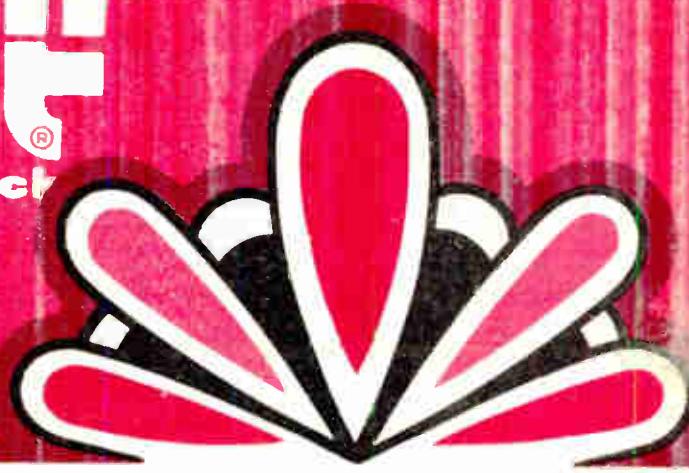


DECEMBER 7, 1972

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down beat

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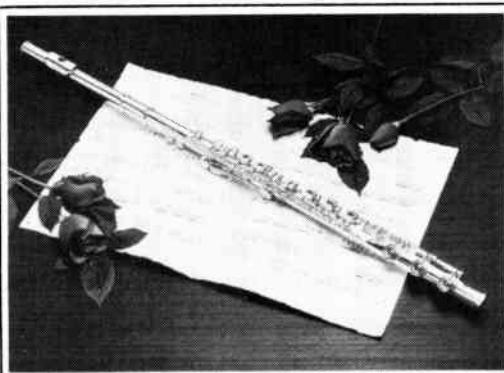
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By Charles Suber

This column is a continuation from the previous issue—quotations from Alvin Toffler's masterpiece of analyzing today and blueprinting tomorrow, *Future Shock* (Bantam, 1971), Chapters 18 and 20, which is serving as my travel guide on an educational trip to Pittsburgh, Dayton, and Tokyo.

"In the technological systems of tomorrow—fast, fluid, and self regulating—machines will deal with the flow of physical materials, men with the flow of information and insight. Machines will increasingly perform the routine tasks; men the intellectual tasks. Machines and men both, instead of being concentrated in gigantic factories and factory cities, will be scattered across the globe, linked together by amazingly sensitive, near-instantaneous communications. Human work will move out of the factory and mass offices into the community and the home . . .

"It would be a mistake to assume that the present-day educational system is unchanging. On the contrary, it is undergoing rapid change. But much of this change is no more than an attempt to refine the existent machinery, making it ever more efficient in pursuit of obsolete goals . . .

"For generations, we have simply assumed that the proper place for education to occur is in a school. Yet if the new education is to simulate the society of tomorrow, should it take place in school at all?" . . .

"This trend [toward flexible teaching concepts] will be sharply encouraged by improvements in computer-assisted education, electronic video recording, holography, and other technical fields. Parents and students might sign short-term 'learning contracts' with the nearby school, committing them to teach-learn certain courses or course modules. Students might continue going to school for social and athletic activities or for subjects [music!] they cannot learn on their own or under the tutelage of parents or family friends. Pressures in this direction will mount as the schools grow more anachronistic, and the courts will find themselves deluged with cases attacking the present obsolete compulsory attendance laws. We may witness, in short, a limited dialectical swing back toward education in the home . . .

"Students would be taught skills by adults in the community as well as by regular faculty. Curricula would be shaped by students and community groups as well as professional educators." . . . the reverse: bringing the community into the school so that local stores, beauty parlors, printing shops, be given free space in the schools in return for free lessons by the adults who run them. [There are several variations of this community-into-school concept now underway . . .

"If learning is to be stretched over a lifetime, there is reduced justification for forcing kids to attend school full time. For many young people, part-time schooling and part-time work at low-skill, paid and unpaid community service tasks will prove more satisfying and educational . . .

"(they) must not, however, set out to design a single-all-purpose, permanent new curriculum. Instead, they must invent sets of temporary curricula—along with procedures for evaluation and renovation as time goes by. There must be a systematic way to make curriculum changes without necessarily triggering bloody intramural conflict each time."

Toffler cites a poignant example of an affirmation for the future from a participant in his class on the Sociology of the Future. "'My name is Charles Stein. I am a needleworker all my life. I am 77 years old, and I want to get what I didn't get in my youth. I want to know about the future. I want to die an educated man!' . . .

"Education must shift into the future tense."

db

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We Didn't Mean It!

In down beat (Oct. 12) on page 50—Las Vegas—line 6:
I'm not late, I'm here!

Bill McDougald
M&N Music Service
Hollywood, Calif.

Eastman Ho!

I feel that down beat readers and musicians everywhere should be made more aware of

the excellent, superb Arranger's Workshop which Rayburn Wright and Manny Albam conduct every summer at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y.

The professional, realistic, and thoroughly musical approach to writing music, hearing it played by excellent musicians (big band, small orchestra, and large orchestra), and then having the music played back on tape for the entire arranging class to hear and analyze makes for an outstanding learning experience for the arranger-composer. In addition to writing for the traditional big band, the Workshop thoroughly covers string writing and scoring for films.

The summer program, thanks to the progressive thinking on the part of Eastman directors, has now expanded to include the full year under the Jazz in Contemporary Media

studies headed by Rayburn Wright.

A big thanks to everyone at Eastman for providing such an excellent opportunity for learning and experimenting with arranging and composing.

John E. Morris

Johnstown, Pa.

Clarinet Cheers

Thanks to you and Bob Palmer for the interview with Perry Robinson (db, Oct. 12). It is truly deplorable that such a lovely and gutty instrument as the clarinet should fall to the degree of neglect which contemporary critics and upcoming youthful performers have allowed. It is truly refreshing to read of one (besides myself) who is under 40 and still admits with pride that he plays clarinet FIRST, that anything else is a double.

I first heard of Perry Robinson a year or two ago in the jazz polls, and have been anxious to find out more about his influences, recordings, etc. This is really the first informative piece on him that I can recall reading. Thanks again. I hope that this will not be the last piece on Robinson or other young clarinetists. It is on the strength of this issue that I have renewed my subscription. Keep 'em coming!

Thank you.

Douglas J. Carleton
Lansing, Mich.

Ramsey's His Man

After reading Bob Porter's review of Ramsey Lewis' latest album, *Upendo Ni Pamoja*, (db, Sept. 14), I wonder if he's familiar with Ramsey's prodigious output of recorded music.

This is among his best albums. It has excited old fans and made new ones. His albums are not known for just straight-ahead funky music. He always utilizes many tempos and moods.

What does Porter mean by jazz feeling? The critics keep trying to make jazz out of rock music that can't touch this album. It fully captures the excitement and beauty of the "now" sound.

Melvin Hodges
San Francisco, Calif.

Thank You, Kind Sir

As stated in your rules with regard to jazzman and Pop Musician of the Year, it said to vote for those who have made the greatest contributions to those fields in the past year.

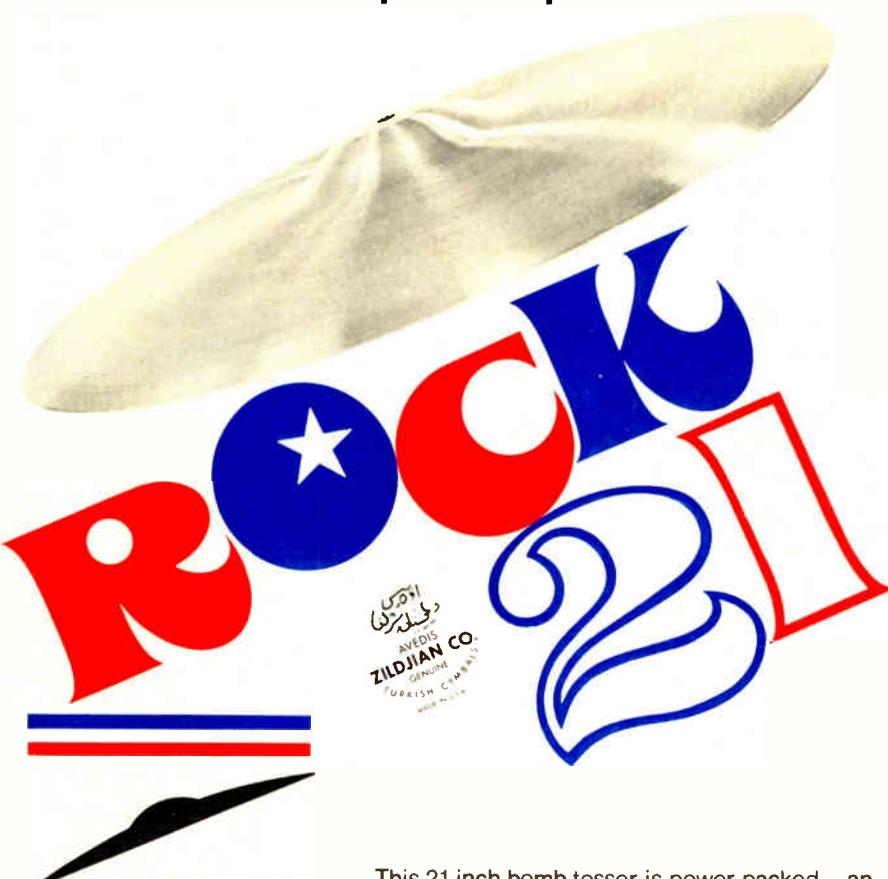
However, in addition to selecting a pair of musicians worthy of the titles, an appropriate choice for even greater contribution to those fields has to be the editors and staff of *down beat*. This magazine has opened my eyes, my ears and my head to more people, sounds, and ideas of jazz than any other influence beforehand.

For example, if it wasn't for the record reviews, I would have probably ignored the release of the Charlie Christian album, *Solo Flight*. The comments in the review filled an information gap on my part, and helped me make the purchase of that record turn out to be the best buy of my entire collection.

I hope *Solo Flight* is chosen as Jazz Album of the Year, and my thanks to the people at *down beat* for their efforts.

Thomas W. Adams
Beaverton, Oregon

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downbeat NEWS

MILES BREAKS BOTH LEGS IN CAR CRASH

Miles Davis, who loves sports cars, crashed his latest into an island on Manhattan's treacherous West Side Highway about 8 a.m. on Oct. 19, having decided to take a morning drive because he felt restless.

Both the trumpeter's legs were broken, and he also suffered facial cuts requiring 12 stitches. Confined in New York Hospital, he will probably be laid up at least until mid-December.

"I'm all right," Miles told a reporter a day after the accident. "I'll just have to stop buying those little cars."

Miles and his new band had been scheduled to open at Harlem's Apollo Theater Oct. 24—an unusual booking which hopefully will be rescheduled.

VERVE VAULTS TO YIELD NEW AND OLD TREASURES

Verve Records has undergone a corporate rebirth and in its latest re-incarnation will provide the outlet for material long removed from the catalog as well as a treasure trove of material never before released.

Verve may also begin to sign new artists as well as unattached big names in jazz, but that development depends largely on the impact made by mining the past.

For starters, Verve has reissued *Ella and Louis; Prime Cuts*, featuring Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt; and the *Oscar Peterson Collection*—each a two-record set of previously issued goodies. A fourth album, *Bluesmith*, features the only artist currently under active contract to Verve, Jimmy Smith.

The albums were produced by Eric Miller, Verve a&r coordinator. He joined the label in August and brings to the job the kind of enthusiasm for looking backwards and patience for digging necessary for such musical archaeology.

"I hope to release 60 albums in 1973—possibly 75, if new product is included. We're negotiating with various artists," Miller said, "but we're literally deluged with masters. There are so many good artists—Clare Fischer, Teddy Edwards, James Moody—who should be better exposed. We hope to sign some soon."

In the meantime, Miller spends most of his waking hours in the joys of research. "There are jewels in that catalog, plus gems that have never been released. There are boxes of recordings with markings like 'Concert-June '54,' and no names of tunes or artists. So I listen until I recognize the artists or at least a title. Then I have to go through the catalog copyrights to see if it coincides with anything that has ever been released."

"Norman Granz has been a big help," said Miller, who is going through the old classics on Norgran and Clef. "I have to catch Granz between his pads in Geneva, Paris, London and Beverly Hills, but when he's available, he's a tremendous help from a musical standpoint. Granz doesn't profit from these

reissues, you know. MGM bought Verve many years ago."

Verve is owned by MGM, which belongs to the Polygram Group, which is a division of Philips. The only fascination this corporate amalgam holds for Miller is how much present autonomy the organizational structure will allow him to build Verve.

Among the artists to be re-packaged are Charlie Parker, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Gerry Mulligan, a number of the Jazz At The Philharmonic sessions, Sonny Rollins (from the Metro label), Johnny Hodges and Duke Ellington, and the Lester Young Trio with Nat King Cole and Buddy Rich.

Sounds never before released include the MJQ, Stan Getz with Bill Evans, Johnny Hodges, James Moody and Sonny Stitt, Donald Byrd, the unissued portion of a Bill Evans Town Hall concert, Jimmy Witherspoon with Ben Webster at the San Francisco Jazz Workshop, plus material for two Gil Evans big band albums—with a band that included Eric Dolphy, Kenny Burrell and Wayne Shorter.

Poor Eric Miller: Imagine having to listen to that kind of stuff for a living! —siders

BALTIMORE IN TRIBUTE TO NATIVE SON BLAKE

Eubie Blake received the Award of Merit for Outstanding Citizenship—the city's highest civic award—from Mayor Donald Schaefer on Oct. 11 at City Hall in Baltimore.

The irrepressible Mr. Blake, an 89-year-old native of Baltimore, later reminisced with the mayor and reporters on the career that has made him a legend in ragtime and stride piano playing.

Born James Hubert Blake Feb. 7, 1883 of parents who were former slaves, he began playing in sporting houses and eventually graduated to Broadway where, with Noble Sissle, he collaborated on the music for the



JAN PERSON
Ben Webster listens to a playback with members of the Danish rock group Savage Rose, with whom he recently recorded. The LP, entitled *Messenger*, is set for December release on the European Polydor label.

1921 hit musical *Shuffle Along*. It had an all-black cast, and its touring companies broke the color line at previously white theaters throughout the country.

In Baltimore, Blake hung around with light-weight champion Joe Gans, in Atlantic City influenced pianists James P. Johnson and Willie "The Lion" Smith, and in New York encountered the wonderfully-named Jack the Bear: "Big diamond pins. A gentlemen of leisure. I could use another name, but I won't."

A remarkable raconteur, Blake is still a remarkable pianist. His 1969 recording "the 86 years of Eubie Blake" is a hunting ground for young rock pianists looking for ideas. He recently appeared at The Berlin Jazz Festival. Blake, who wrote *I'm Just Wild About Harry*, and *Memories of You*, has also become the subject of scholarly research by musicologists.

—james d. dilts

RIVERSIDE ACQUIRED BY FANTASY/PRESTIGE

As hinted in our last issue, Fantasy Records has acquired U.S. and Canadian Rights to the entire Riverside Catalog, under a sublicensing agreement with a British firm which recently purchased the label from Orpheum Productions.

Combined with Prestige, which Fantasy acquired last year, the Riverside deal makes the company the owner of the strongest catalog in the industry of jazz material recorded in the '50s and '60s.

According to Fantasy president Saul Zaentz, "we know that there is greater demand for jazz product than ever before . . . We plan to reactivate the entire Riverside catalog over a period of time, mainly in the form of two-fers, which has proven so successful for Prestige."

Orrin Keepnews, recently appointed Director of A&R for Fantasy and co-founder in 1952 with the late Bill Grauer of Riverside, will be in charge of the reissue project.

The scope and strength of the Riverside catalog is known to all jazz aficionados. Since the demise of the label, there have been sporadic and limited attempts to make selected material available, but its future disposition is now in the hands of the man who knows it better than anyone—a state of affairs as unusual in the industry as it is welcome.

CAL MASSEY DIES

Composer-trumpeter Cal Massey, 44, died Oct. 25 at his Brooklyn, N.Y. home, apparently of a heart attack. He had long been in ill health but nevertheless maintained an active schedule and the night before his death was present at a preview performance of *Lady Day: A Musical Tragedy*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. He had contributed several songs and arrangements to the production.

Born Jan. 11, 1928 in Philadelphia and

December 7 □ 9

raised in Pittsburgh, he started on trumpet at 13 and the following year met and was encouraged by Freddie Webster, who became his idol. In his teens, Massey also sang professionally. He briefly studied music at Pitt Institute, then went on the road at 17, gigging with bands including Jay McShann's. In Philadelphia, he was in Jimmy Heath's big band, then worked with Philly Joe Jones and briefly toured with Billie Holiday.

Massey also worked with Eddie Vinson, in George Shearing's big band, with B.B. King, and led his own combos, but from the mid-'50s on concentrated on writing. He was also active as a producer, and in this capacity was responsible for many successful benefit concerts for a variety of organizations and individuals.

In 1970, he formed the ROMAS Orchestra, which he co-led with arranger-conductor Romulus Franceschini. The ensemble appeared in concerts and on educational TV, but Massey's dream of recording with it was not realized. In 1969, he toured Europe and North Africa with Archie Shepp.

Massey's compositions were recorded by a multitude of famous artists, beginning with Charlie Parker, who did his *Fiesta*. John Coltrane did *Bakai* and *Nakatini Serenade*; McCoy Tyner, *Love Song*; Jackie McLean, *Message from Trane*, *Toyland*, and *Demon's Dance*; Freddie Hubbard, *Assunta and Father and Son*; Lee Morgan did a number of Massey pieces, and Archie Shepp, on eight of whose albums (including one just recently completed) Massey collaborated, did *What Would It Be Without You*, *Quiet Dawn*, and *Goodbye Sweet Pops*, among others. Massey's major work, *The Black Liberation Suite*, has not been recorded.

Though such a record of acceptance by his peers speaks for itself, Massey never attained a market-place "name" making it possible for him to record on his own, though one number was issued under his name on the 1961 Canadian compilation *The Jazz Life*.

Massey is survived by his wife, Charlotte, two sons, (one of whom, Zane Massey, is a promising tenor saxophonist), and three daughters. Services were held Oct. 30 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Manhattan, where Massey had often performed. Members of the ROMAS Orchestra performed works by Massey and James Ware, Ray Nance played *My Buddy* on violin, and Roland Alexander performed Massey's *Peace*.

potpourri

For the benefit of the Sickle Cell Disease Fund of Greater New York, *An Evening of Real Jazz* will be presented at Town Hall Nov. 30 at 8:30 p.m. The event will feature Roy Eldridge, Tyree Glenn, Bobby Hackett, Milt Hinton, the J.P.J. Quartet, Hank Jones, Rudy Rutherford, Zoot Sims, Maxine Sullivan and Grady Tate and is sponsored by RonRico Rum.

Despite a year of political repression in Czechoslovakia, the 9th International Prague Jazz Festival was held Oct. 18-21. It featured European-based U.S. jazzmen Benny Bailey and Slide Hampton, the Bob Wallis Band and Ronnie Ross from England, and many groups from Eastern Europe and the U.S.S.R.

TV Tip

Timex Rides Again: Nov. 29

Remember those Timex Spectaculars that jazz critics used to cite as prime examples of what was wrong with jazz on TV?

Well, the little old clockmakers are back with something called the *Timex All Star Swing Festival*, and unless your tastes are very jaded indeed, we suggest you tune in your local NBC channel at 10 p.m. EST or the equivalent, on Nov. 29.

We were among the several thousand guests invited to attend the taping at New York's Philharmonic Hall Oct. 23, and while it is difficult to judge the end product from such a vantage point, we heard enough music (some of it pre-recorded) to give you more than a hint of what to expect.

Timex still overloads its shows; there was enough talent assembled for twice the 60 minutes (minus commercial breaks) taped. But one moment in the show is a must: Ella Fitzgerald doing *Body and Soul*; just one chorus, ballad tempo. Absolutely magnificent!

Ella, slimmed down and wearing strong glasses ("My new image," she quipped) also does a scatty *Lady Be Good* with the Count Basie band, which backs Joe Williams in *Alright, Okay*, and gets to do *Jum-pin' at the Woodside* on its own.

Benny Goodman, in fine fettle, is reunited with the old quartet (for the first time on TV) in a brace of numbers including a



whirlwind Ding Dong Daddy, with Messrs. Wilson, Hampton, and Krupa and ringer George Duvivier spirited indeed. The encore, in case it stays in, was genuinely spontaneous—at least as far as the audience was concerned.

Doc Severinsen, the colorful host, takes up his horn in a segment dedicated to Louis Armstrong. Doc and his cohorts (Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Tyree Glenn, Max Kaminsky, Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, Arvell Shaw, Barrett Deems) have too little time to get into anything, though Dizzy scores with a bit of *Basin Street* and Doc shows his power on *Sleepytime*. Neither Bobby nor Max get a break (but Maxie gets points for his plunger), and Fatha is given just half a chorus on *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, Barney ditto. (For that, these great gentlemen had to be on hand from 8 a.m. to past midnight.) Barrett looks like Mephisto himself. Because there are so few musicians on this set, Ella guests with a chorus of *Dolly*.

Tyree gets a second chance on *C Jam Blues* by the Ellington band (yes, folks, two big bands!), on which also dig Cootie. *It Don't Mean A Thing* features Harold Ashby. And for the grand finale, Duke and Count trade piano licks on *One O'Clock Jump*, with Ella, Benny, Joe and Doc cavorting in front and the Basieites supporting in back.

We didn't get to see Willie The Lion Smith do *Fingerbuster*, but it should be a highlight. A desultory *Take Five* by Brubeck's Trio plus short-winded Paul Desmond doesn't fit the concept or title of the show. But so it goes. There are moments. And hopefully the masses at whom this kind of thing is aimed will love it.

—morgenstern

The amphitheater in New York's Flushing Meadow formerly known as the Singer Bowl recently had its name officially changed to the Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong Bowl in a ceremony conducted by Mayor John V. Lindsay.

While visiting Israel during his recent world tour, B.B. King slipped and fell while viewing the Dead Sea Scrolls, spraining a wrist and suffering a cut lip. Immediately attended to at a nearby hospital, where his lip required seven stitches, he was able to perform a scheduled concert the same night.

Creedence Clearwater will no longer record as a unit, though the group is quoted as saying that it does not regard the move as breaking up but rather as an "expansion of its activities." Translated from rock parlance, this means that the group's three members will remain under contract to Fantasy Records, but that each will devote himself to individual projects. Their business organization and studio headquarters (Cosmo's Factory) will remain intact.

The seventh annual season of *Jazz: The Personal Dimension*, presented at Carnegie Recital Hall in New York by the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies and the Carnegie Hall Corp., will see Friday evenings devoted to the Chick Corea Quintet (Dec. 2), the J.P.J. Quartet (Feb. 2); Jim Hall and Ron Carter (March 9), and the Howard Johnson Quartet (April 13).

Roy Eldridge, Al Grey, Benny Carter, Lockjaw Davis, Oscar Peterson, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen and Louis Bellson—a lineup reminiscent of a miniature *Jazz at the Philharmonic*—toured Europe Oct. 24 through Nov. 8 under the aegis of Norman Granz, with stops in France, Germany, the Scandinavian countries and England. With George Wein touring a package including *The Giants of Jazz* and the *Jimmy Smith All Stars*, European fanciers of swinging mainstream-to-bebop jazz never had it so good. And could it be that Norman wanted to let George know that he doesn't have a monopoly?

No rest for Billie: *Lady Day: A Musical Tragedy*, by Aishah Rahman with music by Archie Shepp (and additional music by the late Cal Massey and Stanley Cowell) was premiered by the Chelsea Theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Oct. 25. With Cecilia Norfleet doing a creditable job in the title role, Clifford Jordan portraying Lester Young (musically and dramatically), Joe Lee Wilson assuming several roles, and Roger Robinson outstanding as the ubiquitous emcee doubling as female impersonator, the play contained some good musical numbers but suffered from a weak, tendentious and episodic book full of dramatic and propagandistic clichés. It had little more to do with the real Billie Holiday than the recent Hollywood epic. The orchestra, led from the keyboard by Cowell, included Roy Burrowes, Charles Tolliver, trumpets; Charles Greenlea, trombone; James Ware, Jimmy Heath, John Stubblefield, reeds; Leroy Jenkins, Aubrey Welsh, violins; Abdul Khabir, cello; James Ulmer, guitar; Jimmy Garrison, bass; William (Beaver) Harris, drums; Harry Defense, percussion. Charlie Rouse was Jordan's understudy, and Dave Burrell the rehearsal pianist.

Yale's Conservatory Without Walls

by Dan Morgenstern

According to Willie Ruff (Yale '57, French horn, bass, and an associate professor of music at his alma mater), the rich heritage of Afro-American music flourishes as an oral tradition that can best be described as the "Conservatory Without Walls."

Recently, Yale created the Duke Ellington Fellowship Program (db, Oct. 12) in order to establish a firm commitment to the study of Afro-American music and incorporate within one of America's most prestigious institutions of higher learning that very "conservatory".

No less than any other dream, however, this one needs money for its realization—an endowment of \$1 million is the goal—and raising funds was one of the reasons for the extraordinary weekend event that took place at Yale Oct. 6 through 8. But the main purpose of this first convocation of the Conservatory Without Walls was celebration, and a festive occasion it was.

At the core of the Ellington Fellowship Program is the idea that a number of those made fellows shall be invited to Yale to live in one of the residential colleges and instruct, perform and partake of fellowship with the students.

For this inaugural three-day benefit festival, Ruff had invited some 40 outstanding artists to become Ellington fellows. None refused the invitation, he said, but some were unable to attend due to illness (Ella Fitzgerald, Thelonious Monk) or prior commitments. Of the 30 who were honored, 27 attended, and most of these also performed.

In addition, other musicians were invited to perform in tribute to those honored, and since Duke Ellington was the focal point of the whole concept, it was only fitting that his band was there to anchor the proceedings.

Most of the festival events were held in Woolsey Hall, and the Friday evening concert, though interrupted by a phony bomb scare, was an auspicious beginning.

It opened with the Ellington orchestra in the best of several appearances. Despite the absence of Paul Gonsalves (the tenorist had suffered a stroke the week before), the band was in high spirits, and its program included *Togo Brava*, *La Plus Belle Africaine*, an amusing piece called *Yak Yak* ("also known less formally as *Semantic Cacophony*," Duke quipped), and a novelty, *Geezil*, featuring Harold Minerve on piccolo and titled for his nickname, as well as Ellington staples that were to be repeated (some more than once) by the band during the weekend.

The audience, predominantly youthful, responded as if hearing Ellington live for the first time.

Dizzy Gillespie, Sonny Stitt, Lucky Thompson, Dwike Mitchell, Ruff, and—pleasant surprise!—Kenny Clarke began a most promising set with *Blue 'n Boogie*, which eventually transformed itself into *Disorder at the Border*. Clarke, looking great and sounding wonderful, was introduced by Diz as "the man who made it all happen" in modern drumming.

Dizzy was into a lovely solo on *I'll Remember April* when the bomb scare began. Everybody filed out quietly. Outside, Diz and Ruff continued to play, to the delight of those close enough to hear. Unfortunately, the set was not resumed after the interruption.

Gospel singer Marion Williams stirred the audience with her joyful fervor, and the Gibson Chorale, a New Haven choir with better voices than choice of material, also was well

received. The evening ended with a second set by Ellington, almost entirely routine.

The next afternoon's "Jam and Jubilee" began with a splendid quartet made up of Dizzy, Mary Lou Williams, Slam Stewart and Kenny Clarke. Stewart broke it up with his inspired singing-and-bowing—he was one of the big hits of the festival.

So was Max Roach, who unleashed a tremendous solo at the climax of an *I Got Rhythm* excursion featuring Clark Terry, Sonny Stitt, Mitchell, and Ruff. Stitt, on tenor, got it on. By popular demand, Max remained on deck for one of his masterful solo pieces (it was *For Big Sid*, I believe).

An unusual conclave followed, beginning with Joe Williams backed by Ellington, Ray Brown and Jo Jones—quite a rhythm section. In a set of Ducal tunes, they were joined first by Benny Carter, then Sweets Edison, and some joyful noise was made, especially on *Squeeze Me*. What an accompanist Duke is, what a sound Ray Brown has, and what taste

occasions, with their speeches, etc. can be deadly dull, but this one was imaginatively conceived and excellently paced.

After an opening set by the Ellington band the honorees filed on stage, one by one, introduced by Ruff. After all were seated—and what a gallery of faces—the ceremony began with Ellington being named dean of the Conservatory Without Walls by Phillip Nelson, dean of the Yale School Of Music. Duke then took his place among the officials—Nelson, Ruff, and, in a slightly delayed entrance due to plane trouble, Kingman Brewster, president of Yale—making up the receiving line. Each fellow was awarded a specially struck medal.

For each group of instrumentalists, there was a verbal tribute by Ruff and a musical tribute performed solo by an outstanding instrumentalist.

First to play was Dwike Mitchell, honoring pianists Duke, Mary Lou Williams, Blake, and Willie The Lion Smith (Noble Sissle was



A "front line" of four trumpets and six basses tackles *How High The Moon*. Front row (l to r): Dizzy Gillespie, Dwike Mitchell, Sweets Edison, John Faddis, Clark Terry, Joe Benjamin, George Duvivier, Charles Mingus, Milt Hinton, Slam Stewart, Benny Carter, Sonny Stitt. Back row: Kenny Clarke, Duke Ellington, Willie Ruff.

Jo Jones has got!

If this was an unusual gathering, the next set was unprecedented. A quartet of trumpets (Dizzy, Clark, Sweets and John Faddis—the latter had come up for the weekend to listen but was persuaded to sit in). Sonny Stitt, Benny Carter, Dwike Mitchell on piano, Kenny Clarke on drums, and—six bassists.

The text chosen by this extraordinary congregation was *How High the Moon*. Though there was brilliant trumpet work, not least from young Faddis, the basses had it. Solos were taken, in turn, by Charles Mingus, George Duvivier, Milt Hinton, Joe Benjamin, Slam Stewart and Ray Brown (since there were "only" five instruments, Mingus yielded his to Brown), and what solos they were! Prof. Ruff, a bassist himself, was beside himself with glee. The afternoon closed with Eubie Blake in excellent form. The 89-year-old master regaled the crowd with talk as well as music—a highlight of the latter was the charming (and difficult) *Eubie's Classical Rag*. His junior partner, Noble Sissle, joined him for a song, and Eubie, who'd garnered several standing ovations, requested one for his friend. ("He's only 84.") He got it.

The evening brought the Tributes and Award Ceremony. Everyone knows that such

also in this group, as orchestra leader). He did *I Got It Bad*, as well as this observer has ever heard him play.

Next, to honor bassists Brown, Duvivier, Hinton, Mingus and Stewart, was Richard Davis, who, prior to his superb, Blantonish solo, put away his bow in deference to Slam. Drummers Kenny Clarke, Jo Jones, and Max Roach were rendered tribute by Tony Williams, who did himself proud.

Jimmy Owens paid homage to trumpeters Edison, Gillespie, Terry and Cootie Williams and, using his unique, rotary-valve fluegel-horn, created a blues poem transformed into a spiritual (*Down By The Riverside*) that was accepted by a standing ovation from his peers. In a short introductory speech, Owens had said: "If we could honor all the greats who created this music, it would take from now until the end of the world."

Lucky Thompson, playing soprano with a lovely, ethereal yet soulful sound, delivered the saxophone eulogy. He was himself among the recipients of the tribute, joined by Harry Carney, Benny Carter, Russell Procope and Sonny Stitt.

Among the eight singers honored, three could not be present. Bessie Jones, Odetta,

Continued on page 38

I drove to Donte's in North Hollywood to dig the Basie band and to meet Al Grey. I should have known better; Donte's is small. By rights it should book nothing larger than a trio.

Sure enough, when I got there the line extended to Sacramento. But I convinced everyone I was Freddie Green and late for the gig. In other words, I managed to squeeze in.

The first familiar face I saw belonged to a patron; drummer Earl Palmer. Ignoring all the usual niceties, I asked him for a one-line impression of Al Grey. Never at a loss, Earl shot right back with: "He's the Sweets Edison of the trombone."

It was the perfect ice-breaker when I finally got to Grey—at his motel the following day. "Yeah? Did Earl really say that? Now that's really somethin', cause there are two cats I dig when it comes to trumpet: Clark Terry and Sweets."

Al Grey is a warm, delightful human being, with a sense of humor that extends to his trombone playing. (Come to think of it, who ever heard of a lachrymose plunger solo?) But there are various shades of Grey.

To watch him on the bandstand next to "old stoneface" (Freddie Green) is one facet; to have him greet you like a member of his family, then lie spread-eagled across his bed and rap as if you really are a relative is something else. So what if his thoughts come so fast that they occasionally overlap?

Not that there was anything cryptic about his opening remark about my opening remark. "I just jammed with 'Sweets' the other night at the Baked Potato (another North Hollywood haven for studio swingers), and it seemed like old times. Jimmy Forrest was there; so was Earl Palmer. Lemme tell you, they had the pots on. I mean they was really cooking.

"You don't run into that no more today. Back a few years ago you could go out jamming almost any night, but the laws don't permit those all-night sessions any more. Ah, but this was one night everything was groovy. They started talkin' about Birdland and things like that. And later 'Sweets' said to me, 'Man, you guys made me play tonight.'

"Sometimes you go out and just get your money, know what I mean? But nobody was gettin' no bread that night, so there you are."

The reference to Sweets really started the juices syncopating. Al appreciated Earl's remark and he made no bones about it. "Only two cats, like I told you: 'Sweets' and Clark Terry, they got power. Any time they see fit to drive, they can drive you. You just don't rack them up against a wall. There aren't that many musicians that have that power, or drive. And how many have their prettiness of sound, eh? They can play pretty; they can get boisterous; they can be nasty, real nasty. And they can take one note and change it around to fit any kind of mood."

No doubt the admiration must be mutual. Al Grey has few peers when it comes to transforming one note. He assured me it's all in the fingers—which may sound a bit odd, coming from a slide trombonist. But when you hear one of his typical *wah wah* solos, and watch him massaging that rubber contraption, you know damn well his fingers are lethal weapons.

His mastery of the plunger is so complete he seems to have transcended instrumental limitations and achieved the next logical step: The ability to roam and improvise in the rare-

Grey's open tone is as wide as a house, and I've always wondered why he hasn't been recorded more often *sans* plunger.

I wondered, too, how it all began: His fascination for the plunger, or before that, the trombone itself.

"My father started me playing when I was four. He gave me my first lessons—baritone horn, not trombone. Yeah, he gave me my first lessons and they were the only lessons I had 'til I grew up and was in the service.

"I played baritone horn and valve trombone, even tuba, in school. In fact, I became the state champion and went on to the national finals under Leopold Stokowski and that whole bit."

"You were champion of the state of Virginia?"

"No, you see, when I was three months old, the family moved to Pottstown, Pa., so I don't know too much about Virginia; I was just born there: June 6, 1925."

The service training he referred to was at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, in 1943, and that's where he met Clark Terry. During that period, Al also studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music. The day he became a civilian again, he joined Benny Carter's big band, and stayed until it broke up around 1946.

After that, Grey slid from band to band. He joined Jimmie Lunceford and stayed on (after Lunceford died in 1947) during the time Ed Wilcox and Joe Thomas co-led the band.

"One reason I got the job with Lunceford was because I surprised him by playing all the Trummy Young solos. I even sang *Margie*, and all the other tunes Trummy did. I don't mind telling you, Trummy was always my idol. (Young was featured with the Lunceford band 1937-1943.) I saw him when we were in Hawaii, and he's still my idol."

After Lunceford, Grey joined Lucky Millinder's band and did almost as much singing as he did playing; then he joined Lionel Hampton. From Hamp, he went to Arnett Cobb, a rhythm and blues group led by Bullmoose Jackson; a stint with Dizzy Gillespie's band; and, following a sabbatical in the New York studios, he joined Count Basie—for the first time—in 1957.

Even though it's been an on-again, off-again relationship with Count, Al considers the Basie band "home." The comings and goings of sidemen is one of the realities of a traveling band, as is that hard core of musicians who just never leave.

Grey was on his third tour with the Basie outfit at the time of our talk. When I asked why he left the first time, he made no bones about it: "I was fired. Yep. Count fired me. See, I broke my ankle the day we were going to play for President Kennedy at the White House. The doctor told me if I went out that night I might wind up with arthritis the rest of my life. So I decided, unh-unh. Well, the band manager came by and said, 'If you can't make it for the President, you can't make it for the Count.' Now there I was, all laid up, ice applications, heat, but they paid me off."

(What the doctor told Al virtually came true. He's a walking barometer today; all he has to do is consult that ankle and he can tell you if a storm is coming.)

No one could have predicted at the time that he would spend the next two-and-a-half years co-leading a combo. He and tenor saxophonist Billy Mitchell, another Basie graduate, became as close as the hyphen between

al grey: still taking the plunge(r)

by
harvey
siders

fied air of pure vocalise.

Since the sound of the plunger is the closest thing to the human voice, it is possible to say that Grey often "laughs" through certain phrases. Equally plausible would be any interpretation of his sound: the coyness of bent tones; the rebuke of a growl; the sermonizing of the triple tongue; the sensuality of squeezed phrases; the debauchery of those saliva-filled notes.

So complete is the gamut of conversational gimmicks, so mesmerizing is the emotional bag of tricks, that some jazz buffs may not hear the ideas for the timbre. So at the risk of articulating the obvious, let the record show that Al Grey is one of the most musically satisfying *improvisers* on his axe.

If the humor-tinted association with his accessory has led some to say "Al Grey plays plunger, not trombone," let the record also show that his fellow musicians regard him as a serious trombone player with a tone as big as his grin. Teddy Edwards told me: "Al is not the clown prince of the Basie band. He's a hard-working, dedicated musician." And for two years, Sammy Davis kept dangling all kinds of loot in front of Al's bell and finally landed him—not to play plunger, but to play first trombone with Sammy's back-up band.

One of my favorite Basie bits is a brief—much too brief—bit of dialogue between Al Grey and Lockjaw Davis on the ABC-Paramount disc *Basie Swingin' Voices Singin'* (with the Alan Copeland Singers).

their names would allow: The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet (with, among others, Dave Burns, Herman Wright, Bobby Hutcherson and Candy Finch), was, as Al modestly recalled, "the critical boy wonders of 1961."

Because it was a piano-less combo, they relied quite heavily on Hutcherson for comping. "We exploited the vibes, you might say. We had to make Bobby play chords with love, and that's why he's up there today. When he first came with us, he was just using single lines, but Billy and I got him into the four mallets thing."

They all did charts, and from the outside there were arrangements by Thad Jones, Frank Foster, Ernie Wilkins, Oliver Nelson, Quincy Jones, — "Man, that was a strong book."

The sextet disbanded only because Mitchell wanted to be home (he had just bought a new one on Long Island) and had got involved

originally an ad lib solo note for note — certainly not early in the a.m.!

"You want to know something? I couldn't even play my own solo! That's one of the most miserable times I ever had. We wasted so much time and in the studios, time means money. Count became a nervous wreck, and he made me tense and nervous and we kept doing take after take. So finally I said, 'Well, I had a drink the night we recorded that,' and don't you think they sent out for a bottle — not that I drink that much — and we finally got through it."

There was another scene that turned Al Grey into a nervous wreck and created a serious rupture within the Basie organization. It happened in 1967, and I was drawn into it when Sonny Payne called the down beat office and wanted to let me know why Basie had just fired him. It involved a feud between Payne and Lockjaw Davis, and according to various

so surprising in view of his family. "I have stairsteps back in Philadelphia, all boys: ages 19, 16, 14 and 11." He found himself "disrupted" for quite a period of time.

"You know how it is. After making a whole lot of money, and then you just stop and don't do nothin'. First you're living in the thousands and then you find yourself in the hundreds. Yeah. So you take certain things on to carry on with your family."

What Al "took on" ran full gamut, tantamount to going from Sammy Davis to Meyer Davis. "I can do *bar-mitzvahs* now, the candle ceremony and the whole bit." He began teaching extensively in the Philadelphia area and at one time had some 32 students under his wing. The only drawback to that was "cutting off a kid when he's just beginning to produce. I hated to tell him, 'Look kid, I'm going back with Basie. You'll have to find yourself another teacher.' That's bad. They were so sincere about learning. You know, they still call me and tell me things."

Related to the teaching, Al began to do clinics for Conn Instruments, getting into electronics, and putting on demonstrations in schools. (Dare I say he is no longer a Conn artist? Al's current trombone is a Selmer.) This was followed by the society band gigs, some of which had political overtones. Al showed me photos of himself with Sen. George McGovern and with Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp. The fact that they are both Democrats means little to Al. He wasn't playing favorites — just playing.

Nor was there any partisanship involved in his gigs for the Philadelphia Eagles. Al had a combo that played between halves for his hometown eleven, but he also did the same thing (with Ella Fitzgerald) for the Dallas Cowboys. But what he wanted was full-time jazz, not half-time jazz, and he got closer to that in the studios when he did some recording dates for Quincy Jones and then the final recording session for Louis Armstrong, the session put together by Oliver Nelson.

Pretty soon, they won't be able to find Al Grey in Philly. Like everyone else east of Las Vegas, he plans to move to Southern California. "I'm gonna have to, yes. I'll be working between Vegas and Los Angeles. See, I've gotten to the point now that I know that anytime I decide to, I can go in the studios and do a job, or work the lounges in Vegas. I have the offers; the only thing that will keep me from playing what I wanna play is my health. There ain't many artists who can say that today."

True, and there aren't many pulsating plumbbers around who can work the plunger the way Al Grey can. The Bubber Miley and Tricky Sam Nantons are long gone. Al knows his talent is quite unique, yet rather than cash in on a novelty, he prefers to swing, in a setting that gives him the ideal combination of discipline and freedom: The Count Basie band.

He was really able to stretch out on a recent European tour by the band on which he was featured in the Kansas City Seven, a small group that included Basie's Lockjaw Davis, the rhythm section and special guest Roy Eldridge. "Man, we tore it up," he says. The glowing reviews in the Continental and English press bear him out. Just a short time ago, he toured Europe again with Eldridge, Lockjaw, Oscar Peterson, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, and Louis Bellson.

Al Grey is the stuff jazz is made of. Long may he slide, plunge and swing. **db**

VERY OAKLAND



with various educational programs, particularly Billy Taylor's Jazzmobile.

So back went Al Grey into the antiseptic world of studios. But he never could ad lib too much love for "click tracks and four walls and all that technical involvement. I remember one film I did — Quincy did the score — where I spent two days looking at the movie and clicking my part before they even let me pick up my horn. Interesting — but very tedious."

The studio scene is not Al's cup of tea. He's strictly night people. Besides, he just wants to blow. There was another incident in a studio setting after he had returned to the Basie band that convinced him it wasn't for him. It involved the TV special that won an Emmy for Fred Astaire. The music director for the show had taken one of Al's trombone solos and had it choreographed for Astaire.

All they wanted Al to do was re-record it, but as anyone knows, you don't tell a dyed-in-the-wool jazzman to play what was

reports it had become so bitter it nearly involved gunplay.

Grey, who was Payne's roommate, tried to act as peacemaker and failed. Basie, who has weathered many a storm, took more direct action: he fired Payne and Jaws. Louis Bellson replaced Sonny; Teddy Edwards took over Davis' chair. Grey figured: "Well, Sammy's been after me for a couple of years now. This is as good a time as any to make the move."

The tours with Sammy Davis, Jr. were lucrative and glamor-filled, but for a jazz giant like Al Grey, restrictive. What's more, they produced the only negative reviews Al ever got — based mainly on what he was *not* playing. "I love Sammy very much, but he's a one-man show, see? I had no outlet to play, so what good is all the money?"

On the other hand, he suddenly became conscious of the difference in money when he left Davis two years ago. Perhaps that's not

A good man may be hard to find, but a singer who doesn't sell out is even tougher to dig up. One of the last—and best—examples of that diminishing species is Betty Carter. Since the late 1940s, when she began to sing professionally, she has delivered the vocal goods in her own style, on her own terms—come high water or low bread. In other words, she sang jazz and didn't give a damn what the musical establishment had in mind for her.

Most singers don't want to be associated with jazz, even though they may dig the music. They're afraid that they'll get pigeon-holed, that the jazz label will cut down their marketability. Betty Carter swings in the opposite direction. She loves being known as a jazz singer, considers it a high compliment. "Jazz is an art," she said, "so when they call me a jazz singer they're also calling me an artist."

Unfortunately, sticking to her artistic guns has not served her well professionally. Some club owners feel she is too much of a jazz singer to offer broad enough appeal for the average paying customer. Recording companies have tended to shy away from her for the same reason. Talent agents, too, seem to have boycotted Ms. Carter. Four of them gave her the touch-and-go treatment during her career. "Two of those agents are big time now," she observed, "and I haven't had a post card from either."

But she has risen above it all by continuing to grow as a performer, by maintaining a high level of the singer's art. Now she is at her peak artistically, if not financially, and she still has her philosophy to keep her warm. "Money don't make you free," she said, "but music can."

Useful as philosophy may be, after 25 years on the beat Betty Carter has never really gained the kind of fame that a singer with her abilities and inventiveness should enjoy. In fact, even she refers to herself as "an unknown." That designation is true in one sense, but not in that more important way. While Ms. Carter may not be widely known to the listening public (she collected 94 votes for a 13th place finish in *down beat's* 1971 Readers Poll), singers in and around the music have been listening to her for years and have come to look upon her as the premier jazz singer. It was Carmen McRae who called Betty "the only jazz singer" (*down beat*, Nov. 12, 1970). This kind of recognition from her peers has made it all worthwhile to her.

Betty Carter's right to be placed among the chosen of jazz comes not only from her talent, but from the fact that her career has actually spanned two eras of jazz—the '50s and the '60s. She broke in early in the bebop period, before it began burning up cash registers on 52nd Street. "Jazz was really poppin' then," she commented. "In those days, everyone had an excuse to go out and swing all night."

Her introduction to bebop came right from the head of the class. Late in 1947, Charlie Parker was slated for a stand at El Sino in Detroit. "We were all waiting for him to show up for rehearsal—even his rehearsals were big events," she reminisced. "He was late. He was also hungry, so he wanted to grab a quick bite before rehearsal. I was the first person he spotted, and when he asked me if I knew a place to get something to eat, I was so scared that at first I couldn't think of how to say: 'Yes, I do!'"

Betty and Charlie went across the street to a little eatery and, as she put it, "I didn't say a word. All I did was watch him eat, like it



BETTY CARTER: UNABASHED JAZZ SINGER

by
Tom Tolnay

was something that had never been done before." That was the beginning of a long friendship, and not long after, Yardbird asked the teenaged singer to sit in with his group. At the time, his congregation consisted of Miles Davis, Max Roach, Tommy Potter, Duke Jordan—no mean crew of improvisers.

"Everything was at high speed," she remembered. "We used to really chase the music around. Later on, Dizzy brought his big band through, and I sat in with them too. What an outfit! They had Milt Jackson, James Moody, John Lewis, John Coltrane, Elmon Wright, and plenty of other great musicians. That was a gleeful time for jazz in Detroit."

About six months later—just out of high school—Miss Carter joined the Lionel Hampton orchestra in Toledo. It was with Hamp that she first cracked the New York scene. "I played the Apollo," she said proudly. It was also with Hamp that she picked up the nickname Betty Bebop, a tag she never really cared for. "It's been hard enough getting my real name around."

Hampton's outfit was playing a lot of dance dates then, while Betty's heart was stationed with the head-on jazz practitioners. So after two-and-a-half years with the vibist, she left

him and began showing up in Harlem jazz joints, sitting in, or just digging the sounds. Her sharp attack became known and admired by just about every great musician who was gigging in Manhattan circa 1950.

Today, Betty Carter is still part of the scene, still tuning in with the most exciting musicians of the day. "In recent years I've worked out with people like Danny Mixon, John Hicks, Hal Mabern, Lisle Atkinson, Jack De Johnette, Billy Hart, Buster Williams." And her vocal ideas remain as fresh and relevant as ever, with some of the most startling phrasing ever attempted by a singer of any tradition. No one has mimicked her style, simply because it couldn't be copied. It's her all the way—every bar of it.

Musically, something out-of-joint was happening in the 60s, according to Ms. Carter. "Some new music came along which divorced itself from the black masses," she commented. "For it wasn't introduced in black ghettos like bebop was. Bebop caught on with the blacks very quickly, easily, and it was the whites who had the headaches in getting used to what Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were doing at the time."

"In the '60s, it was just the reverse. The white critics did not take any chances. They put their stamp of approval on those new sounds; yet 95% of the blacks were not aware of this music. That's because it was played in the clubs downtown, not uptown. There are clubs up in the ghettos too, you know. Hell, the organists in Harlem work all year 'round even today. I think this has been one of the problems with the music in the last few years. Few black listeners have been part of the picture."

Outspoken Betty Carter confessed that she is concerned about the state of jazz, primarily because the media are so strong.

"What worries me most is that black kids are not hearing Charlie Parker and Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie," she said. "The media's swamping everyone with rock, so those kids are missing out. Just turn on your radio and see what you get. It ain't jazz. The kids up in Harlem are not getting the straight, pure, swinging sounds. Their music. Their history. Their culture."

Hearing the giants of the past, she pointed out, creates listeners and, if you're lucky, a few artists too. "There's no reason in the world why I shouldn't have some young jazz singer coming up, making me look over my shoulder, giving me some real trouble, making me work overtime. When I came up, Sarah and Carmen and a lot of other singers were trying to interpret jazz, and we had to work hard to catch an ear."

The singer interprets this absence of competition as a commentary on the musical guts of today's performers and, more to the point, on the tight control business has over music. "These days, young singers are told how to sing, what to sing, and when to sing it. Record companies won't waste any time on what you want to do. You must do what they want, or else you're out!" She stated that recording has ceased to be a creative activity. "It's strictly cash and carry."

Recently, she had occasion to hear several young singers in action, guys and gals. "All of them were good vocalists," she said, "except for one thing—they all sounded exactly alike. No one told them to try something on their own—and it never occurred to them to

Continued on page 28

FREDDIE HUBBARD: “MUSIC IS MY PURPOSE”

by
Pat Griffith



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

"My music has never been the same," Freddie Hubbard explains. "One record may be funky, the next mainstream or avant garde, for I'm the kind of cat who, whatever motivates me, I'll compose something that fits that mood."

During the '60s, Hubbard of course emerged as a remarkable soloist with a seemingly complete knowledge of his instruments (trumpet and fluegelhorn) and a technical brilliance that enabled him to present a veritable panorama of trumpet styles and feelings, all defined by his own artistry.

Noted as a composer early on in his career, he has in such more recent pieces as *Straight Life*, *First Light* and *Red Clay* utilized the textures of contemporary pop music, a further indication of his versatility.

"For the last few years, I've been listening to rock," he discloses, "a lot more than in the past. But then, *Sing Me a Song of Songmy* has nothing to do with rock. In the style of music today, the drums play a very important part in the feeling, so I like to be a part of it. It's good, because this music is causing a union among the so-called jazz cats."

"If you notice, they're still playing the same way, but the rhythm is changing, and it's drawing people into the music who didn't like it before, or couldn't relate to it. So I've used these rhythms, which are black blues, though I knew a lot of critics would be saying, 'Freddie's going backwards. I remember the time when he was experimenting a lot.' Well, those were my days with Sonny Rollins, Trane, etc. Now I'm playing the music of Freddie Hubbard."

The dues Hubbard paid to arrive at his present position began with his arrival in New York from his native Indianapolis in 1958, when he was not quite 20. From the start, he showed an ability to assimilate effectively a variety of musical approaches. In his 20s, he played with small groups led by top drummers Philly Joe Jones, Art Blakey and Max Roach, was in Slide Hampton's Octet and Quincy Jones' big band, toured Europe and Japan, and worked in myriad small clubs throughout the U.S.

With Jones, he was introduced to the professionalism involved in studio work, while his stints with Blakey and Roach were important in other respects.

"Being with the Jazz Messengers was a fun period in my life," he comments. "Reggie Workman, Wayne Shorter and myself were all the same age, so we developed together. I worked with Art for two-and-a-half years. With Max Roach, it was sheer speed. He was playing very fast, and with him I got my uptempo technique together. It was also important for me to be around a man such as Max — a person whose awareness of the black struggle helped me formulate my ideas about myself, to respect and uplift my image of the black musician. It was spiritual music, and these periods were all important."

What was also important was his insistence on remaining in New York, the place where the significant improvisational styles of the age were developing. (Perhaps it is a reflection on both his own development and the changes in the scene that Hubbard recently decided to move to California.)

"Being in New York exposed me to different players with different musical styles and life styles, because in New York you can do and play almost what you want and still be

accepted. Within a relatively short period, I recorded with Ornette Coleman (the famous Double Quartet session), with Trane (*Ole Coltrane, Ascension*, etc.) and with Sonny Rollins (*East Broadway Rundown*). I'd then turn around and do something with Jackie McLean and Stanley Turrentine. Now that's wide knowledge; it involves different styles."

Throughout these associations, Hubbard's artistry and virtuosity blossomed, and his own inclinations developed from what he participated in and observed.

"With all the groups I have played with," he claims, "I've always maintained my identity. With Turrentine, I got into the soul bag, and I got more out of that music than some of the other things because of the spirit that was involved. Being in a groove with bass, drums and organ was a different bag to me, and I enjoyed it."

"On the recordings with Ornette, Trane and Sonny Rollins, I was conscious that my style was different. They would call me up and I'd say, 'Well, you know my style.' Once Trane told me to play myself and forget about the style-thing, and that helped to turn me around in terms of trying to keep up with the bandwagon. I think that a lot of the younger kids trying to keep up with the avant garde will lose out on a lot of experience they'll need later. If a composer brings you something, you have to be able to place yourself; you may have to phrase in a certain way, you'll have to read music."

"Some kids just jump into the music without knowledge of the various periods and styles. I couldn't change my style to play the new music, because though I felt some of it, some of it I didn't feel. To me, the music was more experimental, so I took some of it — the feeling, the lines — and incorporated it into my own compositions."

These theories are evident in Hubbard's earlier works with their bold lyricism, intense attack, mellow colorations, and insistence on exploration of the resources of his instrument — such albums as *Breaking Point*, *Hub Tones*, *Ready for Freddie*, etc. A list of participating musicians would read like a Who's Who of distinguished modernists: Elvin Jones, McCoy Tyner, Sam Rivers, Richard Davis, Wayne Shorter, Benny Maupin, etc.

The mid-'60s was the period for Hubbard to examine the post-incubatory effects of the new music.

"Though the music was termed 'new', a lot of the shit wasn't new," he states, "and the evaluation of the innovators wasn't consistent. Cecil Taylor, for instance, had been doing his music for years, but when Ornette came on the scene what he did sounded new, and he was endorsed by John Lewis and other musicians and writers. So the music public jumped to it. Then there were also Albert Ayler's and Sun Ra's musics, which weren't recognized."

Since 1968, Hubbard has succeeded in holding a combo together despite the difficult times. For quite some time, his front-line partner has been Junior Cook on tenor and soprano sax; his pianists have included the gifted young Joe Bonner, his bassists Alex Blake and Mickey Bass, and his drummers Louis Hayes and Lenny White. His rhythm sections reflect the respect he has for the energy level of the contemporary east coast sound — and its sociological implications (i.e., the music

Continued on page 29

December 7 □ 15

RECORD

REVIEWS

CARLA BLEY-PAUL HAINES

ESCALATOR OVER THE HILL - JCOA 3LP-EOTH: Hotel Overture; This Is Here . . . Like Animals; Escalator Over the Hill; Stay Awake; Ginger and David; Song to Anything That Moves; EOTH Theme; Businessmen; Ginger and David Theme; Why; Detective Writer Daughter; Doctor Why; Slow Dance (Transductive Music); Smalltown Agonist; End of Head; Over Her Head; Little Pony Soldier; Oh Say Can You Do?; Holiday in Risk; Holiday in Risk Theme; A.I.R. (All India Radio); Rawalpindi Blues; End of Rawalpindi; End of Animals; . . . And It's Again.

Personnel (collective): Ms. Bley, composer, arranger; Haines, words; Michael Mantler, Enrico Rava, Michael Snow, Don Cherry, trumpets; Roswell Rudd, Sam Burts, Jimmy Knepper, Mantler, trombones; Jack Jeffers, bass trombone; Jimmy Lyons, Dewey Redman, Bill Morimando, alto saxes; Gato Barbieri, Peggy Imig, tenor saxes; Chris Woods, baritone sax; Perry Robinson, Ms. Imig, Souren Baronian, clarinets; Bob Carlisle, Sharon Freeman, French horns; John Buckingham, Howard Johnson, tubas; Ms. Bley, Mantler, Don Preston, Morimando, keyboards; John McLaughlin, Sam Brown, guitars; Karl Berger, vibes; Leroy Jenkins, violin; Nancy Newton, viola; Calo Scott, cello; Charlie Haden, Richard Youngstein, Ron McClure, basses; Jack Bruce, electric bass; Paul Motian, drums, percussion; Roger Dawson, congas; Baronian, Motian, dumbcubes; Morimando, Dawson, orchestra bells; Ms. Bley, Jane Blackstone, Jonathan Cott, Ms. Freeman, Steve Gebhardt, Tyrus Gerlach, Eileen Hale, Rosalind Hupp, Jeffers, Johnson, Sheila Jordan, Mantler, Timothy Marquand, Ms. Newton, Tod Papageorge, Bob Stewart, Pat Stewart, Viva Jeanne Lee, Cherry, Bruce, Haden, Karen Mantler, Phyllis Schneider, Bill Leonard, Preston, Rudd, Linda Ronstadt, Paul Jones, Burts, Steve Ferguson, Bill Roughen, vocals and recitation.

Rating: ★★★★☆

Escalator Over the Hill might be described as "Grand Hotel" converted into a weird musical. It is an experience as well as a musical event. Ms. Bley's score is old/new, straight/freaky, and always imaginatively and brilliantly conceived. Haines' words are an ultimate trip (if you can get to that).

Ms. Bley and Haines prefer to call their three-record work a chronotransduction, which roughly translated is a time/energy transfer. That just about gets to it. The work has also been called a jazz/rock/electronic opera, but chronotransduction says it better.

Of primary importance to down beat readers is the music, and Ms. Bley has captured just about everything in it. The juxtaposition of various forms—free and cooking jazz in both orchestral and combo formats; hard, heavy rock; seriocomic '30s dance band music; near-operatic and straight vocals, and strange wailings—is a paramount element. And all of it is done with force and excellence.

It's a happy, sad, mad kaleidoscopic thing; it's beautiful and ugly, and it never lets you get away from its movements. Like the words of Haines, it jumps about wildly but the point always becomes clear.

With soloists of the stature of Rudd, Cherry, Barbieri, McLaughlin, Robinson and Ms. Bley in major roles, plus Mantler, Haden and others in secondary roles, the improvisation was bound to be good. More than that—it's consistently great, inspired and

Records are reviewed by Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Gary Giddins, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, Michael Levin, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Bobby Neisen, Don Neisen, Bob Porter, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Roger Riggins, Robert Rusch, Joe Shulman, Harvey Siders, Will Smith, Jim Szantor, Eric Vogel, and Pete Welding.

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

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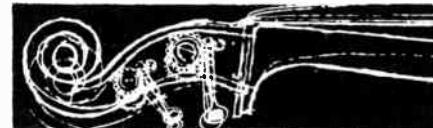
forceful. And Ms. Bley has put it together with consummate taste and with an ear for the unusual in beauty.

For db readers, the best moments will be on Sides 1, 3, 5 and 6. Rudd's exquisitely rubbery trombone offers much of the thrust throughout; Barbieri's sandpaper-edged, towering tenor wails also help tie the extensive work together; McLaughlin releases his strong, exciting vibrations of electrified soul/freedom; Robinson screeches away like a man speaking in tongues, and Cherry is the wispy, Eastern essence.

Ms. Bley's part cannot be over-emphasized—it's her work, after all. Her presence is often more felt than heard and she seldom steps into a dominant position—though she's always there, pushing it ever onward.

A special mention must be made of Jack Bruce. He's not only the leading vocalist but his bass playing is constantly solid and inventive. He's always been an underrated singer and this album should tell a lot of people just how good he is.

In lesser roles, Ms. Ronstadt and Ms. Lee should be mentioned. Motian deserves praise for his drumming; it's always moving. The



Jazz Composer's Orch., as the basic musical entity here, couldn't be more important.

And Haines. Certainly one of America's finest and most unusual writers, he now lives in India. His prose writing can be found on the first JCO albums (Fontana and JCOA), on the Paul Bley Savoy, the first Albert Ayler ESP and in numerous defunct "small magazines". Haines writes in strange ways—phrases will pop up meaninglessly in early sections, then will become clear when they reappear in proper perspective later in the work. Haines is better felt than understood. One gets the feeling that the work might almost be autobiographical.

With all the praise, one should not get the idea that the album is without flaws. Sides 2 and 4 are of lighter weight, primarily because there is more singing and talking, and less music. But in a work of this length and scope certain moments of a transitory nature are permissible.

The fully-realized 104-minute work's history has been more than adequately chronicled by Mike Cuscuna in a prerelease article (db, March 30). Among the things mentioned were the almost insurmountable logistic and monetary problems, and the long hours involved in the production.

The whole thing comes as a boxed set, with a 36-page booklet including session photos, libretto and personnel breakdown. —smith

DONALD BYRD

ETHIOPIAN KNIGHTS — Blue Note 84380: *The Emperor; Jamie; The Little Rasti*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Thurman Green, trombone; Harold Land, tenor sax; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Don Peake, David Walker, Greg Poree, guitars; Bill Henderson, piano; Joe Sample, organ; Wilton Felder, bass; Edward Greene, drums.

Rating: ★★

Talking to a friend not long ago I jokingly suggested a title for a future Miles Davis album: "Revenge of the Ostinato People." However, increasing numbers of recent jazz albums like this one, which threaten to all but vamp us to death, have turned the joke sour. They profess a degree of vengeance—unmotivated, to be sure, save perhaps by cupidity—I wouldn't have thought possible. But, then, one mustn't forget the old show-biz adage behind a lot of records like this one—if they liked it once, they'll love it twice.

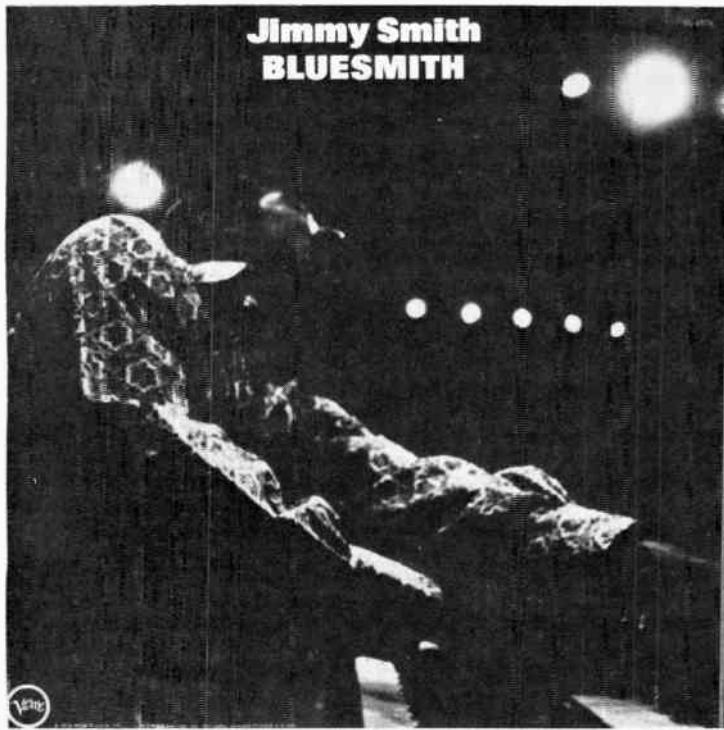
So, go ahead: Pick a lick, have your electric pianist or bassist (obligatory, both of them) vamp on it for 15 or 20 minutes, underpin it with the proper degree of polyrhythmic versatility, add an electric guitar or two if possible (preferably with fuzz-tone and wah-wah), and just blow on top of it! Instant new music, right? Especially if you can electronically modify the horns from time to time. Freaky! Far out! Watch the bread roll in!

Well, you can call it "new music" if you want to. And you can even dig it—if you don't pay too much attention to it, that is. Unfortunately, one listens closely at the peril of having revealed to him the intellectual and emotional aridity, and the sheer contrivance, of the product.

If viewed as contemporary dance, partying and easy-listening music, or as program-music for a high, however induced, this music can't be faulted: it works, serves its modest purpose. On those terms this is a five-star record.

But as contemporary popular-art music, this LP has a lot of holes in it. Thanks to its unvarying textures, it's much too monochromatic, and this singleness of mood and purpose proves as boring and uninteresting to the listener as, based on their solos, it did to the improvisers. While there's plenty of energy and motion to the ensemble work, they're simply used as ends in themselves; they're illusory in the sense that they serve only to create a surface excitement. And in that they're unchannelled into any creative direction, lead nowhere in fact, they're actually counterproductive. Then, instead of being hypnotic, the unvarying rhythmic impetus, is, ultimately, boring.

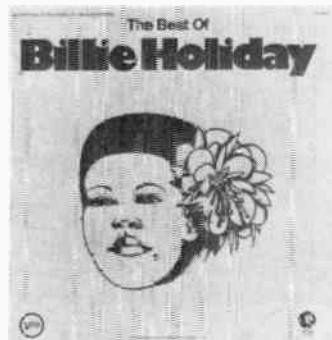
Sadly, none of the players on the two long cuts (*The Emperor* and *The Little Rasti*) ever really gets into anything but surface-skimming (though Land tries mighty hard on the latter). So, there are not even any burning solos for the mind to fasten upon. The best thing in the



**Jimmy Smith
BLUESMITH**

JIMMY SMITH—"BLUESMITH" (V6-8809)

Jimmy makes a soulful return to his roots. His ensemble includes: Teddy Edwards, Leroy Vinnegar, Ray Crawford, Donald Dean and Victor Pantoja. Amen to all concerned.



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set is the short and charming ballad *Jamie*, which is unalloyed Byrd lyricism (though nothing more), with tasty and sympathetic ensemble work.

The sound, by the way, is gorgeous. Too bad about the music. —welding

DOUG CARN

SPIRIT OF THE NEW LAND—Black Jazz BJQD/8: *Dwell Like a Ghost; My Spirit; Arise and Shine; Blue in Green; Trance Dance; Search for the New Land; New Moon*.

Personnel: Charles Tolliver, fluegelhorn; Garritt Brown, trombone; George Harper, tenor & soprano saxes, bass clarinet, flutes; Earl McIntyre, tuba; Carn, piano & electric piano, organ; unidentified bass; Al Mouzon, drums; Jean Carn, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★

Carn's made a giant advance over his first Black Jazz release. The combo is brighter, stronger and tighter, with plenty of good solos; Carn's playing is more open; his wife's singing is better integrated and more flowing.

Ms. Carn, in fact, does a superior job throughout, covering wide-ranging intervals with ease and revealing a distinctive and beautiful timbre. Her singing would be even more effective if her husband's lyrics fit the tunes better and, in some cases, were less corny. She's a vocalist to be watched.

The leader is a fairly original player, though he exhibits some McCoy Tyner roots on piano and sounds like Jimmy Smith on organ. His solos are well constructed and his tunes

(only *Blue* and *Search* are not his) are very good.

Tolliver, the best soloist on the date, maintains his exciting neo-bop approach. It's a tough, brassy style that sings with florid grace. Brown also is good, with a colorful J. J. Johnson-influenced conception. While Harper is uneven, he generally contributes good solos on soprano. His tenor lines are disorganized, and on both horns he shows Coltrane ties.

Mouzon, not known as the world's most sensitive drummer, plays well and fits in beautifully here. In fact, he stirs the background to just the right degree and really keeps things moving. The unidentified bassist is very tasty. McIntyre is little heard here.

The album's excellence is the result of its variety—a ballad, soulful tunes, and some very good loose blowing, plus some impressionism. Add to this the fact that the album contains 52½ minutes of music. —smith

CHICAGO

CHICAGO V—Columbia KC 31102: *A Hit by Varese; All is Well; Now That You've Gone; Dialogue; While the City Sleeps; Saturday in the Park; State of the Union; Goodbye; Alma Mater*.

Personnel: Lee Loughnane, trumpet, background vocals, percussion; James Pankow, trombone, percussion; Walter Parazaider, woodwinds, percussion; Robert Lamm, keyboards, vocals; Jerry Kath, guitar, vocals; Peter Cetera, bass, vocals; Danny Seraphine, antique bells, congas, drums.

Rating: ★½

Chicago's fifth finalizes and confirms its

long and numerically ordered descent to what is probably best described as "safe" music. From a fairly auspicious beginning, their style has evolved to a kind of conservative, "popular" rock, which, though it might well sell records, is artistically vapid.

Almost three years ago, after streamlining its name (from Chicago Transit Authority), Chicago burst into prominence with an album titled, simply, *Chicago*. It was a double-disc release, and, although it had a good deal of dead-weight filler, there was some promising music, too.

Make Me Smile was a good mover with a fine vocal. There was a collection of short melodies, such as *Colour My World*, which were skillfully woven into a pattern, much like The Beatles' work on side two of *Abbey Road*.

But the band never lived up to this promise. Since then, it has produced a number of markedly unspectacular albums, all of which contained at least two discs. One had as many as four, and all could have been substantially cut down with no loss in quality.

In this release, there is only one record. Perhaps they took themselves by surprise in this regard, because it is packaged in a two-slotted jacket. Faced, then, with the dilemma of either sealing the sleeve opposite the lone disc or of filling it with something else, they opted for the latter.

Although the musicians have previously proven their instrumental proficiency, they absolutely make no attempt to break any new or remotely interesting ground.

There is not a single riff, phrase or arrange-



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ment that hasn't been heard a thousand times before. There is virtually no solo work.

A Hit by Varese and *While the City Sleeps* sound like nothing so much as the soundtrack from an old detective movie. *Dialogue* is an attempt at exploring the politics of involvement/non-involvement that, despite a good line or two, doesn't quite make it. *Saturday in the Park* has better lyrics, vocal and arranging than any other cut. But it is still the fluffy stuff of which Top 40 hits are made: Predictably, it has been released as a single.

The vocals offer no improvement. Gone is the powerful style that distinguished *Smile*. In its place are washed-out leads and insipid attempts at mass harmony.

Perhaps by playing this uncreative, unambitious rock the band is trying to appeal to the largest possible segment of the listening (and buying) public. But, while this musical milk from contented cows certainly won't be too far-out for even the most provincial of tastes, neither will it turn the discriminating listener on.

On the jacket of the band's earlier album there is this statement: "With this album we dedicate ourselves, our futures and our energies to the people of the revolution . . . and the revolution in all of its forms." Whatever else may be revolutionary about Chicago, its music as presented here is the anti-thesis.

—bobby nelsen

son raunchy, then breaking free with Robinson summoning all the abstractions imaginable. *Crimson Sunsets* wends again through electrical balladeering. *An Aborted Eddie Harris Tune* concludes the album, burning hard, the focus back and forth among the five, and altogether crashing till out.

With Weather Report, Miles Davis, and others, Contraband makes music of eclectic inspiration, multi-dimensional in scope, striking of passion. On *Time & Space*, Contraband offers Promusic.

—bourne

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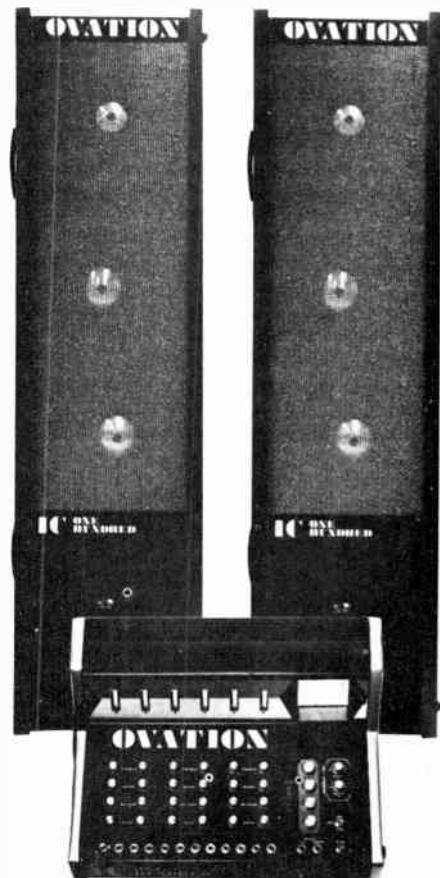
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BING CROSBY COUNT BASIE

BING 'N' BASIE — Daybreak DR 2014: *Gentle On My Mind*; *Everything Is Beautiful*; *Gonna Build A Mountain*; *Sunrise, Sunset*; *Hangin' Loose*; *All His Children*; *Put Your Hand In The Hand*; *Snowbird*; *Little Green Apples*; *Sugar, Don't You Know*; *Have A Nice Day*.

Personnel: Crosby, vocal; Basie, piano; band personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★★★

This release is likely to do considerably more for Crosby's reputation than for Basie's. That's usually the way it works when a jazz group teams with a popular vocalist.

On the other hand, it is Crosby's reputation that is in considerably greater need of a boost than Basie's, so perhaps in the long run it's a fair shake for everyone.

This is probably Crosby's sleekest work since 1958 when he did a Verve album with Buddy Bregman (MGV 2020). It was a fairly big seller, and this one may do well also if atrophy hasn't taken too great a toll on Bing's audience. He is in fine voice all the way, and the choice of material is from among the best contemporary tunes, excepting two ringers



(*Hangin', Day*), which are the sort of nonentities that singers use to open TV variety specials.

Although Crosby isn't now and never has been a jazz singer, he is nevertheless at home in the jazz idiom. Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong and even Duke Ellington as far back as 1932 have all found in Crosby an amiable, compatible and swinging stylist. The voice has deepened to the point where you can almost count the vibrations at some points. To me, this has enriched his sound. Unfortunately, it comes at the expense of the upper reaches of his relatively limited range. Aside from that, things are pretty much the same in Crosbyland.

The pairing with Basie provides him with a perfect showcase. Freddie Green's guitar puts the cutting edge on the rhythm section beautifully, and Al Grey's trombone is conspicuously in evidence. Basie tiptoes teasingly about, sprinkling his own special spices hither and yon.

Although Basie and Crosby work well together, the "meeting" actually took place within the circuitry of a mixing console and not in an eyeball-to-eyeball studio confrontation. Each recorded their portions separately, meeting only briefly for some picture taking. The Crosby-Armstrong-Billy May LP of a dozen years ago was similarly produced. The results are nevertheless enjoyable on this one however, with Basie doing much to make this a credit to Crosby's discography.

—mcdonough

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22 down beat

ART FARMER

GENTLE EYES—Mainstream MRL 371: *A Time for Love*; *Didn't We; Soulsides; So Are You; Song of No Regrets; Gentle Rain; We've Only Just Begun; God Bless the Child; Gloomy Morning; Gentle Eyes*.

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Robert Dermmer, Robert Politzer, trumpets; Garney Hicks, trombone; Hans Low, Hans Solomon, Leszek Zadio, reeds; Fritz Pauer, piano; Julius Scheibbal, Richard Oesterreicher, guitars; Rudolf Hansen, Jimmy Woode, bass; Erich Bachtrage, drums; Jula Koch, percussion; 15 strings; Stephanie, vocal; Johannes Fehring, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★☆

This is gorgeous music. Made in Vienna with a European orchestra assembled by the Austrian Broadcasting Corporation, this album features some of the best ballad playing ever recorded.

Farmer is exquisite throughout. His horn is played with timeless beauty, as if inspired by the tranquility of an Austrian village. His melodic simplicity on *Time for Love* and the title song, written by pianist Pauer, is perfect. And *Soulsides*, composed by the album's producer, Erich Kleinschuster, is the all-time smoothest soul music I know of.

Really, there isn't much to criticize. The guitar counterpoint is striking, as is the sensitivity of the rhythm section. And if now and then the strings seem smarmy, Farmer is transcendent, above it all.

Gentle Eyes is simply beautiful music. —bourne

His playing here does not have the resourcefulness of the recent *Quintessential Recording Session* or the satiric extravagance of some of his best work, but it is solid, swinging piano as only he can play. The raison d'être for the album, however, is the stuff with Ms. Sullivan. Her flannel voice and a style that makes it all seem too easy are in peak form, and Hines is an extraordinary accompanist. A couple of times he gets lost for a second or so, but for the most part he provides carpet, wallpaper and ceiling for the vocals.

The stereo recording separates them with splendid results. At times Hines seems to be running off into his own thing, but he never gets in the singer's way and his sense of swing is impeccable. Significantly, the songs chosen are superior standards.

The Ellington set is less successful. It reminds me of the LP *Monk made of Ellington* tunes in '55, in that both artists were apparently stifled by the sheer melodic com-



EARL HINES

EARL HINES AND MAXINE SULLIVAN—Chiaroscuro CR 107: *If I Had You; I've Got the World On a String; Almost Like Being In Love; One Hundred Years From Today; Am I Blue; Along the Santa Fe Trail; Ace In The Hole; They All Laughed; He's Funny That Way; Confessin'*.

Personnel: Hines, piano; Ms. Sullivan, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★½

EARL HINES PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON—Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8114: *I Love You Madly; Sophisticated Lady; I'm Beginning To See The Light; Warm Valley; Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me; C Jam Blues; Everything But You; Mood Indigo; Come Sunday.*

Personnel: Hines, piano.

Rating: ★★★★½

The redoubtable Hines continues to enlighten with the magic of solo piano. Playing unaccompanied, his individuality flows unfettered with utter disregard for any rules but those of his own musical logic. He may begin a ballad meditatively, but that is no guarantee that the tune won't be suddenly buoyed by a stride interlude, a little boogie, and those characteristic note flurries that seem to gobble up the keys.

In the past few years, he has been over-recorded and the tricks he uses when inspiration is lacking—a heavy reliance on tremolos, vacuous virtuosity, and a resulting harmonic dullness—are becoming too familiar. Both sides of the master can be heard on these recordings.

The session with Maxine was recorded live at the Overseas Press Club and it is a delightful set. Hines was in a vivacious mood and he plays consistently well on the five cuts he has to himself, although some of them tend to go on too long. Always using the melody as a refrain for proper perspective, he takes happy, moody, nostalgic, irreverent trips on the compositions. I particularly like *String* with its false endings, and recurrent inventiveness, and the wistful *Confessin'*.

pleneness of the Duke's writing. Both artists became enmeshed in the tunes to the point that only modest embellishments were the result. The most successful cut on the Monk record was *It Don't Mean A Thing* with its stark rhythmic jazz line. Similarly, Hines does best with the two-note *C Jam Blues*, diving in for a concise, exuberant set of variations. *Mood Indigo* also finds him in top form, plotting the line with an exquisite pattern of chords and then mining several choruses with the unalloyed Hines imagination for a masterful performance. Hines freaks will want the set for these two cuts but the other tracks are disappointing. It's nice to have these pleasant interpretations but they are overlong and Hines seems nervous in trying to filter past the melody.

Lady is dressed in a diaphanous gown of arpeggios. *Warm Valley* is always nice to hear, but after the first statement Hines didn't have much to follow with. Part of the reason is that some of the material was new to him, and while we may be impressed by the producer's report that mostly first takes were used, this is obviously not the best method for optimum musical results. —giddins

CHARLES McPHERSON

SIKU YA BIBI (DAY OF THE LADY)—Mainstream MRL 365: *Don't Explain; Lover Man; God Bless the Child; Miss Brown to You; Good Morning Heartache; For Heaven's Sake; I'm a Fool to Want You; Lover Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: McPherson, alto sax; Barry Harris, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Leroy Williams, drums. On tracks 1, 3, 5, 7 add Ted Dunbar, guitar; string section of six violins, two violas, two cellos, arranged & conducted by Ernie Wilkins.

Rating: ★★★★☆

This album of fine, warm music dedicated

to Billie Holiday contains some of McPherson's most moving playing on record, notably on the four tracks with strings. In mood and feeling, these recall the famous Charlie Parker with Strings ballad things, and in a sense the album is also a tribute to the durability of the Parker tradition.

McPherson has been involved in heavy music-making for so long that the liner-note's reminder of his age—a mere 33—comes as a surprise. When he first came into view with Charles Mingus in 1959, he already had that strong, lovely sound that prompted Mingus to feature him in "Bird Medleys", plus the fluency and feeling that made the results convincing.

Unlike many others originally inspired by Parker, he has never turned his back on his mentor. On the contrary, he is proud of his direct lineage. But it would be wrong to think of McPherson as a mere emulator. He always brings to the music his own feelings and personality. Without pretense of any sort, he creates naturally flowing and musical phrases that are a joy to the ear.

The strings set off McPherson's sound very well indeed, and like so many jazzmen, he seems inspired by their presence. He restores to *God Bless the Child*, of late drained by too many pop versions, the purity Billie imbued it with.

Fool to Want You turns out to be a perfect vehicle for the altoist, who lends to its melancholy turns of phrase that special yearning quality found in both Lady and Bird. The sensitive *Don't Explain* (a very pretty song) comes off nearly as well, enhanced by Ted

Dunbar's short guitar solo—his only featured spot on the date.

Enhancing as well is the presence of Barry Harris, McPherson's erstwhile mentor and longtime collaborator. His comping is just about perfect, and his solo contributions, especially the moment on *Heartache* and the more extended spots on *Fool* and *Lover Come Back*, are gems.

Veteran Sam Jones and young Leroy Williams work well with Barry and for Charles, and Ernie Wilkins' string scoring is well above average—a pity the budget (or whatever) didn't allow for strings throughout. The quartet tracks, while nice, aren't up to the level of the things with strings.

McPherson hasn't always shown his true worth on record, but on the best things here, especially *Fool* and *Child*, you'll hear the great player those who've followed his work know him to be. And he's just getting it together, really.

—morgenstern

impression that this is a solo effort. Nothing is further from the truth. This is a cohesive little cooking—no, make that burning—band that grooves like a monster.

The "in the Bud" configurations of Pierce at the keyboard sound fresh and different coming from an organist. (Jazz organists usually go for the heavier tone clusters, but here comes somebody flying light little Bud Powell patterns all over the instrument.)

As a singer, Pierce is among the more honest. He doesn't strain for what he can't do. He doesn't go for the freak effects. He chooses intelligent lyrics like *Here, There and Everywhere*. And when he does something less than monumental (*Wichita Lineman*) he lets the fun come through and enjoys himself thoroughly.

This record also serves to reinforce a high opinion about two very exciting players, Bobby Jones and Pat Martino. Both solo well throughout, but I would call special attention to Jones' ballad work on *Here, There*.

Everyone solos beautifully on Trane's *Mr. P. C.*, but if you'd like to hear a sample of what is practically an extinct art of guitar accompaniment, listen to what Martino does behind Pierce's solo on that tune.

Brooks pushes everything along nicely with some very tasty drumming. Cranshaw doesn't get to do much more than fill out the sound.

I would question the practice of giving us little more than a half hour's music on an LP. I also could have done without the echo things at the end of *Lineman*. It's still a five star record (that's Pierce, Martino, Jones, Cranshaw and Brooks), any way you listen at it.

—klee

BOBBY PIERCE

INTRODUCING BOBBY PIERCE—Cobblestone 9016: *Think; Here, There and Everywhere; I Remember Ray; Mr. P. C.; Wichita Lineman; To Newport With Love*.

Personnel: Bobby Jones, tenor sax; Pierce, organ, vocal; Pat Martino, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, electric bass (tracks 2 & 5 only); Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★★★★☆

The title of this album tells only one fifth of the story. Somebody quite logically pulled it out of the air because Cobblestone here presents a new artist, but it tends to create the

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blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

In 1960, when a Lambert, Hendricks & Ross album was released by Columbia, a quote from *down beat* was plastered across the top proclaiming it "The Hottest New Group in Jazz." The claim was no exaggeration. Between 1958 and '62 the trio won a series of *down beat* and *Playboy* polls as the number one vocal group. But after illness forced Annie Ross out of the group in 1962, and following the 1964 departure of her replacement, Yolande Bavan, and of the late Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks found the personnel problems insurmountable and went to work as a single.

He left for London early in 1968 for a month's engagement at Ronnie Scott's Club, and wound up staying in Europe for four years. Now a permanent British resident, he returned to the U.S. briefly in May. Presenting his new act at Donte's, he introduced his wife Judith and 18-year-old daughter Michelle, who are now part of the act. Hendricks has lost none of his hip humor and retains a unique facility for fitting words to improvised solos.

The records selected for this Blindfold Test (his first since April 9, 1964) were designed to include a couple of new approaches to the use of the voice in music; two artists from England, and at least one old friend (the late Jimmy Rushing) to evoke nostalgic memories.

jon hendricks

1. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *What Reason Could I Give* (from *Science Fiction*, Columbia). Coleman, alto sax, composer; Ed Blackwell, drums; Asha Puthli, vocal.

I don't know what that was. It sounded like a superimposition of 6/8 on top of a hymn. The girl was a good singer; I'd like to have heard a little more of her. She was rather under-recorded . . . too much drums on top of her. Very good horn section, some good writing too. But what it was I can't begin to say.

It sounded interesting. That I'd like to listen to in some depth. I don't know what to say about that except it kept my interest. I couldn't hear any of the words except "How many times must I die," which gives it, to my mind, a religious implication. That's a very good singer; I wish I knew who it was, so that I'd be able to praise her by name.

I'd be afraid to rate this, because I don't have enough knowledge of what they were trying to do. I did like it.

2. CLARK TERRY. *The Mumbler Strikes Again* (from *Mumbles*, Mainstream). Terry, vocal.

That of course was Clark Terry (*laughs*). Whether you study astrology or not, there's something you learn about Sagittarians: the sign of Sagittarius is always full of fun. They love to play with their children, and I think like any great artist, Clark Terry has retained his nature as a child . . . he's playful, and he's funny and he's just beautiful; it's charming. To me he brings to music one of the things it needs and seems to have lost: the fact that it's laughable, funny.

That record is too good. All the stars in the heavens for that, because it gives the gift of laughter.

3. ALDEMARO ROMERO. *Never Can Say Goodbye* (from *Aldevaro Romero And His Onda Nueva*, Columbia). Clifton Davis, composer; Aldevaro Romero, arranger-conductor.

The first thing that impressed me was the wonderful horn section; beautiful trumpet, good ensemble, and bass trombone . . . wonderful arrangement. That style of singing was made popular. I guess, by Sergio Mendes, with the guy singing the lead and the girl an octave above.

I don't know who that group was; it might have been Sergio himself. But it was a great arrangement; great horn section, knocked me out. That's a very good song, sounds like Eduardo Lobo. I'd give that four stars.

4. CLEO LAINE. *Duet of Sonnets* (from *Shakespeare And All That Jazz*, Fontana). Kenny Wheeler, trumpet; Cleo Laine, vocal; John Dankworth, composer-arranger.

I'm in love with a married lady, and her husband knows all about it! (*laughter*). That was Cleo Laine and John Dankworth. I think that was probably one of the Shakespeare things. And playing trumpet it sounded like Kenny Wheeler, who was with me in the Ronnie Scott Quintet when I first went to London. A wonderful trumpet player.

Of course, there's not much to say about Miss Laine and John. Just as I was happy to have had a friendship with guys like Bird and Diz in this country, I was also very fortunate to enjoy their friendship in England. Two lovely and very talented people. Cleo is unique in the world . . . so is John. Great writer; good saxophone player too. That record's five stars. As far as the overdub, where she sang with herself, the more Cleo the better!

5. JOHN MAYALL. *Got To Be This Way* (from *Jazz Blues Fusion*, Polydor). Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Mayall, harmonica, vocals.

I never heard his band, but I heard he had my favorite trumpet player with him; Blue Mitchell. And that was Blue Mitchell, so that must be John Mayall who, as a young man from England, has come to America and is doing all he can to save traditional American music. For which I think he ought to be amply rewarded, and I hope he makes a million dollars.

That's a wonderful sound, beautiful music, too. And I still love Blue Mitchell, he's fantastic. That's the most intelligent thing John Mayall could have done. I miss the old Horace Silver Quintet. I'm sorry Horace saw fit to take off in a new direction, because I liked that old direction he was in. This gets all the stars you can muster up.

6. HORACE SILVER. *Won't You Open Up Your Senses* (from *Total Response*, Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer; Andy Bey, vocal.

Well, it was Andy Bey, singing with Horace Silver's Quintet. Of course, Horace's own composition . . . and . . . Horace's own lyrics. Now this is very significant to me, because I remember when I was Horace's lyricist. He was fooling around with lyrics and I gave him

some encouragement, like 'Go ahead and write your own,' and I never thought he'd really do that. I wouldn't mind, except that he does so well! Next time I walk up to where he's playing piano I think I'll go and shut the top down on his fingers.

Horace is a Virgo, he's going into the real truth of the sign; the discrimination is to find out that in himself which is bad and to purify himself, which is the responsibility of any good Virgo. And he's expounding his discoveries of himself to the world very well.

And of course Andy Bey, and his sister Salome, that family I have the greatest respect for. Five stars for Horace . . . and for Andy.

L.F.: If it was five stars, then why did you say on the previous one that you didn't like the direction Horace had taken?

Musically, I don't think that's what he's doing now is as exciting and as feeling and as much fun as what he was doing. But at least insofar as his lyrics, he's doing it in a way to help people; he's doing it in a positive way. So that I like.

7. JIMMY RUSHING. *The You And Me That Used To Be* (from RCA). Budd Johnson, soprano saxophone; Rushing, vocal.

That was my father! Jimmy Rushing, singing like they used to do: let the band play one, then the vocalist comes in and sings, then the solos play, then the vocalist takes it out and goes and sits down in the chair over in the corner (*laughs*). You know what Sam Woodard says: "Nobody dies." I think that's true; they just leave here.

That was some good writing, and a good saxophone player. Sounded like he was playing soprano sax. That's interesting because Jimmy himself was an alto player; second alto I think. He always sang like that, right on the beat, straight ahead, a lot of respect for the melody. That's a big loss. People today don't realize those losses until the time rolls around . . . what people like Jimmy gave to the world is missed. Now it's time for magazines to write articles about how great he was. That makes me furious. Why can't they do it while these people are still here? It doesn't make an artist feel too good to know that after you leave here you'll get whatever praise you might have deserved.

That's unratable in stars . . . to me it's worth everything.



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caught in the act

Thelonious Monk

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Paul Jeffries, tenor sax; Monk, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Thelonious Monk Jr., drums.

Monk, although taken somewhat for granted these days, is still a creative and vital musical thinker. His new group is (to this writer's ears) his best in some time.

It must be classed as one of the finest small ensembles in jazz today. It is similar to past Monk groups in style and overall sound, but it possesses a marvelous rhythmic freshness and a rare degree of group cohesion. To use a critical cliche, the group adds up to considerably more than the sum of its excellent parts.

The aforementioned rhythmic freshness is inspired mainly by 22-year-old Thelonious Jr. He obviously owes a debt to Elvin Jones, but shows the beginnings of a style of his own. By playing just a shade in front of the beat, he gives the group a lopsided but attractive rhythmic feel that is quite appropriate to Monk Sr.'s music. It reminds one of a dodo walking along the ground, or an old Okie car in *The Grapes of Wrath* chugging along and barely staying in one piece.

At Monk engagements now, one is likely to hear more or less the same repertoire one heard five (or 10) years ago. Monk standards such as *Blue Monk*, *Hackensack*, *Off Minor*, *Well, You Needn't*, and *Ruby, My Dear* still make up the bulk of an evening's performance. Not that this is at all tiresome; quite the contrary, it is like seeing old friends in some unexpected place. And the composer seems to suffer no lack of enthusiasm in playing them.

On the night I saw him, his playing was very strong, reminiscent at times of Count Basie, Jimmy Yancey, even Eubie Blake, while always remaining uniquely Thelonious.

The other half of the group is also excellent. Tenorist Jeffries' style is basically out of the late '50s "post bop" conception, with a very appealing wryness added. On this night, although he was fine throughout, he gave the best indication of his ability on *Straight, No Chaser*. His solo began with short, staccato lines, which built up to longer ones, taking unexpected turns and dips like a toy glider. It was at least 20 choruses of pure inspiration and invention.

Holland's work, full of vocal slides and incredibly fleet hornlike runs, forms the perfect counterpoint to what the others do as well as being a powerful solo voice.

In short, Monk is still capable of providing joyful and surprising musical experiences. All of the qualities which make his music great and unique are present in abundance in this excellent group.

—tom piazza

Marion Brown-Steve McCall

Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago

Personnel: Brown, alto sax, flute, miscellaneous percussion; McCall, drums, miscellaneous percussion.

The eastern free jazzmen get to play in Chicago so seldom that Brown's appearance was a special treat. On records his music has seemed a bit dry and unfinished to me, though the given recording situations may have been

responsible. Here, Brown presented quite a together music, much of which was delightful.

The set-up was a series of solos by both players, followed by a set of Brown accompanied by McCall. Brown's brief flute excursions, interesting in themselves, were mainly to set a relaxed mood. His frequent percussion sections—he has a small array of bells, cymbals, scratchers, a marimba, etc.—were a hiatus in the concert's movement, for the expressive features so essential to his woodwind work were necessarily absent. Brown's special gift is his alto sax music, and here he made his important statements.

Despite sometime associations with some Chicagoans and Europeans, Brown remains an eastern eclectic. His phrasing is based on Coleman, Shepp, and especially Coltrane, for instance, and his natural tendency is toward short "incomplete" phrases in the Coltrane-Shepp way. The resulting lyricism is indeed dry; without Brown's structural and dramatic intelligence the music might be exhausting. Moreover, he presents a rhythmic poise, a way of resting and spacing phrases for impact, a mobility of tempo and note values, that removes his style from the more common category of "energy music".

His sound is deliberately crude, hard. He varies it in any number of ways, coarsening, shrilling, etc., with split notes and harmonics often appearing for brief moments. His purposes are strictly dramatic; the accurate tone at all times and the well-defined sense of sonoric and volume gradations complete the picture of a sophisticated master of dynamics. Brown's technical perfection is particularly important in this new age of the jazz virtuoso, when a kind of lyricism-plus-dexterity is so pervasive among saxophonists. Beside all the skyrockets, Brown's more subtle ways are the more noticeable.

The primary feature of Brown's music this evening was its organization. Brown offered long thematic improvisations, not in the Ornette sense, but more in the occasional Rollins way: Theme phrases are repeated and perhaps developed amid other material. There were no composed lines, only the provocative phrases on which Brown's solos centered. One needs to be a whole-hearted dramatist like Rollins to bring this off consistently, it

would seem, and Brown's dramatic attention is more toward details of sound, rhythm, dynamics—sharp contrasts and long lines, for example, were rare. In spite of the relatively fragmented nature of his phrases the lines flowed freely and naturally, sometimes featuring passages of strikingly projected playing.

It's interesting that each of the five alto solos was organized in this thematic fashion. Is this typical of Brown in a stretching-out context, or is his art undergoing some changes? The first two (unaccompanied) solos were very, very creative, both incidentally using more than one theme phrase. In fact, only the last solo reworked exhausted material.

McCall, the concert's organizer, is a very different kind of musician—his background is largely bop and hard bop, and he is the most emotional of drummers. In fact, there seem to be three McCalls: The straight-ahead, very swinging bop drummer; the busy, thundering new music drummer who accompanied Brown in the second set; and, most interestingly, the freest of soloists, technically immensely articulate, with a personal breadth of vision seldom heard in avant garde drummers.

This last McCall approach appears only rarely, in just the most relaxed and intimate surroundings, and it surfaced tonight in a long thematic (Brown-inspired?) solo. The theme was a comic series of extended rappings and thumps; the wit lay in the contrast of this with ensuing drum lines—serious or exaggerated phrases cut off or developed to lead naturally to that absurd theme. It was quite imaginative and captivating, totally opposed in character to his shattering but similarly brilliant solo with a similarly brilliant solo with a similar group the previous week. This is an instantly compelling and communicative art; Steve McCall has been playing a lot of drums lately, and further such beauties are eagerly awaited.

—john litweiler

Mose Allison

Maryland Inn, Annapolis, Md.

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocal; Rusty Gilder, bass; Henry Blazar, drums.

It has been a long journey for Mose Allison from Tippo, Miss. to Smithtown, Long Island. Having assimilated everything from delta blues to modern jazz, he came to New York as a young man in the 1950s and worked as a pianist with Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan, among others, before going out on his own.

Now, at 45, after God knows how many weeks in another town, his piano playing is more adventurous while his singing, in that indescribable mudflat voice, has become even more laconic.

An Allison set usually opens with a couple of driving instrumentals. The vocal selection Mose offered the Annapolis customers was a typical sample of his repertoire. It included *Lost Mind* (Percy Mayfield); *Seventh Son* (Willie Dixon); *Do Nothin' Til You Hear From Me* (Ellington), and *City Home* (Allison). His current group is not his best, but Gilder was solid and Blazar matched Mose's instrumental moods effectively and got off some strong drum breaks.

As a lyricist, Mose is incomparable. His



World Radio History

words are a totally personal combination of ironic down home humor and hip urban awareness. Consider this exchange from *Don't Forget To Smile*: "Here we are sittin' face to face, and you're still tryin' to make it as a hopeless case."

Or "Everybody loves justice . . . just as long as there's business first." Or *Wild Man in the Street*, a perfect put-on of Saturday night hustlers.

Through his impeccable taste, and by the special wry meaning he is able to lend even the most ordinary lyrics, Mose has the ability as well to make the material of others seem uniquely his own. People frequently assume that he wrote Ellington's *Ain't Got Nothin' But The Blues*, for example.

"I did change some of the words," admitted Mose, a graduate of Louisiana State University in literature and philosophy, during a break. His current preferences in music, he said, ranged from Oriental music to "primitive blues" (Muddy Waters) to some of the younger musicians. He particularly admires Edgar Winter's band, White Trash.

He has recently added an early rhythm&blues tune to his repertoire. It goes, "I got a hot rod Ford and a two-dollar bill, and I know a place just over the hill. Music's good and the dancin's free, hey babe, c'mon along with me . . ."

"That's the basic idea," said Mose.

—james d. dilts

Gunter Hampel

Space, New York City

Personnel: Daniel Carter, soprano, alto&tenor sax, flute; Mark Whitecage, alto sax, alto clarinet, flute; Toni

Marcus, violin; Gunter Hampel, vibraphone, flute, bass clarinet; Paul Bouillet, guitar; John Shea, Jack Gregg, bass; Bob Moses, Mruga, percussion; Jeanne Lee, voice.

It is our good fortune that New York is the jazz capital of the world to which every jazz artist must come to achieve stature. It is to our detriment that once they are here, the city doesn't offer them enough room to properly expose their artistry.

Space, a fifth floor loft on West 36th St., has been attempting to showcase artists who, because they aren't commercial enough, have difficulty in finding other gigs. More often than not, these artists have quite a bit more to offer than the average act one will hear at a jazz club. Their music requires an intense participation from the audience, which is probably why they are for the most part not welcome in clubs or even at the more conventional concert halls.

The music which Gunter Hampel's group played on the evening we attended was endless music. It began at one point and continued until exhaustion of that point—at our departure some three hours later that point had not been reached. Hampel does not write compositions, he writes music. There are no songs, movements, pieces—there is simply music, from the time Haripel and his gang take the stand until the muses leaves them, which could be the next day—another reason why they wouldn't exactly delight a club-owner who wants a turnover every hour.

This, then, is alternate music. It is available to anybody who is tired of 12-bar blues, 32-bar tunes, or whatever. You may love it. You may detest it. But you must accept it as evidence of the fact that some people want to

extend their musical horizon and spatial limitations.

My reaction was positive. I got a lot from most of the musicians, but particularly from Whitecage, Carter and Hampel, and also from Toni Marcus, an incredible string player who avoids all the jazz fiddle clichés. It was here warm personal sound and vibrance that furnished the most gut emotional element to a music which, at times, took on the appearance of coldness.

The thing which sets Hampel's music apart from (and above) most of the music being made by the "avant garde" is that the musicians of his ensembles genuinely interact. They take time out from their ego trips to listen to what the others are doing and then relate to that.

Hearing many of these musicians later in a social situation where they were thrown into a caldron with some 30 self-indulgent players, Hampel and his cohorts soon found it an impossible playing situation and formed their own little scene in an area where true jazz chamber music could be made independently of the melee.

The fact that I have singled out the horns should not detract from bassists Shea and Gregg or percussionists Mruga and Moses. The rhythms in Hampel's music are subtle and hidden and do not make rhythm players stand out in they way some other contemporary music does.

As mass media entertainment Gunter Hampel's music may miss the mark, but as an honest expression of a personal feeling which was evolved over his career as a progressive jazz artist, it makes it.

—joe h. klee

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JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS: TROMBONE by David Baker
(First Edition, down beat MUSIC WORKSHOP PUBLICATIONS, 1972, Chicago, IL, U.S.A.) 160 pp. (247 music plates), width 11" x depth 8½", spiral bound.

Catalog No. 8... \$12.50*

The first in a series of 18 JS&A volumes, edited by David Baker and Charles Suber, published by **down beat MUSIC WORKSHOP PUBLICATIONS**. Each volume in the JS&A series is authored by an expert player/educator who traces the history of his instrument (in this instance, trombone) by analysing solos transcribed from the earliest jazz recordings to those of today. Each volume is a unique historical record of a particular instrument in the jazz idiom AND an invaluable method book designed to improve jazz concepts, special jazz techniques (for trombone: growls, smears, "across the grain", etc.), and understanding of improvised jazz lines as performed by the greatest and most representative players. **JAZZ STYLES & ANALYSIS: TROMBONE** is a must! For all music libraries; trombonists at all levels of competence; and serious jazz players of any instrument (using each volume's Transposition Chart).

JS&A: TROMBONE Table of Contents include: "Transposition Chart" for all instruments; Time-Style Chart places 191 trombonists in their respective chronological and stylistic eras; "Trombone Poll Winners" (1935-72)—top ten trombonists in every **down beat** Readers Poll and International Critics Poll; "Solos & Soloists"—247 different transcribed and analysed solos from 191 trombonists (each with bio sketch) from ARBELLA, FERNANDO, to ZWERIN, MIKE and including Fred Beckett/Bobby Brookmeyer/Lawrence Brown/Georg Bruns/Billy Byers/Jimmy Cleveland/Cutty Cuthself/Vic Dickenson/Billy Eckstine/Geechy Fields/Carl Fontana/Curtis Fuller/Tyree Glenn/Urbie Green/AI Grey/Slide Hampton/Bill Harris/Jimmy Harrison/J.C. Higginbotham/Jack Jenny/J.J. Johnson/Jimmy Knepper/Melba Liston/Albert Mangelsdorf/Glenn Miller/Miff Mole/Snub Moseley/Tricky Sam Nanton/Kid Ory/Jim Pankow/Julian Priester/Frank Rehak/Frank Rosolino/Don Sebesky/Jack Teagarden/Juan Tizol/Brian Trentham/Bill Watrous/Dickie Wells/Phil Wilson/Kai Winding/Big Willie Woods.

David Baker is head of jazz studies at Indiana University (Bloomington); a **down beat** Poll Winner ('New Star', 1962 Critics Poll); a world famous arranger-composer and author. Baker's most recent recorded trombone performance may be heard on the Bill Evans/George Russell album "Living Time" (Col KC31490). "The numerous trombone solos David Baker has analysed over the years only partially reflects the man's mind. Dave has to be one of the world's leading authorities on the jazz trombone. This book is a must for all jazz players." —Phil Wilson.

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CARTER

Continued from page 14

try. The potential was there, but they've been told that this is the way to make the grade. They all had good sounds, good volume, good diction—but they all sounded just alike. This is really sad from an artistic standpoint."

Betty Carter does not feel all rock or pop is bad music. She would simply like to see jazz get its fair share of airing, along with other forms of music. "Those listeners who want to hear music for the art of it ought to be able to," she said. "And those performers who want to be in music for the art of it, rather than the money, ought to have that opportunity."

Unlike many in and around jazz, she doesn't merely point a finger at what's wrong with the music today—she offers solutions. "If every black disc jockey in the country would play one jazz track every hour he's on the air," she suggested, "just think how much jazz would be heard nationally! I'm talking about black DJs now, 'cause this is their culture. And they've got to be the ones to save it—I mean, if they really care about black culture."

Carter suggests that black DJs organize nationally and demand the right to play some jazz. "Just a few minutes of each hour is all it amounts to. No one would suffer, no one would lose any money. And it would give the kids a chance to hear jazz regularly, in doses. Then, after this happens, you're gonna get the same reaction from many white disc jockeys. They'll get to feeling guilty and will come along too."

Another idea she offers to bolster the music is a spin-off on Jazz Month. Each year in New York, April is designated as Jazz Month. Live concerts are presented, department stores sell jazz albums at discounts, clubs feature special shows, radio programs are devoted to jazz, lectures are given in honor of the music. Betty Carter asks: "Why not have a different Jazz Month in 12 key cities around the country, to make up a Jazz Year?"

The benefits from this idea, she indicated, would work two ways: More playing dates for musicians, more dissemination of jazz. "This would allow jazz musicians to appear in these 12 cities all year 'round, without repeating too often in the same town," she pointed out. "Once this gets going, that virgin territory could even be tapped—places like Nebraska, Iowa, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, where they rarely get to hear this music."

Betty Carter understands only too well that these kinds of activities must be organized, coordinated. In other words, working for jazz requires action, not lip service. She, for one, seems to be devoting her life to the music. Her action in the name of jazz takes several forms. Personally, she is constantly talking it up for jazz—to friends, record company executives, publishers, students, distributors—to anyone who will listen, and just as many who will not. It's kind of a personal public relations effort.

Closer to the battlefield, she has formed her own record label, Bet-Car Productions, North Plainfield, N.J. The first project to bear fruit in the new venture was an album by Betty Carter, backed by her then regular trio—Norman Simmons, piano; Lisle Atkinson, bass; Al Harewood, drums. The set of standards and jazz originals was recorded live at a birthday party staged at the Village Vanguard. In case you haven't heard, the album swings.

Carter indicated that she is pulling material together for two children's jazz albums. A deal is being negotiated with Scholastic Records,

and plans are moving forward to issue sides aimed at educating the young. (She's always thinking about the future of jazz.)

While optimistic about the recording venture, she admitted that she expects some tough wailing ahead. "Distribution is a big problem," she declared. "First, we don't have the reach of the established set-up. Second, the dealers who have sold some sides for you take much longer to pay a small outfit than a large company. We can't exert the same pressure."

You've just been listening to Betty Carter the promoter. As for Betty Carter the artist, she has a reputation as a musician's singer. For she thinks like a musician and, therefore, sings more like a musician playing his horn than a singer using her cords. She understands what musicians are doing, so they can wheel and deal without getting in her way. They like that.

"I always sang 'wrong' in a technical sense," she claimed. "I've never had the typical pretty voice. My voice was always more raw, so interpretation has been my key, to overshadow the technical part. Later I developed my own sound. That sound still wasn't polished, but I feel the style is." Summing up her vocalistics, she stated: "A singing teacher would be very unhappy with the way I approach music."

As for material, she said if she sings the song, she likes it. If she doesn't sing it, she doesn't like it. "Not only do I have to like the material, but I've got to be able to make it my own. For if I'm a jazz singer, that means I've got to make it new, or at least I've got to use the music in a new way, so that it becomes very personal. Very me. Very black. For jazz to me is black," she said. "I feel that no white singer could ever do what I do vocally."

When asked whether she was suggesting that only a black can sing or play jazz, she smiled wryly and said: "It's more or less proved out that way. . . . The black musicians in jazz are the creators. They start it. Then you get your branches. Even black branches. Then you get your aftermath. And what can you say about the man who comes after?" Although Ms. Carter contends there is a difference in the feeling generated, she admitted when challenged that she might not be able to pick out the black from the white musician on record. "After all," she reasoned, "there are too many really good simulators."

To Betty Carter it's not a question of whether only blacks can play authentic jazz. "The black is authentic jazz," she declared. After a pause, she added: "Sure, some white musicians have made their mark in jazz. They play well, interpret well. Sure some blacks listen to some whites. There are white singers I like. But the leaders, the originators have all been black, and geniuses don't come in bunches!"

One of those leaders, those creators is Betty Carter. And even though she considers herself an unknown, she has not lost hope in her role as an artist. For she has always done her own business, believing that it is better to be true to one's own self artistically than to become someone else's idea of what you are financially.

Betty Carter is a stick-with-it individual all the way down the line—from the music to pride in her culture. Her concluding remarks brought this home once again. "This is to black people," she prefaced. "Jazz is your culture. Don't believe them when they go around saying jazz is dead. You can't kill culture that easily. Not black culture. 'Cause if jazz is dead, so are you."

HUBBARD

Continued from page 15

being shaped by the culture and environment it is part of.

For instance, on *B.P.* (dedicated to Bud Powell) in live performances, the group's excursion to the motions of cross-rhythms within various time signatures and tempo changes seems to grasp the pulse of city life. And on the all-out funky things, such as *Straight Life* and *Red Clay*, the blend of rhythms propels Hubbard and Cook to express ideas on the meaning of those rhythms.

Reflecting on these pieces, Hubbard says: "My rhythmic thing is drummers. Drums fascinate me, so I usually write something around the rhythms. The melodies were done during a period when I was traveling throughout California. I was thinking of Coltrane and trying to express through the music the memories of being around him."

Any economic success the group may have is viewed by Hubbard as a result of how his music is being presented. "Since I've now got all this experience behind me, I'm working on trying to get the business end of it together. I've been fortunate to get good reviews in magazines and airplay on radio stations. It sounds simple enough to say. 'Well, I can play,' but it doesn't happen like that—instead, it makes you find out what can happen.

"You've got a lot of guys who can't play as well as others, but they end up making more money because they've got their business together. That's what all black musicians have to do—take the time to take care of business and try to deal with that in order to get your message across to the people. People are funny: They only like what they hear most. They could hear something in a club and like it, but if they don't hear it continuously, as on the radio, they won't buy it. And if they don't buy your records, then you're not going to be in demand to appear. My music has been good for a long time, but it's always been a problem getting to the people so they could enjoy it."

Hubbard's awareness of the presentation of black music in the media has led to involvement in such organizations as the Collective Black Artists, who are concerned with restructuring the management of the music.

"It's a hell of a thing having to make a living playing 'jazz' in this country, or anywhere, because it is a music with so many different styles that people can't pinpoint it. It's different with Wilson Pickett and James Brown; they sound more or less on the same beat. But if you go listen to Teddy Wilson and then Yusef Lateef, it may all be called jazz but there's a lot of space between those musicians—differences of age, style, and other things."

Is the teaching of black music courses in colleges and jazz instruction in the schools in general going to help?

"As for teaching improvisation, there is a technique, but the technique taught in the schools is based on the theory of harmony, while the true innovators weren't taught in schools. The teachers will have to be players, since the players are the ones who've been out there and have received some experience in the streets.

"It's a personal thing when you're teaching the music because jazz is very involved, and that's one of the reasons why people haven't been able to relate to it. There's a lot of feeling involved, and your personal experiences. For

instance, when I did *Red Clay*, I went back to an incident that happened 15-16 years ago and a rhythm that kept going through my head. But the courses are good in the sense that they're bringing people to the music on a level where they can appreciate and respect it."

Hubbard now faces the future with the complete range of his artistry still untapped. Of this he said:

"Instruments are an extension, and I'm considering using another horn. In high school, I got to the point where I could improvise on French horn. It's not an easy instrument to improvise on because the valves, the notes, tend to skid together. But I'm thinking of playing the instrument again.

"I'd also like to experiment with electronic

trumpet sounds—processed trumpet sounds are used on the *Songray* album. Besides that, I also played some music for a film in L.A. where I used an echoplex and multivider, and I found that I could do a whole lot of things with that—some weird stuff

"I'd like to do a whole lot of different things. I've played with strings, combos, big orchestras, even done commercial jingles. Now I'd like to do a series soloing with a big orchestra. I've also been approached to teach, though I'm not too interested right now."

Summing up, the trumpeter said: "I'm very proud that I'm able to play this music. Sometimes people appreciate it, sometimes they don't. But I know what I'm doing, and I realize that it's not something that everybody can get to. Music is my purpose." db

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book reviews

American Popular Songs: The Great Innovators 1900-1950. By Alec Wilder. Edited by James T. Maher. Oxford University Press. 536 pages. \$15.

Serious jazz books are ever with us. Some are valuable, some absurd, and most repeat what has been said many times before. What we have here is the first serious and most valuable study of American popular music, the blood and bone of so much glorious jazz. The book is provocative, informative, opinionated, and never dull.

Though the subject is popular music, not jazz, I would think anyone interested in jazz would want to read this book, non-song "free" jazz types to the contrary notwithstanding. After all, without *I Can't Get Started* by Vernon Duke there could be no *I Can't Get Started* by Bunny Berigan.

With the polished writing and editing help of James T. Maher, composer Alec Wilder discusses the work of nearly 200 song writers, zeroing in on more than 3500 measures of music from more than 700 songs.

Songs were chosen for quality and originality, not popularity, and although one man's great tune is another man's dog tune any man with a love of song should find few dog tunes in this book.

A bright, meaningful lyric is appreciated by Wilder (who understands, too, that a song lyric is not to be confused with a poem) but the emphasis throughout is on music.

The original sheet music portions are never used as padding in anything approaching "and then he wrote" fashion. Music is selected to illustrate a point. For example, about Raymond Hubbell's 1916 peerless gem *Poor Butterfly*, Wilder says this about the first two measures of the chorus: "After three 'held' pick-up notes the melody falls on the fourth interval of the scale which is a whole note tied to a quarter note in the second measure. It is the very best example I know of the romantic potential of this interval, which under unromantic circumstances should never be stressed simply because it then comes off a weak note."

Wilder's awareness of what jazz is about is apparent throughout the book. Typically, on Art Hickman's 1917 *Rose Room* he is quick to point out the constant shifting in the harmony is "meat and potatoes for a jazz improviser," and suggests that the 15 whole notes in the melody "provide lots of room for arrangers' figurations and orchestral devices."

About half the book is devoted to the work of six composers: Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter and Harold Arlen.

Kern's music is discussed for 61 pages but Wilder does not view the work of this popular music giant with the customary reverence. "I must say that I believe Kern's music became increasingly American not so much because of his complete acceptance of the new sounds around him as because of the demands of public taste. I believe he was a musician, like so many others, who revered the glorious European musical tradition and therefore shied away from the unpolished expression of American popular music . . ." he writes.

But Wilder knows that any composer would be proud to have written *Look for the Silver Lining* and is at his best explaining the spe-

cial joys to be found in Kern's *All the Things You Are* ("that b natural in the sixth measure is a marvelous twist").

Berlin is much more up Wilder's alley. In contrast to Kern, Wilder finds that "Berlin was out in the street where it was all happening."

The very quantity of Berlin's music amazes the composer in Wilder. As late as 1969, Berlin's publishing company still listed 899 of his songs and "only Mr. Berlin can say how many hundreds more he wrote and threw away."

The chapter on Berlin is hampered enormously because Berlin would not grant Wilder permission to use any musical excerpt from even one of his songs, but that refusal does not dampen Wilder's enthusiasm for Berlin's artistry. Those who prefer Kern, Rodgers, Gershwin or Porter to Berlin will find no supporter in Wilder, who sums up: "Let it be said that he is the best all-around, over-all song writer America has ever had."

Wilder knows why jazzmen favor Gershwin tunes such as *Somebody Loves Me* and *The Man I Love* and explains it well. And there is this shrewd aside about the last one:

"I have a musical friend who believes that the release of *The Man I Love* should be employed in any A-A-B-A song by any player who has forgotten the proper one and no one will ever know the difference. He hasn't said why he feels this way, but I think it is because it cries out, 'I am a release!' It simply couldn't be anything else."

Wilder believes that Rodgers' "greatest melodic invention and pell-mell freshness occurred during his years of collaboration with Lorenz Hart." He also feels that Rodgers songs have, over the years, "revealed a higher degree of consistent excellence, inventiveness, and sophistication than those of any other writer I have studied."

For Wilder, *Nobody's Heart* is "a masterpiece" and *It Never Entered My Mind* a harmonic joy. But *I Could Write a Book* is "curiously old-fashioned, much in the manner of Kern" with "an uninspired melody," and *Bewitched* is "too noteey." *Some Enchanted Evening* is understandably sloughed off as "pale and pompous and bland."

Porter is "the most thoroughly trained musician of all the writers discussed in this book," Wilder says, and is praised for sophistication, wit, and musical complexity. He enthuses over *Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye* and *It's Bad For Me* but about the longest popular song ever written, *Begin the Beguine*, Wilder says "along about the sixtieth measure I find myself muttering another title, *End the Beguine*." Artie Shaw probably agrees.

The author prefers Arlen to Gershwin. For Wilder, Arlen has "an astonishing melodic gift" and "harmonic sensibilities of the most sophisticated sort." Jack Teagarden would have been pleased with his praise for *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* and Benny Goodman would agree that *As Long As I Live* "hasn't a dated note in it."

The songs of Vincent Youmans, Arthur Schwartz, Burton Lane, Hugh Martin and Vernon Duke receive considerable space, as well they should. Wilder thinks Youmans' *More Than You Know* is "one of the best pop songs I have ever heard" but says *Without a Song* is "pretentious, both lyrically and melodically." He finds fault with the release of Schwartz' *If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You* but says *By Myself*, only an octave in

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range, is "virtually unique."

He has many cheers for Vernon Duke but *Taking a Chance on Love* doesn't reach him at all. He says this song is "a contrivance, practically a potboiler." Zoot Sims, for one, would not agree, but Wilder does not pretend to be writing an objective study of popular song, if such were indeed possible.

In the lengthy chapter entitled "The Great Craftsmen", Wilder discusses songs by Hoagy Carmichael, Harry Warren, Jimmy McHugh, Fred Ahlert, Ray Noble, Rube Bloom, Walter Donaldson, Isham Jones, Duke Ellington, Richard Whiting, Johnny Green and Jimmy Van Heusen. Wilder is most enthusiastic about Noble's work and says rightly that McHugh's *Don't Blame Me* "is a standard if I ever heard one" and Green's *Body and Soul* "remains a landmark" with its wide range, complex verse and release. And the pure melodies of Van Heusen have him making proper use of the words "great" and "marvelous".

Ellington songs present a problem for Wilder because most were composed as instrumental pieces. But *Sophisticated Lady* is



Louis Armstrong and Cole Porter

"unique," says Wilder, "particularly the release which shifts from the parent key of A flat to G. Its very ingenious return to A flat is a piece of linear wizardry." I think Ellington's extensive use of the ninth for *Sophisticated Lady* was strikingly unusual in 1933, too, but no matter.

Prelude to a Kiss, "a chromatic idea supported by very gratifying, satisfying harmony" only "comes close to being a song." *Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me* and *I Didn't Know About You* "work well" as songs and he "has to admit" that the Ellington-Stayhorn *Satin Doll* with its "marvelous, perfect Mercer lyric" is indeed a song.

Wilder concludes that the songs of Ellington are only a minor aspect of his composing talent, and who would argue with that?

Many other composers, many other songs are discussed. Wilder loves Harry Akst's *Dinah* "for its absolute naturalness" and does not forget Willard Robison and his lovely *Peaceful Valley*. James P. Johnson's 16-measure *If I Could Be With You* is "marvelous, truly swinging" and "hasn't a dead spot in it." He has kind words for another 16-measure beauty, *It Must Be True* by Harry Barris, a

piece that Bud Freeman, for one, still likes to play. Curiously, he does not include an even better known Barris song, *I Surrender, Dear*.

Arthur Johnston's *Moon Song*, which Woody Herman used to sing with so much heart and rhythmic punch, is called "a fascinating study in chromatic writing" and those who have played it know why. *My Old Flame* by Johnston and Sam Coslow intrigues Wilder because it "beautifully used a device which many songs have used down the years, that of dropping down to a note not in the scale of the key to which the song is written."

That's All by Bob Haymes is called "one of the last free-flowing, native, and natural melodies in the grand pop style." (This reviewer still finds this song's resemblance to the earlier *It's So Nice To Have a Man Around the House* much too close for comfort.)

Jazz enthusiasts may notice that only one Fats Waller song, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, is mentioned. A matter of taste, probably. Or perhaps other Waller songs were not innovative enough for Wilder. Or something. In any event, it is suggested that *Black and Blue*, *I've Got a Feeling I'm Fallin* and *Keeping Out of Mischief Now* are superior to many of the songs Wilder selects for comment.

Editor Maher estimates that about 300,000 "popular" songs may have been deposited for copyright between 1900 and 1950 and claims that Wilder examined 17,000 of these before commenting on the 700 in this book.

This is a purely personal view of American popular song and Wilder does have sensitive musical taste and a professional's insights.

Still, as anyone else whose head includes dozens of favorite popular songs, I did miss many songs I care about. For example: *Avalon*, *Rose of Washington Square*, *Street of Dreams*, *It Happened in Monterey*, *Crazy She Calls Me, Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, *Rosetta*, *June Night*, *You Can Depend on Me*, *Makin' Whoopee*, *I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me*, *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You*, *I've Found a New Baby*, *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll*, *I'm a Dreamer (Aren't We All)*, *Serenata*, *This Is All I Ask*, *Nina Never Knew* and *Till We Meet Again*.

Well, Wilder must surely dig some of these too. A book such as this one can be only so long, and thank God he did include *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*.

Richard Whiting's *Till We Meet Again* involves one of the few factual mistakes noticed in the book. Wilder says that Whiting's "first big hit" was *The Japanese Sandman*, published in 1920. That's not right. *Till We Meet Again* was big and it was published in 1918.

One might argue with some of Wilder's musical facts, too (what notes singers do or do not sing, as in *Pretty Baby* and *East of the Sun*, for example) but such would be trivial nit-picking. From any point of view this is a superb book. There is no other book on popular music in this league.

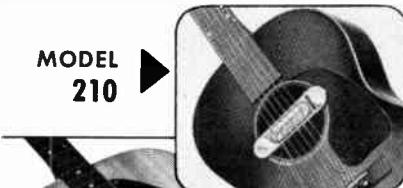
It should be noted that Wilder modestly does not mention himself or any of his own songs in the book. And he's written some good ones, notably *It's So Peaceful in the Country*, *I'll Be Around*, *While We're Young*, and *Who Can I Turn To?* (not the recent hit so named).

This book suggests that as a team, composer-critic Wilder and writer-editor Maher work together as well as, say, Rodgers and Hart. Higher praise than that this reviewer does not have in his ken.

—tom scanlan

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Latin Percussion, by Tom Brown

If a performing group is looking for excitement and added-color, Latin-American instruments can provide this finishing touch. Augmenting the rhythm utilizes extra percussionists while enriching the arrangement by adding a large variety of instruments and rhythms. However, there is sometimes confusion in deciding *what* instruments to use or *how* to use them.

The Latin-American family of percussion instruments can best be introduced through the rhumba since this dance displays the basic beats used on each instrument. Divided into two families of instruments, the rhythm section and the drum section, they can provide varied rhythms while producing an astonishing variety of sounds.

The following four instruments in the rhythm section below blend beautifully because claves (wood-strike), maracas (gourd-shake), cowbell (metal-strike) and the guiro (gourd-scrape) do not interfere with each other's basic tone. When combined they are not confusing to the listener because each instrument's characteristic sound is playing a different rhythm.

claves

maracas

cowbell

guiro

BONGOS ("Martillo" pattern)

TIMBALES ("Baqueto" pattern)

CONGA DRUM ("Tumbao" pattern)

The first beat is struck with the left hand which remains on the head. The second beat has the right hand striking near the rim while the left hand fingers are raised. On the third beat, the left hand fingers slap the head again while the hand is still resting on the head. On the fourth beat, the right hand strikes near the center of the open head.

Remember that the rhumba is only the beginning, for once the techniques are developed they may be employed successfully with calypso, bolero-rhumba, slow mambo, cha-cha, and some forms of Afro-Cuban dances. Rhythms should be altered to fit the rhythmic pattern of the dance form or the arrangement's background. Synthetic beats or beats which are invented to best conform to the rhythms in an arrangement are always desirable and are not improper.

There are other instruments which are used extensively besides the seven common to the Cuban dance forms just discussed. These instruments have become popular through the bossa nova. Before learning the components of this dance, the beats must be introduced through the fundamental Brazilian dance, the samba.

One of the new instruments in this dance is the chocallo, also called the metal tubo. The chocallo is a metal cylinder filled with shot or seed.

A cabasa is also used very effectively in the samba. This is a large round gourd with a tapered handle base. The gourd is surrounded by a net of strung beads. As the gourd is twisted, the beads scrape the outside surface of the gourd.

The afuca is a highly successful substitute for the cabasa. It too has a single handle but its sides are made of rippled metal. Metal beads are strung loosely around the metal. The same twisting will produce a very tight, dry cabasa sound, only with more ability to project.

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a tidy label on a composition's dance rhythm. The beautiful part is that extra percussion creates interest, color, sight and sound, a very exciting addition to many current arrangements. What's next? Whatever is new on the musical scene will continue to depend upon rhythm, and these ancient instruments, or close relatives, will always play an important part.

Tom Brown, a faculty member of the College of Saint Rose (Albany, N.Y.) music department, is also the president of both the New York State Unit of the National Association of Jazz Educators and the National Percussive Arts Society.

jazz on campus

Campus Ad Lib: Gary Burton will be the featured artist in a Dec. 17 clinic-concert with the Triton College Percussion Ensemble and Jazz Band . . . The Univ. of Wisconsin - Eau Claire Jazz Band, Dom Spera, dir., presented clinics and concerts at two inner city Milwaukee schools (Rufus King, West Division) on Nov. 7. The band plans to appear at the college festivals at Elmhurst and Notre Dame next spring . . . The Jazz Band at Notre Dame presented their first concert in November at LaFortune Student Center. The concert marked the start of a weekly series of jazz events, *Jazz At Nine*, at the center. Alternating with the jazz band will be jazz and jazz-rock combos and sonically illustrated lecture-discussions of jazz practices, directions, and artists. The series is jointly sponsored by the jazz band and the Collegiate Jazz Festival. Composed of 20 pieces, the jazz band was begun this fall on an experimental basis under the direction of the Rev. George Wiskirchen and soloists at the first concert included Fedele Volpe, trumpet; Nick Talarico, Don Banas, trombones; Charles Rohrs, tenor sax; Matt Brandes, Neil Gillespie, piano; Jeff Noonan, guitar; Katy Johnson, vocals. Future plans include the establishment of an Improvisation Workshop, the formation of one or more jazz combos, the introduction and experimentation with jazz and improvisational music in the liturgy, and the formation of a Rock Creativity Workshop . . . Sam Houston State University's First and Second Lab Bands (under the direction of Jimmy Cargill and John Standridge, respectively) concertized recently. Featured were several compositions by Dr. Tull, chairman of the Music Department . . . The Akron Jazz Workshop, a community big band composed of students from a dozen area high schools under the direction of local pros and school band directors, recently gave a concert at the Weathervane Playhouse. Originals by Bill Dobbins and former Kenton trombonist Bob Curnow were performed.

Wilson; evening concert featuring Farrell, Wilson of EIU Jazz Band.

March 3 - Ninth Riley County (Kan.) HS Stage Band Fest., Jerry Hall, dir.; 23 bands, featuring Roy Burns, Matt Bettin.

April 12-14 - 15th Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Fest., Rev. George Wiskirchen, dir., at U. of Notre Dame; HS groups on April 12.

April 13-15 - Sixth Quinnipiac College Jazz Fest. (Hamden, Conn.); further information to be announced.

April 14-15 - Seventh Pacific Coast CJF (a regional CJF), Joel Leach, dir., at Cal. State U. - Northridge, HS groups first day; college bands second day.

strictly ad lib

New York: Big band doings: Buddy Rich did two nights at Barney Google's in late Oct. and also guest-hosted the Dick Cavett Show while in town; Ray McKinley and Count Basie did one-nighters Oct. 27 and Nov. 10 respectively at Roseland, and Woody Herman opens at the new Half Note Nov. 27 . . . For a while, there were two Half Notes in town. Buddy Tate kept things warm at the old downtown location until new management was ready to take over, an event scheduled for early November. (The new name: The Onliest Place.) Bobby Hackett was at the new place, Nov. 6-18, leading a quartet opposite Earl Hines' trio plus Marva Josie. This bill was followed by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet for a week, and Anita O'Day comes in for two starting Dec. 11. The very well attended opening week saw Stan Getz, in great form, at the helm of Richie Bierach, piano; Dave Holland, bass, and Jeff Williams, drums, plus the J.P.J. Quartet with guest Bobby Hackett added for the weekend and Don Friedman's trio for the rest of the stay. Next up were Al Cohn and Zoot Sims in a long-awaited reunion and the inseparable Jackie & Roy . . . The Village Vanguard brought back Charles Lloyd (Election Day eve through Nov. 12), then had Chick Corea (with Stanley Clarke, Airto, Flora Purim). Thelonious Monk and his foursome will be on hand through Nov. 26, and Yusef Lateef opens the 28th. Tyrone Washington replaced Dave Hubbard at Bruce Johnson's matinee Oct. 22 . . . Pianist Al Dailey was at Gerdes Folk City . . . Kenny Barron manned the piano at Boomers. Warren Bernhardt and Mike Mainieri duetted at Bradley's. Ahmad Jamal held forth at the Club Baron, followed by Mongo Santamaria, and Dave Burrell was Upstairs at the Duplex . . . Mikell's was graced in late October by the presence of Roland Hanna, Ron Carter and Freddie Waits . . . Pianist Sonny Phillips' trio doing split weeks at the Salaam No. 7 uptown . . . The Count's Men (Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Earl Warren, reeds; Chuck Folds, piano; Franklin Skeete, bass; Jo Jones, drums)



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concertized Oct. 25 at Wollman Auditorium at Columbia Univ. . . Tenorist Harold Ousley's trio and singer Rita Da Costa were at the Showplace, 155th & St. Nicholas . . . Good Try Dept.: *Jazz for McGovern* swung Town Hall Oct. 24 with Herbie Mann, Lee Konitz, Mose Allison, Atilla Zoller, Roy Ayers and David Amram and their groups . . . Keith Jarrett gave a solo piano concert, somewhat of a tour de force, at Mercer Arts Center Oct. 28 . . . Corky Hale, playing piano and harp and singing, and Bucky Pizzarelli's guitar teamed up to start a music policy at the Soerabaja Restaurant, 140 E. 74th . . . Complete personnel of bassist Bernard Small's Swing Quartet, heard Wednesdays at the Music Box, 121 W. 3rd, is Skeeter Best, guitar; Bill Spooner, piano, and Fred Stoll, drums . . . At the Bar, in Jamaica, Thursday through Saturday music has been happening since the beginning of Oct., with the house trio (Ray McKinley, piano; John Winfield, bass; Walter Perkins, drums) and guest artists, among them Ernie Wilkins and Chris Woods . . . Voices (Joe Ferguson, reeds, leader; Butch Jones, trumpet; Teddy Saunders, piano; Wayne Dockery, bass; Chip White drums) performed at Trinity School Auditorium Nov. 12, and *Midnight Opera Co.*, a group with similar personnel (Jones; Ferguson; Sam Burtis, trombone; Pat LaBarbera, vibes; Michael Tschudin, piano, leader; Dockery and White) played Oct. 27-29 at Mercer Arts Center . . . *Mary Lou's Mass*, premiered last year by the Alvin Ailey Dance Co., is in its current repertoire at City Center. It was performed Nov. 14 and will be seen again Dec. 3, with composer Mary Lou Williams leading the pit band . . . Rafiki's moved to 181 Bleeker St. in last October . . . Pianist-composer Jack Reilly, who will be heard with his trio Nov. 28 at the New School, also did a solo concert Oct. 22 at Turtle Bay Music School, where his *Liturgical Jazz* will be heard Dec. 17. On Nov. 26, a new work by busy Reilly will be premiered at Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's . . . Other Vesper action, recent and forthcoming: Ray Rivera Quartet (Nov. 5), Frank Foster Choir and Orch. (Dec. 3); Dave Pochonet 4 (Dec. 10).

Los Angeles: Henry Mancini, whose two recent concerts at Ball State University in Muncie, Ind., were sold out two days after the box office opened, has established another music fund—a \$28,000 endowment for the University of Southern California School of Music. Mancini's scholarships now exceed a quarter of a million dollars, spread out among USC, UCLA, and Juilliard . . . At the Samoa House in Encino, Dave MacKay recently celebrated his second year at the piano bar, and he's had some great bassists working with him: Andy Simpkins, Reggie Johnson, and John Heard . . . Dennis Dreith's Elastic Band did a one-nighter at the Ice House in Pasadena. Personnel: Bill Peterson, Ron King, trumpets; Curt Berg, Phil Teele, trombones; Bob Crosby, Bill Byrne, Jack Baron, Dreith, reeds; Greg Mathieson, piano; Tom Morell, guitar; Mike Schnoebelen, bass, and Bart Hall, drums . . . Mose Allison and Margie Evans shared the Ash Grove for a week. Evans was backed by Rockhouse (Glen Ferris, trombone; Joel Peskin, tenor & baritone saxes, leader; Jitter Web, guitar; Jimmy Smith, bass; Mike Kowalski, drums). Ferris also worked a gig with his own group at the Venice Library with Marty Krystall, reeds; Woody Murray, vibes; Dick Horn, electric piano; Buell Neidlinger,

bass; Harold Mason, drums; Mayuto Correa, percussion . . . In a completely opposite bag, The Southern California Hot Jazz Society presented the first annual Jazz Band Ball at Larchmont Hall, with Barney Bigard and his All-Stars. Carol Leigh was featured vocalist and the SCHJS is celebrating its 25th anniversary as a hotbed of traditionalism . . . A former home for jazz combos and jazz-oriented singers, the Hong Kong Bar, has gone a different route. The plush lounge at the Century Plaza Hotel, has installed a dance floor, a quadraphonic sound system, and will soon install a light rock group to alternate with the records and tapes . . . Walter Bishop Jr. continues to spread his 12-tone gospel among studio musicians and visiting jazzmen. Attending his special classes recently: James Moody, Tony Ortega, Tommy Vig, Mark Levine, Freddie Hubbard, Benny Maupin, and Jerry Rusch. Among his 12-tone composition technique students have been Benny Powell, John Collins, Britt Woodman, and Blue Mitchell. Bishop is writing a book, *Concept in Fourths*, to be published by Gwyn Publishing . . . Shelly Manne did the score for a live production of *Henry The Fourth* at the Mark Taper Forum, and also gave a concert with his group at Valley State College . . . Kim Richmond is due to have a work premiered in January by the Long Beach Symphony Orchestra entitled *Movements For Brass Quintet, String and Percussion*.

Chicago: Joe Henderson's Black on Black followed Gene Ammons into the Jazz Showcase. Monday nights continue as jam nights with tenorist Hank Mobley and drummer Wilbur Campbell as regulars and London House attractions as sitters-in . . . The Chicago Jazz (Bobby Lewis, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Russ Whitman, clarinet, bass sax; Bob Wright, piano; Rail Wilson, bass; Don DeMicheal, drums) did a weekend at the Big Horn in Ivanhoe. Pianist-trombonist Dave Remington joined the group for the Sunday night gig. Vic Dickenson was slated to appear at the Horn Nov. 12 with either Bobby Hackett or Norm Murphy on trumpet plus the Chicago Jazz rhythm section . . . The Bill (ex-Jazz Ltd.) Reinhardt Band is working Mondays at the Redhead Lounge in the Sheraton-Oakbrook, 1401 W. 22nd St., Oak Brook . . . The Dick Kress Orchestra, composed mainly of area studio men, hits every Sunday afternoon at 2 at Le Pub, 1932 N. Clark St. . . Sun Ra's Astral Infinity Solar Arkestra did a week at the Brown Shoe . . . Sonny Cox and the Four Souls appear weekends at the Gemini, 131-35 E. 103rd St. . . Bluesman John Littlejohn did a weekend at the Wise Fools. Judy Roberts opened a midweek stand there recently and Dave Remington's big band is back as the Monday night attraction . . . Jonah Jones did a two-weeker at the Playboy Club . . . Donald Byrd's Quartet recently guested on the Friday at midnight *Tilmon Tempo Show* on WMAQ-TV . . . Singer Dick Haymes' backup band at the Blue Max was conducted by pianist Donn Trenner, former Les Brown sideman who was musical director for the old syndicated *Steve Allen* and *Nightlife* TV shows . . . Bill Russo, former Kenton trombonist-arranger and now chairman of the music department of Columbia College in Chicago, has been chosen as an ASCAP award recipient.

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Baltimore: Duke Ellington's orchestra the Stan Getz Quartet, and Ethel Ennis appeared on successive evenings during the Baltimore City Fair, Sept. 29 through Oct. 1. Miss Ennis was accompanied by guitarist O'Donel Levy, organist Charles Covington, bassist Donald Bailey, flutist Paula Hatcher, drummer Chester Thompson, and congaist Andrew Breckenridge. Over one million people attended the three-day affair . . . Pianists Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson played six-day engagements at the Maryland Inn in Annapolis . . . Rufus Harley played for the Left Bank Jazz Society recently . . . Carmen McRae was at the Playboy Club for six days . . . The highpoint of the fall rock season was the concert by the Grateful Dead at the Civic Center. The Dead played for four hours before 10,000 fans and turned the cavernous auditorium into a warm, sweet-smelling haven.

ments that highlighted his clarinet. To accommodate a crowd of nearly 1,000, the Duke Jenkins Trio entertained in another room off the main ballroom. The Cleveland group really turned on the fans who applauded Duke, organ, and Fred Jenkins, tenor sax. It was a fitting occasion for the union which spawned such greats as Earl Hines, Erroll Garner, Ray Brown, and many others. The International President of the AFM, Hal C. Davis, was the honored guest and was introduced by his successor, Herb Osgood, current president of the Pittsburgh Chapter . . . The MJQ brought to Walt Harper's Attic several of its first SRO nights in a while . . . A new downtown restaurant, Giuli's Landmark, has been featuring jazz personalities including trombonist Al Dowe, clarinetist Jack Mahoney, and singer Angela Hall.

YALE

Continued from page 11

Marion Williams, Joe Williams, and William Warfield were there, while Marian Anderson, Roland Hayes and Paul Robeson had their medals accepted by proxies. Odetta did the singing, and brought the house down.

It was a warm, often very emotional ceremony, and its spirit was perhaps best summed up by Joe Williams in his acceptance speech: "I have noticed that wherever our music is, there is always a great feeling of love. I hope it increases until it is a plague—a plague of love." Max Roach sounded a sober note when he said: "I hope that this is the beginning of something more."

According to Prof. Kuff, something more is already materializing in the wake of the festive weekend. (It also included a film showing hampered by equipment problems, but a scheduled jam session didn't come off.)

Enough money was made from the weekend's activities to allow for several Ellington fellows to be brought in during this academic year. Bessie Jones (of the famous Georgia Sea Island Singers) has already been there. Lucky Thompson is currently in residence, and Dizzy Gillespie will come up after his return from Europe.

It is a beginning of something more, if only a beginning. We came away with just one little nagging thought: Could Louis Bellson be an Ellington fellow?

db

Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh Musical Society, Local 60-471, AFM, celebrated its 75th anniversary with a very jazz-oriented bash at the William Penn Hotel. The Glenn Miller Orchestra under the direction of Buddy De Franco played for dining and dancing and Buddy featured some un-Miller-Like arrange-

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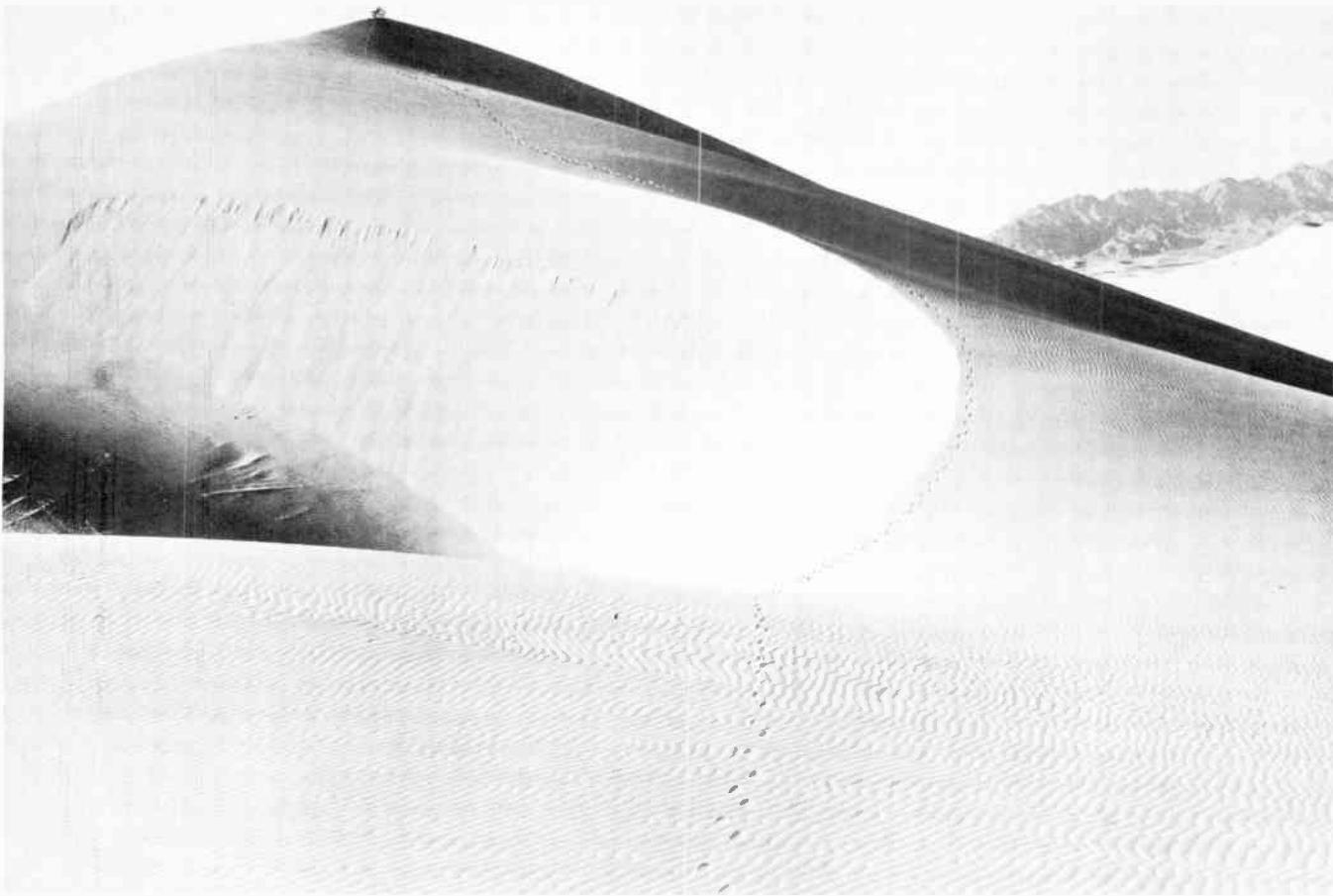
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