improvised jazz religious service, inaugurated last year, went well. The Elmhurst College chaplain conducted the service and David Baker wrote the original music. The jazz adjudicators and several other players from the congregation performed, three dancers interpreted the meaning of the service and the chorus and congregation finished the service holding hands and singing of love and understanding. Peace. db

Mickey Roker: Flexibility and Sensitivity

by Mike Bourne


VERYL OAKLAND

Mickey Roker cooks! To hear him drum is to hear a true professional: a musician of inexhaustible energy and talent.

We spoke during his appearance with Dizzy Gillespie at the Gourmet Rendezvous in St. Louis. In that quintet, as in any size ensemble, or in any kind of music, from a vocalist's backup trio to a big band, his versatility is supreme. Mickey Roker drums it all!

"Since I was a kid, I've always wanted to play drums, 'cause my people were West Indian and the drums would be going all day. I used to run away as a kid, follow the drums. I'd be lost, and my uncle would always find me; he knew right where to look."

Roker was born in Miami in 1932, but when he was 10 his mother died, and he moved to Philadelphia to live with his grandmother and uncle. There, at age 14, he joined an Elks drum and bugle corps, but because the family was poor he never had his own set. When he was 17, however, his uncle bought him his first drums and Mickey began to teach himself; not until after a stint in the Army could he afford any formal lessons. At age 23, he started studies at Music City.

For three years, Roker played around Philly, often with bassist Reggie Workman, with many sessions at his home: "They were a lot younger than I was, but musically we were on the same level; we started together."

In 1959, Roker moved to New York:

"New York is where you have to be if you want to be anything professional, because there's more opportunity there. If you can make it in New York you can make it anywhere in the world."

At first, he worked with Gigi Gryce for two years, then played with many artists: Ray Bryant, Joe Williams, Junior Mance, Mary Lou Williams. Gradually he began to record—once he'd decided to root himself in the city and not travel so often—with Sonny Rollins, Nat Adderley, and especially Duke Pearson, with whom the drummer has performed virtually every kind of music: from big band *(Now Hear This)* to combo *(The Phantom)* to chorale *(How Insensitive)* to trio *(Merry Ole Soul)*.

In the past few years, he has alternated between the groups of Lee Morgan (hear *Live at the Lighthouse)* and Dizzy, and has at last chosen a more or less permanent spot with the latter:

"Dizzy is a new experience for me. He helps me a lot rhythmically, 'cause he has so much knowledge. *Dizzy loves rhythm; that's good for me. Lee's band was much freer, you could play whatever you like playing. I liked that too, but I like the discipline Dizzy instills in the cats."*

Certainly one special challenge of the Gillespie quintet is that the music is so universal: African, Latin-American, the blues, all music, and all real. *"Authentic*, the authentic thing, that's what Dizzy seeks, and that's what he teaches," says Roker.

Discipline is what the drummer respects most, as an artist and as a human:

"You must have discipline or you can't live with the other guys on the bandstand—it's like life! You have to be a serious musician; there's no jokin' around. You joke around when you get off the bandstand. If a cat is really serious and he takes care of business and can play, he's got to get help from somebody, because they recognize your seriousness and they can certainly feel your talent. There's more to success than just being able to play."

What Mickey can play is anything, because he is always sensitive to whatever musical context he is in, and being so flexibly gifted, can fulfill any musical demand:

"If I'm playing with a trio, there is never any time I will reach the volume that I will play with a big band. When I play with a trio, I'm also freer. When you play with a big band, you must be disciplined, because all those cats are listening to you for the time; in order for all that stuff to come off good, there has to be some kind of anchor for those cats to work off.

"If I could play with two bands that are the same size, because these cats are different I have a different way, just to keep these cats cool. First you have to listen to see what's happening, and then you play accordingly; you have to adjust. There must be discipline! Like the free school, even those cats have discipline, the cats I respect musically. Tony Williams, he's like a genius; he can fit any situation. Okay, he's a stylist, but I remember once I was sick and I was working with Nancy Wilson and I sent him in because I knew he was capable, and he did a good job. And this cat is just an infant; that's what I admire—he's so young and he's got so much on the ball."

Mickey doesn't dig discoursing on "free" music, mainly because he can't enjoy it:

"It's not pleasing to my ear. I've had a couple chances to play in the free vein, just on the edges of it, and it didn't get to me. I don't understand it, and it's not that I'm afraid of it; it's just it has to be pleasing to me, I have to enjoy it, too."

Still, he admires drummers like Joe Chambers, Ed Blackwell, Andrew Cyrille, and particularly Clifford Jarvis, because each is versatile and disciplined and will apply this even when playing most "loose":

"I dig 'loose' music. When I say 'loose', that's just the edges of freedom; it's not chaotic. You can be loose and be happy, but how can you be free and be happy? I don't like the word 'free' because nothing is free. Everything needs everything else; there's an attachment; there are some things you need or desire more than others. There's some cats I can listen to because they really love it and they can play it."

To Roker, to be happy in music is the final necessity:

"I like to put the pots on; it seems happier. In a lot of instances, free music when I listen at it, seems, like, depressed. I interpret music like I interpret life; when cats are happy and light-hearted, it's not chaotic, it couldn't be. Nobody in a state of chaos can be happy, not to me. When things are chaotic, I don't know what's happening, I don't know which way to go—that's depression. But when things are light-hearted and swinging, you know it's happy.

"People come out to the club to be entertained; they want to hear something light-hearted; they want to go home singing a melody. That's what I like about the "inside" music; that's the label they've given it; it's just music to me. The "inside" music and the "outside" music, the difference is you can't go home singing an "outside" tune, you don't even remember it, you just hear a cluster of notes. But to the "inside" you can hear a melody and you can go home and that melody might be ringing in your head for two or three weeks. So you've left a happy impression on the people spending their money to come out and see you. And when you play that "out" everybody's drug, they're mad with the cats, and I don't like that. I like happy music!"

Roker is a man with melody in his spirit; he even plays a flute in his hotel room to bring out the song in himself. But drums are his instrument, and as a drummer he knows where all the colors are:

"I try to make them melodic. You got a lot of stuff to work with on a set of drums. You can't play chords or stuff like that, but you can play some lines, if you tune your drums and your cymbals are in contrast with each other—and you can get melodies out of your drums. And you have to be versatile too to play drums, because you could fit into almost any kind of situation."

The kinds of situations Mickey fits into are as diverse as music itself. He is indeed the compleat accompanist, and quite satisfied to be so:

"I'm just a sideman. I love it, because I like to play all different situations. It's a challenge to me to be able to answer the phone, I don't care who calls, and be able to fulfill the job and add something to the band. When you're playing with a singer, you can't expect to play like you play with Lee Morgan or Dizzy, because it's a different thing, and you have to fit in with what's happening already, and then add your little whatever it is. And that's with any band I work with, because I try to fit in with what's happening."

And that Mickey Roker does very well indeed.

record REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Joe H. Klee, Michael Levin, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Bob Porter, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Robert Rusch, Joe Shulman, Harvey Siders, Will Smith, Jim Szantor, and Pete Welding.

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

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DAVID AMRAM

NO MORE WALLS—RCA VCS 7089: First Disc: *Shakespearean Concerto; Autobiography for Strings; King Lear Variations.* Second Disc: *Sao Paulo; Waltz from "After the Fall"; Going North; Wind from the Indies; Pull My Daisy; Brazilian Memories; Tompkins Square Park Consciousness Expander.*

Personnel: First Disc: Orchestra conducted by Amram, with soloists Raymond Crisara, trumpet; Tony Miranda, Howard Howard, French horns; Andrew Crisanti, clarinet; Alfred Genovese, oboe; Kenneth Pasmanick, bassoon; James Politis, flute; David Nadien, violin; Midhat Serbagi, viola; Lorne Munro, cello. Second Disc: Amram, French horn, flutes, bazzokie, kazoo, piano, guitar, headbone; Jerry Dodgion, alto sax; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Sam Brown, Jack Elliot, guitars; Herb Bushler, Lyle Atkinson, bass; Al Harewood, drums; Candido, Arthur Edgehill, L. J. Calderon, percussion; Serbagi, viola; George Mrdichian, oud; Ali Hafid, dumbeg, percussion, vocal; Irene Nicolai, Lynn Sheffield, vocal.

Rating: ★★★½

Amram's music here is unfailingly pleasant and often interesting, if not notably weighty. His orchestral works are thoroughly American in flavor, with what seems to be the influence of Wayne Barlow, Kent Kennan, and the Eastman School generally, as well as definite touches of Copland, Wilder and Stravinsky.

All of this is worked into Amram's pieces with sure craftsmanship, along with such unusual elements (in orchestral music) as walking bass lines and the blues. Not merely blues influence, but the blues; two full choruses written into *Shakespearean Concerto*, which also has a phrase from *Salt Peanuts*.

The music on the second disc encompasses blue grass, bossa nova, calypso, Mid-Eastern sounds, and jazz. Adams and Dodgion have excellent solos, and Amram some good ones on French horn. His flute work isn't going to send James Moody and Yusef Lateef to the woodshed, but it has a certain atmospheric effectiveness on *Wind* and *Tompkins*. Amram has only been playing guitar for two-and-a-half years, but he negotiates it very well and has a lovely unamplified tone.

The best writing and the most satisfying blowing on this half of the program are on the waltz from *After the Fall* and *Pull My Daisy*, an utterly charming performance in every respect. Echoes of *Daisy* can be heard in the *Shakespearean Concerto*, or vice versa—they were both composed in 1959.

Going North is a nice country change of pace, with impressive pickin' by Elliot. *Tompkins* is a free trip to the Middle East, more exciting rhythmically than the rest of the album, and if little happens worth noting during the solos, Adams has a ball reaching into his bag of unlikely quotes.

A good album to have around to lighten your day. —*ramsey*

BEST OFs

THE BEST OF DAVID NEWMAN—Atlantic SD 1590: *Hard Times; Holy Land; Lady Day; The Thirteenth Floor; The Clincher; I Wish You Love.*

Rating: ★★★★

THE BEST OF YUSEF LATEEF—Atlantic SD 1591: *Buddy and Lou; Live Humble; Stay With Me; Juba Juba; In the Evenin'; Russell and Elliot.*

Rating: ★★★★

THE BEST OF RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK—Atlantic SD 1592: *Volunteered Slavery; The Inflated Tear; Lady's Blues;* Medley *(Going Home, Sentimental Journey, In Monument, Lover); Search For The Reason Why; Making Love After Hours; Black Root; One Ton; A Laugh For Rory; Rahsaanica.*

Rating: ★★★★★

As a collector, I can understand the complaint that *Best Of* albums are a glut on the market. However, there are other considerations.

BOF albums are not meant for the regular jazz buyer but for that fringe audience which, in most cases, makes the difference between profit and loss for jazz product.

BOF albums are also tailored for rack jobbers, the monster firms who service many of the big department stores. For the most part, rack jobbers are only interested in names that will sell in big numbers. To a rack jobber, David Newman might be a TV newsman and Yusef Lateef Egypt's foreign minister.

Rack jobbers like BOF albums because the marketing concept is geared to people who buy records in department stores rather than record stores. Similar concepts have worked well in the classical field.

BOF albums are also helpful to artists. There are no recording costs to be worked off on BOF product, and it is not unusual to have a good-selling BOF LP put a royalty account in the black.

Selection of tracks for BOF albums is open to question. The selections on the Newman and Kirk are just about right. That is to say, there is a balance that includes the artist's most popular work while emphasizing the depth and breadth of his talent. The Lateef LP tends to concentrate on his funky side.

If such LPs should be reviewed in down beat is another question. —*porter*

DAVE BRUBECK

ADVENTURES IN TIME—Columbia G 30625: *Unsquare Dance; Blue Rondo a la Turk; Take Five; Eleven Four; Castillian Drums; It's a Raggy Waltz; Blue Shadows in the Street; Unisphere; World's Fair; Waltz Limp; Iberia; Countdown; Maori Blues; Three to Get Ready; Cassandra; He Done Her Wrong; Cable Car; Charles Matthew Hallelujah; Kathy's Waltz; Far More Drums; Shim Wah; Bluette.*

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto sax; Brubeck, piano; Eugene Wright, drums; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This two-record set is a survey of the quartet's explorations of unusual time signatures and, by the way, a fairly respectable catalog of its achievements in the 1960s. There are studio recordings and live ones, and everywhere there is a sense of enjoyment and looseness and daring.

Blue Rondo is from the Carnegie Hall album released in the early '60s. It has chorus after chorus of Desmond building and building and wailing; some of his most joyful playing on record. *Take Five* and *Raggy Waltz* are from the same occasion; on the latter, Brubeck has some notably restrained (for him) single-note-line work leading into a fascinating rhythmic turnaround in which Morello and Wright are with him all the way—an example of the band's intuitive bond.

This group played to and for one another, not in the self-indulgent way of some of the most excessive of new thing performers, but so that the audience was invited in on the jokes and the secrets. That's why the audience responded.

It would have been kind of Columbia to indicate on the jacket that all these tracks have been issued before. If you don't have most of them, or if you're interested in a first-quality Brubeck sampler, the album is recommended. —*ramsey*

ORNETTE COLEMAN

TWINS—Atlantic SD 1588: *First Take; Little Symphony; Monk and the Nun; Check Up; Joy of a Toy.*

Personnel: Don Cherry, cornet, trumpet; Coleman, alto sax; Charlie Haden (all but track 4), Scott LaFaro (tracks 1, 4), bass; Ed Blackwell (all but track 3), Billy Higgins (tracks 1, 3), drums. Add Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet, for track 1.

Rating: ★★★★★

Unless you've been deaf to jazz happenings of the last decade, the music of Ornette Coleman should have become an essential part of your listening.

Even though the new Coleman Columbia LP, *Science Fiction*, was released shortly after, its presence can't negate the value of these previously unissued Atlantic tracks from 1959-61 sessions.

The album is similar to the earlier *The Art of the Improvisers* in that it consists of tracks which might be considered "leftovers" by some. The quality of the music, however, will tell you quickly that this assumption is anything but correct.

Of course, the album's primary interest is *First Take*, the double quartet track. In its way, it's every bit the equal of *Free Jazz*, its precedent-setting predecessor in release. It's about half the length of and thus considerably tighter than the "second take". Additionally, the solos are nearly as good—in some cases, notably Dolphy and Cherry, better.

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complex simplicity; *Monk* is boppish, loose and happy; *Check Up*, a graceful ballad, is from the Ornette session and far different from the other things done then; *Toy* is odd, disjointed fun.

It's Ornette. Do you really need to know more? —*smith*

ALICE COLTRANE

WORLD GALAXY—Impulse AS-9218: *My Favorite Things; Galaxy Around Olodumare; Galaxy in Turiya; Galaxy in Satchidananda; A Love Supreme.*

Personnel: Frank Lowe, tenor&soprano sax, percussion; Ms. Coltrane, piano, organ, harp, tamboura, percussion; Reggie Workman, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Elayne Jones, tympani; David Jackson, concertmaster; Arthur Aaron, Henry Aaron, Julien Barber, Avron Coleman, Harry Glickman, Edward Green, Janet Hill, Leroy Jenkins, Joan Kalisch, Ronald Lipscomb, Seymour Miroff, Thomas Nickerson, Alan Shulman, Irving Spice, William Stone, strings; Swami Satchidananda, recitation (track 5).

Rating: ★★½

World Galaxy is a backward step for Ms. Coltrane (or Turiya Aparna, as she prefers to be known).

There's some very good playing, but for too much of the time there are those damn super-saccharine, often corny and terribly repetitive strings. Her previous album, *Universal Consciousness*, also used strings, of course, but the loose abrasiveness of the four violinists on that fine release is abandoned (no, betrayed) here. It's almost as if Impulse and/or producer Ed Michel had told Ms. Coltrane to tone down the weirdness to give them something that would sell big.

Whatever the reasons or motives, the music suffers. Sure, it's often very pretty, but it's also unbelievably dull in too many long passages. The leader's solos on organ, though too brief, are *some* wailing heaviness. Her piano, heard only *Olodumare*, also is strong. But her harp work, no matter how lovely it can be, is quite lightweight. The tamboura playing is tasty.

As further evidence of the probability of a "tone-down", one should check out Lowe's solos. Calling them brief is a considerable understatement, and engineered-in tape noise (like string ensembles cut up and/or played backwards at altered speed) is played over most of his solo moments, almost obliterating (sometimes totally blotting out) his sound. Still, what can be heard of Lowe indicates he's something else—tough, flinty-toned, shrill, hoarse, staccato tenor bursts; swirling, fluttering, yawping soprano.

The tape noise is employed in some other very annoying places.

Jenkins gets space on *Supreme* and offers some flowing, full-blown violin—he's grown.

The Swamiji does his thing to bridge *Satchidananda* and *Supreme*. Okay, one supposes.

Adding it all up, it's still not really a bad record: ★★★★for Alice and her people, ★for the strings. —*smith*

CHICK COREA

SUNDANCE—Groove Merchant GM 2022: *The Brain; Song of Wind; Converge; Sundance.*

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet; Hubert Laws, flute, piccolo; Benny Maupin, tenor sax; Corea, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Horacee Arnold, Jack De Johnette, drums. (Recorded 1969.)

Rating: ★★

Except for moments here and there on *Sun-*

dance and the lovely *Song of Wind*. I'm sure Corea isn't overjoyed at the release of this material. It seems to be from the date that produced *Is*, a Solid State LP of a couple of years ago which represented his first album of free playing with horns and which was, as Harvey Pekar noted in his review (**db**, March 19, 1970), dull and chaotic.

The few interesting choruses are provided by Corea and Laws. Maupin's round and slightly dry sound doesn't make up for his lack of ideas. Holland's tone is full, and De Johnette is energetic, but whatever empathy this rhythm section later developed behind Miles Davis hadn't begun evolving at this session.

This one should have been left in the can.

—*ramsey*

B.B. KING

L.A. MIDNIGHT—ABC X-743: *I Got Some Help I Don't Need; Help the Poor; Can't You Hear Me Talking to You; Sweet Sixteen; (I Believe) I've Been Blue Too Long; Lucille's Granny.*

Personnel: King, guitar, vocal, all tracks. Track 1: Bobby Bryant, trumpet; Red Callendar, tuba; Red Holloway, tenor sax; Plas Johnson, baritone sax; Paul Harris, piano; Vic Feldman, electric piano; Jesse Davis, Joe Walsh, guitars; Brian Garofalo, bass; Bob Morin, drums. Track 2: John Browning, trumpet, Joe Burton, trombone; Earl Turbinton, Jr., alto sax; Louis Hulbert, tenor sax; Ron Levy, piano; Mel Brown, guitar; Wilbert Freeman, bass; Sonny Freeman, drums; Feldman, congas; Cliff Coulter, tambourine. Track 3: Taj Mahal, harmonica; Coulter, piano; John Turk, organ; Randy Wolfe, guitar; Ron Brown, bass; Earl Palmer, drums; Feldman. Track 4: Davis, Walsh, Feldman, Brown, Palmer. Track 5: As track 2, but Feldman and Coulter out. Track 6: Callendar, Mahal, Wolfe, Davis, Harris, Garofalo, Morin. Track 7: Bryant, Callendar, Holloway, Johnson, Feldman, Davis, Walsh, Brown, Palmer, Sandy Konikoff, tambourine.

Rating: ★★★

A few years ago, ABC released a King LP called *Live and Well*. While the "live" side captured some of the best King on record—vibrant, witty performances highlighted by guitar work that was an enlightening interpretation of Django Reinhardt—the studio side unfortunately settled for tiresome rote playing hampered by a static rhythm section and cliche-ridden piano.

There was a lesson to be learned here, and the path to follow was obvious, right? Wrong. The next King record was *Completely Well*, and the idea was, and has mostly been since, to enmesh B.B. in the coloration and rhythm of his rock imitators. B.B. King is one of the giants, and like Louis Armstrong and Ray Charles, he has never made a record, no matter how souped up, that doesn't at some time announce who he really is. It is nonetheless painful to hear him repeatedly recorded in overproduced, gimmicky situations that are about as conducive to music-making as would be teaming Count Basie with Blood, Sweat&Tears.

In short, *L.A. Midnight* is a collection of stifling studio dates that has some predictably wonderful moments, but not enough. The attempt to experiment with the context of King's music is in itself commendable, once in a while, and it has produced some fine results (such as the recent *Caldonia* on the *London* album). But most of these sessions were definitely not sympathetic to the fervent leaps of the imagination that characterize his best playing. Lord knows he deserves all the commercial success he can get, and more, but is this really more saleable than the *Regal* or the devastating *Blues is King* sets? And if it is, why can't we have some of both?

King is a professional, and even in the most adverse circumstances, he can trot out his favorite cliches. But he can't fake fire, and that's what's missing from this set.

Got Some Help is a funny, delightful composition that in concert might become a major number, on the order of *How Blue Can You Get* and *Don't Answer the Door*. Here it is given a lackluster runthrough not helped by Morin's unimaginative drumming. *Help the Poor* is given an instrumental treatment that never gets off the ground, despite enthusiastic playing by Freeman, because it is a song in form and as such inhibits King into modest embellishment. (King is a great blues player precisely because the broad abstractions of the blues permit him to fly into uncharted galaxies.)

Midnight and *Granny* are jams. Both are pleasant, and the former is highlighted by some fine Mississippi Delta guitar work by Davis, but the rhythm is stiff and King places his phrases with pointillistic precision rather than stretching out freely. Furthermore, no less formidable a musician than Red Callendar is added on tuba with the result of a cluttered bottom that would make an appropriate accompaniment for a cartoon depiction of an inebriated elephant.

Sweet Sixteen comes closest to conveying the King magic.

—*giddins*

JOHN KLEMMER

CONSTANT THROB—Impulse AS-9214: *Constant Throb—Part One; Constant Throb—Part Two; Neptune; Let Me Touch the Wind; California Jazz Dance; Rainbows; Crystaled Tears; Precious Leaf.*

Personnel: Klemmer, tenor&soprano sax, electric piano, piano, percussion, Echo-Plex; Don Menza, alto flute, bass clarinet, or Howard Roberts, guitar (tracks 4, 7); Mike Lang, piano&electric piano; Mike Wofford, electric piano, clavinet; Reggie Johnson or Wilton Felder (tracks 4, 7), bass; Shelly Manne, Jim Keltner (added on tracks 4, 7), drums; Mark Stevens, Gary Coleman (except tracks 4, 7), percussion; Marni Nixon (tracks 1, 2), vocal.

Rating: ★★★★

Klemmer is moving on, and in doing so is working his way into more individual areas. The influences (a bit of Getz, Trane and Pharoah) pop up less often with each new album, and he's primarily into himself.

This, his first album on Impulse after five for Cadet, speaks more of *today* than his others, yet makes few concessions in musical integrity. The music is clear, straight ahead and reasonably adventurous.

The overall approach—with the extra percussion and the electric pianos—is somewhat on the order of recent Miles Davis, but again the sound has its own character.

Klemmer is a very controlled player, even when going outside (which he does fairly often here). Instead of offering the static wailing of some free players, Klemmer tears through the notes in some interesting patterns—and there's that precision. In past efforts, Klemmer has used his Echo-Plex to sound far out while playing not nearly as free as the listener might think. That has ended, and he uses the electronics only for brief effects now. Klemmer's tenor is still his primary axe, but his soprano is a tasty, curling agent on *Wind* and *Rainbows*.

There's no doubt that it's Klemmer's date.

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but it would have been nice had he given Menza a bit of solo space. Menza's backup work is stimulating, inspiring, and sensitive. He's become an outside player (also a *controlled* one), at least in his work here. His bass clarinet is darkly stirring and his flute brightly lifting.

Bassists Johnson and Felder and the percussionists and drummers take care of business. Johnson is particularly strong.

Miss Nixon, the faceless dub-for-the-stars singer of Hollywood musical fame, does some lovely wordless unison work with Klemmer's tenor. She ought to step out more often.

—smith

CHUCK MANGIONE/ ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC

TOGETHER–Mercury SRM-2-7501: *Sun Shower; Legacy; Pages From A Journal in America; Firewatchers; Places Warm; Feelin'; Lullaby for Nancy Carol; Look To The Children; Freddie's Walkin'; Sixty Miles Young; Hill Where The Lord Hides.*

Personnel: Mangione, fluegelhorn, electric&acoustic piano; Gerry Niewood, soprano, tenor&baritone saxes, flutes; Gap Mangione, electric piano; Stanley Watson, guitar; Don Potter, acoustic guitar, dobro, harmonica, vocal; Bat McGrath, electric bass, vocal; Esther Satterfield, vocal; Rochester Philharmonic guest-conducted by Chuck Mangione. Appearing intermittently: Al Porcino, Vinnie DiMartino, trumpets; Morris Secon, French horn; Bill Reichenbach, trombone; Bonnie Boyd, Ray Ricker, Ned Corman, Charley Lagond, reeds, flutes; Howard Weiss, violin; Steve Brown, guitar; Tony Levin, bass, Steve Gadd, Ron Davis, percussion; Daisy and Nellie Whitaker, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★

Chuck Mangione is reaching out for everything in sight (and sound) and I hope his reach does not exceed his grasp so far that he'll fall flat on his embouchure. The stars are more for effort than fruition; more for potential than realization.

Mangione's efforts should be encouraged–strongly. He's got a hell of a lot to say. What he has done in this album is tantamount to a four-sided sampler. This is a recorded resume of the multi-faceted Mangione: jazz, folk, rock, soul, blues, gospel, Latin, even a flirtation with classical. Spreading himself even thinner, he wears four hats: conductor, composer, arranger, soloist. (He also produced the album and did some of the mixing.)

Together is a live recording of a concert. Mangione conducted the Rochester Philharmonic, beefed up by some jazz and rock musicians. That should give you some insight into the forces needed to contain Mangione's talents.

Some of the musical high and low points: *Sun Shower* is an excellent curtain-raiser, with exciting use of pedal point. At times, it sounds like a drone in B-flat, but the thing just never stops building. It's one pulsating fanfare, with good probing bass lines by McGrath.

Mangione's range of musical emotions comes clear with the very next track: *Legacy*. "Lovely" is the only word to describe this romantically bittersweet melody, its impressionistic setting, and its sensitive soprano sax solo by Niewood.

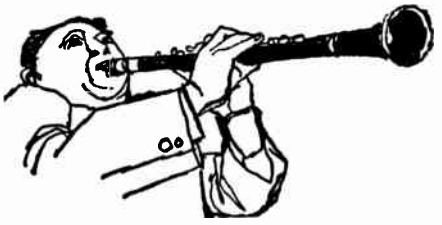
Niewood makes an equally strong impression immediately afterward on alto flute on *Please Treat Her Well*, which seems to float on the cushion provided by electric piano.

Firewatchers, one of the longest tracks, is put through a multitude of changes and reveals Mangione's ability to handle large forms. For 13½ minutes, he develops two flexible themes and fits them into Latin, jazz and some lush interludes that feature solo violin and horn. Niewood again makes a strong bid for Most Valuable Player award for the concert with a hard-edged tenor solo, but his earlier flute solo is irritatingly flat. Mangione comes up with a Kentonesque climax that allows for all the massed voices to be heard with clarity.

The longest cut–*Sixty Miles*–is cast in the same mold as *Firewatchers;* constant changes in rhythm and mood; straight-ahead big band jazz with symphonic sweetening by a string section that unfortunately lags; plenty of Latin accents, particularly on one section that features some warm phrasing by Niewood on flute.

Equally warm is the solo work by fluegelhornist Mangione. Torrid is the only word to describe the unidentified drumming that pushes the 15-minute suite to a grand climax. It sounds like two drums. Whatever, they exchange some heated thoughts with Niewood, this time on tenor.

Mangione's mellow fluegelhorn–reverberating beautifully without accompaniment–signals the Latin swinger *Hill*. Niewood's soprano cuts through the massed sounds that Mangione carefully and deliberately builds toward a swift but logical climax.



Along the way he has the hyperactive rhythm section put italics under the last beat of every other measure (assuming it's 4/4). The effect is whip-like.

Regarding the other tracks, *Pages* is an 11-minute study in boredom thanks to a very subjective solo guitar. *Lullaby* is another solo, but represents Mangione and his fluegelhorn at their lyrical best.

What's left are the vocals, and they also represent a cross section. *Places Warm* and *Feelin'* are pure folk, with harmonica and whisky voices adding to the authenticity. A nice touch in *Places Warm:* a persistent obbligato by harmonica that is eventually picked up by the strings.

Children begins with Mangione's gospel-flavored intro on piano, continues with Don Potter's rock-flavored voice, then a breath of fresh, soulful air comes in with the voice of Esther Satterfield. The whole thing has a pristine quality to it, thanks to Mangione's lyrics, but oddly enough he tends to impede the flow himself with his simplistic left hand. The track also contains one brief–all too brief–comment from Porcino's trumpet.

The same combination does *Freddie's* and turns it into an infectious, tambourine-punctuated gospel shout with one of the most persuasive r&b unison licks goosing the repeated title chants. Throughout it all is McGrath's serpentine electric bass.

There isn't an audience in existence that Chuck Mangione can't reach. *—siders*

WOODY SHAW

BLACKSTONE LEGACY—Contemporary S7627/8: *Blackstone Legacy; Think On Me; Lost and Found; New World; Boo-Ann's Grand; A Deed for Dolphy.*

Personnel: Shaw, trumpet; Gary Bartz, soprano&alto saxes; Bennie Maupin, tenor sax, bass clarinet; George Cables, piano&electric piano; Ron Carter, bass (except track 1); Clint Houston, bass&electric bass (except track 3); Lenny White, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

Woody Shaw's music belongs to the dominant jazz form of the moment, namely that surprisingly conservative outgrowth of Coleman upon Coltrane spawned in the early 1960s. It is tempting to say that this music is the result of the need for a revolution in the jazz language and the inability of the generality of jazz musicians to achieve it.

Whatever, the hybrid has undergone its own eclectic evolution over the past 10 years, gathering to itself elements of rock and the avant garde, and sheltering both the banality of the former and the unnerving doubts and demands of the latter within the umbrella of its professionalism/craftsmanship. Despite the diminished sense of purpose of the music, individual jazzmen maintain some of their traditional capacity for personal expression, and this double-album is a good example of this, particularly in regard to the leader's playing and writing.

Shaw's recorded work, from his early sessions with Eric Dolphy (1963), and with remarkably few exceptions, shows a consistently individual character. There is, despite a formal relationship to the ubiquitous modern trumpet style derived from Booker Little and Freddie Hubbard, the presence of more rugged, hotter elements. This perhaps reveals Shaw's early admiration for Lee Morgan, although Morgan's humor and much of his lyricism is absent from the younger man's work. In fact, a dominant sense of seriousness pervades the trumpet solos on these records, occasionally overwhelming their basic heat and vigor (a failing also frequently encountered in Booker Little). It is the pungency of Woody's playing that is its most attractive quality, and one does not miss the bright-toned facility of Little and Hubbard in the presence of this ragged intensity.

There are a number of fine trumpet solos here; the hot, sinuous line on *Lost and Found*, which unfortunately finally dissolves into a series of flourishes, the tone of *A Deed For Dolphy*, and particularly *Boo-Ann's Grand*, which has Shaw's finest work on the album. The song, his own, is an attractive swinging line with a ballad-like bridge; the tempo changes are retained throughout the solo sequence. Another version of the song, played entirely at middle-up tempo, can be heard on Jackie McLean's *Demon's Dance*, where the sleeve has a Freudian "Grind" for "Grand". To return to the point, however, the trumpeter achieves a melodic coherence on this piece that is lacking elsewhere and manages to fuse the trenchancy of his climaxes into the generally thoughtful mood of the solo.

The other soloists play reasonably well, though Bartz and Maupin have done better on other recordings. Maupin still has trouble swinging on bass clarinet *(Legacy)* and produces both decadence *(Lost and Found)* and surprisingly light-hearted swing *(Boo-Ann)* from his grim-toned tenor. Bartz, a more cautious melodicist, bases his solos firmly on simple phrases developed with a fine sense of continuity; this sometimes results in his line becoming entrapped in trivial elaboration, but on the whole he is a refreshing musician. He sounds more mature on alto, but is that because of the rather muddy recording of his soprano?

Cables is well enough recorded, and sounds immature, anyway at present. This is not to deny that there momentary glimpses of a distinct musical personality beyond the Hancock-Tyner-Zawinul, etc. melange. He composed the (Miles-) modish *New World* (musical wallpaper) and the more appealing *Think on Me*, which recalls a younger Herbie Hancock.

The bassists perform their ensemble duties with now-predictable facility, Houston contributing a mobile solo on *Legacy*, while Carter bows to effect on *Deed*. White has his finest moments driving the trumpeter on the middle and up-tempo pieces. He is a little too bombastic on the Dolphy ballad, and deserves our sympathy for having to pound out with however much subtlety the rock rhythm of *New World*.

Shaw's compositions from *Moon-Trane* on down have shown a distinctive character and his four here are all worthy of attention. In summary then, there's about one LP's worth of very good music in this double album and the rest shouldn't offend anyone. —*martin*

VARIOUS ARTISTS

EARLY MODERN—Milestone MSP 9035: *Crazy Rhythm; Sweet Georgia Brown; Blues for Norman; I Can't Get Started With You.*

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie (tracks 1, 2), Howard McGhee (tracks 3, 4), Al Killian (all except track 1), trumpet; Charlie Parker (tracks 2, 3, 4), Willie Smith, alto sax; Lester Young, Charlie Ventura (tracks 1, 2), tenor sax; Mel Powell (tracks 1, 2) or Arnold Ross, piano; Billy Hadnott, bass; Lee Young, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

These performances from two early 1946 Los Angeles JATP concerts have been around for some time on several labels, most recently Dot, and were originally on Disc 78s.

Bird, only a few months away from his California breakdown, was playing well if not as tightly or inventively as elsewhere. Diz, though not in top form, was still hard to touch. Prez, obviously in his element, played beautifully throughout.

The inadequate, swing-oriented rhythm section caused the boppers some trouble, particularly Gillespie, but the problems evidently weren't terribly annoying.

Of the other soloists, McGhee played the strongest, while Killian's high-note forays are the easiest to forget. Smith was nice, Ventura gruff but dull. Both pianists played Teddy Wilson-swing era style. And the bassist and drummer (Prez' brother)—forget it.

Getting into specific merits of individual solos by the three main men would be kind of silly. Jazz listeners ought to know how these giants played (or still play). That they played damn pretty well here is the important point.

Milestone's rerecording and remastering has considerably improved the sound and presence. However, Milestone would do well to use higher quality pressings—some of the good sound is marred by pops, static, etc. If it were only on this album, it would be excusable. But all Milestone pressings I've heard are noisy to some degree. —*smith*

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It has been just 20 years since Jimmy Witherspoon had his first hit single, *'Tain't Nobody's Business*. It has been one year longer since the Blindfold Test began to appear in **down beat**, yet for no particular reason Spoon and I never got together on a Test until a few weeks ago.

Born in Gurdon, Ark., Spoon sang in a Baptist church choir as a child, but it was while he was in the Merchant Marine in the Pacific that he came to attention as a blues specialist, sitting in with Teddy Weatherford's band in Calcutta, where he gassed an audience of GIs.

After that were the many dues-paying years, four of them with Jay McShann's band; the days of more wine than roses, as Spoon recalled so vividly in *Testifyin'*, the autobiographical track on his recent ABC album; a Down Beat Critics Poll New Star award in 1961, and his memorable participation in Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues Song* at Monterey.

Spoon at 48 is still breaking it up; recently, in an Angela Davis benefit at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium, he practically stole the show away from Aretha Franklin and Sammy Davis.

MACK McCORMICK

blindfold test — jimmy witherspoon

by Leonard Feather

1. JOE TURNER. *Roll 'Em Pete* (from *Singing the Blues*, Bluesway). Turner, Pete Johnson, composers; Patti Bown, piano.

That's Joe Turner, who else. He's always been my idol when he first started singing the blues, when he did *Cherry Red* and *Wee Baby Blues* with Art Tatum; now I find a lot of people telling me I always sing behind the beat, and right there, as I was listening to Joe Turner, I can see where I got it from. He comes in anywhere he wants to. This is a great achievement in singing the blues . . . in singing anything. I guess subconsciously that's where I got it from because he's been doing it for years.

That thing *Bye Baby Bye*—everybody does it now, but Joe Turner is the founder of that. I remember him doing *Jump For Joy* with Duke Ellington at the Mayan Theatre here, and you know that thing he does, *Pacha, Pacha, Pacha, All Night Long*, well that came about at the Last Word . . . Wynonie Harris and myself were up there singing a battle of the blues, and we ran out of lyrics, and Joe looked up and said "pacha, pacha, pacha all night long, pacha, pacha on the doggone telephone," so that's what we started singing and ever since then we been doing it.

I liked the accompaniment on this, although I don't know who it was. I'd rather hear Joe Turner with a much greater jazz-oriented group. He's much greater than that. That was a little dated type music to me. I'd give that three stars.

2. LEADBELLY. C.C. *Rider* (from *Leadbelly*, Columbia). Recorded 1935.

That sounded like Leadbelly to me. I don't know the lyrics—although I can understand what he was trying to say—but I don't think a lot of people would really understand what Leadbelly was really saying. In talking about the phrases of black musicians, years ago it was hard to translate the lyrics and what they meant. Like this was recorded a very long time ago, maybe sometime in the '20s. And these guys were learning to play by themselves, they had no teachers, all this was by ear. I noticed in this particular solo he's playing guitar, he was playing the melody and couldn't play the chord structure; although that's where we got the melody, from Leadbelly. All that struggling he was doing, we finally picked out the melody somewhere along the line.

And what a great tune. I would have to give that five.

3. MOSE ALLISON. Seventh Son (from *The Best of Mose Allison*, Atlantic). Willie Dixon, composer.

That was Mose Allison. I think that tune was written either by Muddy Waters or Little Willie Dixon. Willie and I did some things together in Chicago for Chess; he's a great writer.

You know what I'd really like to see is Mose working with more blues singers, instead of just doing his thing by himself, and really let people see how good he is. A lot of people don't know how good Mose Allison really is. He don't like to sing but by himself, but I'd like to get with him in a concert or something like that—trade choruses with him—because he can sing the blues!

This is an art form that was started by blacks, but anybody's entitled to learn this if they dig it. And he can feel it, you can tell. He grew up listening to black artists. I'd rate that four stars.

4. IVORY JOE HUNTER. *Since I Met You Baby* (from *Johnny Otis Show Live at Monterey, Epic*).

Oh, yes, that was Ivory Joe Hunter. I first met him in Houston, Tex. before he even made a big record. I was with Jay McShann and he was working all the black night club circuits. Now can you feel the flavor of a little of country&western that Ivory Joe sings? In all of his tunes. He's a great artist. He's one of those artists that's been in the background for the last six or seven years, and should come out and let people hear him. I'd give that five stars, he's so great.

5. BIG MAYBELLE. *I'm Gettin' 'Long Alright* (from *Gabbin' Blues*, Epic).

That was Big Maybelle, and the experience I had with her I never will forget, because at the time I had a big record, *Ain't Nobody's Business;* I was working at the Flame showbar in Detroit. And they put this little insignificant girl in front of me (she was littler then), but man, when she got through—that's when I started doing *Roll 'Em Pete* way up in tempo, because I couldn't hardly get on the stage, she just tore the house up . . . with no microphones, she just walked around in the audience, nobody had heard of her. This was before she had recorded anything—1951—but to me, there's no other person like her, and not too many people have heard too much about Maybelle. I'll give that five stars.

6. JOHN MAYALL. *Nature's Disappearing* (from *USA Union*, Polydor). Mayall, composer, harmonica, vocal; Sugar Cane Harris, violin; Harvey Mandel, lead guitar; Larry Taylor, electric bass.

I really dug that. Number one, it's some of the new things I've gotten into in the last year, with that youthful playing, and I could hear it; but whoever's singing this tune . . . the lyrics are great, but he did some things in there with his voice—tone-wise, I mean, that I really liked.

I think that's Johnny Creach on violin; that's who it sounded like to me. I don't know who that was singing, I'll be honest with you; but whoever it was, it was very very good, very hip. Very good young blues singer. I'd give that five stars, I think it's a great piece of blues work.

7. B.B. KING. *Worry, Worry, Worry* (from *Live At The Regal*, ABC).

What can you say! . . . That's B.B. King, and I figure that was at the Regal Theatre. When we worked together—and it's a pity some people never catch these kind of things—at the Apollo Theatre, B.B., Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, T-Bone, myself and Joe Turner all on one show . . . and Odetta. You talk about a beautiful week. Everybody was hoarse, everybody had their doctors there . . . and B.B.'s one of the gentlemen's gentlemen in showbiz. That happened about five or six years ago, and nobody recorded it.

That's five plus stars. db

caught in the act

The Barron Brothers

CAMI Hall, New York City

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Bill Barron, tenor&soprano sax, flute, Kenny Barron, piano, electric piano; Chris White, bass; Albert (Kumba) Heath, drums.

Across the street from Carnegie Hall, CAMI Hall is a kind of mini-playhouse with lots of red velvet draperies. The perfect setting for the debut of a classical pianist, it is more and more being used by jazz musicians sufficiently well known to attract a predictable following but not large enough crowds to strain the hall's limited capacity (it seats about 200). The acoustics are fine and the audiences invariably enthusiastic, providing an ambiance of comradeship and interaction frequently absent in concert situations.

The sense of comradeship was particularly evoked by this quintet inasmuch as all the musicians have worked with each other for many years in a startling variety of combinations. Bill Barron and White struggled tenaciously with the unique exigencies of Cecil Taylor's music in the late '50s and early '60s, while Kenny Barron (younger than his brother by 15 years) and White were colleagues in Dizzy Gillespie's mid-'60s combo. Kenny Barron and Owens co-led a group a few years ago which never achieved the success it deserved. Both Barron Brothers had a fruitful association with Ted Curson. The brothers and Heath come from South Philadephia and share an affiliation with Mastbaum High—a school that has been to modern jazz what Austin High was to Chicago style.

For the past few years, Bill Barron has spent most of his time as a teacher-administrator at MUSE, a Brooklyn community school, and has not been heard much. His earlier recordings, in which he was traveling a Coltraneish route, are mostly unavailable, and his most recent album is on the poorly distributed Savoy label.

Not having heard him since the records with Curson, I was pleasantly surprised to find that his tone was warmer and fuller and his conception more catholic, and that he has added the soprano sax to his tenor and flute—with happy results.

His work as an educator was apparent both in his music and the way he presented it. I refer to the way the selections were programmed and to the entertaining introductions he gave to each piece. Barron's music is replete with ideas and a clever absorption of what is going on around him. This was made manifest during the concert by the various bags the quintet was expected to explore. Unfortunately, he doesn't always have the chops required to realize his inventions; there were moments when his breath wasn't up to an attempted line. Furthermore, his avant-garde explorations sometimes seemed rather cold in the alternation of long frenetic runs of 16th notes with short, choppy phrases that seemed designed to set up the next run.

Kenny Barron is a more visible musician; he has freelanced prolifically since his stay with one of the best quintets Dizzy ever had. His execution is nearly faultless, and his lyrical sense is quiet and deliberate but delightfully fanciful. He has of late developed a more percussive approach, reminiscent of Cecil Taylor's pointillistic leaps, but he uses it mostly as coloration and his general approach is more in the line of Tommy Flanagan and Cedar Walton.

His work on electric piano was original and deft, though there were moments when I felt he overused the wah-wah effect. Like brook water running over smooth stones, his solos rippled with grace. His comping was discreet and effective. (At one point in the evening, Bill Barron admiringly pointed out that whereas he had to fight for his notes, to Kenny they seemed to come naturally.)

Bill Barron, nattily attired, began the concert by surveying the audience and noting good-naturedly: "I see a lot of my friends here. If it wasn't for our friends, we'd be out of business." The first selection was a hard-driving blues, *Musin'*. The tenorist made a husky entrance, charging up and down scales and spicing things with blaring overtones. Kenny strung together several infectious, funky choruses in a way that made one forget the rigidity of the 12-bar form. Owens then stepped in with his sparkling tone and halved the tempo to sculpt what was one of the finest solos of the evening. With crystal clarity, he carefully constructed his lines, allowing the tempo to build, juggling two registers and accenting on the off-beats with the effect of continuing surprise. Owens' technique is matched by his taste and resourcefulness. White jumped into the fray with dazzling bravura in an imaginative if somewhat chaotic solo, flying all over the bass with furious activity. It was a stand-back-and-listen affair that was resoundingly appreciated. The piece ended with fours and a brief, crisp solo by Heath in a Roy Haynes bag.

Bill Barron: Warmth and ideas

The second selection was a free-form exercise, *Motivation*, and was only intermittently effective. Bill began things with a fervent sermon over an open rhythm. When Owens followed, White picked a vamp on Fender bass and Heath introduced a backbeat. Bill joined in, honking, White reverted to his upright and a kazoo (which was inaudible), and Kenny laid out organ chords on the electric piano. The most interesting section was a long middle interlude where the brothers and Owens played together, tossing around melodic fragments, catching them, extending them, throwing them back and then trying to agree on a particular riff to meet on. The piece went on too long, though, and there was an overabundance of tremolo and other effects before it was finally resolved in a good Ornette-like theme.

The highlight of the program was the evening's only ballad, an original by Bill, *Hold Back Tomorrow*. He ironically explained the title: "The other thing *(Motivation)* was supposed to be in the future, so we're trying to hold it back, 'cause that's what's happenin'." He approached the lovely composition with a fat tone and lithe, graceful improvisation, sly grace notes sliding down or up from the broader notes from which the solo was created. It was a superb lesson in ballad playing, and I wish we could have heard more of the senior Barron in that vein.

Kenny carved out a beautiful follow-up, his fingers skittering through the chords. Unhappily, White greatly detracted from the beauty of the solo by stubbornly clinging to a boring vamp, not giving it up until the tenor returned to re-establish the mood. Heath was perfectly complementary throughout. Owens inexplicably laid out.

Following intermission, Kenny Barron's *Cosmos* caused Bill to bring out his soprano and demonstrate excellent technique and solid chops as he zipped wildly through complex harmonic jungles. *Ode to an Earthgirl*, by Bill, was a slow, somber line featuring pretty fluegelhorn.

VERYL OAKLAND

Kenny Barron: Lyrical and original

The next composition was constructed rather than written by Bill Barron, and was introduced by Owens as "untitled and hard." The performance was a stirring tour de force. The piece is built on a crazy rhythmic pattern and a melody that includes a chromatic scale, surprising pauses followed by expletives, and an end to the choruses that approaches like the sudden edge of a cliff—on several occasions, the soloists nearly lost their footing at the precipice. Bill was particularly invigorating and Kenny danced on his electric piano.

The last tune was also untitled, a backbeat thing with an a capella part, tambourine accompaniment, and a rather predictable feeling. Anti-climactic. Kenny stole it with a mad wah-wah solo that echoed and whined and spun. He sounded, as Ted Curson noted, like Jimi Hendrix.

It was an unpretentious, straight-ahead evening of jazz.

—gary giddins

Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival

Stepan Center, Notre Dame University

Notre Dame's CJF is one of the oldest of college jazz festivals and has always been one of the best; this was its 14th year.

CJF has steadfastly remained independent. It has its own standards and its own rules; in recent years, the competitive element has been played down in favor of a concept of musical excellence, and this once again had happy results.

Instead of having to select a "best" band and combo, the judges are enabled to chose outstanding groups (five big bands and/or combos). This alleviates the problem of having to make absolute choices between groups of varying musical persuasions. It also takes the pressure off the participating musicians—they know that everyone has a fair chance.

This year, the emphasis was on big bands. There were 14 of these, but only three combos. Not surprisingly, four of the five outstanding groups selected were big bands: The Towson State College Jazz Ensemble, Towson, Md., directed by Hank Levy; the Malcolm X College Afro-American Ensemble, Chicago, Ill.; directed by Charles Walton; the M.I.T. Festival Jazz Ensemble, Boston, Mass., directed by Herb Pomeroy; and the University of Michigan Jazz Band, Ann Arbor, directed by Louis Smith.

These bands represented quite a range of musical styles, from the tight, brassy Ellis-Kenton mold of the Towson Band to the light, straight-ahead mainstream jazz of the Michigan Ensemble, but each band did what it did extremely well.

It is interesting to note that three of the four best bands have leaders with considerable professional jazz experience: Towson's Levy arranges for Ellis and Kenton, and M.I.T.'s Pomeroy and Michigan's Smith are both excellent trumpeters.

Several heartening facts emerged from CJF '72, chief among them the considerably increased representation of black student musicians. There were also more female players than before. The over-all caliber of soloists showed improvement, there was a respectable number of student arrangements and compositions, and the festival was aided this year by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, making it possible to invite the Southern University Jazz Band from Baton Rouge, La. as a non-competing guest band performing during the judges' deliberations on the final night.

The judges were a varied lot this year, but despite divergent backgrounds and orientation, they got along famously. The panel consisted of Roberta Flack, George Russell, Hubert Laws, Aynsley Dunbar (the drummer with the Mothers of Invention), musician-educator Jamey Aebersold, and this writer. Despite minor differences of opinion, the consensus was broad.

In terms of the current jazz spectrum, there was a surprising absence of avant garde representation. Interestingly, the black groups (the Malcolm X big band and the Chicago Art Quartet Plus One) were among the most conservative—the former featuring its two outstanding soloists in straightforward arrangements of jazz standards, the latter playing pretty, melodic near-cocktail lounge mood jazz.

(Continued overleaf)

The most venturesome music was played by the guest combo (non-competing), Children at Play, a quintet made up of four students and one faculty member from the Berklee College of Music. With leader Tom van der Geld playing vibes in a personal (if Gary Burton-influenced) style, Roger Janotta (the faculty man) handling tenor and soprano saxes and flute with equal fluency, and pianist Larry Porter, bassist Chip Jackson, and drummer Kit McDermott comprising a stirring rhythm team (and adding solo strength), this was a group with impressive musical range, from Charlie Parker tunes to free-form jazz, and a collective spirit easily the equal of many well-known units.

The group could be heard not only at the festival, but also at a South Bend club, where they performed for three nights, sometimes joined by sitters-in from various festival bands, and once by judge Dunbar, who acquitted himself handsomely on a jazz turf.

Outstanding prize (or plaque) winning soloists included trombonist Billy Howell (voted the festival's Outstanding Instrumentalist) and soprano and tenor saxophonist Sonny Seals from the Malcolm X Band, both fluent and accomplished players with considerable professional experience (drawing the line between pros and "student musicians" becomes more difficult as the years go by, since so many bona-fide students are now playing professionally, but the judges did feel that pianist Jodie Christian, who played with Malcolm X, was too well known a name to be fairly considered for a student award); flutist Tommy Lee, a gifted three-time winner; electric pianist Brent Hardesty (Towson); tenorist Brian Sanders (Illinois State) for a lovely ballad performance; guitarists Ronald Muldrow (Chicago Art Quartet) and Peter Hicks (Waubonsee Community College Jazz Band); pianists Jim McNeely (Univ. of Illinois) and Jack Green (Depauw Univ. Jazz Ensemble); trumpeter Marcellus Brown (Michigan); trombonist Larry McCabe (Waubonsee), and soprano saxist Bill Hurd (M.I.T.), a Notre Dame alumnus and previous CJF award winner.

Rhythm player awards went to bassist Jon Burr (Univ. of Illinois), who also won last year, and drummers Dave Gimbel (Towson) and Harry Blazer (M.I.T.). Best composer-arranger awards were shared by two Towsonites, both of whom also happen to be trombonists: Bunky Horak and Harvey Coonin.

By the outstanding combo and other best trumpet award there hangs a tale. Trumpeter Benjamin Franklin Jones, a maverick from Louisville, Ky., almost didn't get to the festival. His group, selected to participate on the basis of a submitted tape (like all others at CJF), copped out on him, and he had to pawn his horn to get there.

Hornless and groupless, Jones arrived without much hope. But a trio from the Univ. of Illinois (pianist Jim McNeely, bassist Jon Burr, and drummet Phil Gratteau), which for some inexplicable reason had not been chosen to participate, but was on hand since all its members play in the U. of Ill. "Young Band" (which made a good showing, barely missing an award), offered its services.

Jones, with a borrowed horn and mouthpiece and three strangers as his props, did a great job—not only considering the circumstances, but per se. He has a big, round, pleasing tone and plays in a no-jive, Clifford Brown-inspired vein. He negotiated the changes of *Stella By Starlight* with aplomb, played some good blues on what actually was *Now's The Time*, and then sat down at the piano and offered an original piece which made up in feeling for what it lacked in technical polish.

I can't think of many other college festivals where Jones would even have been given a chance to play, much less to compete. Most go by the rule books. But CJF has soul, and the fact that this unorthodox young man—obviously a loner and an original, and very much a jazz person—and his impromptu group walked off with honors proves its right to call itself a *jazz* festival.

Not unexpectedly, the Jones episode raised some controversy. A very self-assured trumpeter in the Ohio State Univ. Jazz Ensemble, Don Nicoloff, obviously thought he had outplayed Jones, and saw to that several of the judges were made aware of his sentiments. As featured soloist on Don Ellis' *The Blues*, he showed great chops and fluency, but what he played was so much in the Ellis mold that there was little opportunity to ascertain if he had any originality. He was certainly in the running, but might have fared better if he had chosen not to acknowledge applause from a claque of friends as he walked up to take his solo, or if his manner had been a bit less cocky. Personally, I hope he got sore enough to learn something and comes back next year to prove it—the talent certainly is there.

While speaking personally: This was my fifth consecutive year of judging at CJF, and once again the experience was most enjoyable and enlightening, as always on many levels. One gets to know one's fellow judges, learns something about give-and-take, hears new and promising talent, is exposed to valuable contacts with young people, and is refreshed by their spirit and openmindedness and desire to play and learn.

There are always interesting side events at CJF. This year, in place of the customary panel discussion, the judges participated in a kind of blindfold test. Records were played (identified to the audience but not to the panelists) and then we and the audience talked about the music. It was both entertaining and instructive for all involved.

Idea and execution were by faculty advisor Richard Bizot (whose byline has appeared in these pages), who has been with CJF for five years and, sad to report, will be leaving Notre Dame come summer. His interest, sympathy, enthusiasm and tact (he believes that the festival should be run by students and always guided, never pushed) will be greatly missed, as will the cheerful and vivacious presence of his wife, Joyce.

What little we got to hear (and see—this is a visual experience, too) of the Southern Univ. Band was most impressive. As usual, the guest performance by Fr. George Wiskirchen's Melodons from Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill. proved that inspired and musically intelligent leadership can work wonders.

Willis Conover, emcee at CJF for the fourth year, did his customary first-rate job, also rendering valuable assistance to the judges. Electro-Voice again did admirable things for the sound—not an easy task.

Happily, the festival was very well attended. Chairman Bob Syburg and his staff rate cheers, and the future of CJF as a model festival seems assured. —*dan morgenstern*

book reviews

First Chart. By Van Alexander. Criterion Music Crop. 113 pp., soft cover, $6.

For the past 15 years, Van Alexander's textbook, *First Arrangement*, has guided many novice arrangers into the field of scoring and composition. This brief introductory work (only 64 pages) did have its shortcomings, however. The subject of harmony was nearly avoided and counterpoint was discussed in one brief paragraph. The understanding of articulation was taken for granted. But its most important offering was the description and illustration of several name-band styles of the '40s and '50s. (In the days of the big bands, each group had its own sound or style, usually the result of some arranger's talents.)

But styles have changed considerably over the years and an up-dated version of this text was indeed needed. The author's new edition is based on the same format. The first two chapters cover basic instrumentation and voicing; the next covers the contemporary rhythm section, including electric piano and bass. Several current rhythms are illustrated, with emphasis on rock beats. Recording technique, usually unfamiliar to beginning arrangers, is described in a practical and informative manner. A helpful accessory to the book is a recording of two pop tunes, each scored for analysis and comparison.

In all, the reader is exposed to a half-dozen or more current styles, including BS&T and the Tijuana Brass. A complete arrangement of *Moonlight In Vermont* for full studio orchestra is particularly well-done and clearly illustrated. Sketches of the same arrangment, for reduced instrumentation, are included.

Although this is not a "new" method, as claimed (Henry Mancini's *Sounds and Scores* pre-dates this publication), the musician familiar with fundamental harmony can benefit from the inherent qualities put forth in this reasonably priced book. —*ralph matchler*

Complete Handbook for the Music Arranger. By Mickey Baker. Amsco Music Publishing Co. 128 pp., soft cover, $3.95.

"If you already know your way around

music, can read standard music notation and know the principles of harmony, this book can teach you how to construct your own arrangements for almost any ensemble—from rhythm and blues groups to symphony orchestra, from big band to barbershop quartet."

Thus claims the author, and I, for one, agree. The *Complete Handbook* is, or nearly is, just that . . . complete. Within the covers is a great deal of material, all pertinent to the arranger regardless of a preference for style. Indeed, the author has completely avoided over-emphasis on any one instrumental group or style of performance, giving the text universal merit.

One usually expects a text on arranging to begin with a grouping of the standard instruments, their ranges and transposition. Baker devotes his first 40 pages to polyphonic composition, with excellent examples of writing in a contrapuntal manner. With the exception of serial writing, all recognized techniques of composition are clearly described. Part II very adequately covers the instruments, and Part III discusses voicings and part-writing. The remainder of the book concerns itself with the techniques of arranging for various instrumental and vocal combinations. All this is presented in an organized manner, clearly illustrated and with suggested assignments.

Few textbooks on arranging offer what Baker has assembled in these 128 pages. In my opinion, it should work very well as a college text with ample material for a year's study. Most important, the student can choose whatever idiom or combination of instruments he or she desires. The individual reader will also benefit from the book. However, an understanding of basic harmony is strongly recommended as a prerequisite.

Finally, the learner should expect to work his way through the material slowly, studying each example, playing it at the keyboard if possible, and carrying out the assignments.

If the student can provide the imagination, the tools he will need are provided in this excellent book. —*ralph matchler*

BRUBECKS

Continued from page 13

the universe at that moment, if you want to broaden it to that extent . . . .

Chris: The danger if you're too structured is that everything sounds too slick. We want to record live records, which have the slickness of structure but have the spontaneity of deciding whether to do that solo. We do a lot of vocal stuff—Steve Dudash is our lead singer—and jazz people would say that it must not be this or that because it has vocals . . . .

Dave: Not necessarily . . . .

Morgenstern: Louis Armstrong's singing and playing were almost inseparable. Jazz guys used to sing a lot more . . . .

Dave: Jack Teagarden. I really admired him. He and Louis both had that quality, singing and playing.

Darius: I wish I could sing! I do sing harmony parts . . . .

Chris: When I write a song I feel that Steve is my voice, except that I can't sing and he's doing my singing for me.

Dave: One section of *Truth* has Steve Dudash singing blues and the trained soprano soloist is singing in that style, and the two of them come together in this short section. I've always loved to mix styles when other people said to keep them separated . . . . People are usually moved by this, even when they hate to admit it, because it is this separateness that's so damaging in every way; people not seeing the value of what somebody else has done.

Most of my life, if you were classical, people said you've got to be all classical, or if jazz, all jazz. I like to show that you can bring two things together. One of the first times I did it, and it really works in public performance, was when I asked Lambert, Hendricks&Ross to get the sound of a Gregorian chant (this was for *The Real Ambassadors*) and I put Louis singing blues against that. I had written it so that people could either laugh or take it seriously, or some could react one way and some the other, and didn't know how it would work. At Monterey, people cried. We (Dave and his wife, Iola) had written what could have been a funny line but it was the way Louis delivered it, the way he was able to control his text. He took it seriously and it came off that way. In *The Gates of Justice* I use a cantorial tenor singing Old Testament and a black baritone singing Martin Luther King, and *that* worked; people said that was the core of the piece. And in *Truth*, my favorite moment is when the rock singer sings with the classical soprano.

. . . I'm looking for the day when all music is accepted and understood. I've always loved all music. We're finally living in a time when we'll accept all musical cultures and know that they're all great, valid expressions of their people. If you look at the first **down beat** interview with me, by Ralph Gleason in 1948, I'll probably be talking about this. At the time, I was listening to music from the Belgian Congo, and most Afro-Americans didn't know what I was talking about. I've seen many of the things I predicted happen. The first African music I heard just knocked me so far out—it was unbelievable that anything could be this fantastic, complex, simple, swinging—and jazz wasn't reflecting it at the time.

(Some discussion now ensued concerning the use of a 12-tone row in "Truth"; this is well explained in the album notes by the composer.)

Darius: I sort of have the idea that eventually, even if we hadn't evolved harmony in the Baroque period, we would have evolved something like that without tonal rules, just because it sounds good. Every system is arbitrary . . . . In rock guitar, you achieve tonal exhaustion almost instantly. There are about 10 notes you can use so that people will say it's strictly rock. Ten notes, not 12. If you know that, you can be a perfect rock guitar soloist. It's not written down anywhere, but there are rules; certain notes you can use in descending or ascending sequences, certain dissonances that are permissible. You could write it down in a series of mathematical rules that would scare any rock musician to death for fear he had to memorize them, but he's already done that and he'll never depart from them, if he's strictly a rock musician.

Chris: Dad said earlier that playing was getting to be event for him again. It's that way for me when the three of us or any combination of us play with Dad. We were saying before that you can't really compare musics, but you can get a lightreading on the joy of people personally playing together. It's always going to come out good because you're happy to see each other.

Dave: What I want to do is write music for the three groups, eventually, and I've started thinking in these terms. It keeps me in contact with what young people are doing. In a way, I've thought of myself as a purist, but it doesn't hurt my pride to write for Chris' group or Darius' group, because I feel I haven't given in to rock sounds and everything, but that we're coming together. I'm guilty of the very thing I was talking about if I don't realize what's going on in rock, and there's so much good going on there, and in the avant garde thing.

When the kids come home and rehearse here, I can go into a state of shock. As liberal as I want to be, I can't see why they're doing certain things, but in a few days I'll start digging it. I think: Has music come to that? But pretty quick I'll be recognizing what's going on. The instrumentation I might not like at first, and using all the pedals. I'll come rushing in out of the kitchen half mad and say "Now what's happening?", and then become fascinated and begin to ask how you can play in octaves on one horn, and echo yourself. I would never go out and get one of those things or ask anyone in my group to use them, but when the kids bring it home and I see the fascinating things you can get out of the equipment, then I want to write for it, and that's why I dig joining up forces because it does expose me to a lot of what would normally turn me off. I'm going to dare to remain faithful to what I've always believed in, but use through younger musicians in writing, etc. some of the newer textures. Mostly, what it is is textures. I'm also going to fight with the kids about how loud it is. We don't agree on that. There'll be some big arguments.

Chris: Congress passed a law recently about noise pollution, and one of the things included was amplifiers.

Dave: I believe everything can be attained and maybe a lot more gained if you turn down the volume, and I hope my new Atlantic album recorded at Newport will prove the power you can get from jazz instrumentation.

Chris: I heard it, and it may have been those speakers, but it had more balls than any rock group with any amount of musicians I've ever heard. db

MOODY

Continued from page 15

know I *can* know and it won't take me as long.

C.S.: You mentioned before that you prefer to have men play with you who know more than you . . .

J.M.: That's right, and I've got news for you, you don't have to go far for that.

C.S.: Give me an example.

J.M.: Okay. Roy Haynes who's playing drums for me next week at the Half Note (New York City).

C.S.: What does a drummer like Roy Haynes give you?

J.M.: Rhythm.

C.S.: Is that all?

J.M.: That's plenty if you can get it and Roy Haynes can give it to you. Take the guys in my regular group. Like Mickey Tucker. He's a piano player, writes for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. He comes from Plainfield, N.J. He's a hell of a good musician. He knows what he's doing. He writes beautiful tunes and plays organ too. On drums, we've got a guy from Newark named Eddie Gladden. He's something too (scats fast drum flourish). He's a bitch.

C.S.: What kind of satisfaction do you get from hearing yourself on records?

J.M.: (long pause) So far I haven't been satisfied.

C.S.: What's missing?

J.M.: Musicianship. Tone. Ideas.

C.S.: On your own records, who have pleased you the most?

J.M.: Tom McIntosh, Torrie Zito, Mike Longo, Sam Jones, Mickey Roker, and let's see who else—*the world around me*. And I've had a hell of an experience working with Larry Young, Jr. He does his all to help me.

C.S.: Did you ever play with Dexter Gordon or Nathan Davis?

J.M.: I have with Dexter. Sure have. He's strong. I haven't played with Nate but I've heard him. Very good.

C.S.: How about Al Cohn and Zoot Sims?

J.M.: Yeah; I played with them; beautiful musicians, man, beautiful. You know, all these good players you ask about, it comes down to this. You do your thing. I do my thing. You can't do mine better than me and I can't do yours better than you. When I was coming up, I always didn't have that feeling. I would like to hear certain people better than others. Young people are very concerned with the way things look and you know when you lose your eyesight you are concerned the way things sound or the way that things feel.

How am I satisfied now? The Cadillac is not it. The big chick with the big hair or the blue eyed blond—that's not it. It's whether we can love each other and get along together. That's what it breaks down to with Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge—and while I'm saying it, put me in—James Moody, because I have *my* thing.

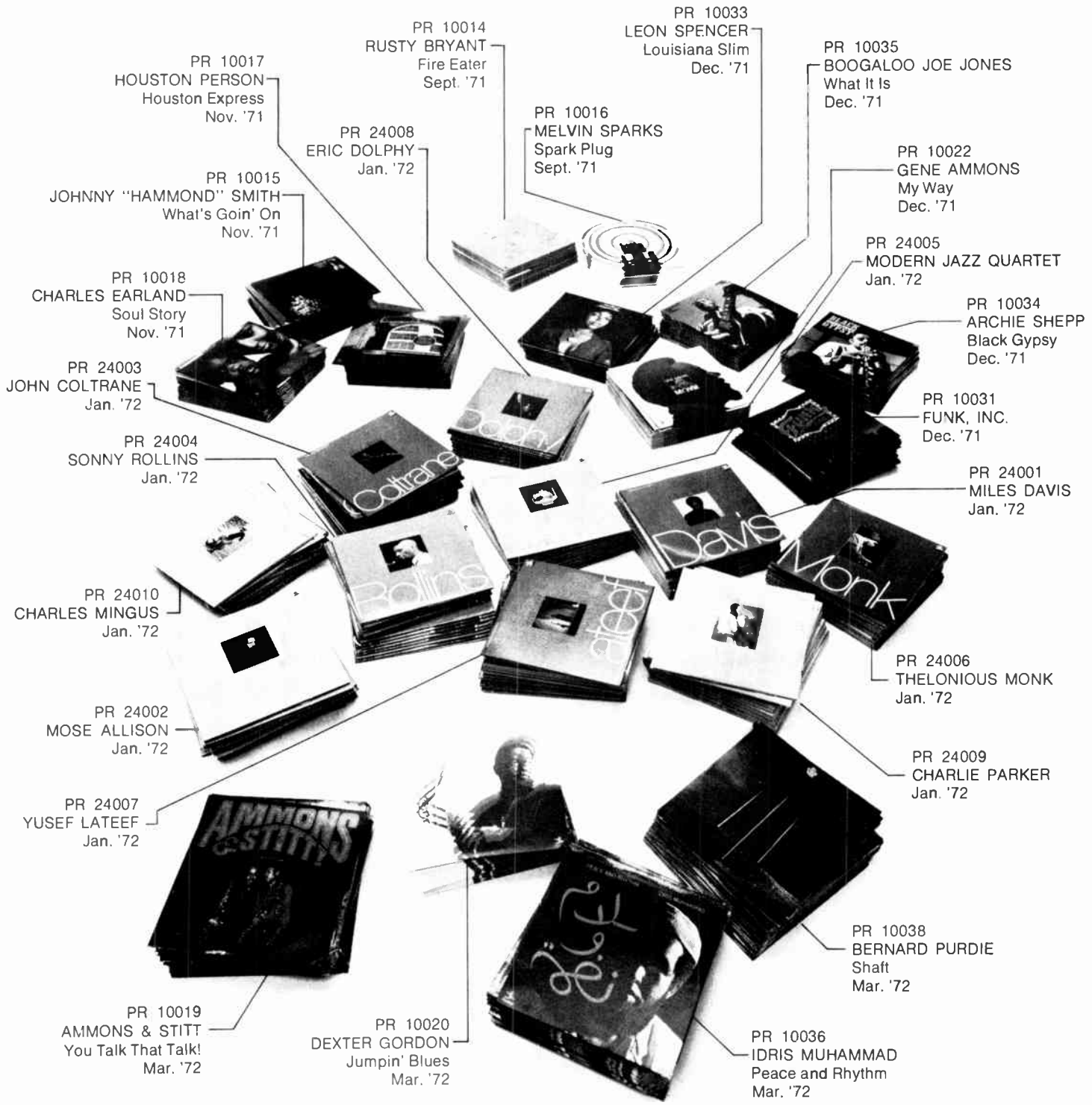
I say: different strokes for different folks. No two of anything are the same. I don't care what it is. If I play (scats two phrases) the same notes, they are different because you hear them at different times in different ways—and the angle of the world is different. And—oh—let me tell you what Albert Einstein said yesterday. (laughing)

C.S.: Life is worth living?

J.M.: If you *live* it. And that's what I just got finished telling you.

C.S.: That's a good ending. Thank you. db

More Jazz, more often.



Prestige

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db music workshop

Arranging Concepts by Dick Grove, Part 5

Part 5 of this series on density deals with the application of density to ensemble brass voicings from five to nine parts.

For anyone gaining experience in writing for a brass section, certain questions always come up. One of the most common questions is: When you are writing for four trumpets and four trombones, can you sometimes double some of the instruments on the same notes, or should this be avoided?

The answer is, of course, that doubling of notes is quite common and in many cases desirable. The determining factor is making a decision is whether or not there is a good *musical* reason to double notes.

As soon as you involve yourself with the doubling of notes, the factors of *density* and *span of orchestration* become very important. To see more clearly just how important they are, we'll review the most conventional approach to voicing for brass sections.

This approach is to voice (in either block or open voicings) *down* from the melody note, using as many notes as you have instruments available.

In many instances this approach is a perfect solution which provides the arranger with the desired effect he wishes. However, it does not offer him any substantial amount of control over his voicings, as the main prerequisite is only to find a note for each available instrument, working down the chord from the given melody note.

A more practical approach would be to choose the bottom note (4th trombone) in relation to the melody note (span of orchestration) *first*, then fill in between the two outside voices in either a block or open voicing.

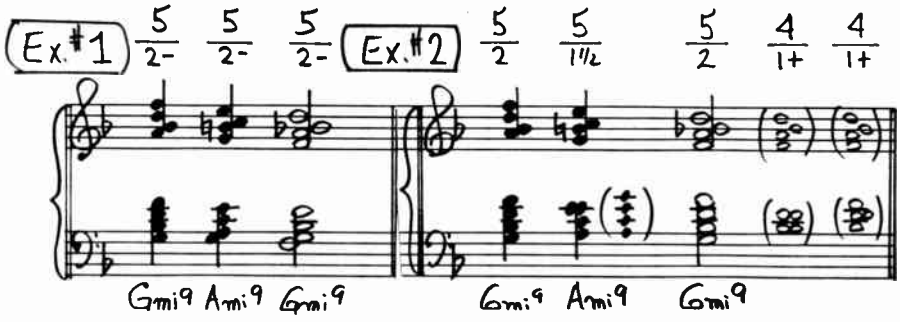
This enables you to employ both density and span of orchestration to give you more control over your voicings. I have pointed out and illustrated in previous articles just how effective this flexibility can be. The most obvious advantages are that you can vary the sounds you write, and you have the control and flexibility to solve voicing problems that arise when working in certain registers.

Through the use of density, the ways of voicing a given melody note and the chord harmonizing that melody note are as varied as you wish to make them, *allowing you to shape the contours of the ensemble voicings, creating the most effective of contrasts.*

The shape of the bottom voice of your brass section greatly effects the sound of the section in relation to the shape of the melody. For example, an ascending melody line becomes twice as musical when the bottom voice descends, creating contrary motion between the outside voices. This contrary motion therefore dictates the bottom voice and in turn dictates the degree of density possible and the span of orchestration.

Example 1 shows a situation with a descending melody line voiced by the first approach: down from the melody note, assigning a chord tone to each available instrument (in this case, four trumpets and four trombones).

Example 2 illustrates this same melody line,

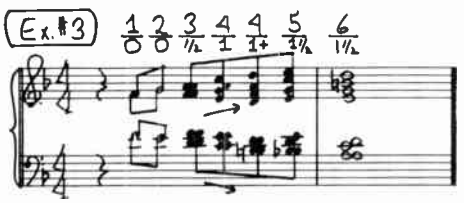


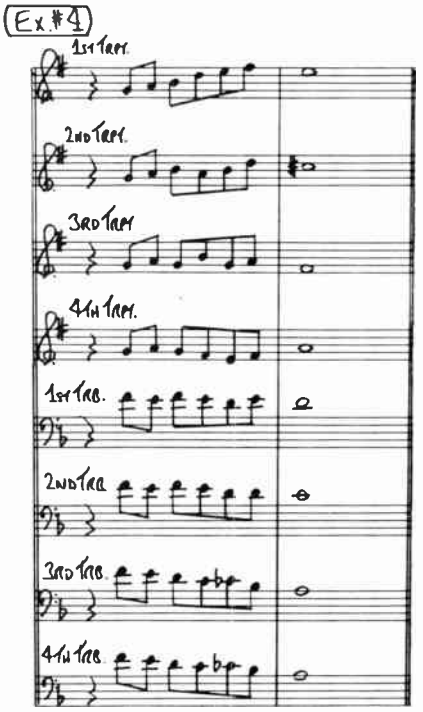
but this time a contrary motion is employed in the fourth trombone part. Once this fourth trombone part has been determined, the direction of the bottom voice will dictate the density and span of orchestration. (See Examples 1 and 2.)

The numbers above each chord represent these considerations: The upper number defines the density (i.e., the number of separate pitches being played simultaneously) and the lower number represents the span of orchestration (i.e., the distance in octaves from the top note to the bottom note of a voicing). All voicings in parentheses are alternate voicing possibilities, which still follow the ascending fourth trombone part and show various combinations of doubled notes.

Example 3 illustrates a perfect situation in which to use the approach of density. Here we have an ascending melody line, written relatively low (in the staff) and continuing for almost an entire octave.

To approach this melodic situation by simply voicing down from the melody note for all





eight instruments would create a very low, muddy section sound. However, using density, we could start on a prime unison that progresses as the melody ascends to a six-part density and a span of orchestration of one and a half octaves.

The bottom voice functions literally as a countermelody and at the same time solves the problem of the register that the melody is written in.

Example 4 is Example 3 scored for eight brass, showing how the doubling of notes could be controlled to accomplish the increasing density and span of orchestration.

Previous articles in this series can be found in these issues of **down beat**: Oct. 14 and Nov. 25, 1971; Feb. 17 and March 30, 1972.

jazz on campus

Tiny Hiram College (Ohio)—enrollment of 1,100 students—sponsored a Week of Jazz, May 1-7, using a $2,000 "matching fund" grant awarded to **John Burley**, director of the Hiram Jazz Ensemble, by the National Foundation on the Arts & Humanities. Participating in the festival were the **Charlie Byrd** Quartet, the Univ. of Illinois (Urbana) Jazz Band; the Orrville HS Jazz Band, the Akron Univ. Select HS Band, the Brush HS Jazz Ensemble, the Kent Univ. Rock Quintet and the Youngstown State Univ. Jazz Band.

The second annual Californai Honor High School Jazz Band Competition will be held at Monterey Peninsula College June 3. The Monterey Jazz Festival and the National Association of Jazz Educators will sponsor the event, along with the host campus. As was the case last year, the winning high school band will perform at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Aside from the winning band, judges will select outstanding individual musicians to make up an all-star band which will also perform at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

Ad Lib: The Cultural Forum at the Univ. of Oregon (Eugene) is negotiating for the groups of **Pharoah Sanders, Alice Coltrane** and **John Klemmer** for a May concert program . . . The Eugene Jazz Workshop and the **Gary Beck** Trio performed a dual concert at Southwest Oregon Community College (Coos Bay) on May 10 . . . **Milt Hinton** has been appointed to the faculty of the Concord Summer Music Camp (Lake Tahoe) June 19-July 2. Previously announced appointments include **Barney Kessel** and **Louis Bellson** . . . **Tom MacCluskey**, Denver-based rock educator and lecturer, will head the Rock, Urban Folk, Jazz Summer Workshop at State University College (Fredonia, N.Y.) July 30-Aug. 4 . . .

Novus Dies (A New Day), a three-movement work for jazz band composed by jazz pianist **Ken Chaney**, was premiered April 12 by the Governors State University (Park Forest South, Ill.) Jazz Band under the direction of **Dr. Warrick Carter**. Chaney, who has been a featured pianist with **Milt Jackson, Young-Holt Unlimited, Donald Byrd**, and **Eddie Harris** has been awarded a grant from the National Council For The Arts for the new work . . . The major work performed at the April 9 Southern Melodist Univ. Spring Jazz Concert was a jazz-rock concerto, *Earth*, composed by vibist **Fred Ralston**, leader of a campus 11-piece ensemble, **Joint Effort**. Also performing was the SMU 25-piece jazz ensemble under the direction of **Paul Guerrero**, who has been named to head a newly created department of stage bands at the annual Big D Music Campus (Dallas) this summer . . .

FESTIVAL RESULTS: Northridge, Cal., March 25. Third Pacific Coast Jazz Festival (ACJF affiliate). **Joel Leach**, dir. Clinicians/Judges: **Gary Burton, Gary Barone, Louis Bellson, Billy Byers, Vic Feldman, Marty Paich, Frank Rosolino, Tom Scott.** 12 bands, 7 combos, 3 vocalists. Big Band winner—San Fernano Valley State C., Leach, Dir. Combo winner—**John Clayton** Trio, L.A. Valley C. (Van Nuys). Vocalist winner—**Didi Wilson**, SFVSC. Performance (cash) awards to: **Ron Barrows** (SFVSC), trumpet; **Dan Sawyer** (LAVC), guitar; **Rudy Johnson** (LAVC), tenor sax. Composition Award—**Mike Wolf** (Univ. of California). High School Division—winning band, Bonita HS (La Verne). Performance awards to **Harry Cohen** (Hart HS), piano; **Jeff Gauthier** (Dorsey HS), viola; Composition Award to **Gorgon Goodwin** (Bonita).

Potsdam, N.Y., March 13, Second Northern N.Y. State Stage Band Festival at State Univ. College. **Walter Siebel**, co-chairman. Clinicians: **Tom Brown, Dan Cantwell, Roy Burns, Jim Petercsak, Ray Shiner.** 12 HS bands participated.

Mobile, Ala., March 24-25. Seventh Southern College Jazz Festival (ACJF affiliate). **J.C. McAleer**, dir. Clinicians/judges: **Sol Gubin, Mundell Lowe, Urbie Green, Larry Ridley, Marv Stamm, Tom Ferguson, Gaines Carley, Dr. William Fowler.** Eight big bands, three combos, two vocalist. Big Band winner—Southern Univ., **Alvin Batiste**, dir. Combo winner—none. Winning vocalist—**Linda Obert** (Loyola Univ.). Performances Awards: **James Williams** (Memphis State), piano; **Antonie York** (SU), organ; **Vincent York** (SU), alto sax; **Chuck Willis** (Stephen Austin College), fluegelhorn; **Bryan Taylor** (Univ. of Texas), flute; **Julius Farmer** (SU), bass; **Herman Jackson** (SU), drums; **Al Cochran** (Miss. State), alto sax; **Bruce Kenner** (SFAC), tuba; **Bobby Richardson** (SFAC), fluegelhorn; **Teddy Ludwig** (Loyola), alto sax; **Manuel Batista** (LSUNO), guitar; **Jerry Metcalf** (MSU), bass; **Sylvester Sample** (MSU), bass.

strictly ad lib

New York: **Duke Ellington** gave his old admirers and many new young fans a special treat with an April 10 concert at the Whitney Museum, featuring him as solo pianist (for the first half) and in a trio setting (with bassist **Joe Benjamin** and drummer **Rufus Jones**), laced with informal comments about his music. The day before, Ellington presented his *Second Sacred Concert* at St. Peter's Lutheran Church. The band was augmented by alumni **Ray Nance**, cornet, and **Matthew Gee**, trombone, solo singers, and the **Mother A.M.E. Zion Church Cathedral Choir** directed by **Solomon Heriott, Jr.** . . . **Sonny Rollins'** return to the Village Vanguard in April was just as triumphant as his first stand there, and again found him leading **Al Dailey**, piano; **Larry Ridley**, bass, and **David Lee**, drums. Owner **Max Gordon** returned from Russia (where he had traveled with the **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Band) in time to dig Newk. **Elvin Jones** followed (April 18-23) and was also set for Slugs' (May 2-7) and a return engagement at Folk City (May 30-June 6), and **Thelonious Monk** (April 25-30) was next. Drummer **Keno Duke's** new quintet (**Julius Watkins**, French horn; **Frank Strozier**, alto sax, flute; **Dennis Moorman**, piano; Larry Ridley, bass) did an April 23 matinee at the club . . . **Weather Report** returned to the Gaslight Au Go Go April 19-22 . . . Singer **Chris Connor**, backed by **Mike Abene**, piano; **Richard Youngstein**, bass, and **Al Leavitt**, drums, did two weeks at the Baron Steak House beginning April 17 . . . The **Jazz Composer's Orchestra** Workshop series kicked off April 12 at CAMI Hall with **Dollar Brand** leading **Johnny Acey**, **Ron Hampton**, **Enrico Rava**, **Charles Sullivan**, trumpets; **Sam Burtis**, **Kiane Ziwadi**, **Jack Jeffers**, trombones; **Carlos Ward**, **Morris Goldberg**, **Clive Stevens**, **Roland Alexander**, **Paul Jeffries**, **Pat Patrick**, **Charles Davis**, reeds; **Calo Scott**, cello; **Ron Carter**, **Hakim Jami**, basses; **Roy Brooks**, **Al Heath**, drums, and **Bea Benjamin**, vocalist in an interesting program of his compositions. The pianist-composer returned to Swaziland a few days after the concert . . . **Jazz Interactions** celebrated their 7th birthday with a mammoth session at Top of the Gate April 23. Details next time around . . . At the Half Note, trumpeter **Ruby Braff** had pianist **Kenny Ascher**, bassist **Bill Pemberton** and drummer **Oliver Jackson** in his cooking quartet for a two-week stand. **Jimmy Rushing** continues to sing on weekend nights . . . At the Needle's Eye, it was **Roy Haynes** and his **Hip Ensemble** May 1, the **Ted Dunbar-Larry Ridley Duo** May 5-7, and **Joe Lee Wilson** and trio May 8 . . . **Jimmy Guiffre** will be at N.Y.U.'s School of Education Auditorium May 14 at 3 p.m., concertizing with the NYU Jazz Ensemble. **Compost** played the school's Loeb Student Center for a dance and concert April 23 . . . Pianist-singer **Valerie Capers** did her third Mercy College (Dobbs Ferry) concert April 19 . . . On April 21, the **Youseff Yancey New World Ensemble** (**Leviticus Gorey**, reeds; **Sheree Howell**, cello, percussion, and the leader on various acoustic and electronic instruments) did a concert at Washington Square Methodist Church, while composer-pianist **Jack Reilly**, assisted by vocal soloist **Salvatore Provenza**, did a recital of classical and jazz pieces at St. Peter's Parish House Auditorium . . . **Billy Preston** was at the Bitter End April 19-24 . . . The **Steven Inkwhite Tintweiss Group** did a live radio concert on WKCR, which included a tribute to **Lee Morgan** . . . **Woody Herman** (April 14) and **Harry James** (April 21) did one-nighters at the Roseland. The James band made a number of other area appearances in late April-early May—their first visit to these parts in some time . . . **Dick Hyman** does the Sunday solo piano stint at the Cookery during **Eddie Heywood's** engagement there . . . Trumpeter **Joe Newman's** quartet performed at Carnegie Hall May 5 in the *Jazz: The Personal Dimension* series . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** and the **Oscar Peterson** Trio come to Carnegie Hall May 13 . . . According to a member of the group, **Herbie Hancock's** recent European tour was a tough grind: 12 one-nighters in 12 countries on 12 consecutive days, with travel by car, no sleep, and no fun . . . Tenorist **George Coleman** guested at Richard's Lounge in Lakewood, N.J. April 9 . . . **Jazz Incorporated**, a group including trumpeter **Eddie Preston** and bassist Richard Davis, plays Tuesday nights at And Vinnie, 227 E. 67th St. . . . The **New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra** and the **Hi-Society Jazz Band** from Paris (France, not Kentucky) played for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club in Wallingford April 21 . . . **Don Schlitten** waxed guitarist **Pat Martino** (with **Bobby Rose**, rhythm guitar; Richard Davis, bass; **Billy Higgins**, drums) and organist **Bobby Pierce** (with **Bobby Jones**, tenor, and Roy Brooks, drums, among others) for Cobblestone.

Los Angeles: Mixed media, in more ways than one, will highlight a special concert May 21 at the Music Center. **Zubin Mehta** and the Los Angeles Philharmonic will present the world premiere of *Music for Malcolm:* compositions, utilizing mixed media, by **Benny Carter**, **J.J. Johnson**, **Quincy Jones** and **Gerald Wilson**. Also participating will be the **Albert McNeil Singers** and the **Breadbasket Choir**. Producer is **Sid McCoy** . . . **Ray Charles** will headline a show at the Grove, May 24-June 3, as a replacement for **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Count Basie**. The only explanation for the substitution was a terse comment from The Grove: "Cancellation was due to a conflict of appearances." . . . The Basie band, incidentally, just completed its third Caribbean cruise aboard the Queen Elizabeth II. Also on hand to report on the 13-day jazz junket: **Leonard Feather** . . . The soulful **Les McCann** followed the professional **Donald Byrd** into Shelly's Manne-Hole . . . Guitarist followed guitarist into the Lighthouse as **Grant Green** replaced **Gabor Szabo**. Between and during their gigs **Big Mama Thornton**, **Tom Scott** and **Ramsey Lewis** each played one-time gigs at the Lighthouse . . . **Carmen McRae** did three weeks at the Hong Kong Bar and **O.C. Smith** will add three more, through May 27 . . . Donte's generally kept away from one-nighters during April: **Teddy Edwards** fronted a quartet on Sundays; **Joe Pass** and **Herb Ellis** co-led the "guitar night" combo; **Frank Rosolino** had a quintet on Tuesdays; Wednesday meant **Willie Bobo**; Dixieland ruled Thursday nights, with **Teddy Buckner**; and weekends were split between **Hampton Hawes**, **Ruth Price** and the **Dave Grusin** Trio . . . The City brought another combo and singer to follow **Terry Gibbs** and **Mavis Rivers**: **Buddy Collette**, making a rare appearance in front of a rhythm section; and **Mary Ann McCall**, making a rare appearance period. Behind Collette were **Don Abney**, piano; **Gene Cherico**, bass; **Stix Hooper**, drums. Collette worked out on all his reeds and flutes. Still on hand at the club: The **Aldeberts**, **Louis** and **Monique**, a jazz-flavored singer and pianist . . . **Louis Bellson** and his band worked a one-nighter at Pat Collins' Celebrity Club on the Sunset Strip. Miss Collins, known as "the hip hypnotist," usually works with jazz musicians . . . **Roberta Flack** and **Donny Hathaway** shared the cavernous Pauley Pavilion (where the Bruins play basketball) of UCLA for a one-nighter . . . **John Klemmer** played four nights at the Ash Grove . . . At the Monte-Rey West, in East Los Angeles, **Bill Tole** and his 18-piece jazz-flavored band, **Kim Richmond** and his ten-piece rock group known as **The Hereafter**, and **Bud Brisbois** and his big band played successive Sunday night concerts . . . A new club along the Strip, The Marquis, features vocalist **Frank D'Rone**, backed by **Dick Shreve**, piano; **Arni Egilsson**, electric bass; **Jerry Redmond**, drums . . . The last time saxophonist/singer **Willie Restum** played the Playboy Club, he was just that: Willie Restum, the mad Lebanese. Now with his return engagement at the bunny hutch, the billing reads "Wm. Abraham Restum." But the sounds are the same: happy swing, aided by **Bob Corwin**, piano; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Colin Bailey**, drums . . . **Kent Glenn** brought his 15-piece band to Pasadena's Ice House for a one-night concert. For the band the gig was a local debut. Personnel: **Mike Conlon**, **Alex Rodriguez**, **Gray Rains**, trumpets; **Carl Hammond**, **Hart Smith**, **Mayo Tiana**, trombones; **John Gross**, **Jay Migliori**, **Rene Pineda**, **Rav Reed**, reeds; **Sam Shatkin**, French horn; **Irv Ettleman**, tuba; Glenn, piano; **Frank DeLa Rosa**, bass; **John Tirabasso**, drums . . . **Bob Jung's** big band can still be heard at Sir Sico's, in Sun Valley, on Mondays . . . **Page Cavanaugh** and his group are currently at Chadney's, in Santa Monica . . . **Bessie Griffin** and her gospel group presented a tribute to **Mahalia Jackson** at the Ahmanson Theatre of the Music Center . . . The **Lorenzo Holden** Trio is appearing at a new club in Los Angeles, The Cover Girl Lounge, the only lounge in town that boasts a heated pool . . . **Mark Levine** fronted a nine-man group (well, eight and one female) at the Pilgrimage Theatre. Personnel included: **Jerry Rusch**, trumpet; **Thurman Green**, trombone; **Benny Powell**, bass trombone; **Barbara Carlson**, French horn; **Ray Pizzi**, **Mike Morris**, reeds and flutes; Levine, piano; **Tom Azarello**, bass; **Peter Donald**, drums. **Bud Shank** is next at the Pilgrimage, May 14; **Shelly Manne** will follow May 21 . . . **Dick Horn** and his trio are still at the Beginning, in Venice, with occasional sitting in by outsiders in search of a rhythm section: Horn, piano; **Dave Parlato**, bass (**Jaimie Font** subbed for Parlato one week); **Bart Hall**, drums. One of the recent sitters-in was vibist **Jim West** . . . **Stan Kenton**, who seems to have found a home on the road, played the Kansas City Jazz Festival, then accepted two more: Newport (in New York) July 3; and Monterey, September 15 . . . Turning to another type of festival, the **Southern California Hot Jazz Society** presented a jazz film festival at Larchmont Hall, under the direction of its president, **Floyd Levin**. Among the old film clips were: **Louis Armstrong**, **Bessie Smith**, **Fats**

Waller, Lena Horne, Duke Ellington, Ivie Anderson, Red Nichols, Ray Bauduc, Bob Haggart, Bob Crosby, Pete Dailey, Jack Teagarden and Cab Calloway . . . Funky Quarters, in San Diego, brought in a variety of artists recently, from Mark-Almond and Jesse Davis to Bola Sete and Jimmy Witherspoon. Gabor Szabo and John Klemmer will share its funky quarters May 12-13 . . . Even further out of town, Ethel Ennis played a two-week engagement at the Spokane House Hotel, in Spokane . . . Tom Mack, indie record producer, just celebrated his 20th anniversary as a producer for the Mills Brothers (who are celebrating their 47th in the business) by turning out some singles for the durable trio. Jimmie Haskell was the arranger and some of the sideman on the date included: Harry Sweets Edison, Ollie Mitchell, Bill Perkins, Earl Palmer, and Johnny Rotella . . . George Shearing was one of the guests who "saw" the special exhibit for the sighted and the blind at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art. The sculptural exhibit is called "Perception" and was organized primarily for the blind so they could touch the objects and gain insight into their forms and shapes .

Dallas: The second annual Southwest Collegiate Jazz Festival was scheduled for April 22 in Austin's 4500-seat Municipal Auditorium, under the auspices of the non-profit Longhorn Jazz Festival. Confirmed as guest artists and judges for the competition were Cannonball Adderley, Billy Taylor, Laurindo Almeida, Joe Newman, and Roy Haynes. Competing for the chance to represent the southwest in the American College Jazz Festival in Washington were big bands from Baylor, SMU, the University of Texas, Lamar University, East Texas State, Sam Houston State, Texas Southern, Texas Tech and Tarleton State . . . Following the Longhorn affair, Cannonball Adderley and his group were scheduled for an April 24-26 stint at Dallas' Losers Club, to be followed by Della Reese April 28-May 7 . . . Chicago's Judy Roberts Trio appeared in a March concert at the new B&S Percussion Center in Dallas . . . Former Dallas Jazz artist, versatile Roger Boykin, is working with another ex-Dallasite, bassist Louis Spears, at the Tiki Island Lounge in Los Angeles . . . Joe Cocker and Ten Years After were early April Big D one-nighter attractions.

Las Vegas: Bobby Shew's Centre for the Arts continued to present bands and groups of all musical persuasions. A recent concert by an outstanding high school band under the direction of saxist Sam Pergola (Valley High School) was followed by an all-star big band led by trumpeter Dave Oyler, with guest stars Sam Noto and Monk Montgomery . . . Woody Herman, who has appeared at most of the casino lounges in Las Vegas in the last decade, opened up new territory for big bands with a season at the Hilton International, following Wilson Pickett . . . Valve trombonist-arranger Tommy Hodges took his 14-piecer into the local high schools for a series of lecture-concerts. Personnel: Carl Saunders, Sam Noto, Bobby Shew or Chuck Foster, trumpets; Archie LeCoque, Eddie Morgan, trombones; Joe "Mouse" Monati, Sam Pisciotta, Rick Davis, Kenny Hing, saxes; Mike Breene, piano; Don Overberg, guitar; Bob

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Badgley, basses; and **Santo Savino**, drums . . . Ex-Kenton trombone star **Bob Fitzpatrick** recently took up residence here and is on lead with **Earl Green's** aggregation at the Dunes . . **Pete Myers**, conductor and arranger for **Della Reese**, is preparing a concert work for the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. He also rehearsed some new jazz charts while in Las Vegas recently . . . Bandleader **Dan Terry** is doubling as a disc jockey on KLAV from 2-6 a.m. from the Cosmo Lounge, a local jazz spot . . . Tenorist **Joe Marillo's** group has made a home at Kapone's just off the Strip.

Chicago: **Earl Hines** followed **George Shearing** into the London House, where entrepreneur **Norman Kean** inaugurated another 25th anniversary special, the Rehearsal Bar. Each new act gives a mid-afternoon "rehearsal" at the club on the day of their opening while complimentary hors d'oeuvres are served. Shearing did the first Rehearsal Bar, which will be an established policy with the opening of each new act. At the London House North in nearby Northbrook, **Louis Bellson** did a one-nighter April 21 in the Hyde Park Room . . . **Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Herbie Mann** and the **Family of Mann** did a one-nighter at the Arie Crown Theater . . . **Louis Hall and Company** is the Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday attraction at the United Brothers Lounge. Personnel: **Ivory Pittman**, trumpet; Hall, piano; **Fred Hopkins**, bass; **Terry Ross**, drums. On Saturday afternoons from 12:30-7 p.m., the Lounge features sessions, with Pittman, tenorist **Jimmy Smith**, bassist **Bill Brown** and drummer **Willie Holman** . . . The **Chicago Front for Jazz**, along with **Nia**, the cultural arm of the University of Chicago Black Student Organization, are sponsoring a series of concerts featuring **Steve McCall, Henry Threadgill** and Fred Hopkins. The concerts, which began April 4, will run through the summer, every Tuesday at 8 p.m. at Ida Noyes Hall, 1212 E. 59th St. The concept is to develop and explore different themes over a period of time, rather than the "usual build-up to a single concert." Other artists will also take part in certain concerts.

Baltimore: Three members of the **Sounds, Inc.** band failed to make the bus after they presented a jazz concert at Johns Hopkins University's Shriver Hall. Not a rare occasion as far as musicians go, except that the band members were convicts from the House of Correction at Jessup, Md. The escape was detected when a guard took a head count aboard a prison-bound bus . . . **Stan Getz**, with pianist **Kenny Barron**, bassist **Stan Clark**, and drummer **Tony Williams** played a Left Bank Jazz Society concert . . . **Gene Ammons** brought his quartet into the Royal Roost at the end of March. With Ammons were guitarist **George Freeman**, organist **Claudine Myers**, and drummer **Ajaramu** . . . Avant-garde composer **John Cage** gave a lecture about his music at the Maryland Institute . . . **Jim Clare**, owner of Finnegan's Wake at Charles and Madison streets, has announced his intention to open a new rock club with name out-of-town bands on April 12, when **Al Kooper** comes in. Bands and comedy groups booked for successive four-day weekends through May, Clare says, include **Bobby Whitlock, Alex Taylor, Ry Cooder**, and the **Ace Trucking Company**. The club was formerly known as the Upstairs at the Classroom, where jazz and rock groups played on an intermittent basis. **Mose Allison** and **David Bromberg** were recent guests.

Finland: **Ted Curson** recently received a special prize from the Pori Jazz Festival organization in recognition of his long service to the festival. The trumpeter has been a regular at Pori since its inception in 1966, often performing at concerts and sessions without pay – just for the sake of spreading the message. This is the first time that such a prize has been given to a foreign musician in Finland. This year's Pori Festival will be held July 14-16 . . . The 10th American Folk Blues Festival Road Show, with **Memphis Slim, Big Joe Williams, Robert Pete Williams, Big Mama Thornton** and a fine ensemble led by **T-Bone Walker**, was heard March 25 in the new Finlandia concert house in Helsinki. The latter part of the concert featured outstanding sets by Slim and Big Joe . . . American composer-author-poet **Omar Weldon Williams** returned to Finland recently from Hamburg, Germany, where he was directing the **Fabrik** theater group, to work on a book and edit tapes of his songs and instrumental compositions for a forthcoming record by the independent O-Records, which in addition to Williams' voice will include the talents of the local underground and overground and several visiting foreign musicians. Information may be obtained from AKU, Harmapahden Tie 10, Helsinki, Finland . . . Pianist **Heikki Sarmanto**, whose latest recording, *Counterbalance*, was voted best new jazz release by *Melody Maker* last year, returned here recently after completing another semester at the Berklee College in Boston . . . Drummer **Edvard Vesala**, along with tenorist **Jan Garbarek and Arild Andersen**, joined **Chick Corea** for his segment of the Frankfurt Jazz Festival in March. Vesala recently became a regular member of the Garbarek Trio, replacing Norwegian **Jon Christensen**.

Denmark: Trumpeter **Finn Otto Hansen**, formerly with the **Papa Bue** band, was named Jazz Musician of the Year by the Danish Jazz Academy . . . Jazz club Montmartre has received from the ministry of Cultural Affairs 20,000 kroner (about $2,750) for restoration of the club and from the city of Copenhagen another 20,000 kroner for guest performances by American artists this spring, among them the **Herbie Hancock** Sextet . . . **Chick Corea** will teach at this year's Vallekilde Jazz Clinic . . . Baritone saxophonist **Bruce Johnstone** is a sensation in the jazz clubs these days . . . The **Count Basie** tour in April with **Roy Eldridge, Joe Turner, Joe Williams** and **Eddie Vinson** included a midnight session at jazz club Tagskaegget in Aarhus, which is also planning the hitherto greatest international jazz festival in Denmark in September . . . Composers and instrumentalists **John Tchicai** and **Ole Thilo** participated in a radio workshop in Hamburg, Germany, with **Carla Bley** and Norwegian vocalist **Karin Krog** . . . The **Benny Goodman** Septet with **Zoot Sims** cut an album at a concert at the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen in March . . . Altoist **Leo Wright**, a resident of West Berlin, gigged in clubs here in April . . . Many committees which include jazz representatives have been set up to present reports to the government for Danish music legislation.

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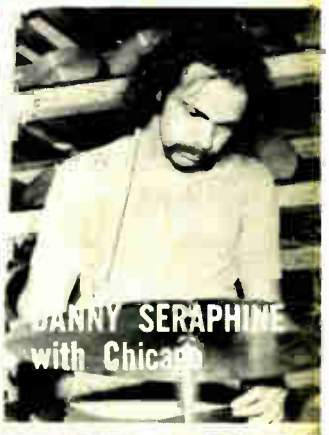

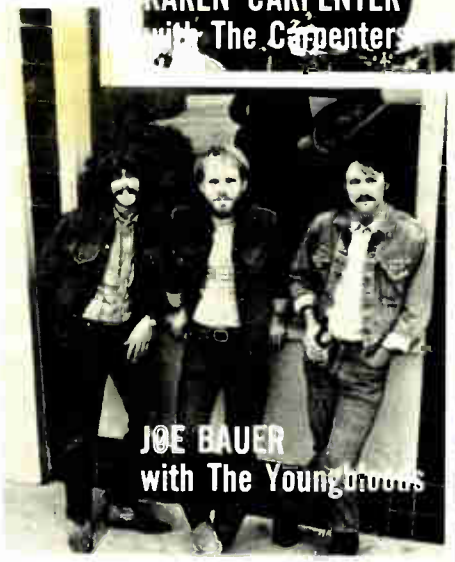

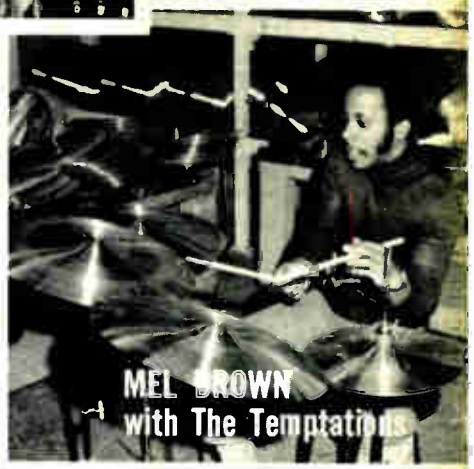

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