

MARCH 15, 1973

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downbeat

jazz-blues-rock

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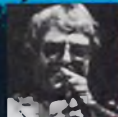


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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

"I smell a crisis developing with our local music programs very similar to that event which occurred in Chicago. I hope I am wrong. Please send what help you can."
—a state chairman of the National Band Association.

If the number of help wanted calls coming to us daily is any indicator, then school music in many places is—or soon will be—in trouble. The immediate cause for requests for assistance was our offer to mail any interested party a 16 page reprint of *Music Alert*, the story of the Chicago music crisis and its inherent implications for other school districts. The article will be of help to persons willing to assume the responsibility of organizing a counter-effort for music in their communities, but a good deal more direct aid must be made available to those communities before their problems are recognized or much less solved.

For a start, all music educator organizations should re-evaluate and re-organize themselves. They must put away, for the duration, any activity that will deter them from what is their basic objective: save music education (and make music education worth saving). If necessary, and it is, that next meeting, seminar, or convention must be re-shaped or postponed. Time is running out for too many students and teachers to afford the luxury of holding a meeting or convention to talk over the same old things in the same old way. While the educators gather by the hundreds and thousands this spring to listen to each other and to the beautiful performing groups, they must understand that they themselves and those groups might not be funded next year, or next month. Time is running out for too many students and teachers to afford a new building in Washington D.C. to house a music educator bureaucracy. It is not time for tea; it's time for people. Listen...

"There is no 'crisis' here. We just don't have that much to begin with. I would like to cause a crisis to improve our music curriculum. We have so little music education here for our children that almost any change would be an improvement.

"We have over 1,600 children in average daily attendance in our system, and two full time music teachers, with another uncertified person working one day a week. This is far from enough. The two teachers working in lower grades have so many children to see, and so little time, that they end up entertaining and not teaching.

"When the children reach me, I am expected to make performers out of them. This doesn't bother me half as much as the thoughts of the children we have 'lost' because we didn't reach them in time. Any help you can give me will be appreciated." — Fla.

"We are not in a crisis yet, but we have some rumblings spurred on by an attitudinal survey granted by our own school board and conducted by two Penn. State U. professors. The loaded question was: 'If due to financial reasons, some subjects had to be eliminated from the curriculum, what would your choice be?' The majority answer: 'music, art, band & chorus'." — Penn.

"We are going to have a six period session, both a.m. and p.m. and all music activities seem to be in serious jeopardy." — N.Y.

"We are reaching a critical period in this area because of a recent ruling by the district that school owned instruments cannot be replaced or repaired. I received my musical education playing a school owned horn and that education in music helped out me through college. We have taken the matter in our own hands and the Music Parents are raising funds to repair and replace the horns." — Wyoming.

Listen...

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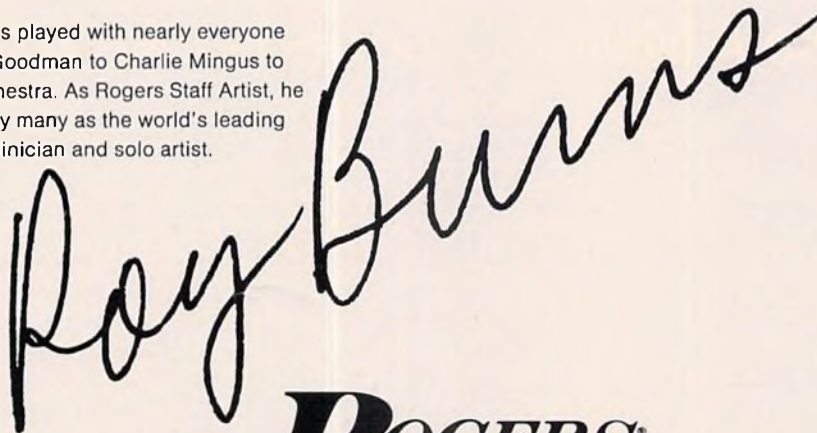
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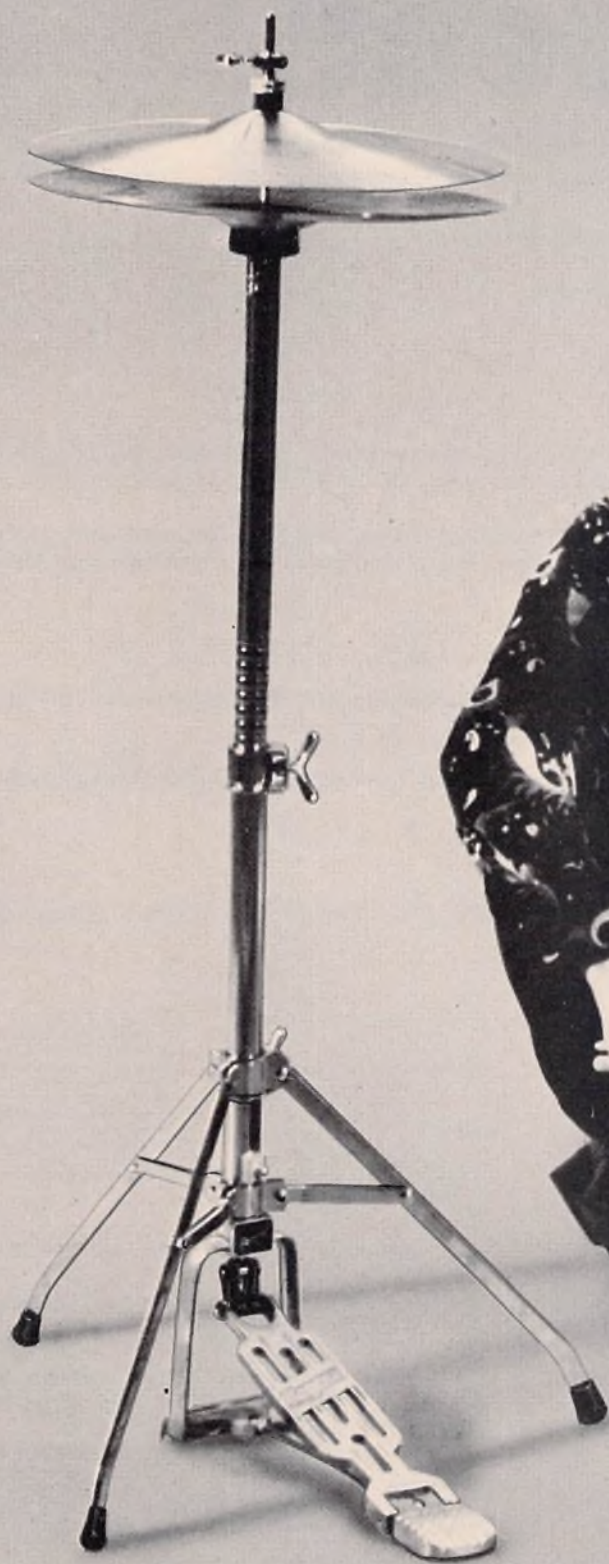
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jazz-blues-rock

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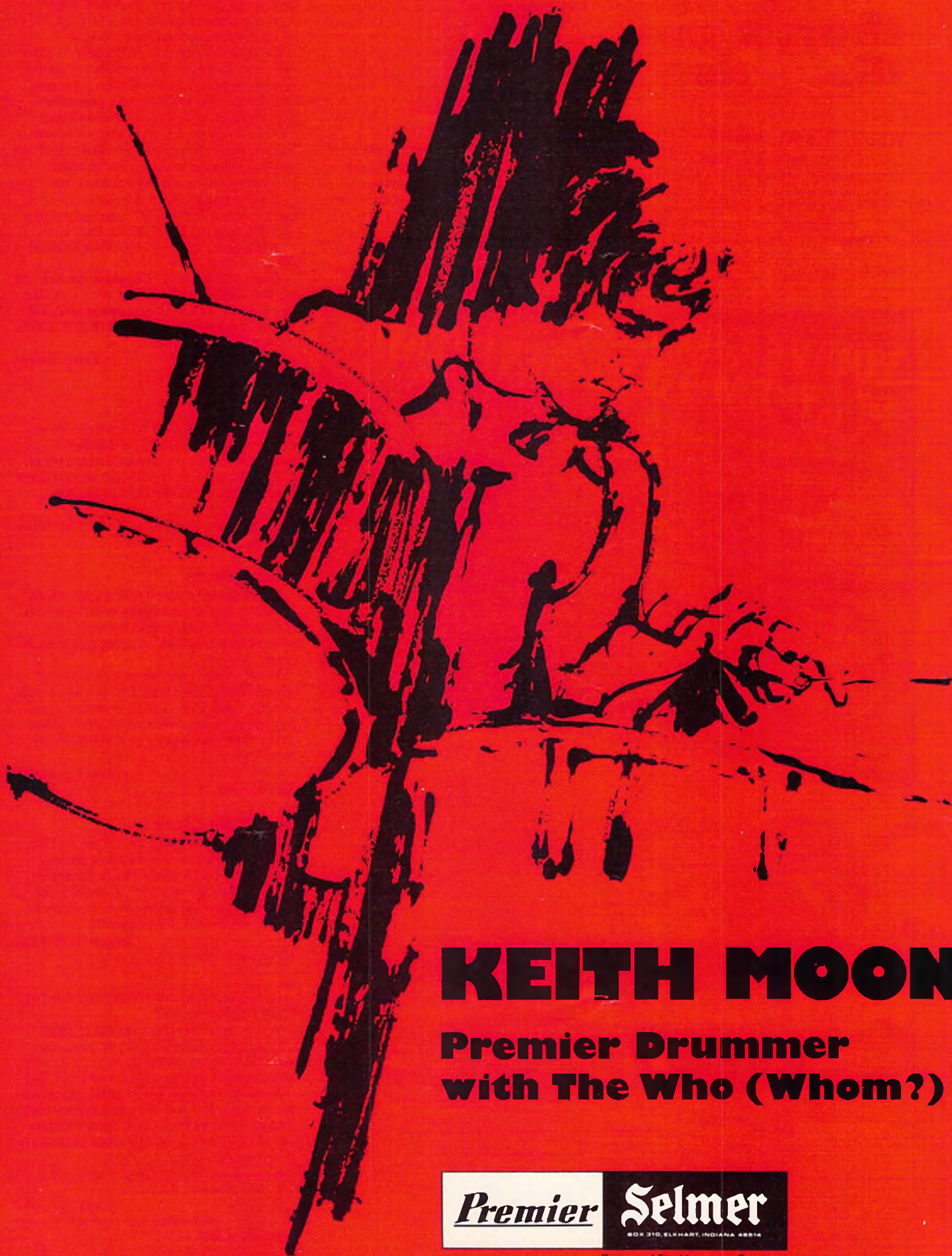
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chords and discords

Who's "The Whistler"?

In the Benny Bailey article (db, Feb. 15), Benny mentions a trumpeter in Lionel Hampton's band known as "The Whistler", and an editor's note says it was Duke Garrette. I think "The Whistler" was Leo Shepperd. In fact, Jimmy Nottingham told me about a high note "battle" Cat Anderson had with Shepperd. Leo cut Cat.

I remember hearing Leo one night at the Civic Opera House (in Chicago) in 1948, and he put the bell of his trumpet right on top of the mike and played some incredibly high whistles!! Maybe Duke blew just as high or higher than Leo, but "The Whistler" Hamp announced is Leo Shepperd.

Tony Perry

Chicago, Ill.

Thanks to Tony Perry, a trumpet expert if there ever was one. Bailey, Shepperd and Garrette were all with Hamp at the same time, and that editor's note should have said "probably."

The Only Way

The Revolutionary Ensemble (Leroy Jen-

kins, violin; Sirone, bass; Jerome Cooper, drums) has been together since Oct. 10, 1971, giving concerts around New York.

We have sponsored over 25 concerts since then, and would like all the young, struggling groups out here to know that this is the only way. I mean, get together, take care of business together, and promote your own gigs.

Not only do you get a chance to play more, but you learn a lot about the business, and as a result are less apt to get burned by some crooked promoter, record company, etc.

If we're going to keep this music alive, we can't drop out and wait for somebody to hire us. Let's face it, a lot of people don't know what's happening down here in the world of the unknowns.

Thank you for your "Caught in the Act" on the Revolutionary Ensemble. We would like you to know we have a new album on E.S.P. Records, entitled Vietnam I-II (E.S.P. 3007). All power to the music.

Leroy Jenkins

New York, N.Y.

A Rose, etc.

In the review of Alec Wilder's *American Popular Song* (db, Dec. 7) is this line: "... a song lyric is not to be confused with a poem."

Halfway right. Poetry doesn't always make good but any lyric is by God a *bona fide* poem.

Jim Hoskin

Calgary, Canada

Trade Winds

I have started a Jazz Traders Club which should be of interest to *down beat* readers. It is meant to introduce jazz fans across the country interested in trading records to each other.

Membership is only 25 cents a year and results will be immediate. JTC is a non-profit organization and the money is needed to defray the expenses. Write me at Jazz Traders Club, 1046 University Place, Schenectady, N.Y.

Robert Rosenblum

Schenectady, N.Y.

Cheers for Clark

Three cheers for db, Feb. 1: One for Dan Morgenstern's five-star review of the new Clark Terry big band album, one for Ernie Wilkins' moving story on C.T., and one for *down beat* for making the album available to its vast readership. Three cheers!

Dannis R. Hendley

Milwaukee, Wisc.

Just received my copy of Big Bad Band by Clark Terry in the mail.

WOW! What an album, it's out of sight! What's the matter with record companies that won't record such great material as was heard at that Carnegie Hall concert by Clark.

Record companies would rather record mediocre music and real trash, and a gentleman (and he is just that), of Clark Terry's stature can be heard on record only when he issues it at his own expense.

Hats off to the db for helping to make the record available to the public.

"Sticks" Leonard

President, Harvard Jazz Society
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RUSSELL, EVANS JOIN FORCES ON SWEDISH T.V.



Gil Evans

Two great American composer-arrangers, Gil Evans and George Russell, joined forces in a three-hour concert in Stockholm Jan. 26.

The event, filmed by the Swedish Broadcasting Co., included the first live performance of Russell's *Living Time*, with pianist Bengt Hallberg in the featured role taken by Bill Evans on the Columbia recording.

Russell and Evans each led the Swedish Radio Jazz Group, augmented for the occasion to 20 pieces. Evans brought with him soloists Billy Harper, tenor sax and flute, and Howard Johnson, baritone sax and tuba, while Russell invited trumpeter Stanton Davis and organist Webster Lewis.

Also in the ensemble were Norwegian tenorist Jan Garbarek and his fellow countrymen Jan Christiansen and Egil Johansen. The bassist was none other than expatriate Red Mitchell.

Russell's *Listen to the Silence*, an hour-long composition for 50-voice choir and jazz ensemble, was taped in Oslo by the Norwegian Broadcasting Co. with solo singer Dan Windham (a member of the music faculty of Wellesley College). Davis, Lewis, Garbarek, Swedish pianist Bobo Stenson, guitarist Terje Rypdal, and others.

How about it, PBS, NET, etc.?



George Russell

DUKE BACK IN ACTION: AFTER BRIEF LAYOFF

Duke Ellington, out of the hospital—he incautiously filmed a television show in L.A. with a 103 temperature—returned to action in Miami Beach, Florida.

The place was the Persian Room of the Marco Polo Hotel, a high-priced joint with devious waitresses and more eaters than listeners. On opening night, it was about half full and the band, looking as bored as ever, sounded as good as ever.

As the curtain went up, a medium-slow, pulsating arrangement of *Caravan* was in progress; it had a Harry Carney bridge and a piano spot that segued into *C Jam Blues*. By the time the band smoked out the *A Train*, it was into a cooking groove and some eaters were pausing, forks midway.

Ellington looked healthy and energetic and played the role of guide-host-entertainer-enchancer with customary flair and elegance. Highpoints of what turned out to be an 85-minute set, were Johnny Coles' *How High the Moon* feature, the band quoting *Ornithology* behind him, and an excerpt from *Afro-Eurasian Eclipse* with Harold Ashby punching and honking out the honors.

Unfortunately, but not surprisingly, entertainment values predominated during the last half of the set, and after the Medley of Hits, an admitted joy even after a thousand hearings, singer-dancer-eyelash-batter Tony Watkins was brought out to assault *Solitude* and twist his way through *One More Time* while Mercer Ellington led most of the hornmen to the stage apron in what looked like an old Fats Domino Revue routine. The routine was then repeated.

After Watkins departed, Duke put on the pots again and Paul Gonsalves, the periannal "hero of the Newport Jazz Festival," in a characteristically merry mood, flew through *Diminuendo in Blue*, followed by a *St. Louis Blues* that brought out Russell Procope, Cootie Williams and the piano player.

It was Ellington, so it was nice. And sometimes it was regal. In Duke's absence, by the way, his place at the keyboard was ably taken by composer/arranger Onzy Matthews.

—gary giddins

A SPECIAL BIRTHDAY: FOR ROY ELDRIDGE

When the new Half Note opened on West 54th St. in midtown Manhattan last fall, right opposite Jimmy Ryan's, optimists began talking about a return of 52nd Street. On the night of Jan. 30th, the talk seemed believable.

The occasion was Roy Eldridge's birthday. Roy, when not touring Europe or playing Monterey or some-such, has been holding forth at Ryan's for the past few years, making it a warm and happy place. Not long ago, the management decided to expand the band to include a bassist, and things have really been swinging since.

Roy's cohorts are Bobby Pratt, trombone; Joe Muranyi, clarinet, soprano sax; Chuck

Folds, piano; Major Holley, bass, and Eddie Locke, drums, and not infrequently, they are joined by visiting firemen. Roy loves a jam session.

The birthday night was something else, however. Some notable trumpeters decided to stop by with their horns, and a little before midnight, a happy Little Jazz brought to the stand Joe Newman, Donald Byrd, Jimmy Owens and Johnny Carisi ("and yours truly, Wyatt Earp," as Roy introduced himself). They promptly intoned *Happy Birthday* in a swinging, medium-up 4/4. It was no battle, but a friendly conversation in the form of solos, eights, and fours.

When it ended, the packed house (and the cats on the stand) were ready for more, and *Now's The Time* was it. Byrd switched horns with Owens, trying out the latter's rotary-valve fluegelhorn, and things heated up a bit. Roy, who thrives on competition, got off a highly caloric solo, backed by inspiring riffs from the ensemble. This time, twos and ones were appended to the eights and fours, and the climax was a free trumpet conversation in which the birthday child had the last word.

That was the musical high point of a long night, but there was plenty of other action.



JAN PERSSON

Non-playing trumpeters in the house included Howard McGhee, Leonard Goines, Nat Lober and Walter Bowe, and Dizzy Gillespie, working at the Half Note, dropped in to congratulate his mentor. Other musicians who came by included Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Gene Taylor, Nat Pierce, and the entire J.P.J. Quartet (Budd Johnson, Dill Jones, Bill Pemberton, Oliver Jackson).

On the next set, Harold Ousley, playing alto rather than his customary tenor, trumpeter Eric Howland (a frequent visitor after his nightly work at the Roseland ends) Carisi and Dill Jones sat in, and a jumping *Cottontail*, a groovy *Wincola* (on which Roy wove the arriving Dizzy into the lyric), and a *C Jam Blues* with Roy to the fore ensued. Later, Roy announced the final set as "Wyatt Earp's last battle of the night."

It seemed as if nobody wanted to leave. In addition to the musical friends, a lot of Roy's fans had dropped in, (among them the Half Note's Mike Canterino) and after closing time, he had a shopping bag full of presents to carry home.

But no present could have meant more than the warmth and love extended to Roy Eldridge, 62 years young, by his fellow musicians. It couldn't have happened to a nicer giant.

—*morgenstern*

FINAL BAR

Trombonist **Kid Ory**, 86, one of the last remaining New Orleans pioneers, died Jan. 23 in Honolulu of pneumonia and heart failure.

Born in La Place, La., the youngest of five children, Ory organized a children's band playing on homemade instruments (his own was a banjo) when he was 11, and eventually earned enough money to buy himself a valve trombone. As a young man, he made regular visits to New Orleans, and he settled there in 1911.

Ory soon became one of New Orleans' most successful bandleaders. He had business as well as musical talent, and was a clever promoter. His sidemen in the period of 1912-19 included trumpeters King Oliver, Mutt Carey and Louis Armstrong, and clarinetists Johnny Dodds, Jimmie Noone and Sidney Bechet. In 1919, he was advised by his doctor to live in a less humid climate and moved to California.

He soon sent for several New Orleans musicians and formed a band which worked regularly in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles. In 1922, Kid Ory's Sunshine Orchestra became the first black New Orleans-style band to make phonograph records.

In 1925, Ory moved to Chicago, turning over leadership of his band to Mutt Carey. He joined King Oliver's band (playing alto sax for six weeks while his predecessor worked out his notice—Ory was also proficient on cornet, clarinet and string bass), with which he toured (New York, 1927) and recorded, then worked (in Chicago) with Dave Peyton and Clarence Black and with Boyd Atkins' Chicago Vagabonds at the Sunset Cafe. During this period, he made his most famous recordings, with Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and Hot Seven, Jelly Roll Morton's Red Hot Peppers, and the New Orleans Wanderers.

In 1929, Ory returned to California, playing with Mutt Carey's Jeffersonians, then touring with Leon Rene's Lucky Day Orchestra. After engagements with the bands of Emerson Scott, Freddie Washington and Charlie Echols, he retired from music in 1933 to run a

successful chicken farm with his brother.

In 1942, Barney Bigard persuaded Ory to join his combo (doubling on bass). By late '43, he had his own quartet at the Tiptoe Inn in Los Angeles, playing mostly alto and bass, but he again concentrated on trombone after having been reunited with Carey, Jimmie Noone and other New Orleans veterans in a series of broadcasts for Orson Welles in 1944.

At the helm of a New Orleans band including Carey, Omer Simeon, Bud Scott, Ed Garland and Minor Hall, Ory now sparked the New Orleans revival that had been brewing since 1939, and his band was highly successful for many years, touring and recording from its home base in California.

Ill health forced Ory to disband in 1955; he soon recovered and led his re-formed band on a European tour in '56. In '54, he had opened his own club, On the Levee, in San Francisco; it remained in operation until '61. In '59, Ory toured Europe again, with a group including trumpeter Red Allen.

Ory continued to play regularly until the mid-'60s but moved to Hawaii in '66 after recurring bouts of illness. He recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia in '69 and played occasionally in Honolulu. In '71, he appeared at the New Orleans Jazz Festival.

Ory was probably one of the founders and certainly the major known exponent of the New Orleans trombone style known as "tailgate". Primarily an ensemble style marked by prominent glissandi, it is technically simple, yet requires great skill. Ory had many imitators, but none could match the perfection of his ensemble playing or his powerful rhythmic drive. As a soloist, Ory was limited but effective, especially on blues.

Among the best recorded examples of his playing are *Muskrat Ramble*, *Ski-dat-de-dat* (Hot Five); *Gatemouth*, *Papa Dip*, *Perdido Street Blues* (New Orleans Wanderers); *Grandpa's Spells*, *Dr. Jazz*, *Steamboat Stomp*, *Black Bottom Stomp* (Jelly Roll Morton); *Savoy Blues* (Hot Seven); *Sugarfoot Stomp*, *Black Snake Blues* (Oliver), and with his own bands, *Blues for Jimmy*, *Panama*, *Get Out of Here*, *Creole Song*, *In the Mood*.

As a composer, Ory achieved great fame with *Muskrat Ramble*, actually written by Louis Armstrong. Aside from being a staple of the traditional repertoire, also became a pop hit when equipped with lyrics in '54. Ory did compose the excellent *Savoy Blues*, as well as Ory's *Creole Trombone*, *Get Out of Here*, *Blues for Jimmy*, and *Creole Bo Bo*.

Ory appeared in the films *New Orleans*, *The Benny Goodman Story*, *Crossfire* and *Mahogany Magic*, and in the French short *L'Homme de la Nouvelle-Orleans*. —*d.m.*

MOVING TRIBUTES TO CLARA WARD, KID ORY

Eloquent tags were added to two final bars recently for giants of the world of jazz and gospel music as funeral services spanned both coasts — and then some.

Following Clara Ward's funeral service in the city of her birth, Philadelphia, a first-of-its-kind night funeral service was held at the Shrine Auditorium, in Los Angeles. Organized by Clara's mother (and original teacher) Gertrude Ward, the Baptist funeral-concert turned out to be the kind of stirring,



G. BOIGONTIER

shouting, emotion-packed affair that Clara was famous for staging with her Ward Singers.

Over 4,000 persons were on hand as the Ward Singers, Bessie Griffin, Marvin Jenkins, Odessa Perkins, the James Cleveland Singers, and many other paid their musical tributes. Perhaps the most personal one was sung by Gertrude Ward: *When The Storm Of Life A-Rages*. As Mrs. Ward told down beat, "it was Clara's favorite, and the very last song she ever sang."

The following morning (Jan. 27), Clara Ward was laid to rest in the Freedom Mausoleum at Forest Lawn, in Glendale. Her crypt is just a few feet from that of Nat "King" Cole.

Kid Ory's second farewell was strictly instrumental, re-creating a traditional New Orleans style funeral parade with marching band. It took place on Sunday, January 28, a week after Ory died in Honolulu. There were more than 200 persons jammed into the tiny chapel in Honolulu, scene of the first service. Following a brief Roman Catholic service, Trummy Young (with whom Kid Ory worked frequently during his last six years in Honolulu) led a small Dixieland combo in Ory's most famous composition, *Muskrat Ramble*.

A week later another Dixieland great who worked in Kid Ory's band, trumpeter Teddy Buckner, delivered an eloquent personal tribute with a muted, unaccompanied solo on *Just A Closer Walk With Thee* at the mortuary in Inglewood (just south of Los Angeles). As he ended his solo, he turned and blew the final note right at the body of Kid Ory.

Then came the procession to Holy Cross Cemetery and the release of tension with the Southern California Hot Jazz Society Marching Band playing another version of *Just A Closer Walk With Thee*, plus *Oh, Didn't He Ramble*. The band was led by Alton Purnell, who goes back to the early days of Dixieland with Ory. The parade master had his familiar black derby and strut as he fronted a group that included a number of two-beat veterans: Buckner, Andrew Blakeney, George Orendorff, trumpets; Gordon Mitchell, Al Riemen, Dan Barrett, trombones; Art Levin, tuba; Ron Going, clarinet; Sammy Lee, tenor sax; Alton Redd, Barry Martyn, drums. The participation by the SCHJS Marching Band was organized by the society's president, Floyd Levin, and the music director, Gordon Mitchell.



JOE ALPER

potpourri

Charles Mingus and Dizzy Gillespie were formally reunited for the first time since the historic Massey Hall Concert (recently reissued on Prestige, by the way) at Mingus' Jan. 19 Carnegie Hall Concert. Mingus' group (Joe Gardner, trumpet; Howard Johnson, baritone sax; Don Pullen, piano; Roy Brooks, drums) was joined by special guest Dizzy in a program of bop classics, Mingus pieces, and a tribute composed for the occasion by Mingus, *Dizzy Profile*. This lovely ballad was the highlight of the concert, but drummer Brooks nearly stole the show with his blues choruses on musical saw. The large audience was enthusiastic and predominantly young. On Jan. 31, Mingus concertized at Williams College with Gardner, Pullen, John Stubblefield on alto and tenor saxes and Scohy Stroman on drums.

Ornette Coleman, who recently visited North Africa, gave two lectures — his first — at Queensborough Community College, Bay-side, N.Y. Feb. 14 and 15. On Feb. 18, Coleman and his group gave a concert at the college. In another breakthrough in the lecturing field, Alice Cooper, pioneer of shock rock, became the first rock artist to speak at the Eastman School of Music. The historic event took place March 5. According to the press release announcing it, "Cooper will speak on the art of writing popular music, a subject on which he qualifies as an expert, since he has sold more than eight million dollars worth of records in the last two years." Eastman, ho!

Gunter Hampel returned to New York in January after a successful tour with his Galaxie Dream Band in his native Germany. Personnel was Hampel, vibes, flute, bass clarinet, piano; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Allan Praskin, Mark Whitecage, reeds; Toni Marcus, violin; David Eyges, cello; Jack Gregg, bass.

Another new jazz club has opened in New York City: Jazz Upstairs, a comfortable room atop Sam's Restaurant at 1220 Second Ave. (near 64th St.). So far, it's music on weekends only, and the opening bill (Feb. 9-10) was the new Frank Wess-Frank Foster group and Marvin Stamm's quartet.

Bassist Junie Booth has replaced Calvin Hill in the McCoy Tyner Quartet, which recently recorded its second album for Milestone. Tyner's *Sahara* Lp received two Grammy award nominations, one for Best Jazz Performance by a Soloist (Tyner) the other for Best Jazz Performance by a Group. Hill has joined Pharoah Sanders.

The 22-piece UCLA Jazz Ensemble, Gary Gray, dir., presented a special concert at Royce Hall with Oliver Nelson as guest conductor and guest soloist. The program also included works by Henry Mancini, Don Ellis, Michel Legrand, Alf Clausen, and Kim Richmond . . . Benny Powell has initiated a jazz-in-school program for minority groups at Metropolitan HS (Los Angeles). He is currently seeking sources of financial aid other than the L.A. City School District and the Musicians Union.

Lionel Hampton was honored at the 33rd Annual Beaux Arts Ball of the National Urban League Guild at the Grand Ballroom of New York's Waldorf Astoria Feb. 16. A highlight of the evening, for which trumpeter Dick Vance's orchestra provided dance music, was the reunion of the original Benny Goodman Quartet (B.G., Hamp, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa). Sitters-in included Illinois Jacquet.

The New York Jazz Museum needs volunteers in many areas, including concert production, publicity, fund raising, research, cataloging and indexing, artwork, preparation of exhibits, clerical, carpentry and photography, to carry on its various programs. The Museum is also in dire need of funds. Contact Howard Fischer or Jack Bradley at (212) 765-2150.

Author's Query

I am trying to compile material for a book about the life of Rev. Gary Davis and am in particular need of photographs, quotations, and stories told by him from the years 1957-72. All credits will be given when published. Robert Tilling, 2 Heathfield House, Bagatelle, St. Saviour, Jersey, Great Britain.

strictly ad lib

New York: The Half Note continued its double-bill policy with the Ahmad Jamal Trio opposite the Zoot Sims Quartet and Grover Washington, Jr. opposite the JPJ Quartet (Budd Johnson, reeds; Dill Jones, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums) in February. The Duke Pearson 17-piece band is in on Sundays. Monty Alexander, appearing with his trio opposite the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet Jan. 28-Feb. 3, became ill after the first night of the engagement and was replaced by Junior Mance. Horace Silver was scheduled for two weeks beginning March 5, followed by the MJQ on the 19th . . . Town Hall's successful *Interlude* concerts continue with pianist-singer Blossom Dearie March 28 and pianist Ellis Larkins April 11. Larkins continues at Gregory's Tues.-Sun. . . . Speaking of ivories, The Cookery has Mary Lou Williams through May 3 followed by Nellie Lutcher in her first N.Y. appearance in 25 years . . . The Village Vanguard featured the groups of McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett and Pharoah Sanders in February (Keno Duke's Contemporaries with George Coleman and Frank Strazier, reeds; Stanley Cowell, piano; Bill Ellington, bass and Duke, drums, gave their first Sunday concert of the 1973 season there Feb. 4 . . . Organist Bu Pleasant was at the Top of the Gate for three weeks, joined by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers on weekends . . . A second generation Blakey, drummer Art, Jr., led his own group at Slugs Jan. 23-28 with Marvin Blackman, reeds; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass. The Louis Hayes Quintet (Charles Davis, tenor&baritone saxes;

Continued on page 36



ELSA SCHOCKET

Stan Getz with the Images of Sound, jazz group from James Monroe High School in the Bronx, the tenorist's alma mater. Occasion was presentation to Getz of the school's Distinguished Alumni Award for 1973 with citation for "extraordinary achievement in the field of music" by his first music instructor, Irving Firestein, at New York's Rainbow Grill on Stan's birthday.

DRUM SHTICKS

BY HARVEY SIDERS



l to r - Donald Bailey, Louis Bellson, Willie Bobo, Shelly Manne, Harvey Siders, and Larry Bunker.

With names like Bellson, Bobo, Bunker, and Bailey, you might say my initial problem was precisely that: Louis Bellson and Larry Bunker would come out the same; so would Donald Bailey and down beat. (Shelly was the only oasis in that swarm of B's, and all I could say to him was "thanks, Manne.") It was finally decided to resolve the matter by using last names and keeping DB for the intensive interrogations by down beat.

These five represent a unique cross-section: Shelly Manne, basically a studio musician and former club owner, still fronts his own combo; Louis Bellson is a big band leader and composer; Willie Bobo comes from the Latin side of percussion; Larry Bunker, a studio percussionist, is equally gifted on mallet instruments; and Donald Bailey, though lately making inroads in the studios as a harmonica player, is fundamentally a jazz drummer, concentrating on gigs and casuals in the vanishing club scene.

With that kind of rhythmic representation, I couldn't have cared less if all five had been named Smith. One thing I did care about was finding accurate phonetic spellings for some of the sounds that drummers make when they talk about their art.

When the conversation—and the sounds—were finally transcribed from the tapes, I threw my wife a bone and asked her to suggest a title for this roundtable, knowing full well that I would come up with one myself. But she surprised the hell out of me, so let me give credit where it's due. Her entry:

DRUM SHTICKS By Harvey Siders

DB: I'd like to start off with a statement, not a question: I don't like long drum solos. They bore me. (Long, uneasy silence. Did I blow it at the very outset?)

Manne: Allright . . . (another long silence, plus nervous laughter.)

Bunker: That remark was greeted by a noticeable absence of enthusiasm.

Bailey: What don't you like about it?

Manne: Wait a minute; he's supposed to be quizzing you.

Bunker: He just put *us* on the defensive; you're not supposed to put *him* on the defensive.

DB: Well, the thing is, after two or three choruses I get lost, in relation to the tune. It's not like a horn solo where you can relate to the changes. But even if I did count measures and knew where I was, long drum solos would still bore me.

Manne: I'll have to go along with you. They turn me off a lot. In most cases, unless the drummer says something meaningful in relation to what preceded his solo and what follows, it's just a means of capturing an

audience. Ever since Jazz at the Philharmonic, most audiences want to hear drum solos. In fact, ever since Gene Krupa. I don't always enjoy listening to a drummer unless he's playing within the framework of the band and the music, rather than showing me all his chops and everything he's learned by practicing in his living room.

Bunker: There was an interesting point in Harvey's question—about losing your place after three choruses. Now there are some guys who, once you say "Okay, you got it," just start to play with no relationship to the song form or the construction of the tune. Drum solos like that do not often appeal to me. And I never play solos like that. When I solo I always think in terms of the structure of the tune, and I play *choruses*. I will invariably lose the guys in the band, but I will know where I am.

DB: You think in terms of first 8, second 8, release, etc.?

Bunker: I always think of 4-bar phrases and 8-bar phrases. I may turn it around and go into odd things, cross the bar lines, and Lord knows what, and arrive at what would be important accents in places that are not important accents. But that's how I'm constructing it. The band may think that I've made a mistake. They don't have the additional framework to hear it against. It's like pianist Russ Freeman. He could play three choruses out of time and finally the whole rhythm section would give up and go with him, and he'd say, "Why did you do that? I didn't turn the time around."

Manne: That's right. He always knew where he was.

Bunker: Now if you're talking about playing with Miles' band, then it's freak-out time: no bar lines, no meter, not even a center of tonality, and everybody's hung out here in space. That's another thing.

Manne: But that may not always be the case with a band. Even if a guy is not always playing 8, 8, 8, in the structured sense of the song, some of the new groups today may be doing *Take the A Train*, or any tune, and they may be opening it up in a way you're not aware of. They may take the first 8 bars and put a 4-bar extension on it, or a 2-bar extension on it. So there are times when the relation to choruses, *per se*, is not so important. What I resent is the drummer who falls into the trap of becoming obsessed with the technical aspects of the drums—you know, playing all these figures that come from rudiments. It becomes a thing of excitement, not creativity, and I find that I don't retain that kind of solo.

DB: Can you think of any example of excitement over creativity?

Manne: All right. I think Buddy Rich is a stupendous drummer, and I have the utmost respect for him. But I don't really

retain anything Buddy plays. I walk out thrilled for the moment, and I say to myself, "My God, how did he do that with his foot . . . what did he do with his left hand?" It amazes me, but he only reaches my head. He doesn't reach my heart and soul. To me it's not really a musically creative thing. That's the kind of drum solo that bothers me. Of course everybody in the audience goes "Braaaagh!" You know, the minute the drummer does a single stroke roll about 80 miles an hour. I remember Davey Tough, who couldn't even play a solo, but Davey used to go *br-ripp boom bam*, but it was so well placed in juxtaposition with the rest of the music, it was just right.

DB: I'd get that same feeling from Jo Jones

Manne: Right . . . and Philly, too. It was like listening to a great horn soloist because of the creative thing.

Bunker: Tiny Kahn could play a 2-bar fill leading to a shout chorus that contained elements you'd heard from the time you were a child. There was nothing new there, but he would play it in such a way that would bring you right up out of your chair. But that's another kind of chops.

Bailey: I think the reason most people don't like drum solos is because when it comes time for the drum solo, the rhythm section stops playing. You don't hear no bass, no piano. There's no accompaniment.

DB: You don't even see them. With a lot of groups, they all vanish from the stand and leave the drummer by himself.

Bailey: Well what I'm trying to say is that you wouldn't enjoy a saxophone solo or a trombone solo without accompaniment. Sonny Rollins tried this—you know, trying to improvise without any accompaniment—and people didn't go for that. All I'm saying is the best presentation of a drum solo I ever heard was Max Roach, when he had the rhythm section backing him up, remember that?

Bobo: Yeah, I remember.

Bailey: Now you were talking about the drummer using all that technique. Well, he *has* to, 'cause there's nothing there. Now if the bass and piano were going along there, *doom, doom, doom, doom*, the drummer could go *bam*—you know, hit one beat—and the chords are still going, you could follow the song. But with nothing going on, the drummer has to fill all that up.

DB: Is it possible that one of the reasons no one comps the drummer is because they too, get lost?

Bailey: I don't know why they don't do that. All I know is that Max had the right idea. I don't think the rhythm should stop when the drummer takes his solo.

Manne: I think everything depends on your approach to the drums. The way I hear everything is on a melodic basis. I never know what the rhythms are going to be. I'm influenced by melodic lines.

Bailey: Well, everybody has some kind of accompaniment behind them except a drum.

Bunker: Yeah, a frame of reference.

DB: I don't know about that. Last September, at Monterey, I heard Rollins, in the middle of his set, dispense with his rhythm section and go into a long, unaccompanied solo that was beautiful, swinging, and never without a frame of reference.

Bailey: Well he couldn't do that 10 years ago. People weren't ready for that. Today you can go outside, way outside. So much has happened since then. Now you can do anything on your drums and the cats will jump out of their seats.

Bunker: There's another consideration. The saxophonist—especially if he's a Sonny Rollins—can do that because he has about 30 notes available to him on the range of his instrument; maybe more, if he goes into harmonics. So he has not only rhythmic variations, but melodic variations, and can imply harmonic construction. The drummer has five or six or seven tones available to him, and the colors of his cymbals, and that depends on how complicated a set of drums he's using. So the scope of what he has to work with is greatly diminished, and he has to function mostly with rhythmic values and permutations of those rhythmic values, and there's not that much tone or pitch value that he can bring into his solos.

DB: Louis, still on the subject of long drum solos. I can recall standing with Steve Bohannon near the door at the entrance to Donte's. He always stood there when you were playing because, as he told me, "I gotta stay behind Louis; I gotta watch his feet." And he'd applaud whenever you did something that knocked him out. Now when you hear applause in the middle of a drum solo, does that tend to spur you on?

Bellson: No, it's distracting to me. You know, all the points that the guys have made so far are good, and that's a good question. I've listened to a lot of drum solos that have bored me, and having been, and still what you call, a "stretch-out drummer," I'm very cautious about what I play. You know I used to be a tap dancer.

DB: No kidding. Buddy Rich was, too.

Bellson: Right. In essence, I'm dancing on the stage. But I'm also thinking melodically, being a music writer. So it's important to make a solo melodic as well as rhythmic. Otherwise, as Shelly said, it's going to sound like a guy who's been practicing in his living room, and just goes from cliché to pet lick, and you say, "Okay, so he did his push-ups for today." That to me is really boring. But if a guy has the hands and feet and the technique and soul to go with it, and really plays something rhythmically and melodically meaningful, that's something else. I know I've been guilty of making drum solos too long, and I've been trying to get away from that. You know, just say your piece. I also have to keep in mind the context: if we're playing something nice and easy, it's wrong for me to grab the sticks and bash into something triple-F, then when the band comes in, it's quiet by comparison.

DB: Are you always aware how many choruses you've played during a solo?

Bellson: Oh yes, despite the length. Let me tell you something. Buddy Rich and I made a couple of trips to Japan and during the tour we played 26 minutes apiece. Which is ridiculous!

Manne: Yeah, but in your career, Louis, the people have come to expect that of you.

Bellson: That's right.

Manne: If you don't take those long solos, they're going to be disappointed, and that puts you in a bind.

DB: Willie, is there such a thing as a long drum solo in Latin music?

Bobo: There certainly is. Latin percussion instruments are basically solo instruments. Like timbales. I deal melodically with my solos, and getting back to something Larry said, what most drummers play on four drums, I have two drums, two bells and a cymbal to get it across. I like to think melodically, because I have a story to tell up there. To my way of thinking, a snare drum would be equivalent to a bongo; the bass drum is equivalent to a conga; and the cymbals would be equivalent to the maracas. And I try to coordinate all these things on my timbales.

Manne: I've heard you do it. You've imitated melodies even though you don't have all the notes. You'll imitate the melody rhythmically.

Bobo: That's the only way I can hear things. I could play along with a regular drummer and not get in his way, and still be free enough to play the timbales. It's a completely different sound.

Bailey: That's what I was talking about before. You hear more in a Latin drum solo because they always have accompaniment. Maybe not all the time, but when Willie takes a solo there's something else happening. I think Latin drummers are more musical than jazz drummers. You know, the bells and the congas, even the bass.

Manne: It frees the drummer. . . .

Bailey: Right, it frees you.

Manne: . . . 'cause the drummer can play free patterns over the line.

Bobo: That's what made Tito the timbales player that he is.

DB: You mean Tito Puente?

Bobo: Yeah, Tito Puente. Not just a beautiful musician and composer, but he took the rudiments and played it on the timbales which was another thing compared to the traditional way of playing. He could dig in and always be coming up with things to say. But very few of them will stretch out and go into different meters like I do, but that's my approach to the instrument.

DB: What do you guys think about when you're taking a solo—long or short?

Bailey: I think about the song I'm playing.

DB: I remember Sonny Criss once telling me he couldn't play a ballad unless he knew the lyrics. You probably think in terms of changes.

Bailey: I learn the way certain tunes are constructed, so when I play I think of changes. Also, if I'm playing a song and it's sort of "out," I may interpret it in a style that I heard Trane play, you know, in that groove on my drums. If I'm playing something in a be-bop style, I'll try to play my solo in a way that I've heard Bird play, at the same time following the changes. . . .

Bobo: I think about solos in that same way. Sometimes a horn player might lay a phrase on me, and I'll hear it and play something to help it along, you know, complement it. I always relate it back to the days when the Indians would let you know someone was coming through the pass, and they would boom boom boom you to death.

Manne: I always think in relationship to the melody. Not that I'm chained to it. It's merely a boundary, and the challenge is to use that boundary, or stay within that boundary, then go beyond. I think a musician has to reach a little beyond what he's capable of doing. Look how many years ago it was when Max made that 3/4 album. Nobody had played in 3/4. . . .

Bunker: They said it couldn't be done.

Manne: Then all of a sudden everybody

wanted to play 3/4. Well I know that I, personally, started to play 3/4 and I wasn't too sure. You know I had been going *ding ding-a-ding ding-a-ding ding-a-ding*. Then I tried *ding-a-ding ding, ding-a-ding ding*—now wait a minute, where do I lay it down? But there was a boundary crossed. Now you can take a standard like *Billie's Bounce* and just for kicks play the blues in 3/4. I never thought I could play in 11 or 7, or any of those odd times. I thought I was too old. But by surrounding myself with young cats who want to get into new bags, they force you into these things.

Bobo: You can hear that first album by Ornette now, and it makes sense. But at the time, it was like, hey, something from the outside.

Manne: In other words, you gotta keep growing.

Bobo: I did by listening to fellows like you, and taking it all back to Latin percussion. I was doing things on bongos that made Tito turn around and say, "Hey, that's not in the arrangement." And I would say, "Oh yes it is. If you can feel it, and put it in, and it comes out, it can happen." I would always be doing a jazz thing in a strict *cha cha*.

Manne: You can't always be playing it safe and stick to the things you know you're good at. You'll never grow. A great example is sitting right here: Donald Bailey. You can listen to Donald, man, and sometimes he really sounds outside. Donald played my club, and I stood behind him and watched, and it felt beautiful, and I'd say to myself, "What is he doing? I don't hear the usual patterns that other drummers play."

Bobo: Well for one thing, Donald's set-up is weird. It's ridiculous.

Manne: Right. Donald Bailey's set-up looks like a 1920 vaudeville drummer, but he sure don't sound like one.

Bunker: Nobody can play his drums.

DB: That's so he can make sure no one will sit in.

Bailey: You know where I got that from? When I was a teen-ager, I used to go to the Earl Theater, in Philly. There was a drummer with Duke Ellington—I can't remember his name. . . .

Manne: Sonny?

All: Sonny Greer!

Manne: I couldn't play his drums. . . . he couldn't play mine.

Bailey: Yeah. Greer. . . . he had his snares slanted like this (gestures like a fighter pilot about to peel off). That's the way I started and that's the way I play.

Manne: But he used to stand up when he played.

Bobo: Or else he used to sit on a stool. He had his cymbals way up high.

Bunker: Listen, he used to sit so high, he never used to heel down.

Bobo: Another thing he did was rudiments with his left foot.

Manne: I sat in on his drums once and couldn't hit the snare drum; I kept hitting my leg.

Bobo: Cats were coming for miles to see him at Birdland.

Manne: Well, getting back to Donald, it's a very personal thing with him. He's not imitating anybody. I hear his placement of certain beats, and they wound wrong, yet boy, he comes out swinging.

Bobo: Maybe he's a protest drummer.

Bellson: Something else, Harv. . . . I've been doing a lot of clinics lately, and I find one very basic problem, and it relates to solos. Every stage band wants to get their drummer to do a long solo. Now that kid may not be adapted for a long solo, yet he's gotta go through this thing. He's gotta fight this thing, and he knows his trip is being able to play time behind the band. I always tell the director if the kid's not a solo drummer, let

him play a little thing, something he'll feel comfortable with.

Manne: You know something, talking about solos, years ago you could listen to a recorded drum solo and tell who it was, not only by his style, and his approach to the instrument, but by the *sound* he got. Very few cats pay attention to sound anymore on the drums. I think plastic heads have had a lot to do with that. And that's what I like about Latin drummers. They're still using natural material . . . still going to nature for their instruments. Muleskin for the congas . . . calfhead for the timbales. Time was when I would get to a job a half-hour earlier, not to set up, but to tune. Every night. Even at Carnegie Hall I'd tell them "wait a minute, my bass drum loosened up. I'll have to tune it."

Bellson: That's right, you wanted an identifiable sound.

Manne: In fact, one of the things that got me interested in drums when I was a kid was the sound—aside from rhythm and the other stuff. The *sound*. Which is why two of my idols were always Jo Jones and Davey Tough. When they played with a band, they got a sound from the drums that was so *musical*. It wasn't just *bat, bat, bat*.

DB: Are drummers getting away from sound today?

Manne: Well, you can't get calfhead anymore. Nobody uses calfhead now. Even I don't.

Bellson: Not only that, but when you record today, the engineers are set up mainly for front head off.

DB: I've been wondering why that's so common at sessions today. I see engineers sticking mikes right *into* the drum.

Bellson: Right. It's a nice dry sound . . .

Manne: And the engineer can control the sound better that way. Especially today with stereo and quadrasonic, the idea is as much isolation as possible. They don't want the drums leaking into mikes for other sections. So they put you in a booth all by yourself with earphones so you can hear the rest of the band. It's a drag.

Bunker: Right. The bass player is sitting right next to you, and you can't hear him.

Manne: You spend all your life in bands, physically close to other cats, learning how to play with them. You can see, *feel*, *hear* them . . . that's part of the whole thing.

Bellson: Shel, I sometimes wonder what happened to Liederkrantz Hall, where they had a couple of funky old mikes up there and the sound came out beautiful.

Manne: Yeah, the sound was beautiful, but that was mono. Now the bit is isolation, and take all the bottom heads off your drums. I have them off all my studio drums. They insist on it. They all have pillows in the bass drums . . . Kotex pads over all the tom-toms . . . Most guys put wallets or a piece of felt on their snare drums. So when you hit it it goes "thud" (he deals our famous "roundtable" a mighty blow but it, too, goes "thud" and he gets his point across).

DB: Turning to a different kind of sound, has today's jazz drummer learned anything from rock, or is it a completely one-way street where rock drummers are the ones who learn from jazz drummers?

Bellson: I find that the good rock drummers are jazz-oriented. Like that kid with Blood Sweat and Tears.

Manne: Yeah, Bobby.

Bellson: Right, Bobby Colomby. As for me, I find that I learn from these kids. Not the early rock drummers, but today's rock drummers, who are doing some fantastic things between their feet and their left hand.

Manne: I think unbeknownst to them, rock has gained more from Latin music than from jazz. Nearly all the combinations of

the rhythms they're playing—the boogaloo beats, the swamp rhythms—are all basically permutations of Latin rhythms divided between foot and hand.

Bobo: That's because a Latin drummer has one bass drum and cymbals—no snare—and they use that bass drum on the very last beat of the measure, on the down-beat.

Manne: Yeah, like the boogaloo: boom boom *bah*, boo boo *ge-dah* . . . man, that's Latin.

Bunker: There's one element that has come out of rock that should prove useful to jazzmen, if they pay attention. A lot of people have criticized rock as being too simplistic. And in many ways it is. Most jazz musicians are capable of going through mental gymnastics. When you consider what people like Bird and Sonny and Bill Evans can do in terms of improvisation, it becomes mind-boggling. Especially when you think of what is involved: not only the mastery of their instruments, but their mental chops. Well, the music of jazz has become so complex that a lot of times they forget all about swing. One thing that many rock players do is cook like sons of bitches. The good ones get a groove going that many jazz players have overlooked. Sure, their music is simpler, but so was a lot of the swing music of early jazz. Less sophisticated, but it gave jazz players time to breathe, time to think about things like time and the groove, and that's what a lot of rock players are doing. Their music is not as intellectually stimulating, but often I find it more satisfying than what some jazz musicians are doing.

Bailey: I think the new music today could be more expressive if they would accept the way a person *feels* about it personally. Let me give you an example. One time I went into a studio for a rock date. Now I can play rock, and I know a lot of drummers who can play rock, but in a different way. There's no reason why different styles of rock can't be accepted. It would open rock as much in scope as jazz is. If they call a cat to play rock in the studios, let him play rock the way *he* feels it. That way they'll come forward with a new kind of beat. Let them venture, the way Shelly mentioned.

Manne: Well, one of the bad things about the studios is that when you come in and they want you to play rock, they got in their minds something they heard somebody else do that sold a million records. They want the same sound. They don't want you to do your thing anymore.

Bunker: They're getting ready to manufacture a product for sale. They want a proven winner.

Manne: They want you to be a computer.

Bunker: Not what you want to do, but what will get it on the charts.

Bailey: You know, my son's a drummer, too, and he's got his own way of playing rock. Now I know if he went into a studio, or even into a band, they would say, "man, that's not the right type beat. You have to do it this way." Now I know a lot of drummers that play some *cra-azy* stuff, but it's not accepted. But if they were accepted for how they play, I think more cats would find avenues into the studios.

Manne: Yeah, but they ain't gonna let that happen. It's like what we were saying about sound. They expect to have all the drums sound the same. They know one guy gets a certain sound—like Hal Blaine, who does all the rock dates out here. He made a lot of hit records, and the engineers like that sound. They thought that had something to do with it, so they would just rent Hal's set.

Bunker: You mean if they couldn't get Hal? **Manne:** Yeah, they'd rent his *drum set*. Now the *sound* a guy gets is part of the individual's way of *playing*, but they don't

wanna know about that. So that's what you're talking about, Donald, and it's sad. Now, getting back to something we never answered, Harv, I think if jazz borrows from rock, it only borrows from itself. When you analyze old rock records—even some current ones—you find they were borrowing from early black rhythm and blues records, only exaggerating certain things. Jazz has always had a way of using other things, like Dizzy's band with Chano . . .

Bobo: Right, Chano Pozo.

Manne: . . . jazz using Afro-Cuban rhythms . . . then the bossa nova came along and Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Miles . . . all those bands used the bossa nova feeling, but they'd say it *their way*. The drummers hear these things and imitate, but they express it their own way, and all of a sudden it makes it different.

Bunker: I wonder how long Billy Cobham had to go along being told, "That's not how you play rock and roll." I don't know Cobham; I've only heard some of his recordings with John McLaughlin.

Bellson: Yeah, he plays those rock beats with his right hand.

DB: Historically, when did the drummer stop being a mere time-keeper?

Bunker: Probably the most notorious change came about with Gene Krupa, but I have a feeling it happened before, with Chick Webb.

Bellson: They were from the same era, and they used to take part in battle of the bands at the Savoy, and Gene—well I can quote Gene: "Every time I had to play against that cat, man, forget it." He loved Chick, and Chick was an example of a great, natural player.

Manne: Do you mean breaking away from strict time-keeping? You mean how it evolved to the way Jackie De Johnette or Tony Williams play today? If you listen to recordings from the 30s and 40s, you'll notice that the rhythm section sort of plodded along, sometimes bouncing along like a cork on water, and other times running through mud.

DB: On *Sing Sing Sing*, Krupa played bass drum on each beat. Now to my way of thinking, that style impeded the flow of the swing. When did all that change?

Manne: I think the greatest changes came from Big Sid Catlett, Kenny Clarke, and when Max Roach came on the scene. They brought about the most startling change, because they began using the bass drum in different patterns. In other words, time-keeping shifted from the four *boom boom booms* to the cymbal. And by making the cymbal the timekeeper, their feet were freed. Then they started doing things with their hi-hats and their bass drums—for instance, *Salt Peanuts*: *ba ba-duh, ba ba-dah*, where the drums played the melody.

DB: Then what you're saying is the function of the drums changed with be bop, or with the experiments that led to bop.

Manne: Yeah, I think with be bop. (to Bailey) How do you feel about that?

Bailey: I feel the same way. I would only add that along with Max, Roy Haynes started breaking up the bass drum, and getting away from that *boom boom boom boom*. Then from that, the reason drummers are playing as free as they do is because of Elvin Jones. I remember when Elvin first came on the scene, the people didn't know *what* he was doing. Even when the cat was playing be bop, he was always doing different things in the midst of a tune.

(The conclusion of Drum Shticks — featuring the participants' comments on time-keeping, rock, and doubling — will be published in a succeeding issue of down beat.)

“DIFFERENT STROKES”



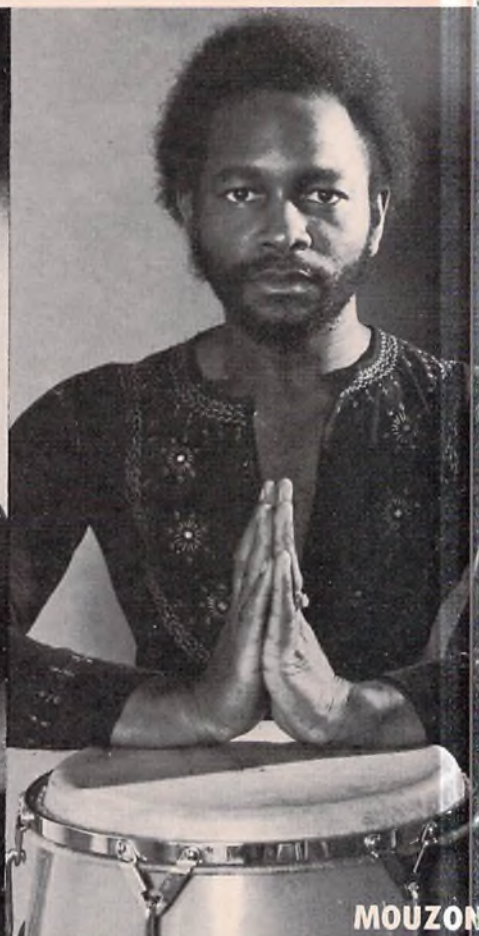
AIRTO

DAN BROWN COURTESY OF C.T.I. RECORDS



HARRIS

PAUL GERHARD DEKER



MOUZON

MARTIN COHEN

Music is a Beautiful Game

By Dan Morgenstern

“Percussion is a complement to everything. If you play the wrong sound in the wrong place, the whole thing can change to a different mood, but if you pick up the right instrument and make the right sound in that spot, you raise the music so much it’s unbelievable, just with little percussion instruments . . .”

So speaks Airto Moreira, the astonishing Brazilian percussionist (and drummer, as he is quick to point out), who has been making the right sounds in the right spots in a variety of challenging musical settings, from Miles Davis through Cannonball Adderley and Stan Getz to Chick Corea, to mention just the highlights.

If you’ve seen Airto (he prefers to be known just by his first name) in action—and he’s something to see as well as hear—you will know that he draws his unique “natural sounds” from an arsenal of percussive devices that has no equal anywhere.

“When I was playing with Miles about two years ago I counted my instruments and it was 32, but since then I’ve been making and getting some more, so right now I think I have at least 40 and maybe more different kinds, from Brazil, from Angola, home-made. I haven’t counted them lately; I’ve been too busy playing them.”

Airto is a warm, friendly man who speaks expressive English with a musical lilt and soft accent (“I never studied English; just learned on the streets talking to people”).

In recent months, he has been happier than at any time since he came to the U.S. nearly

Black Baseball to Black Music

by Gene Feehan

Bill “Beaver” Harris is the only musician of the scores I’ve interviewed who kept on practicing for the nearly 12 hours during which we discussed his music, his drumming and his composing. He wasn’t being rude, and I was not offended because the incredible things he was doing with his sticks on that pad opened up numerous and informative avenues of conversation.

The 36-year-old Pittsburgher is perhaps the only jazzman who picked up his nickname as a professional baseball player.

“My career as a ballplayer is another scene,” he frowns. “It’s a separate story. Things happened then I don’t like to think about.” There is a definite tone of bitterness in his voice.

Harris’ current acclaim as a major force in the creation of the Archie Shepp Impulse Lp *Attica Blues* seems a bit ironic. It reminds one of the ancient wheeze about the suddenly headlined showbiz star who was labeled “an overnight success.” The new star muttered, “Overnight? I’ve been working hard for 20 years!”

That’s pretty much been the case with Beaver. “You know, before *Attica Blues*, I’d already been on 15 other Lps,” he said. “Guess it’s time to get lucky.”

Some years ago, a well-known jazz disc jockey related that as a youngster he had been harshly rebuked when he turned his radio to Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington. His father yelled, “Don’t play that screeching in my house—or get out!” He got out, and made himself a fine career as an articulate spokes-

Alphonse Mouzon: “Play Yourself”

By Dan Morgenstern

Alphonse Mouzon is the kind of drummer who elicits strong reactions—both positive and negative.

To some—including many fellow percussionists—he is dynamite, a pacesetter and innovator. To others, he is objectionably loud and overbearing. Unquestionably, he is an original musician firmly committed to his own way of doing things.

Though there are listeners who became aware of Mouzon through his early work with Roy Ayers and as the first drummer with Weather Report, it is with the group of which he is presently a member—the McCoy Tyner Quartet—that he has begun to make his mark.

“As far as I’m concerned, I’ve found my identity with McCoy. What I’m doing now is totally different from what I’ve done in the past,” said the 24-year-old South Carolina-born musician.

“It’s totally different music from Weather Report—musically, personally, spiritually. It’s very close—no ego—which I’m grateful for. Being young, or any age, you can really get involved in an egotistic aspect of life that can ruin you and blind you, but with McCoy I can see the light. It’s so spiritual—and the music is that way, so I feel relaxed and healthy.”

Being healthy is something Mouzon cares about, and for about a year he has been on a macrobiotic diet. “It helps my music a lot,” he claims.

“McCoy’s music is coming from the mind and the heart, but mostly from the heart,” he explains, “and I think that’s important, be-

five years ago, because he is a member of a close-knit group that plays music he can really believe in. Chick Corea's Return to Forever consists of the leader on electric and acoustic piano, Stanley Clarke on bass, Flora Purim (Airtó's mate) on voice, percussion and occasional acoustic guitar, and Airtó on drums and percussion. On the group's European tour, during which their brand-new album, *Light as a Feather* (Polydor) was recorded, Joe Farrell was on reeds and flute, and it's possible that another player, perhaps a guitarist, may have been added when this appears. But these four are the nucleus.

"I really want to play with this band," Airtó said, "because I feel that I finally met somebody who really thinks the same way I've always thought—since Brazil, since the beginning.

"I used to have fun when I was playing; look at the other musicians and smile at each other and play—it was so good, the feeling was so nice. But after I came to New York (Airtó's first period in the U.S. was spent in California, where he did some studying), the music changed.

"I mean, the attitude changed. I was feeling that I was a jazz musician, or something—some people say that in order to play jazz you have to do this, do that, be hip, have a certain kind of attitude. This is not true, but I didn't know that, so I used to have that attitude—not communicating with people directly, saying funny words, playing strange music. . .

"I used to play with certain bands and not enjoy very much what I was doing. I'd look at the other musicians and they were into themselves, playing just for themselves. They'd never look at me. I used to feel I was playing by myself. And now, with Chick's band, it's the opposite. I really feel like I'm playing with everybody in the band; even in the hottest moments when we're really playing fast and tight, sometimes I look at Stanley and he's playing and he looks at me and smiles, and I look at Chick and he's playing the piano and he looks up at me, and Stanley and I look at Flora and she's looking at us and playing and singing and smiling. It's a feeling that we're doing something *together*, and the people feel that and they like it. . . ."

They certainly do. At Ronnie Scott's in London recently, the band was held over for an extra week after their scheduled fortnight because so many people wanted to hear them. ("Paul McCartney came in and the guys from the Rolling Stones and other rock groups came to check us out," Flora interjected.)

"Our purpose is to play for everybody—everybody can be part of the music when you're playing like this; when you're aware of what you're doing," Airtó pointed out. "Not just play some free music. I don't just want to make noises any more."

Airtó credits Miles Davis with having taught him much about playing *music*.

"I think the experience I had with Miles' group—I was with him for more than two years—was really good. I learned a lot from him, and one of the things I learned was to listen to the music first, then play. I know a lot of musicians who go up there and they hit, they play without really hearing what they're going to play. Especially percussion: You have to hear first what you're going to play.

"I was educated that way by Miles. Of course, I was a musician, and I never played just to play *barrah-barrah*; I never banged on the instruments. But what I learned from

man of jazz on radio.

Beaver never had that problem. His earliest ambience was music—of all types, and all acceptable. "When I was 5 or 6, I used to watch my cousin, William Chambers, who was a drummer. I was heavily into athletics, but I was most intrigued by what he did on drums. I was into baseball and playing second base at the time. And, you know, there is a curious rhythm about it which you can sense in some types of drumming. I was third in a line of five children, and all of us were musically inclined. I started out on clarinet and used to play tunes like *Intermission Riff* in the mid-40s. But I really dug what Cozy Cole was doing a lot more. I didn't get to see him, but my cousin used to bleach his name on his jeans.

"We always had a piano at home, and both my mother and my grandmother used to play—and play well. My grandmother was a choral leader, and led in a 'sanctified' church. I dug it. My aunt used to sing there, and believe me, she sounded like Marian Anderson. All this taught me a wide scope of melodies. My aunt, for example, used to sing English carols at Warren Methodist in Pittsburgh."

Beaver claims no preference in religion, but feels that religious music has a lot in it that should be learned and appreciated by every potential or active musician.

"My father and all of his brothers and sisters were in the Ebenezer Baptist Church. I went there, and then I'd go to hear all of the other choirs. . . I had—and have—a great deal of respect for religion." He paused for a moment and added: "You know, that's one of the many reasons I love Trane on *My Favorite Things*. He's got that same English song concept that my aunt used to sing in that strange, beautiful bell tone."

Many musicians who didn't have money for an instrument found ways to make their own. There is, of course, the oft-repeated story about a well-known black Southern guitarist who fashioned his first instrument from a cigar box, a long stick, a bunch of old piano strings and a few nails. "At 14, I actually made my own xylophone. I didn't have any influence in mind, but I loved the sound. I made wooden mallets with no felt, so it was wood on wood. But I always felt I knew what I was working with, because of my love for music."

Baseball became very much a part of Beaver's life, but he still kept his ear out for what was happening in the music world. "I used to listen to a lot of drummers. Sid Catlett, Cozy Cole—I like them all because they had clearness at a double forte, like Baby Dodds did. Catlett had a very nice melodic sound, sort of like he was following a trumpet line. Cole has a rudimentary sound, a little bit too technical but still good."

It's interesting to note that one of the most modern of jazz drummers reveres and respects Baby Dodds, about whom most current jazz fans know little or nothing. Harris says, "Baby Dodds has always been my hidden mentor. Baby once said, 'The drummer is the conductor of the band.' In effect, if the drummer comes on the job in a bad mood and passes it on to the horn player he's then leading an evil band. Rhythm suggest the melody of the band." Beaver stopped drumming on the pad for a moment and reflected, "When I heard that statement by Baby, it was like someone co-signing my direction."

While absorbing all of these influences,

cause you can allow your mind to distort your heart, and then you don't really feel free inside.

"Playing any instrument, if it's technical and all from the mind, you leave no room to bring feeling into it. Both (mind and heart) are important. The group is very close because there's no controversial thing going on; we communicate. We greet each other and go to work, and after it's over, we discuss things, talk things over.

"We just play—there's no great preparation to get ready, no tension. The music is so intense; like in Africa. It's really going back to the roots, which I needed, because playing with Weather Report was sort of draining. I didn't have any identity at all, because there I was doing things mostly from the mind, not of the heart. . . technical, kind of worked out, so I knew what I was going to do. That's not too cool.

"With McCoy, the music—it's so-called jazz, but I consider it black cultural music—gave me the opportunity to get into a lot more rhythms, a lot of 6/4, 6/8, which I wasn't doing with Weather Report, which was a Europeanish, rockish, Milesish kind of thing.

"It was a good group, but it's hard when you have three leaders telling you what to play. You can really go through a mental thing. McCoy is not about that, and a lot of people are not—just play, love the music, create. . .

"I got the experience, the exposure, but it wasn't me, because I still didn't know who I was. That was then and not now."

The road to the discovery of self that Mouzon feels has taken place began when he was 3 or 4 and "started beating on things, picking up plates, etc. I was the aggressive type, always beating on things. My parents didn't know why until they gave me a tin drum when I was about 6.

"I was beating on glasses, silverware, on the stove—I got a good sound out of it, so I played it a lot when it was cold. At about 10, I made my own drums out of boxes and tin cans; I made bongos from tin cans. I played them all day."

Mouzon got his first real set of drums in high school. He was reading music at 12, and by the time he was 13, he began to win awards in all-state competitions. He won the junior award in his first year ("sightreading and different things") and went on to win senior awards for the next three years as the outstanding high school percussionist in South Carolina.

He was offered college scholarships and actually went to Florida A&M the summer after graduation to rehearse with the band, but then he came "up here to New York and got involved. I met Cannonball and told him I'd rather go to school here, and he said that was the right thing. I knew I wanted to play, and I'd heard about the big apple."

Mouzon arrived in New York "with very little money and no drums—it took me a year to get them. After two weeks, I got my first gig with the Ross Carnegie Orchestra—he plays all the ballrooms; the Waldorf, Americana, the tuxedo dates. He dug the way I played, so I got jobs playing ballads, rock, etc.

"After a year I went back home and bought my drums there—Ludwigs. I was also going to Manhattan Medical School, studying medical technology. For a while, I was working in the labs and playing music."

His involvement in medicine, Mouzon says, made him "sensitive to dealing with

Miles was something really beautiful. He used to tell me: 'Don't beat, just play.' At first, I didn't understand what he meant, and then I realized that he wanted me to hear the music and *then* play some sounds. So then I'd listen all the time and not play at all, and then he came to me after a few concerts and said (imitating Miles' voice): 'Play, man . . . play more!', so then I'd start to play more, but in the right places, and then I really got into the thing of listening to the music and picking up the right instrument at the right time and playing the right sound. Miles doesn't say very much, but when you understand him, everything he says means a lot.

"You don't have to play a lot to play percussion, just enough to communicate at the right time. I'm really happy about what I've done for percussion in jazz, because, as Miles has said, and Herbie Hancock has said in interviews, I was the first percussion player who really played all these different kinds of percussion in jazz, and I brought all these things from Brazil and I made a lot of the instruments myself and introduced them into jazz, and I'm happy because now I'm seeing that almost every band has percussion players who have a lot of little things, not just congas, bongos and tambourines, like it used to be. The percussion scene has changed since I've been with Miles, and that makes me feel real good."

Airto can be justly proud; what he says is true. But no other percussionist has yet come close to his subtlety of expression, or approximated the vast palette of percussive sounds Airto utilizes with the skill of a magician. Many of the instruments in his treasure chest have no names, but among those that do are the caxixi, agogo, reco-reco, ganza, barimbau, zambumba and the less exotically named flexatone (to which he has affixed a different ball). He also sometimes plays a piff—a wooden flute from Northeast Brazil—and Chinese and Indian wood flutes.

Airto wasn't born with a barimbau in his hand—what he achieved, he discovered for himself. His first musical activity was singing (he still sings on occasion), and he was singing once a week on local radio in his pre-teens.

Born in the small town of Itapolis in South Brazil, he grew up in the larger Curitiba, where he began to play professionally at 15 with dance bands ("mambos, boleros, guarachas, fox trots, dixieland, polkas, waltzes, everything—more or less like New Year's Eve").

At 18, he moved to Sao Paulo, Brazil's largest city, and soon embarked on the life of a professional musician. There was a concentration here of the best musicians in Brazil, and the young drummer became aware of lots of things musical, including jazz. He listened to, among others, J. J. Johnson, Chet Baker, Gerry Mulligan ("I liked him very much—still do"), and Miles ("The old Miles—with Gil Evans arrangements"). Later came Coltrane ("with Elvin Jones") and Bill Evans. "We were aware of things that were happening," he said with a smile, "about four years later . . ."

Sao Paulo had one jazz club, "which was nice because we could play what we wanted to play there—jazz and samba jazz; a samba beat but lots of improvisation. Flora used to sing in this club, and that's where we met, about nine years ago."

It was here Airto really started to get into jazz from a playing standpoint. He'd always liked percussion and used to make his own

Harris had to adjust to a somewhat less pleasant reality: the U.S. Army. Anybody's experience with the service is largely determined by how and where he's assigned, and to whom. Luckily, Beaver's skills as a baseball player were quickly recognized and he was assigned to Special Services, playing baseball all the way. While at Fort Knox, he met a lot of musicians, including Jimmy De Priest. Beaver started playing gigs around Knox and formed a quartet that tried out some new jazz ideas.

After the Army, he worked with many jazz groups in and around Pittsburgh.

"Many great groups and musicians came through Pittsburgh—Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins, Buddy Rich, Max Roach and Clifford Brown, Bill Evans, Kenny Dorham, Art Blakey, Slide Hampton, J.J. Johnson . . . more than I can remember."

He looks back with affection on Roach. "He was most responsible for my coming to New York. He told me that Miles liked fast drummers, and even though I've never played with Miles, that comment stuck in my mind. In fact, I doubt that Miles ever heard me. But, anyway, I've worked with Monk, Dexter Gordon and Sonny Rollins (my first gig in New York, 1963)."

His experiences with Rollins were memorable. "When I first talked to him, we got into astrology, Hindu philosophy—everything but music. He dug my feelings about my search for truth. He said, 'If you play anything like you talk, you're hired.'"

Rollins took Grachan Moncur III and Herman Wright along on a tour of several cities, then enlarged the group when it came back to New York. Beaver recalls, "Working with Sonny is kind of hard to explain. All I can say is that it was all music; that I was the listener, that the music was so relaxed, and I felt so confident that the music became almost spiritual."

Some people say that Beaver's European and U.S. tour in 1967 with Archie Shepp was controversial. Beaver had become known as a "free-type" drummer. "That's what Ralph Gleason stressed in his syndicated column. At first, he labelled me as 'cacophonous,' but later he began to appreciate and catch on, as did others."

Like so many musicians who have made the European scene, Beaver has memories which are less than euphoric. "When I was over there with Albert Ayler, I was being paid so little that I wasn't exactly the happiest man in the world. But I had the feeling that the people really did want to hear us. When we were in Paris, Albert got robbed, and George Wein graciously came through with the money. We all felt better then."

While in Europe, Harris studied at Kenny Clarke's school in Paris. "That school is the best in the world. Everyone I heard there was *so* good. The European musicians there respect the black roots of the musicians coming in from America. Europeans really take their drumming seriously. They realize, as do all drummers, the great importance of African drumming. There was one man there who obviously had absorbed the message and showed a great deal of talent. He was Kenny Clare, who is either French or English or a bit of both. At Clarke's school, he had definitely learned a lot and was developing well." (Clare is Clarke's co-drummer in the Clarke-Boland Big Band. —ed.)

different experiences and things, and experimenting with music. Working in the hematology lab, doing clinical pathology, studying blood—it takes blood to play music. It's not important how long you stay in a certain thing as long as you get as much out of it as you can. For example, I don't believe you have stay in a certain musical bag for 20 years before you can say, well, I've played that.

"I like to play all kinds of music, all kinds of styles. I've played rock and folk with Tim Hardin and with Chubby Checker. I was with Chubby only 10 days, though some people think I was with him for years. It was good experience playing that kind of music. I played polkas with my high school band director, at a Naval Officers Club in South Carolina—a mixture of old rock, polka and country&western music."

Mouzon believes that "a person's mind can be open to different areas of music because he's experienced different things, so he can play different things. I do like rock; I like to sing, too—I sang some with Weather Report—but it's hard to do both that and what I'm doing with McCoy, because if you put something out, then you're held to that.

"You can still be free in rock, but it has certain limitations, and if you play over the limit, then it can be classified as something else. Nowadays, it's combinations: jazz-rock, folk-rock, rock-rhythm&blues. I listen to rock albums and hear things from different groups that I feel and can use. It's all music. Rock nowadays is so influenced by jazz; it's all music if you can get personal with it, but like I said, it has certain rules and limitations and it's hard to get too personal with it. But it has feeling and it moves.

"Different people look for different things in music. It's all important—rock, folk, jazz, classical . . . I don't believe in prejudice in music. There should be no antagonism between different forms of music."

I suggested that some of the prejudice and/or antagonism that does exist is economically motivated, and Mouzon agreed.

"People see that some forms bring in a lot of money, and it's hard living in the U.S. It's a great economic problem being a so-called jazz musician, a composer, an artist—and being black is hard. But you have a lot of white musicians who are also starving. It's just as hard, until you go rock or commercial, though the money in commercial jazz is still not equal to commercial rock."

Speaking of hardships brought to the drummer's mind some aspects of playing not usually considered.

"There are certain physical things happening in making music that listeners aren't aware of. Sticks dropping, a player cutting his hand on the piano or the bass, or something. These things are happening on the bandstand while people listen and think everything is beautiful.

"And sounds—we can get certain sounds out of the group without using electronics that are amazing, but with electronics you have some control. McCoy has been playing on some really horrible pianos in clubs. Distorted, out-of-tune pianos, so-called baby grands—that doesn't mean anything; it has the body but the guts are horrible. But he's put himself in a frame of mind to overlook that and accept it for what it is and use it to the best of his know-how, and bring what's not in the piano out.

"He's managed to get a good sound of the most horrible instruments. I have things on tape that I couldn't believe, because I'd come

instruments when he was little, but his interest became a passion about nine years ago. Musicians were searching for new sounds then, but while most of them turned to electronics, Airtó went on the trail of what he calls natural sounds. ("There are so many natural sounds we can make ourselves, with our hands, feet, voice. Natural sounds means sounds you don't need electronics or tricks to make—like natural foods, greens . . .").

In his search, Airtó went to Northeast Brazil, where he "met a lot of people, old people, the *real* musicians, I think, because they play just for fun, not for money. They dance and sing and play wooden flutes and lots of percussion instruments, and they have a ritual—it's called *spiritismo*—in which they use different sounds for gods and spirits. I traveled in the Northeast a lot, over a period of five years, and brought a lot of stuff out with me."

Airtó had a very successful group in Brazil during this period. "We used to play very basic music from the Northeast—natural sounds—and people liked it a lot. We won first prize at three of the most important festivals in Brazil. We were really together, for four years, all good musicians. Each played three or four different instruments and we used to switch—I played a little bass, and drums, and percussion."

The group went to Europe to play concerts and was a hit in Paris, where it stayed for two months. After returning to Brazil, Airtó decided to go to the U.S.—Flora had already gone ahead, and what she wrote about the music scene made him certain that he should go.

For the first two years, things were rough. It was while living with bassist Walter Booker, who had a rehearsal studio in his New York apartment, that Airtó got to meet, and sometimes play with, such musicians as Cannonball Adderley, ("a beautiful man and musician"), Thelonious Monk, and Joe Zawinul. Joe in particular enjoyed playing with the young Brazilian, and when Airtó got a sudden phonecall to record with Miles (for *Bitches' Brew*) it was probably as a result of the informal jamming at the studio.

The record date led to a permanent place with Miles, and after that, the scuffling was over. But before, Airtó had often heard his stomach growl.

His first album as a leader was made for Buddah Records, but not promoted well (it has since been reissued on Cobblestone). Recently, however, his second own Lp, simply called *Free*, was released on the CTI label, and Airtó is much happier with the results of this effort.

"I like it very much . . . there are a lot of good things on the album. The cuts are not so short, and I play a lot of percussion and trap drums. Creed Taylor takes care of business, and the sound is good. He's a good producer, really one of the very few I know and respect; he's been producing for a long, long time, and so many different artists, I'm happy about the cover, and they didn't leave anything off the credits—usually they always forget something; a shame—and he didn't forget anything.

"I'm already thinking about my next album and writing some music for it. Meanwhile, when not playing with Chick, we are doing a lot of things—Flora and I play with Gil Evans' big band whenever we have the opportunity because we like very much to play with him. Flora is going to do her own album—Chick will produce it for Forever Un-

Beaver has some very definite ideas about drumming.

"The reason I never practice on a set of drums is that you get into patterns of repetition, digging and repeating sounds you like. But working on the pad gives you a freer range and forces you to improvise and to improve. When you look at the roots of drumming in jazz, you come to the realization that the Africans have the right idea. They know that rhythm came before words, and that communication by the spoken word evolved from the messages indicated by the drums. That's why being a drummer in Africa is such a prestigious attainment. I haven't yet been able to get to Africa, but it's definitely on my future schedule. I know I'll receive and learn a lot from the experience. Drumming gives us such a real knowledge of our heritage, and I want to give it everything I've got. Remember, there is no real color in jazz. Those notes are grace notes to me, and that's all I need to know."

Beaver Harris is not basically a put-down artist, but he does have a few words for certain musicians who have made it big: "Never forget your heritage." Rather vehemently, he continued, "That's why classical music is for a *class*—it is a conducted orgasm, not a real orgasm. But jazz is much freer and more honest, a wholly natural music."

Apart from projects pending or in progress, a recent highlight in Beaver's career has been the appearance of the aforementioned *Attica Blues*. Listed under the formal sounding name of William G. Harris, he wrote the lyrics for the title song and its invocation as well as *Ballad For a Child* and its invocation. He also plays drums on a number of the album's tracks. A soon-to-be-released Archie Shepp Lp, *Cry of My People*, will also feature Beaver's *African Drums*, for which he wrote the words and music.

About 3½ years ago, Beaver formed his group, the 360 Degree Music Experience, a co-operative band to which each member contributes musical ideas. The group presently consists of Grachan Moncur III, trombone; Roland Alexander, soprano&tenor saxes, flute; Joe Rigby, tenor sax, reeds; Dave Burrell, piano, musical director; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Harris, drums leader; Nene Defense, congas; Bunchy, African percussion, vocal; Joe Lee Wilson, vocal. For bookings, call (212) 595-9643.

"It's a tough project getting people to hire you or getting a record out there, because they claim you won't sell or people don't know about you. This is discouraging, and I hope it soon will change because the survival of our art form—and my being able to survive in it—is essential for my spiritual development. All I want is to play with the right combination."

Beaver observes, though, that things are beginning to groove for him. Recently he played in the controversial play *Lady Day* with a score by the late Cal Massey and Archie Shepp, and musical direction by Stanley Cowell. "It was an enlightening experience all the way—I was hoping it would go on much longer than it did. I suppose the truth of it all got to a few people."

With that, Beaver Harris gave a final roll of his sticks on the pad and commented, "Happiness? It's right now. I'm working at things I like and I see progress being made."

into a club first and play on the piano and think it was impossible to do anything with it, and then McCoy would do fantastic things on it."

Mouzon has been studying piano, and those who've heard *Sahara*, McCoy Tyner's first Lp in some two years, know that he also plays trumpet.

"I played a little trumpet in high school," he said, "and when I got to New York I bought one. I've been playing three years, on and off. On the album, I wanted to get some kind of different thing out of the horn, so I played sort of very primitive, in a sense, but melodic—like elephant sounds. I use it more in clubs. I bought a Melodica and have been playing it also. I think it's good to play several instruments. I've been studying piano, writing, and it all helps my music. If I couldn't play piano I couldn't write or arrange. I've played tympani and vibes, and I plan to play vibes and all the percussion things when I do an album of my own. Piano is so percussive in itself that you have a basic fundamental and can go on from there to other percussive instruments. Most drummers who don't read or play another instrument lack a lot of sensitivity in relating to other instruments . . ."

Mouzon has written, with his friend Antonia Steiner, a piece called *The Gospel Life* ("it's almost like a lullaby; something the kids can sing in Sunday school"). He also did some writing and arranging for a Buddy Terry Mainstream date, and shortly after leaving Roy Ayers, he made a demonstration tape of rhythm&blues and rock music, for which he wrote arrangements for seven pieces and also sang.

The Ayers gig came just before Weather Report. He met McCoy Tyner on a Wayne Shorter date for Blue Note. "That was our first time playing together, and I remember he said, 'I'd like to play with you one day' . . . it turned out to be a year later." (Interestingly, Eric Gravatt, Weather Report's present drummer, was Mouzon's predecessor with McCoy).

"This group is so superlative," he said, "things just fall right into place. It's no hassle. Without a manager, we get bookings in colleges (students on different committees get in contact with McCoy one way or another) and clubs (the owners get in touch with him directly). We may not know where the next gig will come from, but they always manage to come. We've been doing pretty great without a manager—lots of people with managers don't work."

The group has toured Europe and Japan, and these trips were arranged before *Sahara* was released. (For the record—Mouzon mentioned them frequently—the other members are Sonny Fortune on reeds and flute, and Calvin Hill on bass.)

"McCoy believes in letting each one of us be himself, to express himself musically. Music should be your experience, what you are besides your music—what you are in everyday life, the way your past has been, your present, future and past . . ."

It seemed appropriate to inquire if Mouzon felt that Tyner's long tenure with John Coltrane had influenced the way the pianist looks at things musical and spiritual.

"Trane was very spiritual, and McCoy was always, from the age of 18 or 20, religious. Trane did have a great influence on him in the approach to music. Trane was from the heart and from God, because God was coming

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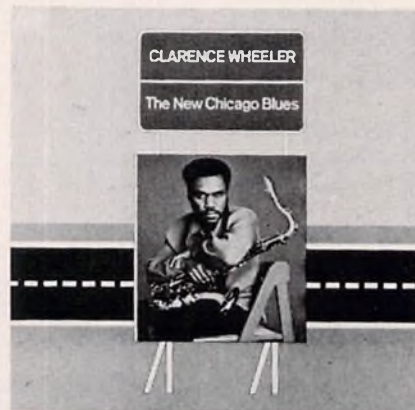
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record REVIEWS

AL HIBBLER/ RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK

A MEETING OF THE TIMES—Atlantic SD 1630: *Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me*; *Daybreak*; *Lover Come Back To Me*; *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*; *This Love of Mine*; *Carney and Begard Place*; *I Didn't Know About You*; *Something 'Bout Believing*; *Dream*.

Personnel: Kirk, clarinet, tenor and baritone saxes, stritch, manzello, flute (all tracks); Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums (tracks 1-8); Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Major Holley bass; Charles Crosby, drums (track 9); Hibbler (tracks 1-5); Leon Thomas (track 9), vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★

At a Jazz Interactions session at the old Five Spot, Rahsaan confessed that there are two cats he digs so much he'd work for them for just enough to get by: Mingus and Ellington.

This album could have been called *Rahsaan plays Ellington*. Anyone who recalls his magnificent versions of *A Flower Is a Love-some Thing*, *Lush Life*, *Creole Love Call*, *Mood Indigo*, *Satin Doll* and *Day Dream* knows of Kirk's love and affinity for the Ellington/Strayhorn milieu.

The teaming of Rahsaan with ex-Ellington singer Hibbler is a strange affair. First of all, Hibbler is only on the first half of the album, but the fact that he takes up more space than Rahsaan there leads one to suspect that this may have originally been contemplated as a Hibbler album with Rahsaan in the accompanying group—a suspicion further enhanced by the fact that he does not use his usual band but is joined by three studio stalwarts.

Drummer Jackson is particularly effective. Carter, a superb bassist, does his thing well, and Jones is amazing, not only for the fine way he plays but for his ability (particularly in introductions) to evoke Edward Kennedy Ellington himself.

Rahsaan concentrates primarily on tenor sax and clarinet. He has long felt that his tenor playing has been underestimated, and I would tend to agree. I've had a thing for Rahsaan's clarinet playing for a long time. It comes to the fore on Side 2 in *Carney and Begard Place* (sic—that should be *Bigard*). His baritone sax on the same piece may surprise some, but he has long been an accomplished player of the instrument.

I Didn't Know About You is, for my taste, the best thing on the album—a superb showcase for Kirk's clarinet, which to my ears comes very close to approximating the sound and style of the late, lamented Edmond Hall.

The ninth track on the album is from the sessions that produced *Here Comes the Whistlerman*. It is a Kirk opus about how his style of music came to him in a dream and then was taken up by many others who "don't give the credit." Although Leon Thomas sings beautifully and Rahsaan takes another fine tenor solo, it just doesn't come up to

where the man is at today.

Hibbler sounds just as fresh as he did when I first heard him with Duke's band at the New Trier High School Senior Prom in 1943.

—klee

RONNIE FOSTER

THE TWO-HEADED FREAP—Blue Note BST-84382: *Chunky*; *Drowning in the Sea of Love*; *The Two-Headed Freap*; *Summer Song*; *Let's Stay Together*; *Don't Knock My Love*; *Mystic Brew*; *Kentucky Fried Chicken*.

Personnel: Foster, organ; George Devens, vibes; Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Gene Bianco, harp; George Duvivier, acoustic bass; Gordon Edwards, electric bass; Jimmy Johnson, drums; Arthur Jenkins, congas; Wade Marcus, arranger.

Rating: ★★★★★

The music of Ronnie Foster isn't the usual soul-groove-funk-whatever hotlicks. It has considerably more brio.

Five songs are original; three songs are Top-40 and not as interesting, although *Drowning* is rather spunky. Wade Marcus well-arranged it all. The band is tight throughout, but exuberant. The soul beat is freer, never into groovy monotony like so much music in this genre.

Foster himself isn't up front all the time, so the spirit of the music is liberated, rather than enslaved to organ showtime. The title piece is the hit of the Lp, shifting in color and rhythm at first, then into pithy funk. Altogether, *The Two-Headed Freap* is further testament that creativity is possible in all music, even in this music too often considered only entertaining lounge fare.

—bourne

ROLAND HANNA

CHILD OF GEMINI—MPS BASF 20875: *Prelude—So You'll Know My Name*; *Allemande—Dance*; *Courante—Blue*; *Child of Gemini*; *Arsenic and New Lace*; *Ha-Ho-Da*; *Blue Lilly*; *A Statement For the Truth*.

Personnel: Hanna, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Written by Hanna as an ensemble suite featuring piano and cello, this music was forced by the exigencies of recording and the cost of transatlantic travel into a trio format. There is no indication that it suffered in the transformation. Recorded in Germany with French drummer Humair and British bassist Holland, the album's first side concentrates on Hanna's concern with classical form.

Prelude, for an example, directly evokes J.S. Bach not only in the writing but in the pianist's "classical" touch and Hoiland's ground-bass-with-variations. *Allemande's* delicate but firm dance feeling is carried from the expository statement into the choruses of improvisation, in which Hanna quickly gets inside the piece and Holland follows suit in an impressive solo. The fullness of Hanna's command of the instrument is displayed in *Courante* and *Arsenic*, romantic pieces romantically played, with robust handfuls of notes,

Records are reviewed by Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Gary Giddins, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Peter Keepnews, Joe H. Klee, Michael Levin, John Litweiler, Terry Martin, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Bobby Nelsen, Don Nelsen, 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.

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

interesting single-note lines, and stimulating interaction with bass and drums. *Gemini* is a modal excursion somewhat reminiscent of Herbie Hancock's *Maiden Voyage*, with electric piano overdubbed on the trio, effectively adding a dimension. Humair's accompaniment is sensitive and imaginative.

On Side 2, there's a lovely ballad called *Blue Lilly*, performed by Hanna on electric piano with an economy of notes that emphasizes the reflective nature of the piece. The remaining tracks, *Ha-Ho-Da* and *Statement*, are blues, the former at medium tempo with Hanna into something of a Red Garland bag, the latter quite fast, with the pianist unleashing his formidable speed and technique. Holland has a virtuoso unaccompanied solo on *Statement*. During the drum solo, the tempo drops drastically, and after another fine series of choruses, Hanna takes it out with a line directly related to Miles Davis' *Blues By Five*.

This album gives the listener an idea of the range of Hanna's interests and abilities and, although he doesn't play either as lyrically or as explosively here as he can, it is certainly one of the better trio Lps of the past year.

—ramsey

DJANGO REINHARDT/ STEPHANE GRAPPELLI

WITH THE QUINTET OF THE HOT CLUB OF FRANCE—GNP Crescendo 9001: *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Night and Day*; *Black and White*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Belleville*; *Souvenirs*; *My Sweet*; *Liza*; *Stomping at Decca*; *Love's Melody*; *Daphne*; *Lambeth Walk*; *Nuages*; *H.C.Q. Strut*.

Collective personnel: Grappelli, violin; Reinhardt, guitar; Roger Chaput, Eugene Vees, Jack Llewellyn, Alan Hodgkiss, rhythm guitar; Louis Vola, Roger Grasset, Emmanuel Sodioux, Coleridge Goode, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

PARISIAN SWING—GNP Crescendo 9002: *Chasing Shadows*; *The Man I Love*; *Ultrafox*; *Improvisation*; *Undecided*; *Please Be Kind*; *Djangology*; *Nocturne*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*; *Louise*; *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *I've Had My Moments*.

Collective personnel: Grappelli, violin, piano; Reinhardt, guitar; Joseph Reinhardt, Pierre Ferret, Roger Chaput, Eugene Vees, rhythm guitar; Louis Vola, Emmanuel Sodioux, bass; Beryl Davis, vocal (tracks 6, 11).

Rating: ★★★★★

Django Reinhardt was by all means the oddest of great jazz musicians. A Belgian Gypsy of variable temperament, he was unhappy about his only trip to the U.S. He recorded with some of the best American musicians in Paris on occasion, but most often worked with their (and his) inferiors. How could so inspired a player be content with the leaden Hot Club Quintets for two decades?

These two Lps originate from English Decca. Mostly done in 1938-39 (four tracks date from '46), they raise hopes that GNP may in the future reissue more from the same series. They are not quite the best examples of

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Django's greatest period, but definitely show the personal virtues that no other guitarist ever approached: the beautifully sophisticated feeling for sound and inflection, the innate sense of high solo development, the perfection of a technically elaborate style, and incredible swing.

The style must have originated in Eddie Lang, given the percussive attack and harmonic relationships within phrases, but in effect it stood somewhere between Armstrong and Hawkins, without the seriousness of either. The inner features of Armstrong's structures, ca. the early '30s—the flow of line, developing initially simple material; the poised rhythmic shifts; the full sound and dynamic range—are heard in Django, if far less grandly. Hawkins, though, had formed a dramatic, detailed art from Armstrong's classicism; given his temperament and the guitar's capabilities, Django was a parallel to Hawkins, and occasional solos—*Honeysuckle*, here—have distinctly Hawkins-like outlines.

What kind of music did Django offer? As a modern theologian might say, it is a music of joy. Django reveled in dramatic detail and extreme high contrast; seldom does an overtly romantic melodic statement appear without a blistering run or dissonant chords to follow. All tempos are medium or fast, the better to swing with. Solos begin with held notes or simple rhythmic figures and unfold like a witty story, varying, returning to thematic ideas with chords, runs and double-time comments added, arriving at a high point of rhythmic complexity, and concluding with less complex rhythmic figures. The lines are rhythmic in purpose, fast-moving, tending to rise.

Django plays so *much* guitar. One plays the solos over and over, hoping not to miss anything. Every little inflection is a delight, every grace note, bent note, resounding bass note and staccato chord. Django was so consistent that only two of these 26 tracks are even a little disappointing. But, for example, *Chasing Shadows*, played mostly on the low strings, is the archetypical Django "ballad", and perhaps *Souvenirs* is even better, with its stunning runs and angular phrases from out of nowhere over the very strange minor changes. *Lambeth Walk*, on the other hand, returns several times to the original melody, in almost sweet fashion.

The spontaneity possible within his conception (a bit like Monk's) of solos as chorus units with strict predetermined structural points is clear in *Ultrafox*, *Honeysuckle*, and the group's theme, *Djangology*. From a conservative beginning, *Honeysuckle* moves all over the place—I think of delayed-action fireworks. *Ultrafox*, from a neat, poised, theme-based first chorus, moves into a lovely bit of improvised melody resolved by Eddie Lang chords. The very fast solos, *Undecided* and *My Sweet*, may sound frantic, but their cohesion and creativity are manifest.

The four 1946 British sides are especially interesting, for they show big changes in Django's style. From the beginning he had been—with Hawkins and Lester Young—among the most harmonically advanced of pre-bop jazzmen. But *Belleville* and *Liza* find more lines made up of distorted intervals, broken by crashing dissonant chords so frequently that the earlier sort of long-lined thematic variation-development is no longer possible. Some of the earlier detail and inflection is lost, too, but surprisingly, this

new Django style is totally successful. One might call it raucous, except that *Love's Melody* and *Nuages* are strong ballads; the new harmonies enhance the delicacy of the latter—yet another of his finest solos.

The Hot Club Quintet has been criticized for years for not swinging, though it actually does when Django accompanies the violin solos. Grappelli's limitations are obvious; he swings tolerably, plays light, conscientious solos, and serves mainly as Django's foil. He can't be forgiven for his clumping piano accompaniments on six songs here, though, especially behind Django's beautifully-intoned *Don't Worry* chorus. But Django is the man here, and that's unmistakable. Don't miss these two beautiful reissues. Thirty-some years may have passed since most of the original recordings were made, but nobody's caught up with Django yet. —litweiler

NORMAN CONNORS

DANCE OF MAGIC—Cobblestone CST 9024:
Dance of Magic; Morning Change; Blue; Give the Drummer Some.

Collective personnel: Eddie Henderson, trumpet; Gary Bartz, soprano&alto saxes; Carlos Garnett, soprano&tenor saxes; Art Webb, flute; Herbie Hancock, acoustic&electric piano; Stanley Clarke, Cecil McBee, bass; Connors, drums; Alphonse Mouzon, Billy Hart, Airtio Moreira, percussion; Nat Bettis, African percussion, congas; Tony Wiles, Bebefemi, African percussion; the U.B.F. Singers (track 1 only).

Rating: ★★★★★

Connors' first album under his own name is highly stimulating. Backed by some of the most prestigious names in "jazz" music, he presents another aspect of avenues first explored by men like Sun Ra and Pharoah Sanders.

If it were just for the title tune, this album would warrant five stars—but every tune on the record is a winner.

Magic, written by Connors and arranged by Garnett, is a familiar tune in the style of Archie Shepp's *Magic of Ju-Ju* or the material found on one of Sanders' best efforts, *Karma*. One gets the feeling that Connors was making every effort to be unique in his presentation and conception, but this particular brand of spirituality seems to be shared by a host of New York musicians.

Garnett makes the first statement on tenor with the backup voices of the U.B.F. (Universal Black Force) Singers . . . bassists Clarke and McBee then play around each other, gradually developing the rhythmic foundation so that the magic can begin . . . the chorus enters . . . the theme is stated in unison . . . then we are off . . .

Garnett solos first. He plays very clean lines, his sense of phrasing is exceptional, and he knows how to generate tension and then resolve that tension . . . the man can play for me any day. Trumpeter Henderson speaks next and does a few nice things within the structure of the tune.

Altoist Bartz was in top form on this date. He follows Henderson, and his tone and swing is right with Mr. Hancock, whose playing throughout is an asset to the session. Yes, *Dance of Magic* is going to be one of the tunes.

Morning Change, which opens Side 2, is the kind of music I like to listen to in the morning. Since I received this album I've played this tune each morning . . . try it . . . I know it gets me in that happy state of mind.

Henderson does a nice job with his horn on this track; he's talking about love, about women, about the first hug of the new day. Garnett, on soprano, says some nice things too, although I wish he would have been given more time to do his work.

Blue, written by bassist Clarke, is a moving tune. With Webb's flute and Clarke's beautifully executed bass lines, this tune becomes another indication that above all these men believe in love. *Blue* feels good.

No matter what kind of music you prefer, if you have feelings this music will capture your heart.

Thank you, Norman Connors. —riggins

WILLIE THE LION SMITH

LIVE AT BLUES ALLEY—Chiaroscuro 4255: *Relaxin'*; *Music on My Mind*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Medley: Honeysuckle Rose/Squeeze Me*; *Contrary Motion*; *Conversation on Park Avenue*; *Take Me Out To the Ball Game*, *Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble*; *Here Comes the Band*; *Concentrating*; *Blue Skies*; *Portrait of the Duke*; *Zig Zag*.

Personnel: Smith, piano, vocal (tracks 2, 7, 10).

Rating: ★★★★★

I have always wanted to like The Lion better than I do. I have never been charmed by his voice, though I realize his delivery is that of a man to whom self-confidence is imperative to making the grade in a tough business—that of a single-handed entertainer. It seems a bit too close to that of the hard-sell pitchman for comfort.

That's what keeps me from loving the man, and, just the slightest bit, from loving his piano playing. As a stride pianist, he has few remaining peers, however, and we can only be thankful he's remained with us this long. His speed and accuracy are little diminished, if at all.

We are not told if these 48 minutes are from one evening's or a week's work, or what, but three of four sets are represented; The Lion begins and ends each with a chorus of his theme, *Relaxin'*, which appears at the beginning and end of each side and a couple of times elsewhere (in the long run, tighter editing would serve better, though the you-are-there atmosphere is nice the first time through). An ultimate touch of realism: Side one ends with the omnipresent, zealous, love-you-to-death fan begging "... One more, Willie . . . play *Georgia* . . ." Willie gets the hell off instead, much to my delight.

The *Ball Game* lyrics are partly his own, and often more awkward than the originals, and he may have invented those for *Wabble*, too. No improvement. But *Music*, calm and reflective, seems more nearly genuine.

Sudden thought: Willie is the Wild Bill Davison of the piano. —jones

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

EUROPE '72—Warner Bros. 3 WX 2668: *Cumberland Blues*; *He's Gone*; *One More Saturday Night*; *Jack Straw*; *You Win Again*; *China Cat Sunflower*; *I Know You Rider*; *Brown-Eyed Woman*; *Hurts Me Too*; *Ramble on Rose*; *Sugar Magnolia*; *Mr. Charlie*; *Tennessee Jed*; *Truckin'*; *Epi-log/Prelude/Morning Dew*.

Personnel: Jerry Garcia, lead guitar, vocal; Bob Weir, rhythm guitar, vocal; Ron (Pigpen) McKernan, organ, harmonica, vocal; Keith Godchaux, piano; Phil Lesh, electric bass, vocal; Bill Kreutzmann, drums; Donna Goodchaux, vocal.

Rating: ★★★★★/★★

The Grateful Dead have mellowed. This three-Lp recording from their European tour is a testament to that. But all of it isn't their

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best: much of it (about half) is so mellow it's bland—for that, two stars. But when it's good, it's damn good—and for that, five stars.

Ramble on Rose has some of the best country harmony ever; it is earthy; it has butter-milk in it. But best of all (and worth it all) is the 40-minute evolution of *Truckin'* through *Epilog* into *Morning Dew*—because it is as if the evolution of all the music of the Dead had been synthesized (or rather, quilted) into a definitive and brilliant piece.

Truckin' is rustic rock, bouncing breezily down a dirt road—in the center of London, even. Then Garcia and Weir move out, improvising through each other with everyone listening, abstracting the music further and further, at first rocking it all, then freer with Garcia and Weir alone and introspective. The communion is intimate and the band is gradually and organically involved again; the tension is heightened along an edge of rock rhythm until, after the crest, it is moved into the simple beauty of *Morning Dew*.

Altogether, that 40-minute piece is the best of their acid and country rock music—not blithely "acid-country/rock", but a whole of the experience of the Grateful Dead in music. Europe must have got off good... —*bourne*

BLUE MITCHELL

BLUES' BLUES—Mainstream 374: *Casa Blues; Just Made Up; Blues' Blues; Granite and Concrete; I Didn't Ask to Be.*

Personnel: Mitchell, trumpet; John Mayall, harmonica; Herman Riley, tenor sax, flute; Joe Sample, acoustic&electric piano; Freddy Robinson, guitar; Darrell Clayborn, bass; Ray Pounds, John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This isn't the boogaloo-Muzak Blue Mitchell played on some previous Lps. This is indeed the blues, played with spirit and without the commercialism of Monk Higgins, his Blue Note associate.

Mitchell is now with John Mayall, and the association has been of benefit to both. Mitchell is playing almost as well with Mayall as he did with Horace Silver. And Mayall is here reciprocating, playing harmonica on *Blues' Blues*.

Throughout, the music has the sense of being "just made up," as indicated by that title. It is easy music, into the groove and through it, straight ahead and funky. Robinson is also in the Mayall band, and he and Mayall contribute tasty counterpoint as well as interesting soloing, especially on *I Didn't Ask*. The rhythm section is tight, notably Crusaders pianist Sample.

None of the music is exactly thrilling; it is more pleasant than exciting. But it is exemplary blues-and-bop, and another reminder that Blue Mitchell is as bright a player as ever. —*bourne*

BILLY STRAYHORN

CUE FOR SAXOPHONE—Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8116: *Cue's Blue Now; Gone With the Wind; Cherry; Watch Your Cue; You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me; When I Dream Of You; Rose Room.*

Personnel: Harold Baker, trumpet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Russell Procope, clarinet; Strayhorn, piano; Al Hall, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

Recorded in 1959 by Stanley Dance for the Felsted label, with Hodges appearing as "Cue Porter," this set has never before been released in this country. Considered as a new record, it is most refreshing.

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Although Strayhorn has long been regarded as a major composer, arranger and contributor to Ellingtonia, only a handful of sessions were ever contracted under his name and his piano playing was often ignored, even by his admirers. A great deal has been said about the remarkable affinity between him and Duke while little has been noted about the differences.

When this record was made, Ellington units were recording prolifically; Strayhorn and Hodges produced several excellent discs for Verve and Duke piloted a few for Columbia. Listening to them today, it would seem that the two pianists created quite different atmospheres. Just as Ellington's comping and soloing was rhythmic in character, his sessions had an intense feeling while Strayhorn's were more relaxed, the lyrical and harmonic qualities of his piano playing creating a distinctly personal ambience. In some ways, I think Strayhorn most closely touched Tatum and Bill Evans in his harmonic approach. While possessing none of their virtuosity—Strayhorn was a limited player by standards of technique—he had a uniquely ingenious way of fleshing out chords and making the changes with breathtaking ease and subtlety.

From the rare glimpses we have of his piano, particularly on the Paris sessions for United Artists and the record considered here, Strayhorn showed no gift for or interest in linear improvisation. His solos are invariably these statements, or so they seem. Still, I suggest that he could be a deeply moving improviser in his ability to construct vertical embellishments, which were not flashy but, more important, never glib.

An example on this record is *Wind*, given over to piano and alto. Strayhorn practically imprints a platinum frame about the tune and even so great a melodist as Hodges can add little. On the uptempo blues, *Watch Your Cue*, his one chorus consists of patterns so intricate that the predictability of the changes is not only conquered but almost disguised.

For the rest, he was a superb accompanist, not inspiring and punching like Ellington, but warmly sympathetic and melodic. His writing for this session was prosaic compared to his greatest achievements and the ensemble work could have been tighter, but he did create a clean, swinging *Cherry*, a notable *Rose Room*, and two fine blues settings.

Cherry has exceptional playing by Hodges and Jackson. The altoist creates a complete story in one chorus with clever teasing of the melody, and Jackson is exuberant in an open-horn solo with phrases punctuated by his heavy breathing. The late Shorty Baker, another storyteller with fine tone and taste, is expressive and witty in his first chorus on *Rose Room*, and the second chorus, after a minor double-time flub, is almost as good. Hodges follows, playing at the top of his game, building a beautiful and exciting solo with his pellucid, determined, impeccable sense of swing and style. *Dream* is a sublime Hodges-Baker duet.

It would seem that the great stylists who served with Ellington learned nothing from him if not gracefulness and, for lack of a better word, cool; the kind of cool that allows you always to be yourself. This kind of music will always sound fresh.

A warning, though: the review copy pressing was awful.

—giddins

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Pat Williams Concert Jazz Orchestra

Donte's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: 20 strings, including 10 violins, 4 violas, 4 cellos, 2 contra basses; Tom Scott, reeds, flutes; Larry Carlton, guitar; Clare Fischer, piano; Jim Hughart, electric and acoustic bass; Mark Stevens, drums; Larry Bunker, percussion; Brandy Artise, vocal.

Considering today's shrinking budgets, film and TV producers prefer composers who can coax big sounds from small forces. That's just one of the reasons that Pat Williams gets so many scoring assignments. The same rule of economics applies to clubs. Give them duos and trios, but keep the big bands away. Now put the two realities together and that means Pat Williams brought a combo into Donte's and made it sound like the Los Angeles Philharmonic, right? Wrong!

He brought in his Concert Jazz Orchestra, which consists of 20 strings, plus the half-dozen swingers listed above.

Where did Donte's put them all? They did what they do every time they book the Mormon Tabernacle Choir: they removed enough tables so that the artists nearly outnumbered the patrons. The tragedy there is that not enough people heard this holiday for strings.

Williams had to wait for his fiddlers to seat themselves before he could inch his way through the wall-to-wall crowd to his wall-to-wall ensemble. It left him with just enough room to conduct.

In contrast to the congestion, Pat's charts revealed the type of expansiveness that marks his orchestral thinking. For starters, *Adagio* (from Bach's *Toccatina, Adagio and Fugue in C for Organ*) gave Williams a chance to juxtapose a standard string quartet with the full complement of strings. Both sounds were gorgeous.

The members of the chamber group were widely separated, yet the intimacy of their phrasing and the consistency of the dynamics never suffered. When the full strings reinforced the theme, the result was not the high-caloric sounds one hears from Muzak; this was the full-bodied, highly disciplined blend one expects from a symphony orchestra.

The rhythm section entered unobtrusively, with Bunker shaking a chocallo (show-ki-yo) about the size of a pepper mill. Scott's flute doubled Carlton's guitar over a polite rock beat while the strings continued their *legato* comments.

It came to a typically baroque ending as the minor mode resolved to a simple major triad. With the nervousness of the opening out of the way, Pat turned to his fans and remarked; "25 years at the conservatory, and here we are in a saloon."

There was a Bachian flavor to the intro of the next number, *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?* but it quickly dissolved to a subtle jazz waltz with Scott playing tenor in the alto range over the descending root tones of Carlton's guitar. Lush strings flirted with a genteel rhythm section until Bunker soloed on vibes. Then the flavor became more rock bound—but never unsubtle—as Scott returned on tenor over Fischer's intense comping.

After Carlton took a brief guitar solo, Williams somehow managed to skip four bars and sent the strings into a tricky modulation for the out chorus *without* the rhythm section. When the rhythm section realized what had happened, they quickly and unobtrusively filled the gap and very few in the club could have been aware of the short-lived harmonic detour.

in the act

caught



Pat Williams

The Not So Fast Blues, like the previous chart, was done by Jack Cortner (I don't know who he is, but based on the sounds he creates, I'd like to know him.) The tempo had a teasing come hither quality, and the head was comprised of flute doubling vibes. When Scott took off on his own, it was that half-breathed, half-played, "Kirkish" sound that found Scott doubling himself.

It was deliciously dirty, especially effective against sustained string chords. Stevens laid down a triplet beat to lend a 3-against-4 feel. And there was the usual intelligent comping by Fischer. As for his locked hands solo, it was so full and so sweeping, the only way to label it is "body by Fischer."

Following another mallet solo by Bunker, the strings were supposed to reinforce the out chorus, but Williams' vague cue managed to bring in only some of the string. But their response was a high register *do*, and the pedal point added to the momentum. The others eventually joined in and it built to a very satisfying climax.

Williams told the crowd (or was it a rhetorical aside to Cortner?) "Never write blues with a pick-up bar." But the warning was too "in;" only a handful of listeners could have realized anything had gone wrong. It's a wonder there weren't more mishaps, considering the whole project had been preceded by *one* three-hour rehearsal!

A newcomer named Brandy Artise sang three numbers and made a fine impression. She's deep-throated, with a clear voice quality and equally clear enunciation. She conveys a Nina Simone flair for dramatics, but there's a slight wobble to her vibrato on sustained tones, which should make up tempo tunes her forte.

Yet her best effort came on a slow, wordless Williams original, *The Witch And The Lady*. It was introduced by a rhapsodic cello solo by Gloria Strassner and highlighted by the interplay between voice and cello and then voice and flute. Also to the singer's credit is her firm intonation, which she displayed on another Williams tune, *Act of Love*. (It has a tricky release that would throw the average vocalist.)

Williams then gave us an exercise in the relationship between melody and counter-melody with a piece he calls *Governor in Missouri*, an arrangement of a Robert Farnon counter-melody to *Shenandoah*. Fischer opened it with a solemn statement of the familiar tune, then the strings, in all their resonance, came in with their flowing counter theme. The chart was an excellent showcase for Scott's alto and the whole setting had a gentle repose that carried over to the next offering, *Silent Spring*.

This and the *Adagio* were the only familiar-sounding charts in the set, thanks to Pat's recent A&R recording, *Patrick Moody Williams*—a familiarity that breeds contentment. As on the recording, cellist Strassner was featured, and her warm silken tone turned the lyrical interlude into the highlight of the set for this pair of ears.

The middle section featured flutist Scott over a tranquil rock foundation, and the final section heard cellist Strassner soaring over massed strings and that persistent yet mild rock pulse in one of Williams' most inspired amalgams of legitimate and pop conceptions.

Silent Spring successfully embodied the essence of the evening's experiment: written and improvised solos cast in a symphonic mold, yet never far removed from the soulful syncopation of jazz-rock.

One further observation about *Silent Spring*. It is constructed to reach an inner climax, then to let the listener down gently, fully satisfied—something akin to Samuel Barber's *Adagio For Strings*. That intent was successfully executed, which must have been a source of extra comfort to Williams, even "in a saloon."

For a set-closer, Williams unleashed the awesome collective dexterity of the strings in a unison flurry called *The Witch*—reminiscent of the breathtaking speed Bartok called for in the finale to his *Concerto For Orchestra*.

Those dazzling *presto* runs plus some electronic effects turned *The Witch* into a highly visual piece, underscoring Williams' approach to writing: his arrangements aren't merely charts; they're *cues*. He could easily have persuaded us that this was a chase sequence from one of his recent assignments, *The Streets of San Francisco*. —harvey siders

Manfred Mann

Academy of Music, New York City

Personnel: Mann, organ, Moog synthesizer, vocal; Mick Rogers, guitar, vocal; Colin Pattenden, bass guitar; Chris Slade, drums.

John Mayall

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet, flugelhorn; Fred Clark, alto, tenor and baritone saxes; Mayall, electric piano, harmonica, vocal; Freddy Robinson, guitar, vocal; Vic Gaskin, bass; Keefe Hartley, drums.

The difference between these two bands is the difference between a rock band with jazz influences and a blues/rock band which makes itself jazzier by adding a couple of out-and-out jazzmen.

Further difference is in the leaders. Mann was a jazz pianist before he got into rock 'n' roll. John Mayall is not now and never has been a jazz musician; He is a bluesman with appreciation for the dimension jazz improvisation can add to his music.

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The Manfred men came on as the second band on a bill at the Academy of Music, which has been doing what it can to fill the void left by Bill Graham's departure from Fillmore East. Manfred has been through periods of doing the blues band thing, the teenie rock bit and the underground rock bit, and his group prior to his present Earth Band was a jazz-rock band named Chapter Three. Doubtless he enjoyed that big jazz group with horns but it got to be too unwieldy and uncommercial. The new Manfred Mann Earth Band, though only four pieces strong, gets a big sound, thanks to the Mini-Moog which the leader uses as if it were an extra manual atop the Hammond organ. In Rogers, he has an effective singer-guitarist, and Pattenden backs well on bass. The real pleasure for me is to hear in Chris Slade a drummer who doesn't try to build houses during somebody else's solo.

I wish I could say the same for Mayall's drummer. Hartley seemed a bit anachronistic in his taste, which ranged from his remarkable ability to hold a good beat to boogie by to interrupting one of Clark's saxophone tapestries with a bombastic display of stick technique. His was the only really jarring note in an otherwise superlative set by the Mayall group. It was the last night of their recent tour and they played as if it were the last night of their collective lives.

Had this been an ordinary program, they might have been far more reserved, but for this past-midnight show all the stops were out. Perhaps it was because I've heard trumpeter Mitchell quite frequently in the past few years, but it was bassist Gaskin who really knocked me out.

Mayall's material runs to blues: fast blues . . . slow blues . . . medium blues . . . boogie. This puts some limitations on just how much the horns can get into, but within the given framework, both Clark and Mitchell expressed themselves well. Mayall has never quite overcome the cliches of blues-rock, but since he invented many of them, I guess he's entitled. Robinson's guitar playing and singing were somewhat predictably grounded in the B. B. King way of doing things, but his feature number went down effectively.

The Mann Earth Band was, understandably, a tighter unit with emphasis on vocals (Rogers, bless him, is a rock singer whose words can actually be understood). They scored heavily with *Captain Bobby Stout* and with a new, lengthened version of Manfred's old Dylan hit, *Mighty Quinn*.

I think Mayall would be complimented if he were called a jazz musician, while Mann would be puzzled about such a comment. Both men are keen in their desire to please an audience without lowering their musical standards, and they go about accomplishing this goal in different ways. There's room for both.

— Joe H. Klee

Jim Hall-Ron Carter

The Guitar, New York City

It is not impossible that the most congenial and rewarding sounds heard in New York on a recent weekend were cooked up in a miniscule lounge on 10th Avenue. There, the bespectacled, cherubic-faced guitar wizard and the lean, inestimably empathetic bassist wove chiaroscuro tapestries in sound. At one moment they lifted along in a linear dialectic,

at the next they modulated to a contemplation of still waters running deep, but so articulate was the conversation that one could easily have imagined one was listening to a four-handed virtuoso playing a ten-stringed instrument of astonishing range.

Jim Hall and Ron Carter are polished, imaginative, and achingly lyrical musicians. To hear them discourse leisurely for a receptive audience—and the Guitar usually attracts a hip crowd—can be a very private experience. On the night I caught them, the clientele, listening to the musicians listening to each other, seemed to melt into a collective nod. Hall wisely chose a program of mostly standards that provided a familiar base from which to follow the flights and inversions.

He opened the set with an unaccompanied chordal statement of *Laura*. Carter joined him on the bridge, doubling the tempo, and provided spare, wry comment for two delicate guitar choruses. Hall ended his solo and proceeded to comp for Carter, who, after contemplating a few of his constituent's strums, dove into a carefully measured and moving solo that balanced two octaves with triplets. Sonny Rollins' *Waltz Hot* (also known as *Valse Hot*) put the duo in a more aggressive mood. The guitarist, pleased by his partner's exuberant chops, allowed his intense mouth to relax into a delighted smile as he strummed a bit of "Spanish tinge" for Carter to work with. (When comping for the bassist, he turns down his amp so as to get a percussive effect, an effect that was tellingly introduced on the *Undercurrent* album with Bill Evans.) There followed a chorus of pure ESP that climaxed with a euphoric crescendo, the decibel count of which might not have disturbed a sleeping baby. *Prelude To A Kiss* began with a characteristic Hall theme statement that meshed luminous chords and fleet single lines. Hunched and rocking gently over his instrument, he launched a series of conceptually conceived lines that coasted over Carter's waves with Lestorian finesse. *Fly Me To The Moon* ended the set on a Latin note.

Another set continued the high quality. *How Deep Is The Ocean* was notable especially for the manner in which Carter accompanied his solo with his voice—shades of Slam Stewart. *Where Would I Be*, the pretty, sophisticated ballad by the guitarist's wife, Jane, was given a more orthodox and subdued treatment. The highlight of the evening was an inspiringly played and structurally perfect rendition of *My Romance*. Hall turned in his most exciting solo, alternating funky lines and diaphanous tones. Carter enlivened his solo by quoting the phrase from Wardell Gray's *Twisted* solo to which Annie Ross sang:

I heard little children were supposed to sleep tight and that's why I drank a fifth of vodka one night . . .

The interplay was awesome. They didn't merely accompany each other, they seemed to complete each other's ideas. *Up, Up and Away*, introduced with a strong vamp, was the closer. And the interesting chords showed off Hall's compositional sense as he improvised a melody prettier than the original.

What they play is a kind of jazz chamber music, but if you don't listen with both ears they might sound like ineffectual cocktail diddlers. Listen closely and you will note a strong sense of humor, a commitment to beauty, and an exquisite complex of forceful swing and absorbed meditation.

— Gary Giddins

AIRTO

Continued from page 21

limited, his production company." (And then there is baby Diana, cute as anything and their firstborn.)

Last summer, Airtó and Stanley Clarke, who are neighbors and very close friends, worked with Stan Getz. First, Tony Williams, with whom Airtó loved to play, was on the band, but after he left, Airtó took over the drum chair. With Return To Forever, Airtó so far has played trap drums more than percussion.

"What we are planning now is for me to play more percussion, but still drums as well. I'm going to have the percussion set up in a certain way so that I can play both at the same time. I've been playing drums for a long time, percussion for a long time, so if I play them both together, it's going to be real nice. It'll take some time to set up everything right, but I think it's time for me to improve myself a little more.

"It's going to reach everybody, our kind of music. We're playing all sorts of music—sometimes we're in 4/4, then we'll break the time in half and play rock for a while, Chick on the wah-wah pedal, Flora playing percussion and singing, and we change the whole scene, whole sound and everything, and then we play 4/4 again—but without stopping the music....

"Stanley and I were talking the other day, about innovators, and about the group we have with Chick and all us, and we sort of decided that we are innovators because we play some music that has never been played before. It's not complex at all, and people really like it so much when we play—musicians and non-musicians."

We ventured the opinion that it was interesting that musicians should like it as well as the public, despite the fact that it is uncomplicated music, joyful and direct.

"The truth is," Airtó said, "music is very simple; music is to enjoy, not to make mysterious, not to please yourself, but everybody—the members of the band, the others who are playing with you.

"I've seen a lot of bands, man, and they don't seem to enjoy what they're doing; they're playing for someone else, for the leader. Even when it sounds good, that's not the thing I want to do anymore, because I feel like music is a beautiful game and must be played with everybody, not against anybody.

"Sometimes, when I was playing free music with a lot of people, I felt on stage that I was fighting and I used to break my percussion instruments in playing because the effort was so great, so strong to really get across to the people, to the other musicians that I had to break things and throw things on the floor. I'd say *arrrrrrrrgh*, really heated, like in a fight, and I was not happy. Of course, I was satisfying myself, my ego, but I was not happy like I am now.

"Now everything is so simple. I am playing, I look at everybody, everybody is playing, looking at me, and I feel good. I never felt so good in my life about what I like to do. I hope the other musicians who are not doing that get the message and start to do this very soon, before they die or before they go to some place they won't be able to come back from any more, because the further out you go—you may go too far out and never come back." db



through him through music and gave him the gift to play and make other people happy, and that's where McCoy is coming from, and that's where I'm coming from.

"There comes a time when you realize who you are and can just *be*, because to be is being alive and being aware of what you are and where you are in this world.

"I've noticed a lot of young people are listening now, especially in clubs. And I'm

MOUZON

sure a lot of the younger kids, who can't go to clubs, are listening at home. People are listening more, coming out more, buying more, and the music is being promoted more. This is America's only real art form—music—and so people are going back to it. It's like an historic event; the people who are still alive, still playing this music, also helped to create it—it's almost like going to a museum and checking out different instruments and having people still playing those instruments."

Mouzon sees "a lot of musicians out here trying to play and a lot not playing what they *can* play; they're playing the system and not themselves. That's prostituting your art. They're playing what other people feel they should play to widen their pockets.

"I don't see that in the music I'm doing now, because we're playing what we feel and what we should feel. We're playing ourselves—the gift God gave us to create—and that's the purpose of being out here, because each person is placed in life to accomplish something. So if you have the gift to create, which is the most beautiful gift, then you should create, not play something or do something that's not of your nature. If you do, your whole life can become distorted, and you won't know who you are."

For those who don't yet know who he is, Mouzon recommends a listen to *Sahara*. "You'll know the real Al Mouzon—like the real McCoy," he promises. A new album, *Song For My Lady*, should be out by now. And then, of course, there are the live performances by the group.

Check it out. You'll not overlook Al Mouzon. db

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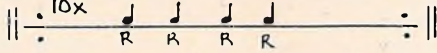
HANES R. MARESCA

The Thinking Drummer by Ed Shaughnessy How To Get Your Left Hand Stronger and Faster

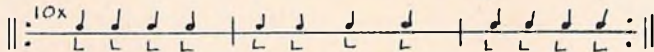
The first rule to get convinced of in left hand improvement is the need for a practice ratio of 3 to 1!!!

That means 3 times the exercise for the left hand that you give the right. (Naturally all hand terms are reversed for left-handed players.)

As an example, if you would practice this:



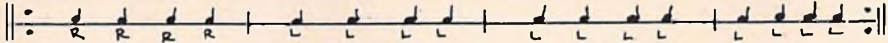
you should practice this:



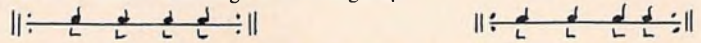
The above 2 groups played as one exercise (below) should be practiced *at least* 50 times daily. An elementary student could practice at the tempo of ♩ = 60M.M. ----- and advanced drummers could practice at twice that, or ♩ = 120M.M. We've had really big improvements with many students with this one. Play strong . . . but don't pound!!!

3 to 1 exercise

Even sound throughout no accents (they make it too easy)



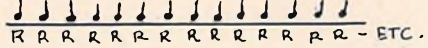
Here's another good one especially good for developing the bounce if you are fussy and get an *even sound* not a dribbling off of each group.



Both these versions should be woodshedded 100x at every practice session at the suggested tempos for exercise I.

Again we stress no accents even sound try to make a sound as even as if one hand only was playing a continual unbroken line of notes at the same volume like:

Get the idea?



If you really suffer from "weakitis" in the left hand, here's a good tip: take a double layer of thick Turkish towel and lay it over your practice pad (if you use one) and practice the exercises below. If you practice on a drum (which is the best thing to do whenever possible) fold the towel another double thickness and lay it on the drum. The softer surface will make you work like mad and really get your left hand strong. The two exercises are:



The above two "strengtheners" are to be played with the indicated accents, since for this type of practice the accents make you "dig-in" a bit especially on that softer surface!!!

Remember that the average practice pad plays from 20% or more easier than the average drum so if you're really "smokin'" on that pad in the afternoon but the drum that night doesn't feel too friendly it could be that difference in bounce. The Remo pads are good in that you can adjust the tension of the head and I suggest you do not keep them too tight but where they feel about the same as your drum. The best thing to do is set them up aide by side and try to match head tension.

Buddy Rich once broke me up with a beautiful line that went: "I've heard more good "pad players" in my time but something strange seems to happen when they play on the drums." Man, how true a line that is and it serves to remind us that *the drum is the instrument* a pad only a substitute practice device.

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3-15



Bunky Green

Don Lupp, Coordinator of Jazz Studies at Henry Ford College (Dearborn, Mich.), has an interesting and ambitious series of programs lined up for the next six months. The activities include the 2nd annual HFC High School Stage Band Festival, April 7, featuring the Thad-Jones-Mel Lewis Band in clinics and concert; and a special spring semester curriculum of evening classes open to anyone in the community over 16, with classes in lab band, improvisation, jazz history, and jazz theory-elements. A similar curriculum will be featured at the Henry Ford College-European Jazz Studies located at Montreux, Switzerland, June 29-July 30. The staff for Montreux will include Donald Byrd (Howard U.), Nathan Davis (U. of Pitt.). Bunky Green (Chicago State U.), Marv Holladay (Oakland U.), Jack Pierson, Fred Bunch, and Bud Spangler (Detroit area musicians, and educators).

Stan Kenton and His Orchestra will present a three hour clinic at Hayfield Secondary School (Alexandria, Va.) on March 5. The Orchestra will also perform at an evening concert with the Hayfield Stage Band, C. Bryan Kidd, dir. . . . Randy Brugh, chairman of the 4th annual Elmhurst High School Jazz Festival (Fort Wayne, Ind., March 9-10), has devised a novel adjudication/clinic procedure which calls for three members of the Thad-Jones-Mel Lewis Band to adjudicate the 18 participating high school jazz ensembles after which a fourth member of the TJ-ML Band will conduct a rehearsal clinic for each band following their performance . . . The music department of the Chicago Public Library presented its 2nd annual Jazz Festival in February. Each Wednesday, at noon, a jazz ensemble from a Chicago area junior college performed a one hour concert. The colleges were: Malcolm X, Charles Walton, dir.; Thornton Community College, Don Kramer, dir.; Triton College, Bob Morsch, dir.; and Kennedy-King College, Bill Abernathy, dir. The festival also featured a special display of "Chicago Jazz Musicians, Past and Present" organized through the cooperation of *down beat*.

Taped highlights of the 1972 American College Jazz Festival will be broadcast by nearly 100 non-commercial radio stations in 35 states. The excerpts were assembled into two 90-minute specials by National Public

Radio . . . The Ramapo (N.J.) High School Jazz Ensemble, Henry Burr, dir., was featured in a concert program at the recent Eastern Division MENC in Boston . . . Phil Wilson and Mike Vax were featured clinicians and players at the January meeting of the Ill. MEA . . . The 41st annual Tri-State Music Festival (Enid Okla. May 3-5), Milburn Carey, dir., has added a new category of competition: Jazz Vocal Group.

An all-star group of Dallas area musicians performed in concert and clinics, Feb. 9 at the U. of S. Okla. where Terry Segress is Director of Jazz Studies. The personnel included: Freddie Crane, piano; John Giannelli, bass; Jim Vaughn, drums; Jim Riggs, reeds; Jay Saunders, trumpet, and Rich Matteson, low brass. Later this Spring, Vaughn and Matteson will conduct a similar program for director Bob Scott at the U. of S. Mo. . . . Stephen Wolkonowski and Brad Bilhorn, both drummers in NTSU lab bands, have been selected for the first scholarship awards created by Ed Shaughnessy last spring during NTSU's 25th anniversary of jazz education.

The 8th annual convention of the Oklahoma Bandmasters Convention (Okla. City, July 18-20) will feature new music reading and performances by the (4th annual) Oklahoma All State Stage Band.

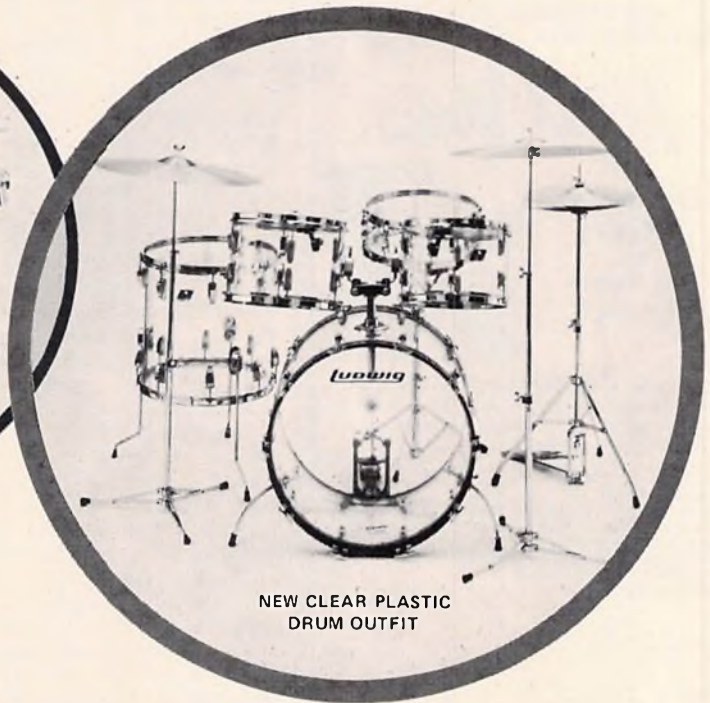
FESTIVAL RESULTS

Jan. 27, 7th Badger State Festival of Jazz. (Wis. State U.-Whitewater) Frank Ferriano, dir. 26 HS bands, finalists were (winner first) . . . Unlimited Class: Forest View HS (Arlington Heights, Ill.) Fred Elliot, dir.; Horlick HS (Racine) Ken Resheske, dir.; Arlington HS (Ill.) Ken Keyser, dir. Class A (smaller schools or bands formed within last three years): Hamilton HS (Sussex) Jon Bentz, dir.; West Salem HS, Ralph Young, dir. Outstanding Solo awards: tp—Randy Schnabler, Jay Kinder, Dave Jones, Dave Wagner; tb—Dan Jessie, Greg Ferguson; fl—Phil Kelman; fh—Scott Deermaster; d—Mark Pulice. Eve. Concert: 100% capacity, featuring Gary Burton (vb) and Dom Spera. (tp)

Feb. 3, 14th Oak Lawn (Ill.) Jazz Festival. Ken Kistner, dir., 55 j-s HS bands and 20 combos in competition. 10 bands and one combo for comment-only clinic. Finalists were (winner listed first) . . . AA: Prospect HS, Ralph Wilder, dir.; Elk Grove HS (won the special sight reading competition required of AA finalists) Douglas Peterson, dir.; Wheeling HS, Jack Williamson, A: Gary-Grove HS, Don Ehrensperger, dir.; Warren HS, Sam Licocci, dir. B-C-D—Herscher HS, Dale Hopper, dir.; Westville HS, Tom Camp, dir. Jr. HS, Cooper (Buffalo Grove) Dave Leigh, dir. (Cooper received the most thunderous ovation of the final concert and was awarded a special prize of Stan Kenton materials. Combo: "John Campbell Trio" (U. HS, Ill. State U., Normal) Don Udey, faculty dir.; "Base-Five" (East Leyden HS) Hank Hlorns, faculty dir. Eve. Concert: 100% capacity, featured U. of N. Ill. Jazz Band, Ron Modell, dir.; Mike Vax, tp soloist (and clinician).



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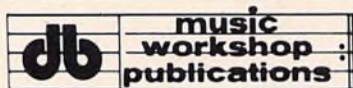
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Continued from page 14

Gerald Hayes, alto sax; Ron Matthews, piano; Hakim Jami, bass; Hayes, drums, were in the following week . . . We're sorry to note the January closing of the Needle's Eye . . . The new Jazz Boat (101 Ave. A) seems to be thriving, with the groups of Sonny Stitt, Charles McPherson, Barry Miles and Gary Bartz due through late March. Check the club for exact dates . . . Musicians are invited to Hilly's on the Bowery (315 Bowery) to jam every Tuesday and Wednesday. Admission is free for musicians. The Rashied Ali Quintet appears Thursdays through Sundays Feb. 1-4 and 8-11, and the Hakim Jami Quartet Feb. 15-18 and the Melodic-Art-Tet through the 25 . . . Pianist Richie Beirach, with bassist Frank Tusa, was at Bradleys, following the Duke Jordan Duo . . . Guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma and the Lee Konitz Trio with Harvey Swartz, bass and Jim Madison, drums, were at the Onliest Place in February. The Clifford Jordan Quartet was scheduled to appear March 6-18, the Joe Newman Quintet through April 1, and the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble from April 3 for an indefinite stay . . . Ornette Coleman's Artist House was the setting for a Jimmy Giuffre 3 concert Feb. 3 . . . Making one of her too-infrequent appearances was singer Teddi King, in the Paradise Room of Reno Sweeney (126 W. 13 St.). Pianist Sammy Benskin is there nightly, joined by Jimmie Daniels . . . The Club Baron was the setting for another performer not seen in N.Y. too often, guitarist Grant Green . . . Pianist Brooks Kerr is at Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., Sun.-Wed. . . Jan. 29 was Buddy Tate night at the Duke Ellington Society monthly meeting . . . Newly renovated Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., had lots of Feb. action, including workshops led by studio director Sam Rivers; Danny Carter, Frank Foster and Warren Smith. In concert were L'Image (Charles Austin, woodwinds; Paul Metzki, guitar; Joe Gallivan, Moog synthesizer; Kathleen Myers, vocal); Gunter Hampel and the Galaxie Dream Band; Sunny Murray's Spiritual Ensemble with Rivers, Mike Moss, Joe Ferguson, Clive Stevens, Danny Carter, Alyn Mustato, Gene Ghee, Louis Keel, Lauren Brown, Trevor Kohler, and Fred Kelly. Grachan Moncur compositions for jazz ensemble and African percussion were also performed. March fare includes a month of Thursday concerts by the Flute Ensemble with Becky Friend; Ken McIntyre (2,3); Noah Howard (9,10); and Dewey Redman (16,17) . . . *Jazz Adventures* continued their Friday noon concerts at Jimmys (33 W. 52 St.) with the all-girl Isis; Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma; Toots Thielemans; and Carmen Leggio and his Kings (Don Hahn, trumpet; Hale Rood, trombone; Leggio, alto&tenor saxes; John Bunch, piano; Joe Cavallaro, drums) . . . Sam Wooding was the Overseas Press Club's Valentine . . . Doc Cheatham and Eddie Barefield were with Cab Calloway at the Rainbow Grill, and Barefield took a quintet into the Bryant Library, Roslyn, and the Long Beach library, both on Long Island, in Feb. with Cheatham and trombonist Benny Morton . . . Billy Eckstine was at the Copacabana and Roy Ayers at the Bitter End . . . Dave Berger's orchestra is scheduled to perform Mar. 15 at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Center . . . Other action around town had Stanley Turrentine at the Ringside (49th & B'way); Jane Harvey at the Soerbaja; Russell Jacquet at the

Downbeat; Mark Elf and Skip Crumby-Bey at Gobbler's Knob (1461 1st. Ave.); Sonny Stitt at the Club Baron; Joe Newman jam session at Mother's, 267 W. 23 St. (every Sun. night) . . . Carlos Garnett and his Universal Black Force were at the Billie Holiday theater in Brooklyn Feb. 16&23 . . . Miriam Makeba appeared at Philharmonic Hall Valentine's Day after a long absence from N.Y. . . . St. John's the Divine Cathedral was the site of a peace in Viet Nam and prayer concert Jan. 20. Appearing was Howard McGhee's group with Jim Robinson, piano; Cole Hamilton, bass; Zahir Batin, drums; Joe Carroll, Ruth Brisbane, Dottie Lange, vocal. Peace broke out the next day . . . Stevie Wonder was in concert Feb. 7 at Carnegie Hall, backed by his 10-piece band. Superstition . . . Randy Weston's African Rhythms and the Charles McPherson Quintet were at the International Art of Jazz' Sunday sessions at the State Univ. of N.Y. at Stony Brook. With McPherson were Michael Ridley, trumpet; Barry Harris, piano; Sam Jones, bass; LeRoy Williams, drums . . . New Jersey doings: Reed man Kenny Davern, back from a month's stay in South Africa, signed a year's contract with Sullivan's Lodge, Springlake, where he presently holds forth Wednesdays and Friday through Sunday with Dick Wellstood, Jack Six and drummer Al McManus. In the summer months the band will work the whole week . . . Bobby Hackett, the Al Cohn Quartet, Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble and the Dick Hyman trio were at Gulliver's, West Patterson . . . Richard's Lounge, Lakewood, had Pro Musica Unlimited (saxist James Spaulding, guitarist Ted Dunbar, bassist Larry Ridley, drummer Al Harewood); Chico Mendoza, Open Sky with reed man Dave Liebman; and the Lee Konitz Quartet in Feb. . . . Roy Eldridge and drummer Struttin' Sam were guests of honor at a session Jan. 21 at the West Long Branch Holiday Inn . . . The Continental Restaurant in Fairfield, Conn. featured Bill Watrous, Roland Hanna, Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosen-garden in an intimate (for these big band members) setting Feb. 2. Maxine Sullivan was in on the 9th .

Chicago: After wrapping up his first set of opening night at the London House with a fleet, driving and brilliant surge of improvisation, James Moody paused for a moment as House manager Jerry Dambra passed him a brief message. "Ladies and gentlemen," Moody announced, "the war is over." Polite applause. "And let's hope it lasts." More polite applause, and the great saxist left the stand. It was a scene that probably had its counterpart in many clubs, theaters and concert halls across the land on the evening of Jan. 23. Moody and his group (Dub Frazier, piano; Eddie DeHaas, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums) remained until Feb. 11, with singer Eddie Jefferson also featured. Stan Getz followed . . . Chicago got a new traditional jazz spot with the opening of Willie the Weeper's, 8355 S. Pulaski, on Jan. 28. The Salty Dogs and Jack the Bear's Gang shared the stand . . . Eubie Blake was set for a concert at the Goodman Theater Feb. 5, two days before his 90th birthday. It was sold out a week before the performance . . . The Chicago Public School system began offering its first full credit course in jazz studies at the high school level in February. It is part of a cur-

riculum developed by the School for Metropolitan Studies, an experimental program that involves individual and community resources in the teaching experience. **down beat** contributor **John McDonough** is teaching the jazz studies course . . . **Woody Herman** and his Orchestra did a one nighter of three shows at the Jazz Showcase Jan. 22. Also on the bill was Herman alumnus **Gene Ammons**, who joined forces with the band to wrap up each set. Turnout was excellent, in spite of the death of Lyndon Johnson, the prospect of impending peace, and the late hour of the shows (10, 12 and 2) on a working night . . . The Sherman House, once one of the best hotel spots in the midwest to hear the likes of **Count Basie**, **Gene Krupa**, etc., closed its doors for good Jan. 24. In the heyday of the swing era, the Panther Room of the College Inn was the hottest spot in this toddlin' town

. . . **Elvin Jones** opened a five-day stand at the Jazz Showcase Jan. 31 . . . **Delmark Records**, the Chicago-based jazz-blues label owned by **Bob Koester**, has issued its first **Sonny Stitt** LP . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** opened at **Flaming Sally's** (in the Sheraton Blackstone) for a month starting Feb. 6 with **Frank Asunto**, trumpet; **Dave Rashbury**, trombone; **Harold Cooper**, clarinet; **Lionel Reason**, piano; **Rudy Aikels**, bass; **Fred Kohlman**, drums. The **Bourbon Street Brass**, the house band, will return following the Dukes . . . Our sympathy to **Cy Touff**, the bass trumpet ace, who is temporarily out of action following a recent hernia operation . . . **Ray Flerlage**, whose Kinnara Company distributes a variety of small jazz labels in this area, received an ultimatum from **Arnold S. Caplin**, who leases material from Columbia for issue on his Biograph label. Drop TOM records or Biograph will take its

business elsewhere. It seems that TOM, an unauthorized label based in Los Angeles, has used material that also has been leased by Biograph. Flerlage chose to keep Biograph. The irony is that Caplin's excellent Historical LPs were among the first in the current wave of American bootlegs.

Kansas City: So far, 1973 has brought even further decline in the number of working jazz musicians here, the policy seemingly being to fire ours (the jazz trios or quartets) and hire theirs (a rock group, barbershop quartet, or kazoo band, which can "relate" to the clientele). Though many of the best sidemen are out of work or leaving town for greener pastures, a few sturdy groups are holding out at the remaining bastions of jazz—notably the **Frank Smith Trio** at the Alameda Plaza Hotel; **Gary Silvis Plus Four**,

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Denver: The local jazz scene has been changing a great deal lately, but it has not slowed down the solid advance of jazz into Denver... Since its opening last fall, The Warehouse Restaurant has rapidly established itself as the leading jazz showcase in the area. Owner Peter Rachbach has plans of expanding to eight sites across the country under the name of The Colorado Warehouse, featuring 500 seat showrooms and 200 seat restaurants. San Diego, Atlanta, and Phoenix are scheduled for the first three expansion sites... Feb. attractions at The Warehouse included Grover Washington Jr., Charles Lloyd, and Jimmy Smith. Kenny Burrell, Jack McDuff, and Les McCann are among the groups scheduled for March and April. On Sunday nights the Steve Getz Quintet (Buck Hite, alto sax, flute; Fly McClard, alto sax, bass clarinet; Lonnie Meurer, piano; Bill Faerber, electric bass; Getz, drums) regularly leads interesting jam sessions... Marvelous Marv's, which had offered a large share of Denver jazz, closed down shortly after the first of the year. After remodelling it re-opened Feb. 13 as Ebbett's Field, with Herbie Hancock... In Boulder: The Edison Electric Co. presented Energy, Graham Parsons, and Willie Dixon in Feb., with Larry Coryell set Feb. 27-March 3... Tulagi's has Doug Kershaw, New York Rock, and Earl Scroggs set for March and April.

Los Angeles: One of the better kept secrets hereabouts—a typical failing in the promotion-starved world of jazz—was a one-night concert at the Santa Monica Civic featuring "The Giants of Jazz:" Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Sonny Stitt, Thelonious Monk, Kai Winding and Al McKibbon... Diamante's, in North Hollywood, is not keeping its new jazz policy a secret. The big names keep coming in and word is getting around that it's no longer just an Italian restaurant. Currently singer Frank D'Rone is the headliner, and he has shared the stand with Carmen McRae and Kai Winding while Willie Bobo, Randy Aldcroft have worked weekends, and Joe Pass and Herb Ellis work Mondays and Tuesdays... The success of Super Sax and its Bird-like mission has been so phenomenal, the group will soon be installed as the permanent Sunday attraction at Donte's. Most recent groups there included Don Ellis' band; John Morell's Quartet with Shelly Manne on drums; Angelo (just Angelo, he

can't afford a last name); Anita O'Day; the Voices of Aldebert; and a weekend with Bud Shank. The weekend before Shank, Gabor Szabo was scheduled to open with his new group at Donte's, but on opening night there was a union hassle and the group never got to play... Cal Tjader, Bill Evans and Willie Bobo were the successive headliners at Concerts By The Sea, in Redondo Beach, from the end of Jan. through the end of Feb. Art Leon's Dixieland Jazz Band remained as the Monday night attraction... One beach removed, at the Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, the lineup covered quite a cross-section over the same period: Batdorf and Rodney (who?), Walter Bishop, Jr., Jimmy Witherspoon, John Klemmer, Mose Allison, and The Persuasions. Thelonious Monk opens there March 6... The Baked Potato retains its lineup of Don Randi, Wed. thru Sat.; Sweets Edison, Sun.; Tom Scott, Tuesdays. The club is closed on Mondays... There's been a change at Memory Lane. After a six-month gig by Oscar Brown, Jr. and Jean Pace, Esther Phillips began an engagement there... McCabe's, the guitar emporium that covers the entire plectrum spectrum from bluegrass to bop, had Les Paul for two nights, then Gabor Szabo for two, and will have Joe Pass and Herb Ellis March 9-10... The Troubador, which specializes in folk and rock, deviated slightly with a tandem booking designed to attract jazz and rock recently: Sarah Vaughan shared the stage with Billy Paul for one week... Dennis Dreith and his Elastic Band (he bills himself as being "a head of his time") played a one-nighter at the Ice House, in Pasadena... Bassist Henry Franklin is working with a unit for the Los Angeles City Board of Education, doing a series of 40 concerts at local high schools. Sonny Criss heads another unit, doing similar instructional jazz Franklin recently worked at the Lighthouse with Hampton Hawes (Oscar Brashear, trumpet; Hadley Caliman, tenor sax; Mbudu, drums). Hawes, incidentally, recently signed a contract with Fantasy Records... Latest concert by Ira Schulman's Baroque Jazz Ensemble (Schulman, woodwinds; Jocelyn Sarto, piano; Frank de La Rosa, bass; Nick Martinis, percussion) included the rarefied airs of Vivaldi, Bach and Villa-Lobos, followed by the nitty gritty of Don Preston, Dick Nash, Benny Golson and Clifford Brown... David and Suzanne Miller are duo-ing it on bass and piano, respectively, (which is fine, since they're man and wife, respectively) at The Backstage, in Studio City. On weekends they usually have nice company: either Doug Sides or Stix Hooper as regulars; Frank Rosolino, trombone, Tim Weisberg, flute, sitting in... Bassist Buell Neidlinger brought his El Monte Art Ensemble to the Calif. Institute of the Arts (where he is an instructor), then to the Mermaid Tavern in Topanga Canyon, for a one-nighter. Personnel: Marty Krystall, reeds; Peter Ivers, mouth organ; Neidlinger, bass; Victor McGill, percussion. Neidlinger is also producing the group Sea Train for Warner Bros. Records... Walter Bishop, Jr. has some new students latching on to his theories about 12-tone music and fourths: among them—Sonny Criss, Francois Vaz, David Garfield (son of the late actor John Garfield) and Robert Weaver (son of actor Dennis Weaver)... The group that Bishop used at The Lighthouse included Ernie Watts, reeds; Joe Brown, bass; Hassan, drums; and Charlie Weaver sitting in on congas.

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Beyond the borders of Turkey, cymbals were hardly exploited for other than their exotic effect until 1680, when the German composer Strungk introduced the instruments into opera. By 1779, when Glück wrote a cymbal part into one of his scores, the instruments of the Turks were gaining great popularity, especially with the Prussian military bands. The latter began to import their cymbals from the Zildjians of Constantinople because of the brilliant crash that only a Zildjian cymbal could produce. Soon the Zildjians were shipping their product to every part of the globe.

It was the custom of the Zildjian family for hundreds of years to pass along the family secrets to the senior male member next in line. Under a continuation of this system, the Zildjian family has kept its secret of cymbal making since the alchemist's discovery of 1623.

In 1851, the second Avedis Zildjian built a 25-foot schooner and sailed it from Constantinople to Marseilles, thence to London, where he displayed his cymbals at the world trade fair. At the fairs of

London and Paris in 1851, and again in London in 1862, cymbals bearing the name Avedis Zildjian won all prizes and awards for excellence.

In 1865, K. Zildjian succeeded Avedis, placed his name on the product and maintained the family's fine tradition of cymbal craftsmanship. In his advanced years, K. Zildjian conveyed the family secrets to Aram Zildjian, but because of chaotic political conditions in Europe, Aram was able to produce only a small number of cymbals before 1926. Failing in health, in 1929, Aram Zildjian came to the United States expressly to reveal the secrets of the Zildjian process to his nephew, the third Avedis Zildjian and present head of the family, who was senior male member next in line.

Today, assisted by sons Armand and Robert, Avedis is crafting cymbals in Norwell, Massachusetts. Their factory is considered to be one of the most modern in New England.

Just as the Zildjians have carefully guarded the secret of their own process through the ages they have unceasingly studied and evaluated technical advancements in the formulation, processing and fabrication of metals as applied to all branches of industry. In the process they have quietly, but thoroughly, researched the metals, methods and finished products of countless competitors who have, for centuries, sought the answer to the Zildjian secret in vain.

Certain phases of making Avedis Zildjian cymbals employ use of the most advanced techniques and equipment in the world. The Zildjian family is convinced however, that a large degree of hand artisanship and conscientious personal inspection is absolutely essential in creating cymbals of Avedis Zildjian quality. It is impossible to produce cymbals with completely individual voices by precision machinery and mass production alone.

For a fascinating free booklet on drummers, drums and cymbals from the swinging 30's and 40's through the Be-Bop and Progressive Jazz years to Rock of the early 70's write for a copy of "The Avedis Zildjian Story," The Avedis Zildjian Company, Box 198, Accord, Massachusetts 02018

