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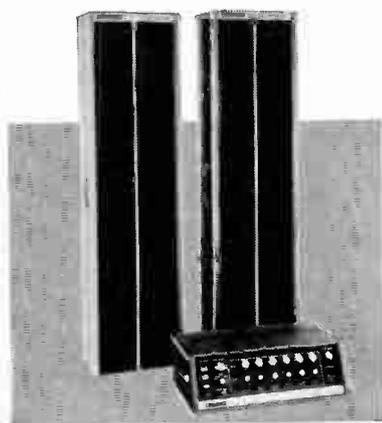


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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

It was a confrontation, all right. It wasn't bloody; no blows were struck. Yet violence was done to innocents—aggressors and victims alike who will (unknowingly) share the damage as long as they both shall live.

The locale of the confrontation was innocence incarnate: the snow covered, ex-farm land campus of Grand Valley State College in Allendale, Michigan, just west of Grand Rapids—one of the heart-names of Mid-America along with Ft. Wayne, Oshkosh, and Peoria. The primary arena was the Calder Fine Arts Building in which the new Louis Armstrong Theatre was located—so named because of a wish to identify with the community. The catalytic event was the premiere of David Baker's extended work, *Louis Armstrong in Memoriam*, and a subsequent improvisation clinic by Baker and members of his Indiana Univ. Jazz Band.

It is pertinent to our tale to note that the premiere and the National Endowment grant which provided the commission to Baker were sponsored by Thomas Jefferson College (400 students, 20 teachers), one of three independent colleges that share the GVSC facilities. (President Arend Lubbers hopes to prevent GVSC from becoming a giant, impersonal monolith by allowing each college its own character.)

The prime mover in all this was the sole music specialist on the T. Jefferson faculty by the name of Bob Schectman. It is his fault that jazz is in the T.J.C. curriculum—a fact that is essential to the confrontation. (Beginning to sound familiar?). Other characters in this tale include a *Prof.* of music, the *Director* of the GVSC concert band; a *Teaching Ass't.*, and various students and teachers attending the concert and the subsequent clinic session.

The concert went very well (see *Caught In The Act* page 27). Each member of the audience was swept up into the music of Louis Armstrong regardless of their level of jazz expertise. They were genuinely touched—a feeling heard and sensed as much from their intense silence as from the spontaneity and warmth of their applause.

Whatever confrontation there was during and after the performance was personal as each listener reacted internally to the associations evoked by jazz. Armstrong, and black and white music.

While the clinic session was in progress the next morning, the following dialog took place down the hall.

*Prof.* (while unlocking his office door): "How is the clinic going? Have you been down there?"

*Ass't.*: "Yeah, I stopped in. It's . . ." (Grinaces and waves his hand in annoyance.)

*Prof.*: "That's what I thought. How did it go last night?"

*Ass't.*: "Okay, I guess. I thought it was too unstructured; they never finished anything. I guess I really don't like jazz."

*Prof.*: "Well, that's certainly right—music has to be structured. (Goes into his office and closes door.)"

Shortly after this exchange, the *Ass't.* re-entered the band room where the clinic was taking place, placed hands on hips, narrowed eyes and lips and scanned the crowd.

He settled on Schectman and made right for him. "Stop that right now, he said, his voice low, his face contorted, "you can't do that here." Schectman ground out his cigarette without a word. It was obvious that some other rule than smoking had been violated. The *Ass't.* spun on his heel, left the room, and returned shortly with the *Director* who quite diffidently asked Schectman: "Could you please stop the clinic now. We have a band rehearsal here in 10 minutes." Schectman answered pleasantly that he would prefer that the clinic go on to the end of its allotted time.

Continued on page 38

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## Ann Arbor Correction

Jerry De Muth's commentary on the Ann Arbor Blues&Jazz Festival (Nov. 9) was well written and accurate, with one notable exception:

On Sunday afternoon, the Mojo Boogie Band did not back up Robert Junior Lockwood. Lockwood was backed by Christopher Parker from Woodstock, N.Y., on drums and Freebo on fretless Fender bass.

This duo also appeared behind Bonnie Raitt and finally provided the laid-back accompaniment for Sippi Wallace's brief blues set, which included her hit of long ago, *You Gotta Know How*.

Frank Door

Woodstock, N.Y.

## Coryell's His Man

Hats off to Harry Stamatakis and his excellent offering on Larry Coryell (Nov. 9). Coryell in my opinion is the greatest guitarist in the world and one of the greatest of all time. There is no guitarist playing the new music who has not in some way been influenced by him.

The good vibrations emitted by Larry Coryell and his phenomenal band never cease to amaze me. I hope this article will open many new minds to the genius of Larry Coryell . . .

Oh, by the way, now that you've printed the article on Larry, how about printing some of

his music for the benefit, enlightenment and pleasure of myself and the other guitarists who read your magazine.

John Bogusz

Chicago, Ill.

## Hint To Verve

I read in your Dec. 7 issue that Verve plans to rerelease some past gems as well as some previously unreleased material.

The artists mentioned are tops, but I noticed one glaring omission from the list: The swingiest (and most unheralded) big band ever assembled, the Terry Gibbs Big Band.

Verve issued a number of albums by this group and may have some more cuts in the vault. Hope they read this letter.

Max Warner  
WNOP Radio

Newport, Ky.

## Wazoo Pulls Her Strings

I'm really happy about the Grand Wazoo existing. I figured on the music getting better and more into orchestration, but this really excited me.

It also gives musicians like cello players a chance to get out of classical music and into something newer. I've been thinking about it for a while; wish I'd known about it earlier—it's really just what I hope would happen. Right on, Zappa.

Lovingly, a cello player.

Lisa Jane Kohner

Miami, Fla.

## Prince Of A Fellow

Re Will Smith's criticism of guitarist Roland Prince on Roy Haynes' *Senyah* (Oct. 26):

I have not heard the Haynes record, and do not know what circumstances compelled Prince to play the way Smith said he did. But I have heard Prince in person, and to answer the proverbial question about jazz guitarists—Can He Play?—the answer is yes. Roland Prince can really play, and well.

Abbott Katz

S.U.N.Y., Stony Brook, N.Y.

## Ragtime Marches On

. . . I must reply to Dave Lorentz (*Chords*, Oct. 26). It may shock him and others to learn that there was no such person as a "ragtime pianist". When ragtime was popular (1897-1927), professional pianists played in saloons, professional pianists played in whorehouses, and professional pianists played in vaudeville. They had one aim: To entertain.

How entertaining would reader Lorentz find it to hear several pianists play the same rags—note for note—one after the other? In most cases, the printed rags were arranged not by the composer but by hack staff arrangers who simplified them, especially in the left hand. . . It may further shock Lorentz to discover that (Scott) Joplin didn't originate the business about not playing ragtime fast. It

*Continued on page 38*

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## KENNY DORHAM 1924-1972

Trumpeter Kenny Dorham, 48, died Dec. 5 in New York City of kidney failure. He had been in ill health for some time.

Born McKinley Howard Dorham in Fairfield, Tex., he began to play piano at 7 (his mother and sister played piano, his father guitar). He took up trumpet while attending high school in Austin and got his professional start in the Wiley College Band and also worked with Milt Larkins' band.

During his military service, Dorham was on an Army boxing team and briefly considered turning professional, but after being discharged in 1943 he joined Russell Jacquet's band, then worked with trumpeter Frank (Fat Man) Humphries. In '45, Dorham toured with Dizzy Gillespie's first, ill-fated big band, then spent time with the big bands of Billy Eckstine, Lionel Hampton and Mercer Ellington.

The proficiency he had by now achieved led to his becoming a member of Charlie Parker's quintet in 1948, and he remained Bird's front-line partner on and off for two years, appearing with the altoist at the Paris Jazz Festival in May '49.

During the next few years, Dorham freelanced and also worked days. 1955 became a key year in his career: He joined Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers as a founder-member and his great talent began to get needed exposure. In 1956, he formed his own band, The Jazz Prophets, with Kenny Burrell and Bobby Timmons among the members, but this turned out to be a short-lived group; in June '56, Dorham was called upon to take over for Clifford Brown in Max Roach's quintet, and he remained with the drummer until '58.

From that time on, Dorham mainly freelanced or headed his own groups, visiting Europe with some frequency and also teaching and writing. In 1962-63, he enjoyed a fruitful partnership with the much younger tenorist Joe Henderson, co-leading both small and large bands. In '66, he was honored at the Longhorn Jazz Festival, held in Austin, Tex. In later years, a frequent partner was tenorist Hank Mobley. Failing health (Dorham suffered from high blood pressure before contracting the fatal kidney ailment) curtailed his playing activities during the last years of his life, but he rehearsed and appeared a few times with a quintet co-led by reedman Bobby Jones, and participated in Joe Segal's *Charlie Parker Month* concerts in Chicago last August.

Though he had to be treated with a kidney machine three times a week, Dorham continued to play when possible until the end, doing Monday nights at Minton's in Harlem. As news of his plight spread, tributes were organized in New York, California and Boston. Dorham attended and performed at a tribute at Old West Church in Boston Dec. 3, and was on the stand at Minton's the following night. After complaining of feeling weak, he was taken home by friends and died there in the early morning.

Kenny Dorham was a unique artist whose style matured relatively late but then contin-

ued to develop and blossom. At first strongly influenced by Gillespie but perhaps even more by Fats Navarro (his best early work was on a '46 Kenny Clarke session with Navarro), and of course by Parker, he eventually aired out his multi-noted, long-lined approach with a more relaxed lyricism. Increasingly, his improvisations were based as much on the melodic as the harmonic aspects of the material, and his tone, always pretty, became a burnished, romantic sound—among the most beautiful in modern jazz. He also recorded an album as vocalist and was competent on the tenor sax.

Dorham was a fine composer as well as a



DON SCHUITEN

brilliant improviser, and a thoroughly schooled musician. He was on the faculty of the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass. 1958-59, was a music consultant for HARYOU in '64, and later attended New York University's graduate school of music.

Dorham appeared in two French films made in 1959. In *Witness in the City* (*Un Témoin Dans La Ville*), he can be both seen and heard, but he is seen only in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

Among Dorham's legacy of fine recordings, some that may be singled out include *The Jazz Messengers at the Cafe Bohemia*, Vols. 1&2; *Kenny Dorham and the Jazz Prophets: Max Roach Plus Four: Quiet Kenny* (a quartet date, reissued as *Kenny Dorham* 1959); *Birdland Stars: Trompeta Toccata; Whistle Stop*, and his last date, *Bull's Eye* (under Barry Harris' name). He also recorded with The Be Bop Boys, Tadd Dameron, Lou Donaldson, Matthew Gee, Herb Geller, Ernie Henry, J.J. Johnson, Hank Mobley, Thelonious Monk, Oliver Nelson, Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Horace Silver, Sonny Stitt, Cecil Taylor and Cedar Walton.

Dorham's notable compositions include *Blue Spring*, *Lotus Blossom* (also known as *Asiatic Raes*), *Blue Friday*, *Spring Cannon*, *Passion*, *The Fox*, *Trompeta Toccata*, *Whistle Stop*, and *Epitaph*.

Dorham also liked to write words. He was a record reviewer for *down beat*, 1965-66, and also published *Fragments of an Autobiography* in *Music '70*, the '69 *down beat* annual.

Services were held Dec. 8 at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in New York City. Friends who performed included Joe Newman, Jimmy and Tootie Heath, Cedar Walton, Roland Alexander, Kenny Barron, Paul West, John Foster and Ruth Brisbane. Al Roberts and Mark Harvey spoke, and Ira Gitler delivered the eulogy.

## FOUR NEW LOCATIONS FOR NEWPORT CIRCUIT

Four new sites have been added to the list of George Wein's family of annual U.S. festivals for 1973, bringing the total of domestic Newport-affiliated events up to 11.

The biggest of them all, Newport-New York, is set for June 24 through July 8. The newcomers are Los Angeles (Hollywood Bowl, June 23-24), Denver (Mile High Stadium, July 13-14), Chicago (White Sox Park, July 20-21) and Boston (Fenway Park, July 27-28).

The season opens for Festival Productions, Inc. in New Orleans April 5-12. The fifth annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival will feature, among others, Ray Charles, Dave Brubeck, B. B. King, Herbie Mann, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, the Staple Singers, Pete Fountain and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. With the exception of the latter two, it's pretty safe guess that these names will also be featured at the other events.

The remainder of the festivals: Bay Area (Oakland Stadium, Oakland, June 22-23), Hampton (Hampton Roads Coliseum, Hampton, Va., June 29-30), Atlanta (Atlanta Stadium, July 6-7), Astrodome (Houston Astrodome, Houston, Tex.), and Ohio Valley (Riverfront Stadium, Cincinnati, July 27-28).

According to figures released by Festival Productions, 216,537 persons attended the two-day festivals in Oakland, Hampton, Atlanta, Houston, Cincinnati and New York (Yankee Stadium concerts only) in 1972. The total for the 11 events planned for '73 is expected to reach close to one-half million.

## CORNELL DUPREE HURT IN FLACK CAR CRASH

Roberta Flack, guitarist Cornell Dupree, and bassist Jerry Jemmott were hurt when the car in which they were riding crashed into a mall on New York's Triboro Bridge Dec. 11.

Miss Flack and Jemmott suffered only minor injuries and were not hospitalized, but Dupree sustained several fractures and a concussion. He was reported in satisfactory condition in New York Hospital at presstime (Dec. 22).

## ELLA, BASIE JOIN HANDS IN CALIFORNIA STAND

Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie took command of the Circle Star Theater south of San Francisco with joyous sounds for six nights Dec. 12-17, but the singer also provided anxious moments for those aware of her eye problems.

Not for two years had Miss Fitzgerald sung in Northern California and the extent of her impaired vision was poignantly apparent as she was assisted on and off stage by men holding each of her arms. At times, a concerned Basie was one of the guides.

On stage, she capered and sang her up-tempo numbers with her famed ebullience to repeated applause and standing ovations by the audience.

Her touching dedication of a ballad to San Francisco *Examiner* critic Phil Elwood "for his great help" was caused by Elwood's entreaty in her dressing room: "Ella, for God's sake wear glasses out there!" She did.

Basie and band, in rare form with galvanic, humorous Sonny Payne back at the drums after years with Harry James, warmed up the audience on a near-freezing night for nearly an hour before Miss Fitzgerald and the Tommy Flanagan Trio came on. Later, the entire romping, gloriously cooking Basie crew backed Ella & Co. to wind up two hours of the greatest big-band jazz and singing heard in Northern California in many a moon.

The mystery of what had happened to Harold Jones, Basie's former drummer, was solved when he turned up in the Flanagan Trio. —fred wyatt

## SMITHSONIAN CONCERTS BRIGHTEN D.C. SCENE

The Smithsonian Institution, for the first time in its illustrious history as the national museum of the United States, is paying attention to jazz.

Earlier this year, Martin Williams was appointed director of the jazz program in the Smithsonian's Division of Performing Arts, and on Oct. 8, the Institution began a six-concert series called The Jazz Heritage Concerts, held in the auditorium of the Natural History Museum.

So far, the Lee Konitz Quintet with special guest Doc Cheatham, the Ornette Coleman Quartet, and the Modern Jazz Quartet have performed and the jazz-starved Washington audience has responded enthusiastically. (The only comparable game in town is the Left Bank Jazz Society's series, which began Sept. 30 with George Benson and has continued with Weather Report, Charles Lloyd and Freddie Hubbard, among others.) Scheduled for Jan. 14 was the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Quartet. On Feb. 11, an ensemble formed by students and graduates of the New England Conservatory, led by Gunther Schuller, will perform authentically orchestrated ragtime music, and the series ends with a concert by Sonny Rollins on March 11.

A unique feature of the series is that each group holds an open rehearsal on the afternoon of its concert. Students and music teachers from local schools (both inner city and nearby school districts) are invited to attend,

as are local musicians—including classical players.

These open rehearsals, which sometimes take on the character of workshops or master classes, have been of great interest to the participants. In the case of Coleman's group, it was probably the first time it had interacted with an audience in this kind of situation, and Coleman himself, according to observers, was in particularly lucid form.

The Washington press, notoriously hard to please when it comes to jazz events, has received the series positively, though the *Star's* Larry Barrett didn't care for Konitz' group. Best of all, the artists have consistently given their best, making what seems to be a special effort to recognize the Smithsonian's belated but welcome recognition of them.

## FINAL BAR

Clarinetist Jimmy Lytell, 67, died Nov. 26 at his home in Kings Point, L.I., N.Y. after a long illness.

Born James Sarrapede (he took his professional name from movie star Bert Lytell) in New York City, he did his first playing in the children's band at St. Lucy's Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn and was working professionally by the time he was 14.

During the first half of the 1920s, Lytell was one of the most prominent dixieland clarinetists on the New York scene. He worked with the Original Indiana Five in '21, briefly replaced Larry Shields in the Original Dixieland Jazz Band in '22, and in March of that year joined the Original Memphis Five, perhaps the most prolific small recording band of the period, founded by trumpeter Phil Napoleon.

Lytell left the Memphis Five in 1925 to take a chair in the Capitol Theater Orchestra, then conducted by Eugene Ormandy, and subsequently concentrated on radio work. From 1930 on, he was on NBC staff, and eventually became a musical director for the network. He was associated with such radio programs as the *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street*, *The Million Dollar Band*, *Cavalcade of America*, and the *Coca Cola Show*, and at one time was doing as many as 17 shows a week.

Lytell took part in the re-formed Memphis Five in 1949 and again in the mid-'50s, combining his studio work with occasional night club and recording gigs. He continued to occasionally lead his own bands on Long Island until his final illness.

Prominently featured on hundreds of discs by the Original Memphis Five, Lytell also made a series of recordings backed only by piano and guitar from 1926 to '28, which are among the pioneer efforts in the clarinet trio genre. These include *Headin' For Harlem*, *Sugar* and *Yellow Dog Blues*. Lytell also wrote a number of songs, the best known of which is *Restless*.

Paul Eduard Miller, 64, one of America's pioneer jazz writers, died Dec. 9 in Aurora, Ill.

Miller reviewed records and wrote articles for *down beat* from 1936 to '40. He was the author of *The Yearbook of Swing* (1939) and *Miller's Yearbook of Popular Music* (1943). He edited *Esquire's* valuable annual jazz

books from 1944 to '46, also heading up the magazine's popular music department. From 1949 to '53, Miller conducted a jazz program over station WXRT, but in later years he was not actively involved with music and edited a trade publication, *Fence Industry Magazine*.

In his activities as a jazz journalist, Miller first of all addressed himself to the need for factual information. His *Yearbooks* were among the first to publish biographies of musicians, and the *Esquire* books were packed with valuable research material, pictorial and written. He also attempted to grapple with esthetics in such essays as *An Analysis of the Art in Jazz*. His early record criticism stands up remarkably well, and he was a noted collector.

Composer-pianist-teacher Hall Overton, 53, died Nov. 25 at Roosevelt Hospital in New York City of a ruptured esophagus.

One of the few musicians equally at home in the classical and jazz worlds, Overton was born in Bangor, Mich. and studied at Juilliard 1947-51 and with Darius Milhaud at Aspen in '53. From 1960, he taught composition at Juilliard, also giving occasional courses at the New School. His many classical works include *Symphony for Strings*, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation; *Second Symphony*; *Dialogues for Chamber Orchestra*, commissioned by the Clarion Orchestra and performed on a State Dept.-sponsored tour of Russia in 1964; *Sonorties*, commissioned by John Lewis for Orchestra U.S.A., and chamber music and works for piano.

In his student days, Overton often played jazz gigs, his associates including Jimmy Raney, Teddy Charles, Aaron Sachs and many others. Raney, Charles, Mundell Lowe, Wendell Marshall and Jimmy Giuffre are among the jazzmen who later studied theory, composition, etc. with Overton, a highly esteemed and respected teacher.

In 1959, Overton orchestrated and arranged a number of Thelonious Monk compositions for a 10-piece ensemble presented in concert at Town Hall and recorded as *Thelonious Monk Orchestra at Town Hall* by Riverside. Four years later, Monk and Overton again collaborated for a concert at Philharmonic Hall, recorded by Columbia as *Monk Big Band and Quartet in Concert*.

Overton was an accomplished jazz pianist and recorded with Jimmy Raney and Stan Getz (1953), Raney again (1955-56), Teddy Charles (1953), Charles and Oscar Pettiford (*Three For Duke*, 1957); under his own name with Phil Woods and others (1957), and with Dave McKenna in the delightful *Dual Piano Jazz* (1960).

Trumpeter Charlie Allen, 64, died Nov. 19 in Chicago. Best known for his two stints with Earl Hines (1931-34; 1937), he was an accomplished lead trumpeter who worked with many Chicago-based bands through four decades as an active player. Born in Jackson, Miss., Allen attended high school in Chicago and in the '20s worked with Hugh Swift, Dave Peyton, Doc Cooke and Clifford King. He subbed for Arthur Whetsol in Duke Ellington's band for a few months in 1935.

In later years, Allen was active as a music teacher and mouth-piece designer and also worked for the AFM in Chicago in an administrative capacity.

# potpourri

When the new Half Note opened on West 54th St. in midtown Manhattan, most New Yorkers seemingly took it for granted that the old waterfront location had been closed. However, the premises continue to house good sounds under the new name of The Onliest Place and the friendly management of Arnold Holst. Among the attractions so far have been Buddy Tate, Lee Konitz, the Jo Jones-Skeeter Best Quartet, the Jimmy Giuffre 3, Sonny Red with Bobby Timmons, Mickey Bass and Billy Higgins, and Konitz again. There is no cover or minimum, and the old juke box full of goodies is intact.

Some months ago, we reported that the old Five Spot would soon reopen under the new name of the Two Saints (the address happens to be 2 St. Marks Place). Well, it did in mid-December, and the opening attraction is vibist Warren Chiasson's Trio, with Joe Puma, guitar, and Midge Pike, bass. A full Italian dinner menu is available, and your genial hosts still are Joe and Iggy Termini. Being back in the old room brought on many memories, reinforced by the presence of Charles Mingus at the opening night party.

Romano Mussolini, the piano-playing son of a once-famous father, recently toured the U.S., playing mainly for Italian/American audiences, with a group including Tony Scott on clarinet.

Randy Weston, back home in the U. S. for a while has appeared at Lenox, Mass. (his old stamping grounds), in Philadelphia, and in concert with Hubert Laws' Afro-Classic Ensemble at Carnegie Hall Jan. 12. On Feb. 4, Weston is scheduled to perform at Lincoln Center with the Symphony of the New World his *Uhuru! Afrika* suite, which will be heard for the first time in its full score for 100-piece ensemble. Melba Liston and Jerome Richardson are among the special guest performers Weston plans to use.

Harriet Choice's fourth anniversary as jazz columnist for the *Chicago Tribune* was celebrated in December at Buzz Snavely's Big Horn. Among the musicians who came out to play for the popular writer were Art Hodes, George Finola, Volly DeFaut, Wilbur Campbell, Wayne Jones and the members of The Chicago Jazz (Bobby Lewis, Jim Beebe, Bob Wright, Rail Wilson, and Campbell, subbing for regular drummer Don DeMicheal). Dan Morgenstern sat in on comb and tissue paper, but fortunately most of the audience had split by then.

January is unofficial jazz month at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., mainly due to the efforts of freshman Tom Piazza, a down beat contributor. Buddy Tate and his group performed Jan. 10. Milt Hinton's Jam, with Roy Eldridge, Benny Morton, Budd Johnson, Claude Hopkins and Jo Jones happened Jan. 17. Raheem Roland Kirk was set for Jan. 24, and Charles Mingus for Jan. 31.

The fourth annual Pee Wee Russell Memorial Stomp will take place Feb. 11 at the 12 □ down beat

Martinsville Inn, Martinsville, N. J. Mrs. Lucille Armstrong will be on hand to present funds collected for the scholarship to Rutgers Univ. initiated in the great clarinetist's name, and a host of musicians is expected to be on hand. For ticket info., write Jack Stine, Box 302, Pluckemin, N. J.

Columbia Records in December sent a warning letter to New York record retailers, cautioning them against handling product that contains unlicensed material from its catalog. The move was believed to be in response to pressure from Arnold Caplin, whose Biograph label has a contract with Columbia for the leasing of selected jazz and blues material for reissue. A number of bootleg European and domestic LPs duplicating material Caplin has leased or plans to lease have been offered in New York stores. Observers of the growing jazz bootleg morass are hopeful that the warning signals that sterner measures may be taken by the major labels in the future. Biograph plans to release in February albums featuring Louis Armstrong, Bunny Berigan, Pee Wee Russell and Ted Lewis' jazz-oriented side.

*Young Discoveries in Tea and Jazz*, a nation-wide talent search launched by the Tea Council of the U.S.A., Inc. and the Newport Jazz Festival New York for a youthful jazz group, a rock combo and a jazz vocalist to perform at special concerts at the '73 festival, has set a deadline of April 16 for submission of entries. Tapes will be judged by George Wein and his Festival Productions staff. The talent search, concentrated in 21 major regions throughout the nation, was kicked off at a press conference at the Half Note in New York, at which two young groups, The St. Louis Expression (consisting of performers working in the musicals *Grease* and *Jesus Christ, Superstar*) and Safari East, a jazz-soul band including Thelonious Monk, Jr. on drums

and Azzedin Weston on congas, performed. The rules state that the average age of a group must not exceed 25 as of Sept. 1, 1972. Entry blanks are available from Tea Talent Search, 777 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

Two of the surviving alumni of Fats Waller's bands, trumpeter Herman Autrey and guitarist Al Casey, were reunited Dec. 2 at an evening honoring Fats at the Holiday Inn in Meriden, Conn., produced by Red Balaban for the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club. In addition to the two Wallerites and Balaban on bass, the band included Vic Dickenson, Bob Wilber, Dick Wellstood and Buzzy Drootin. The next day, the band (with Benny Morton and Joe Muranyi for Dickenson and Wilber) played a concert at the Wooster School in Danbury — Wellstood's alma mater.

Wild Bill Davison has pulled up his New York stakes and moved to Washington, D.C., where he has become a permanent incumbent at Blues Alley, which is changing its name to Wild Bill Davison's Blues Alley. From this base, the wild one will make occasional forays into other territories, such as Illinois, where he enjoyed a successful holiday stand at the Big Horn.

Charles Colin is directing the first annual New York Brass Conference for Scholarships Feb. 3-4 at the YWCA Clark Auditorium at 51st Street and 8th Avenue in Manhattan. The net proceeds of the two-day conference will be divided among four scholarships funds. The Saturday concert will feature the American Brass Quintet and Sunday's will have the Clark Terry Quartet. Both start at 7:30 and are open to the public with a \$4 admission. For further information, contact Colin at New York Brass Conference for Scholarships, 315 W. 53rd St., New York, N. Y. 10019.



Relaxing during a break in the recent meeting of the Jazz/Folk/Ethnic Advisory Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C. are (l to r) Dan Morgenstern, co-chairman of the panel; Dr. Helen Johnson, panelist; Charles McWorther of the National Council on the Arts; Jimmy Owens, Cannonball Adderley, panelists; Michael Straight, Deputy Chairman of the Endowment (in door); Jean Ritchie, panelist; Nancy Hanks, Chairman of the Endowment; Dr. Walter Anderson, Director of Music Programs for the Endowment, and Pape Barron, panelist (back to camera). Present but not shown were panelists Marian McPartland, David Baker, Fr. Norman O'Connor, and Martin Williams. Co-chairman Milt Hinton and panelist Willie Ruff were absent. A record number of applications in the jazz field were reviewed.

# Splendor in the Brass

a  
roundtable  
discussion  
with

Mike Barone  
Red Callender  
Sweets Edison  
Benny Powell

conducted by  
Harvey Siders

photos by  
Annette Parks

**D**ecember 4 was a rough day for Hollywood-based musicians. Local 47 was holding its elections that day, and trumpeter Cat Anderson was so involved in the politicking that he could not make the roundtable discussion. Frank Rosolino called me early that rainy morning to clarify the directions to my house. Two hours later, Mrs. Rosolino called to say that Frank had had an accident on the rain-slick freeway. Fortunately he was not hurt, but his car was, so he could not make the session.

When the appointed hour of noon had come and gone, Benny Powell, Red Callender and Mike Barone were already making friends with my wife's cooking. Sweets Edison, who had suggested "noon, Monday," as the best time for studio men, was nowhere in sight. Seems he never got my map and final reminder (a procedure I use in connection with all the roundtable sessions.) But as you will read, Sweets made it halfway through the discussion.

Kai Winding called just as the taping ended, adding one more casualty to my well-laid plans. Fortunately, it was one of those times when I had called a great many musicians to cover just such an eventuality, and sure enough I still ended up with a complete brass section: Sweets, trumpet; Powell and Barone, trombones, and Callender holding up the bottom with his tuba. Enough brass to form a Salvation Army chorale, and certainly enough to give me a cross-section of opinion.

**db:** Is there a difference in embouchure between trombone and bass trombone?

**BP:** The same difference that exists between the trombone and the trumpet mouthpieces. There's a difference in diameter, and naturally the embouchure will be different.

**MB:** It's a lot looser . . . there's a lot more air.

**BP:** See, what a lot of laymen don't understand is that your embouchure is like a camera aperture. You know, it has stops. And if you can teach a youngster to be aware of that, you can teach him a lot more.

**MB:** The thing about the trombone and the bass trombone is that they're really two different instruments. For a guy to be a good doubler, it's almost impossible.

**BP:** It's a matter of knowing what you're doing musically. At least that's what it boils down to for me. When I play tenor trombone, I have to *think* tenor trombone, and the same goes for bass trombone. The instruments do completely different things.

**MB:** It takes great facility to play bass trombone. I think I can name only half a dozen real good doublers in this town.

**db:** Can this be compared to trumpet and fluegelhorn?

**MB:** Sometimes I think even trumpet and fluegelhorn are essentially two different instruments, but they're a hell of a lot closer than trombone and bass trombone.

**db:** Is there any advantage to starting on one or the other trombone?

**BP:** Well, I know I'm glad I started on tenor trombone. 'Cause if I had started on bass trombone, in my mind there're a lot of "laws" that would have gotten in the way. I mean things you're not supposed to do. I suppose the most fantastic example of that is Slide Hampton. Nobody ever told him what he can't do. He just never knew his limits.

**RC:** I guess nobody told him it was hard.

**BP:** Right. Necessity is the mother of invention. He just did it.

**MB:** I think it's so hard to play time on the bass trombone. It's such a difficult instrument, your concept of time has to be so much more in front. And keeping in tune. Man, if the bottom of the band is out of tune, you're in trouble.

**db:** What exactly is the bottom of the band?

**MB:** String bass, baritone, any low instrument that's playing roots.

**RC:** Fender, bass trombone. If they're not in tune, you've got a problem. And tuning is so relative. Every section you play with has a different pitch going. That shouldn't be.

**MB:** You end up by tuning to what's around you: just the segment you can hear. If you can't hear the guy on the other side of the studio you won't know what's happening until the playback.

**db:** Talking about the "bottom," why do so many tuba players double on bass? Aren't they worlds apart?

**RC:** They are worlds apart, but they both happen to be low bass instruments.

**db:** Are they interchangeable?

**RC:** The parts are . . . well they were, years ago in bands like Paul Whiteman's that used to have tubas instead of string basses. That's what turned me on, when I was a kid. Now the tuba's coming back, and in an interesting way. Lately I've been doing a lot of work with the tuba as part of the brass section. It used to be part of the rhythm section.

**db:** Did any one person — player or writer — open that up?

**RC:** Well, I like to think that I had something to do with that.

**BP:** I was just going to say Red Callender.

**RC:** Gil Evans did a lot for the instrument . . .

**BP:** Yea, especially that *Jeru* album . . .

**RC:** But I think Billy May did more than anybody, especially on those things he did behind Nat Cole. I know; I played it. And oh yes, Don Butterfield. He's gotta be in the beginning. And Jerry Fielding and Nelson Riddle.

**db:** The name of Nelson Riddle reminds me of something Jim Amlotte (former bass trombonist for Stan Kenton) once told me. He claims Nelson Riddle "liberated" the bass trombone.

**RC:** Through George Roberts, who lived next door to Riddle.

**BP:** You know, that's hard to discern. It's like which came first, the chicken or the egg. Nelson wrote the things; George played them.

**db:** Any advantage to valve trombone over slide?

**BP:** Valve trombone is a lot harder to play in tune. It really takes a phenomenal musician.

**RC:** Very few valve trombonists really make it.

**BP:** I can think of two off-hand: Bobby Brookmeyer and Bob Enevoldsen. There might be more, but I can't think of them.

**MB:** I haven't played with that many valve trombonists, but Brookmeyer is the only guy I ever worked with that made you feel like it was a regular trombone, and I mean that as a compliment.

**RC:** He's the best I've ever heard on it.

**BP:** Oh, he's one of a kind.

**MB:** He plays it in tune and you feel like he's playing a slide.

**BP:** The key to it is that he's such a *musical* person. It's the same difference between Louie Bellson and just a percussionist who doesn't know anything about writing.

**db:** Did either of you sliders ever play valve trombone?

**BP:** I own one.

**MB:** I used to own one.

**db:** Apparently you don't like it.

**MB:** I don't like the sound of it that much. And to play it, you really have to know how to cope with certain notes that are out of tune. You've got to practice and learn how to lip certain notes.

**RC:** Same thing applies to the tuba. Certain portions of that horn are out of tune . . .

**db:** Wait a minute. I don't understand this. How can they manufacture instruments where certain notes are out of tune? (The brass men regard me tolerantly.)

**BP:** Well, I don't think they're purposely made that way.

**RC:** They're just imperfect instruments.

**db:** Well, if they know that, why aren't they corrected?

**BP:** Well, they've been working on these things for years. They'd all love to make instruments in which all the notes are in tune, but they haven't been able to come up with it yet. I know it sounds incredible, considering how long horns have been around, but most trombones have A-flats that are out of tune in the first position.

**RC:** All instruments have peculiarities.

**db:** Talking about peculiar things, is there such a thing as an electric tuba? Have you ever been electrified?

**MB:** They have pick-ups for the tuba, don't they?

**RC:** Not yet. They haven't got around to tuba yet. Too much area to cover.

**db:** Is there a need for it?

**RC:** I don't think so, but it'll happen.

**BP:** If anyone is doing it, or planning it, it must be Howard Johnson. There's no telling what he's experimenting with. Right now I think he's living in Woodstock, in a very creative atmosphere. He's been the most important influence as far as the tuba is concerned. And I can't forget what Taj Mahal just did. He had a tuba choir traveling with him, and all four of those guys doubled on fluegelhorn and baritone sax. Howard's another example of a guy who was never told "you can't do that."

**db:** Did anyone influence the trombone the way Jimmy Blanton influenced the bass or Charlie Christian influenced the guitar?

**RC:** Ask someone like Trummy Young . . . Wait, there was a guy named Big something, maybe Big Green. He was with Claude Hopkins, or one of those bands.

**db:** Well, was there anyone who played with Louis who might have influenced other trombonists?

**RC:** Well, there was J. C. Higginbotham.

**BP:** True, but we'd have to go back even before that. Back 60, 70 years, maybe. At least to the turn of the century and dig up some French Creole cat in New Orleans.

**RC:** Yeah, it might be someone we never even heard of.

**BP:** Now you're talking about influence, right? Well for me, Trummy Young . . . even Tommy Dorsey. But actually, the biggest influence on my playing came from tenor saxophonists like Illinois Jacquet and Lester Young. I've always tried to approach trombone like a tenor sax because I've always liked the melodic lines of a tenor.

**MB:** You know who was a big influence: Jack Teagarden.

**BP:** Teagarden? Of course.

**RC:** Oh yeah, Jack Teagarden.

**BP:** Wasn't Teagarden the one who played that classic solo on *Stardust*?

**RC & db:** You're thinking of Jack Jenney.

**BP:** Well, now there was another big influence. You weren't a trombonist unless you knew his solo on *Stardust*.

**RC:** Then there's Bill Harris.

**MB:** Yeah, there are a lot of influences.

**BP:** Of course, one of the biggest influences for me was J. J. Johnson. An influence and a detriment at the same time.

**db:** How so?

**BP:** Well I was born in New Orleans, and I grew up there liking bebop while dixieland was the thing. I started with bebop and I still can't play dixieland.

**MB:** That's weird.

**RC:** I've always had a built-in resentment to dixieland. You know I started on string bass, and the drummers were always too

loud for me. With those press rolls, it was really frustrating.

**MB:** I started with dixieland. My father worked with the Bob Cats, and he also worked with Yank Lawson.

**BP:** That reminds me. I just heard something very interesting on a radio interview show. Yusef Lateef came up with a theory on the subject of the black-white thing—you know, whether you can detect if a musician is white or black just by listening to him. And Yusef said whatever environment you came up in, that's the way you sound. If you were white and grew up among guys playing black, you sounded black; and if you were black and came up among guys sounding white, you sounded white. And I believe that. (To MB) Now, you said you came up playing dixieland, but I still can't play dixieland because my personal environment was bebop.

**RC:** Hell, I didn't even start out to be a jazz musician. I wanted to be a symphony musician. And I did. But I started out on both instruments. When I was 12. I loved them both. I'd put in a lot of time on bass, then I'd put it in a corner for a few months and take up the tuba. My love for the tuba stems from my love for melodic lines. I've never regarded the tuba as an "oom-pah" instrument. There never was comedy with me. I also find that I can express myself better on the tuba.

**BP:** That's your life's breath you're putting into it, man. So you do it from the soul.

**RC:** Right, right, right.

**BP:** You can't sustain notes that way on the string bass. To me, the tuba has always been a sort of hero—the athlete of the orchestra. There's no other instrument that requires so much energy. You really have to stay in shape. You get a cold and you can't play.

**RC:** Well, the bass also requires a great deal of energy. That's a very physical instrument, too.

**BP:** Yeah, but you can still make it on bass with a respiratory condition.

**MB:** Actually all brass players have to be in better shape than other musicians. Brass instruments take 10 years off your life. It's the back pressure that does it. There's tremendous back pressure.

**db:** Are there any exercises that you'd recommend for brass students?

**BP:** I tell my students that Yoga is best. If they're in tune with Yoga, then they learn the right discipline for breathing and body exercises.

**MB:** I know the value of staying in shape. That's why all of a sudden I'm a tennis freak. You know when you go on the road

for a number of weeks and you're blowing three shows a day, that's really hard work. You're blowing your brains out.

**RC:** Ah, but when you get through, your chops are in top shape. That's the only thing that's bad about studio work. You might work a week and not play the equivalent of three hours on the road.

**MB:** How about the time you put into your horn, then you go into the studio and play "footballs" (whole notes)? How many dates have you gone to where . . .

**RC:** . . . where you just count bars?

**MB:** Yeah, that's what I mean. An amateur could do that.

**BP:** Don't tell them.

**RC:** I always let them think it's hard. On the other hand, we're expected to go in there at times and do the impossible. The average layman thinks you get plenty of time to rehearse the stuff. But if the copyist hasn't made a mistake, you're expected to be right the first time. Of course you never know what you're going to get next. One day you're playing Mozart . . .

**BP:** . . . and Bo Diddley the next.

**db:** (to RC) Do you get more studio calls on bass or on tuba?

**RC:** Fender bass.

**db:** Is that any kind of a comedown for you?

**RC:** No . . . it's just another challenge.

**DB:** Was there reluctance on your part to electric bass in the beginning?

**RC:** Sure there was reluctance. You know how it is: You spend 20 years on an instrument, then all of a sudden it's another thing, a brand new career. I don't know if I'll live long enough to be as good as I'd like to be on the Fender.

**MB:** That's the way it is in the studios today: "Bring all your horns."

**RC:** Yeah, look at the saxes. There are so many doublings that are expected today—all the saxes, the clarinets, four different flutes. John Lowe is playing E-flat Bass saxophone!

**MB:** An instrument that I like, and you really have to learn how to play it, is the baritone horn.

**db:** Rosolino doubles on that quite often.

**MB:** Yeah, he's wild. He can actually play everything that he plays on trombone on the baritone. I was working with him when we had Trombones Unlimited, and he'd play all those trombone solos on the baritone. In fact, I thought he was actually more creative on the baritone. So I asked him one time if he ever took lessons on the baritone and he said "nope." He does so many things with his lips. He's got tremendous facility.

Mike Barone



**db:** That's what amazes me about Frank Strazzeri. I've never heard of a piano player who doubles on baritone horn.

**MB:** He always wanted to be a slide trombone player. A couple of years ago he came to me and said he was thinking of giving up piano and concentrating on trombone and he asked my advice. I told him it would be easier to begin on valve trombone. And that's what he did. From that it was easy to switch to baritone.

**db:** In a big band situation, you invariably sit behind the reed section. Do you ever hit the players in front of you with the slides?

**MB:** We sit staggered, but the main thing is we let the saxophonists fare for themselves. We can't be worried about who's in front of us. We're too concerned with what we're playing.

**db:** Benny, the last time I saw you with Bill Berry's band at Donte's, you were taking a solo, and you usually solo with your eyes closed. Well, you kept coming within an inch of the saxophonist in front of you. I don't remember who he was...

**BP:** Probably Jack Nimitz.

**db:** Well, whoever, you came awfully close to hitting him in the head, and you almost knocked Frank Foster out.

**MB:** I've come close to hitting guys many times.

**BP:** I think there ought to be a law... a Ralph Nader-type of law that says there should be a rubber tip on the end of every slide. That small piece of metal on the end of the slide could do some damage. It could puncture the skin. Anyway, I remember it was the finale to some number and the whole band was standing and the music was getting very exuberant, and I caught Frank right in the middle of the skuli. Luckily he's one of my best friends. Lucky for me.

**MRS. db:** Why don't they make crash helmets required gear for the sax section?

**BP:** Hey, that's beautiful.

**db:** The last roundtable I did was with pianists, and I asked them about classical training. Without exception, they all went the same route: Czerny, Bach, two-part inventions, etc... Do most trombonists begin the same way, or is there another classical route for you?

**MB:** I studied with a couple of symphony men, and I studied with my father. I never really played classical music, but I guess you could call it a classical concept. Someone has to tell you how to get an embouchure, how to breathe, how to practice scales... all those basic things. But I can only speak for white brass players.

**db:** Why should there be a difference?

**MB:** I don't know. We're probably back to the environment thing. My father was a trumpet player, and the way he was taught, they didn't even give him a mouthpiece for six months. They first taught him how to breathe. My first teacher was with the Cleveland Orchestra, and that's the way a lot of white brass players I know began.

**db:** Maybe I should phrase it differently. We might get hung up on a color thing that leads nowhere. Is there classical literature available for brass players as there is for pianists?

**BP:** There's some, but it's not as standardized as piano literature. There are many more pianists, many more piano teachers... more homes have pianos. They've reached a more standard approach to teaching than brass teachers.

**MB:** A lot of the things have been transcribed for trombone. I mean pieces that were written for piano or cello, even in Bach's time, are available.

**BP:** There are certain books available directly for trombone. (To MB) You and I have used the same books because we both studied with classical teachers, but



Red Callender (l) and Benny Powell

I'm learning something from the teaching I'm doing with disadvantaged kids at Metropolitan High School. To produce the Slide Hamptons of the world, I don't impose a lot of rules that you might find in the older books. Too many of those books say you can't do this or you can't do that. Besides, I wouldn't want to prepare them in the classical sense, because those kids aren't going to get the opportunity to go in that direction. Their needs are going to be for bands like James Brown and Billy Preston. What's the sense in preparing them for the L.A. Philharmonic?

**MB:** Don't you think it's important to teach a beginner how to produce a strong embouchure? Or to get a good sound? After all, let's say he gets to the James Brown band. He's going to blow his brains out, and there's an easy way to do it and a hard way to do it.

**BP:** Of course. I'm aware of that. But I'm also aware that that's the seed from which the big oak grows. You know we had an interesting experiment when I was with Basie. At that time, the trombone section consisted of Henry Coker, Al Grey and myself. All of us had been playing professionally for a long time. Well, I went to a teacher in New York named Lewis Van Haren...

**MB:** I studied with him, too. When did you go to him?

**BP:** In the late '50s.

**MB:** Hey, so did I.

**BP:** We must have been going there at the same time. Well anyway, let me tell you an amazing thing about classical methods of playing. He taught me the correct embouchure, the correct breathing, the correct everything, and it made such a difference, the others began studying with him. In two weeks we sounded like a completely new trombone section.

(At this point, Sweets makes his triumphal entrance, exchanges hellos with everyone, kisses my wife and heads straight for the food.)

**db:** While you're digesting, let me ask you something I asked the others. Can you think of any trombonist that influenced all the others the way Blanton influenced bass players?

**SE:** One of them was Big Green. And someone named Williams. Actually I wouldn't like to be quoted, 'cause then I'll get letters from Dickie Wells.

**db:** Do you ever play fluegelhorn?

**SE:** Oh yeah, sure.

**db:** Does that require a different embouchure?

**SE:** Unh-unh. It's a lower sound... maybe three notes lower.

**RC:** Pardon the pun, but it's a darker sound (general laughter). I mean it literally, as opposed to a bright trumpet sound.

**SE:** I don't play it much because they won't pay you for the doubling.

**RC:** Depends upon the contractor. We've got a contractor who says "play 'em all," so consequently I get to play all my instruments.

**SE:** Not on the *Julie Andrews Show*. They're trying to save money. They spend millions on the show (ed. note: production costs for each show runs approximately \$250,000)...

**MB:** And the way they cut expenses, they usually cut a couple of guys from the band.

**SE:** They cut a trumpet, a saxophone and two violins.

**BP:** They did cut the band? No kidding.

**db:** What's the advantage of Dizzy Gillespie's raising the bell of his horn?

**SE:** It's the same sound. It's no gimmick. It happened in Chicago one night. Fats Navarro stepped on Dizzy's horn...

**RC:**... on purpose.

**SE:**... and Diz didn't have another horn. Diz and Fats were playing together in B's band. So Diz played it that way, and somebody in the band remarked that the sound was great. So Diz had the Martin Company make him one with the bell raised. He claims it's great for night clubs. Instead of playing directly into the people, the sound goes up.

**db:** What's the funniest thing that has ever happened to you guys—in a musical situation?

**BP:** I remember traveling with Basie's band from New York to Boston, and when I arrived there, I opened my trombone case and found just the bell. In my haste, I forgot to pack the slide. I had to rent one. I also recall leaving my mouthpiece behind. And that's embarrassing, 'cause I don't sing too well. And how many times did we arrive in one city only to find that our instruments were on a flight to another city. That's funny, like a broken arm, baby.

**RC:** I've gotten to the studio and suddenly realized I didn't have my bass.

**db:** Now how in the world can you overlook

something like a bass? I could understand Toots forgetting his harmonica. But a bass?

**RC:** Yeah, it does sound silly, doesn't it? But when you get used to carrying your bass around in a station wagon, you just take off without looking around. It happened most recently when I arrived at Goldwyn (Samuel Goldwyn Studios). I got out of the car, opened the back, and no bass. It hasn't happened often, but you know you get goofy sometimes.

**MB:** I remember playing a service club in Europe one time, and when the gig was over, I left my horn sitting right on the sidewalk in front of the place, and I took off in a cab for the hotel. But I got it back.

**db:** Okay, Sweets, you've had time to fill your tum-tum. What's the funniest thing that ever happened to you?

**SE:** Well I suppose it's funny now, but when I was touring France one time, I was in Toulouse, and the next engagement was in Bordeaux. So I was shopping around, being very cool, and the first thing I knew, I missed the train. So I started looking around for someone who could speak English, 'cause I can't speak French. All I wanted was the next train to Bordeaux. So I waited around the station all day and all night. The schedules were no help. They had things like 2200 and 2400, and I couldn't figure that kind of jazz, and to make matters worse, it began to rain and I couldn't get a cab. My only friend there, Hugues Panassie, had gone back to Paris. Finally, around 4 a.m., an old man told me "walk to the other side of the platform and wait five more hours for the train to Bordeaux." So I spend all day and all night on a bench. I couldn't even find any action. Not even someone to shack up with.

**BP:** I remember something else when I was with Basie: the time when we thought we'd have to parachute out of a C-47—over Atlanta, Georgia, yet! We had just come back from Europe, and we did an Army date. We were sitting, lined up, facing each other. Those C-47s are like a subway train. We were all strapped into our parachutes, you know, with the seat on the bottom. Just like you see in the movies. One of the officers had explained certain emergency procedures to us and pointed to a certain door in the rear and said we never open this door unless we have to bail out. So we looked at each other and figured he has to give us these instructions, but we're not gonna jump. Then he said, "Now if you do have to jump, make sure you don't jump to the right, because you'll hit the propellor. Count ten and jump to the left." So we made our little funnies, trying to cover up the fear, and everything's going along okay. But about a half hour out of Atlanta, one of the non-coms runs back to the rear of the plane, then returns. No one pays much attention. A few minutes later, he returns, this time with a broom. Then we hear this banging, and we're trying to figure out what he's banging with the broom. Everyone gets tensed up. Well he goes back to the front, but two minutes later he's back, and now he opens the door you never open unless you're going to bail out. By this time there's chaos. Some of the guys are already reaching for the paper bags. . . . Bixie Crawford, the singer, her range has gone up eight octaves. . . . and everybody else is turning white—so to speak.

**db:** Could be helpful if you're going to bail out over Georgia.

**BP:** The trouble was with the landing gear. It didn't register up front, so they had to work it manually. But we landed okay. Can you picture Charley Fowlkes parachuting into one of those farmer's pitchforks?

**SE:** I'm just trying to picture him white in

the face.

**db:** Which brings up a related question. I asked the pianists if they could tell a white pianist from a black pianist just by listening to them. Would there be any difference with your instruments? Is it easier to tell color because someone blows into an instrument?

**RC:** No way . . . no . . . no way. Not now.

**db:** Was there a time when you could have told the difference?

**RC:** There might have been a time—when it was all new.

**SE:** Right. You could tell Bix Beiderbecke from Louis Armstrong. In other words, you could tell the style, but sound has no color. Even with piano players, you could tell Art Tatum from anybody . . . or Teddy Wilson.

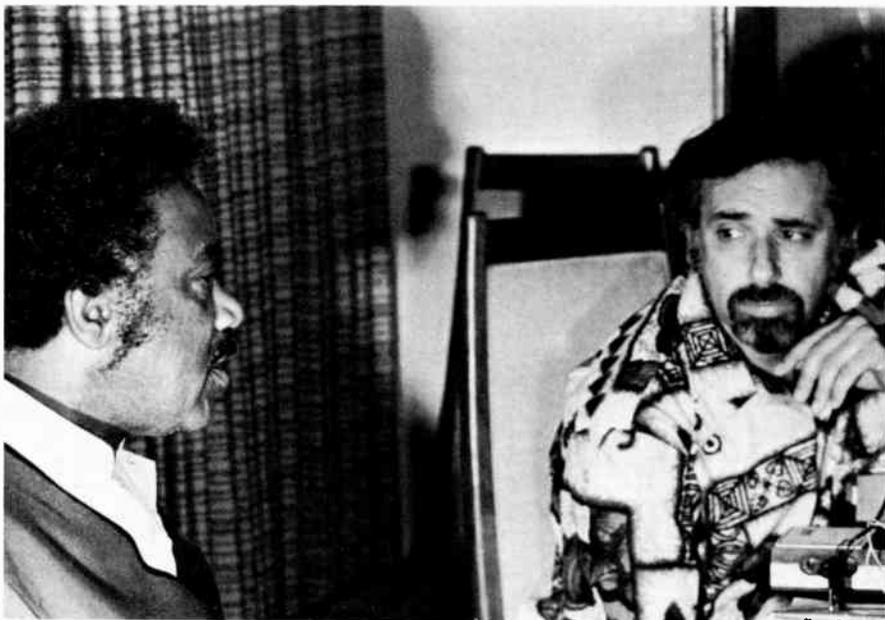
**RC:** Again it's a question of style.

**SE:** Yeah. You can't tell if they're pink, purple, blue or gray.

**db:** Who have you heard among the young trumpeters that you like best?

**SE:** I'd have to say Freddie Hubbard. He has great sound.

**MB:** Very economical, and he can play with beauty.



Sweets Edison and Harvey Siders

**RC:** Yeah, Freddie Hubbard. I like Freddie.

**BP:** He's got it all together.

**MB:** Most few players can achieve that.

**SE:** Very jazz trumpeters like Miles Davis could never play a first part. Never play melody. You could never play in a section with Miles 'cause, you know, he's a soloist. But Freddie Hubbard, he can play a first part.

**RC:** He can do it all.

**db:** Well, let's get back to Miles and what he's doing today.

**SE:** Well I don't like to comment on what musicians are trying to do. I figure it's different strokes for different folks. Besides, you can't knock success. And whatever he's done, he has certainly been successful. He's grasping for something, which I don't agree with, because I like the way he played. I liked everything he done before all those . . . uh . . .

**RC:** . . . you mean electronics?

**SE:** Yeah, the electronic sounds. I figure if you got something to say, don't grasp for something new. Just go on saying it. I dig that.

**RC:** Well there are some fine things in *Bitches Brew*.

**SE:** Yeah, but when you go to hear Miles Davis, you go to hear Miles, not all the electronics.

**db:** Is that another way of saying your style hasn't changed in the past 20 years?

**SE:** I hope not. Naturally, you can't go out in a box-back suit nowadays and consider yourself well-dressed. You have to keep up with the times. But you don't have to go to extremes. Like years ago with Basie's band, he didn't want us to play flatted fifths. All he wanted was three-part harmony: first, third and fifth; or third, fifth and seventh. End up on a flatted fifth and he'd say, "What the hell is that? Get that out of my band." But now he plays it just like everybody else. Music changes and you gotta change with the times, but you don't completely change yourself into another person.

**BP:** I gotta say this, because I was a product of the Basie band, after Sweets. There were two players in that band that always found the right notes . . . just the right notes: Sweets and Pres. Sweets was always

one of my main influences, going back to *Queer Street*. It seems Sweets and Pres always found the right notes, and everything else fit in. And he still plays that way. I wish I could find me the notes that sound good all the time.

**RC:** Sweets is a classic who's always fresh.

**SE:** I suppose it's important for a person to keep his identity—like Louis Armstrong. His playing was never dated for me. And he was always such a pleasure, personally. And even when he was ill and his lip began to go, he still had that sound.

**MB:** That must be the greatest compliment a musician can receive, when someone says you have a recognizable style. I'm not aware of it, except when someone says to me that sounds like one of your charts.

**SE:** (to MB) Oh, it's possible to tell your charts.

**MB:** I can always tell Rosolino's playing.  
**BP:** Frankie is one of those "right note" players.

**db:** Talking about trombone players, who is the Freddie Hubbard of your instrument?

*Continued on page 31*

Clark Terry and I attended rival high schools in St. Louis, Mo., a city that was then very much segregated. There were only two high schools for the entire black population. Clark went to Vashon High School, which was downtown, and I went to Sumner High, which was located out in the West End.

At my school, we had gotten together a jazz band named "The Sumner Swingers," and if I remember correctly, Vashon had no jazz band. It was during this time that I met Clark Terry. He started coming out to our school to rehearse and play with us. My brother Jimmy and tenorist Jimmy Forrest were in the band, along with other guys like Herman Morgan, our lead trumpeter, bassist Raymond Eldridge (he used to straddle his bass fiddle and "slap" his solo on that all-time flagwaver, *White Heat*), and Herman Bell, a good guitarist.

Jimmy Forrest had "written" a simple riff tune which we called *Forrest Fire* (what else?) and that became our theme song. Boy, we thought we were hot stuff then, and even today we still remember *Forrest Fire* and laugh and crack up about it, and how hip we thought we were. One thing, however, we could all see that Clark was something special. He was very quiet and didn't have too much to say but we were all crazy about him, and for a 17-year-old kid he showed remarkable maturity—both as a person and as a budding jazz giant.

Well, we made only one real gig outside of our school dances, at a neighborhood theater called the Amytis. It was not long after this that our band broke up. Clark left home—there were problems there—and he disappeared. The rest of us graduated and went our separate ways. I started playing professionally with the local bands and then, finally, my brother and I went off to college.

It was during this time that Clark suddenly reappeared on the scene in St. Louis. My brother just *happened* to be back home (for reasons I need not disclose here) and he found Clark Terry at a jam session one evening. Several other trumpet players were also there.

Well, Jimmy wrote me a letter *raving* about Clark—and I mean *raving*! Clark had completely wiped out all those other trumpet players. Jimmy wrote that those guys were all trying to out-scream and out-high-note each other, and then, finally, Clark jumped in quietly and took charge, playing all those pretty notes and giving lessons in techniques, ideas, and swinging! I flipped after reading Jimmy's letter and I could hardly wait for summer vacation to come so that I could get home to hear this bad-ass cat—our old buddy who had suddenly disappeared a few years back.

When I did get home I found a good-looking guy wearing "zoot" suits that you wouldn't believe—the big hats, long watch chain—the whole works. He was really something to behold! I also found that many of the older musicians were jealous of and resented Clark. (They didn't dig his clothes either!) Anyway, those guys wouldn't give him any gigs and he had to

## My Friend CLARK TERRY

by Ernie Wilkins

take "scab" gigs with all kinds of characters in order to make it. (I remember one character vividly: "Dollar Bill" and his *Small Change*!) In the meantime, all of us younger guys were quite pissed off about the way Clark was being treated. (Those jive cats should shine his shoes!)

Well, later that summer, a fine young drummer named Alec Shaw hit on Clark and me to make an audition for a gig at a top club in East St. Louis. So we formed a quintet, rehearsed like hell, and really got some hip things together. Finally comes the day for the audition and we got on stage and cooked! After we finished we really felt good about ourselves and were congratulating each other. But here comes the news: The boss tells Alec: "Your bass man and piano player are O.K., but that trumpet player and sax player have got to go! Hey, why don't you get somebody like Wendell Black?" (Wendell Black was a trumpet player who wore funny hats and clowned all over the stage.) Needless to say, we were crushed! Of course we learned to laugh and joke about that experience and for a long time after that, whenever Clark and I corresponded with one another, we'd sign our letters "Audition."

Then came Pearl Harbor and we were at war. President Roosevelt started breaking down *some* of the color barriers in the services. The Navy sent people out to recruit black musicians for the purpose of forming bands to be sent to many of the naval stations around the country. (I must say that most of us went into the Navy to avoid being drafted by the Army.)

Well, Clark and brother Jimmy went into the Navy ahead of me. I was having so much fun then that I was reluctant to "volunteer" my freedom away. However, the horrible prospect of being drafted into the Army finally convinced me to join Clark and Jimmy.

When I arrived at boot camp at the Great Lakes Training Center I began to feel a lot better. Wow! All we did was have jam sessions all day long, and again, Clark was frustrating all the trumpet players on the scene. And some damn good ones were there—Ernie Royal and Jimmy Nottingham, just to name two. But there was no envy or jealousy there and Clark began receiving the adulation and respect he deserved.

After boot training was finished, Jimmy and I were shipped with a band to Hampton, Va., and Clark remained at Great Lakes. Sometime later, Clark and I managed to get passes for the same weekend and we met in New York. We headed immediately for 52nd Street. Here we were, two wide-eyed, mouth-hanging-open guys in sailor uniforms—in jazz paradise! No wonder—just imagine seeing Art Tatum, Big Sid Catlett, Don Byas, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Diz and Bird—all in one night!

Then Clark sat in with Diz and Bird, and the word quickly got around the Street. *Everybody* started crowding into the club and Art Tatum, who was nearly blind, went clear up to the bandstand to check Clark out. It's too bad there weren't tape recorders then! Here were Diz and Bird, in top form, and this young upstart sailor standing there with them, holding his own. That night I'll never forget!

Finally, the war ended. Clark returned to St. Louis after his discharge and joined the very good George Hudson Band. By now he had become a well-liked and respected giant among the musicians there. I chose to live in Chicago after being discharged from the Navy and joined a new band being formed by Eddie Mallory.

We went to New York, and after a couple of gigs at the Savoy Ballroom and the Apollo Theater, the band broke up. I was

*Continued on page 31*

Emcee Ed McMahon and the guest of honor at Quinnipiac College last spring.



# record

## REVIEWS

### CAT ANDERSON

CAT ANDERSON PLAYS AT 4 A.M.—Emidisc C 048-50665: *Concerto For Cootie; Black and Tan Fantasy; Blues For Laurence; Ain't Misbehavin'; You're The Cream In My Coffee.*

Personnel: Anderson, trumpet; Russell Procope, clarinet; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Georges Arvanitas, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The 1950s and '60s produced a generous flow of Ellingtonia in miniature. Most were done under Johnny Hodges' name and ranged from good to superb. The only trouble was that they tended to involve many of the same men: Lawrence Brown, Ray Nance, and of course Hodges. Nothing wrong with this. Some marvelous music got played.

The point is that out of an era in which Hodges dominated most extra-curricular Ellingtonia, this session assumes a somewhat unique position. And a refreshing session it is too.

The program is varied. Duke's spiritual presence pervades side one, while a more free wheeling jam-session format drives most of the second side. The album's greatest dividend is Russell Procope, who is more prominently featured here than on any other LP I can recall. Never issued on an American label (it was recorded in Paris in October, 1958), its distribution here now offers an unusually close glimpse of the superb clarinetist.

Perhaps his most impressive work is on *Black and Tan*. The dark, oily tone of his blues combines with his broad but compressed vibrato to create an intense emotionalism. When he suddenly breaks the somber mood with a stabbing high note so full of suppressed energy that it threatens to explode, the effect is stunning. This is also superbly demonstrated on *Misbehavin'* and *Blues*.

Procope's basic vocabulary is tied to the New Orleans traditions. He has taken the rich, round New Orleans sound and harnessed it to an extremely articulate and fluid style. The fluttering flourishes and whispered embellishments that fill his solos never hamper the capacity to swing and excite.

The session is also an excellent showcase for Anderson, another Ellingtonian who, one could argue, never got quite his share of solo time when he was with the band. True or not, he gets ample opportunity to stretch out here and shows that he is much more than a high-note specialist. A complete musician, he is totally at home here and plays in an effortless, unforced manner without gimmickry.

Jackson was among the finest post-Nanton plunger trombonists Ellington had, and he too plays at the top of his form here.

If you're in the market for Ellingtonia that is slightly off the beaten path, look up this import in better record stores. —mcdonough

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

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

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)

### THE AWAKENING

HEAR, SENSE AND FEEL—Black Jazz BJQ/9: *Awakening* (prologue, *Spring Thing*); *When Will It Ever End*; *Convulsions*; *Kera's Dance*; *Jupiter*; *Brand New Feeling*; *Awakening* (epilogue).

Personnel: Frank Gordon, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Steve Galloway, trombone; Richard (Ari) Brown, tenor sax, flute; Ken Chaney, acoustic & electric piano; Reggie Willis, acoustic bass; Richard Evans, electric bass (track 6 only); Arlington Davis, Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This marvelous record is surely the best of the dozen or so releases (all of which I've heard) by this young label. It marks the recording debut of a fresh, mature, Chicago-based group co-led by Chaney (formerly of Young-Holt Unlimited) and Gordon, a trumpeter-composer of potentially major proportions.

The Awakening's music is too fresh and creative to be called mainstream or middle of the road, and much too beautiful and together to be called avant garde. They seemingly work from no single framework, yet there is the illusion of framework or form. The writing, mainly by the co-leaders, is lyrical and open in some cases, dense and brusque in others. And it is sometimes writing that brings



the horns into play not just in the heads—there are some excellent background ensembles on *Feeling* and *Jupiter*.

*Awakening* (both of them) begins with a poetry reading, but this multi-media effort shows which of the "media" communicates best on a phonograph record. Galloway's solo is fine, but his intonation sometimes bothers me. Gordon's solo is also fine, but not up to his lyrical gem on *Dance*, or his fiery brilliance on *Convulsions*. But all of his solos are well constructed, with varied lines, and Gordon knows how to effectively vary his sound to help impart ideas. There are many ways to exploit the possibilities of trumpet without using mutes, and Gordon apparently is very aware of this. In addition to inner feeling, it takes a lot of control and Gordon can really get it on in many ways.

*End* is a tenor showcase for Brown, the most outside-oriented member of the group. He shows us a different conception on flute in his agile, creative outing on *Dance*, an attractive line by John Stubblefield that also spotlights a tasty electric piano solo by Chaney, who gets a chance to stretch out on acoustic piano—and to good advantage—on Gordon's *Jupiter*, a spirited, complex affair well-delivered the horns. Drummer Davis im-

presses here, as throughout. He's got those drums tuned well and he knows what to do with them.

OVERRIDING all of this is the feeling the group communicates—not only of musical togetherness but personal togetherness. It even extends to the blowing. I think, though each man surely has his own head. But there's something about this group that makes you realize that it *is* a group, a working/feeling group, and not just seven fine musicians who happen to be on the same bandstand.

Hopefully, this fine album will be the beginning of more widespread exposure for the Awakening, who are beginning to wake up the Chicago jazz fans who have been asleep on them. A major festival appearance would do this band, and surely the audience, a lot of good, because they've got something of their own. How about it, promoters? —szantor

### KOOL AND THE GANG

MUSIC IS THE MESSAGE—De-Lite De 2011: *Music Is The Message*; *Electric Frog* (2 parts); *Soul Vibrations*; *Love The Life You Live* (2 parts); *Stop Look and Listen*; *Blowin' With The Wind*; *Funky Granny*.

Personnel: Spike Mickens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; D. T. Thomas, alto sax, flute; Ronald Bell, tenor sax, flute; Rick West, piano, arp; Robert (Kool) Bell, bass; Claydes Smith, guitar; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

### BLACK HEAT

BLACK HEAT—Atlantic SD 7237: *The Jungle*; *Chicken Heads*; *Street Of Tears*; *Barbara's Mood*; *Chip's Funk*; *Wanaoh*; *You'll Never Know*; *Honey Love*; *Send My Lover Back*; *Time Is Gonna Catch You*.

Personnel: Phil Guilbeau, trumpet; Johnnel Gray, organ; Bradley Owens, guitar; Naamon Jones, bass; Esco Cromer, drums; Raymond Green, conga drums, harmonica; Ralph McDonald, percussion. Guest artist: David Newman, tenor sax, flute. Eight-piece horn section arranged by David Spinoza.

Rating: ★★★★★

Quietly, with little or no fanfare, the kind of music played by these bands has slipped into the vacuum present in both jazz and rock and has found a niche for itself. It is music that is vocal and instrumental, small band (in person) and big band (on record via overdubbing or—in the case of Black Heat—the inclusion of guests). If you need a label, try "Black Rock" or "Second-Generation Soul Jazz." Most everyone in the bands gets to sing in one way or another and *everybody* doubles percussion of some sort.

Rhythmically, the music is danceable funky—always. Harmonically, there is a wide

range—made possible by the ability of the horns to double—and the material can run from simple doo-wop to freaky one chord things, from Basie (no kidding!) to Pharoah Sanders. Right now, at this very moment, groups similar to these two (Funk Incorporated, Ohio Players and The Counts) are finding an audience among black adults.

Regardless of whether one approves of the music from an esthetic standpoint, one cannot deny the roots. There are few saxophonists in groups of this nature that don't listen to both Jug and Joe Henderson. Most guitarists have B.B. King covered as well as Grant Green. This versatility can often obscure the lack of an individual solo style but compensation is usually present in the collective enthusiasm. In this day when virtually every jazz group is a pick-up group, it is a pleasure to hear music that has come together through performance rather than rehearsal.

Kool are old hands at this kind of thing and this is their fourth Lp. They have been better in the past. The title track will give you an idea of what they do best. Black Heat is a new group to me, but it is no surprise that Guilbeau, a Ray Charles discovery of some years back, and the ringer, Newman, stand out. As the group becomes more studio-wise it is likely that it will gain a greater identity.

One thing is certain: Black Rock or whatever is here, and you will hear a lot more of it in the future.

—porter

## LARRY CORYELL

OFFERING—Vanguard VSD-79319: *Foreplay; Ruminations; Scotland I; Offering; The Meditation of November 8th; Beggar's Chant.*

Personnel: Steve Marcus, soprano sax; Coryell, guitar; Mike Mandel, electric piano; Mervin Bronson, bass; Harry Wilkinson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★½

*Offering* is perhaps Coryell's best album, though *Spaces* had certain charms not found here and vice-versa. The personnel is similar to his earlier Flying Dutchman *Barefoot Boy*.

Coryell continues his rather amazing electric thing—jazz-rooted and rock and country-tinged, with touches of feedback electronics. His conception is one of the most open of current young guitarists, though like most he gets hung up for ideas occasionally. As is true of many of Coryell's peers, his basic style is out of B.B. King but he doesn't allow the influence to dominate him.

The Coryell group is distinctive in sound and direction, yet gives the impression of John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra on a ride through Frank Zappaland with bits of country and rock side trips. The unit has a slightly lower energy level than the McLaughlin's.

Marcus has found his axe in the soprano. His Trane-derived tenor style seemed too oppressive to ever allow his own thing to flower. Now he's shed the roots and is pretty much on his way; he swings well and builds crisp, logical solos with a minimum of waste.

The electric piano and fuzz-wah action by Mandel make for meaningful backgrounds for Coryell and Marcus. His solos are usually strong and flowing, with plenty of his own mind. Bronson is rock-solid and inventive. Wilkinson, a strangely loose drummer, keeps it moving well.

—Smith

## DON ELLIS

CONNECTION—Columbia KC 31766: *Put It Where You Want It; Alone Again (Naturally); Superstar; I Feel the Earth Move; Theme From The French Connection; Conquistador; Roundabout; Chain Reaction; Goodbye To Love; Lean On Me; Train to Get There.*

Personnel: Ellis, trumpet, electric trumpet, fluegelhorn; Bruce Mackay, Glenn Stuart, Paul Bogosian, Gil Rathel, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Sidney Muldrow, French horn; Glenn Ferris, Ken Sawhill, trombone; Doug Bixby, tuba; Fred Selden, Vince Denham, Sam Falzone, Gary Herbig, reeds, flutes; Milcho Leviev, keyboards; Dave McDaniel, bass; Ralph Humphrey, drums; Lee Pastora, Ron Dunn, Carmelo Garcia, percussion; Tom Buffum, Earle Forry, Denyse Buffum, Paul Kudzia, amplified strings.

Rating: ★★★

The name of this record probably stems from the fact that almost all the instruments are connected to electrical outlets—a terrific business for Con Edison but in my opinion a step backwards in comparison with the "pure" *Tears of Joy*, where electricity was used only sparingly.

I wish I could hear Don Ellis' wonderful sound during an electric power failure. He has in his orchestra all the colors in the rich palette of instruments: Nine brass, eight rhythm, a string quartet and a saxophone or woodwind quartet. What wonderful sounds could have been produced here without the help of electricity!

In his liner notes, Leonard Feather writes:



"I ventured a prophecy that Ellis would become the Stan Kenton of the 1970s." Did Ellis ever hear Stan Kenton's *Opus in Pastels*? Is there anything more wonderful than the almost human voicings of the five saxophones? Does Ellis, himself a trumpet virtuoso with his own highly individual style, fantastic technique and range, really need the cheap Echoplex effects?

I heard Ellis for the first time some 14 years ago when he was a pupil at the Lenox School of Jazz. He was playing in a hard bop combo under the leadership of J. J. Johnson and I was amazed at how different his conception was. I recognized immediately the latent talent of this young musician and take credit for being the first writer to mention him in print (in the German publication *Jazz Podium*). I predicted a great future for the then entirely unknown musician, and I was right.

I mention these facts only because my connection to Ellis is somewhat closer than the normal critic-musician relationship. I hope that he will forgive my strong but well-meant words concerning this record and follow my advice: "Back to nature."

Concerning the music, I liked only *Chain Reaction*, arranged by Hank Levy, with a terrific solo by Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian pianist, and a well-played trumpet or fluegelhorn solo by Ellis. All the other pieces are more or less distorted by the inhuman-sounding electric connections."

—vogel

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## EDDIE HARRIS

EDDIE HARRIS SINGS THE BLUES - Atlantic SD 1625: *Please Let Me Go; Ten Minutes To Four; A Child Is Born; Walk With Me; Eddie Sings The Blues; Giant Steps.*

Personnel: Harris, electric sax, voice; Richard Abrams, electric piano; Ronald Muldrow, guitar; Rufus Reid, acoustic & electric bass; Billy James, drums; Marshall Thompson, percussion. On track 4, Andre Fisher plays drums, James plays boom-bam. Additional horns, strings and voices; Richard Evans, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

From an artistic point of view, this is the most successful Eddie Harris album to date. It is a quality performance from start to finish, a tour de force for Harris' varied talents and one of the best records I've heard all year.

Harris has been one of Jazzdom's more prolific experimenters. Here he demonstrates his latest sound: Singing through his horn, using a wah-wah pedal and amplification. The device is used on *Sings, Please* and *Walk* and these tracks also sport voices, strings and horns with magnificent scoring by Richard Evans.

The singing, a bit like wah-wah guitar, is tastefully done. It's a sound I dig although others may want to hear more of it before deciding on its worth.

The remaining three tracks are among the best jazz one would want to hear anywhere. *Ten* is the obligatory funk tune, but certainly the best of its kind since *Listen Here*. *Giant* is a kind of galloping calypso with outstanding moments from all members of the group. Abrams and Reid are major talents and their work throughout the album reinforces my opinion that Harris currently has the best working group in jazz. Muldrow I hadn't heard before but he has it all covered, from hip modern to down-home blues, and does it without a bit of freaky amplification. Billy James has been a crisp drummer for many years; his tasty timekeeping seems to have found an ideal setting here.

Thad Jones' *A Child Is Born* is played only by Harris and Abrams and is one of the most beautiful ballad performances in the history of jazz.

I have long felt that great jazz musicians do not need to go the way of the "outside" avant garde, because as great musicians they will be able to discover fresh methods within established musical forms. With this album, Eddie Harris ascends, in my mind, to the position of a great jazz musician and his music here completely vindicates that opinion. I urge you to hear this album.

-porter

## WOODY HERMAN

THE RAVEN SPEAKS - Fantasy 9416: *Fat Mama; Alone Again (Naturally); Sandia Chicano (Watermelon Man); It's Too Late; The Raven Speaks; Summer of '42; Reunion at Newport 1972; Bill's Blues.*

Personnel: Al Porcino, Charles Davis, John Thomas, Bill Stapleton, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bob Burgess, Rick Stepton, Harold Garrett, trombones, Herman, Frank Tiberi, Greg Herbert, Steve Lederer, Tom Anastas, reeds; Pat Martino, guitar; Harold Danko, electric piano; Al Johnson, bass; Joe LaBarbera, drums; John Pacheco, congas.

Rating: ★★★★★

There are two striking features of this album, certainly Herman's best in recent years: The band is at its finest on two straight-ahead blues pieces, and the most consistently successful soloist is the Old Man himself.

Woody's book, of late, has been packed with jazz-rock versions of pop tunes, and originals in the same vein. Herbie Hancock's *Fat Mama*, nicely charted by Bill Stapleton, employs a standard rock vamp, with effective passages for the sections. There's an amorphous piano solo. This is thin material, but the band does what it can.

*Alone Again* is a pretty song well played in Alan Broadbent's arrangement, with tender exposition of the melody from the trumpets captured by Al Porcino. The reeds achieve a beautiful section sound. Bob Burgess phrases a fine trombone solo, and Woody wraps it up on soprano, floating over the band's organ-like chords.

*Watermelon* falls somewhere in the pop-rock-r&b category. The band is spirited. Arranger Tony Klatka, a recent Herman alumnus, wrote some challenging runs for the trumpets, and Porcino puts his men through the paces expertly. The tenor solo is competent, as are all the tenor solos on the album. Herbert and Tiberi have been more impressive in person recently, but there are no tenor giants in the band at the moment. (The Phillips-Getz-Sims-Cohn-Ammons-Perkins-Nistico tenor lineage of the Herman band must haunt the reed section at times.) In his short soprano solo, Woody trills, swoops, darts and stabs like a young musician making discoveries. He does it again on *Too Late*, a Carole King number arranged by Stapleton for band and electric bass. What ever happened to upright basses? Rockish vamping underpins Stapleton's *Raven*, and there are subtleties for the sections, with welcome attention to dynamics in the writing and playing. In the out choruses, there's some gorgeous reed writing, with Woody's soprano voiced in the lead.

*Summer of '42*, arranged by Broadbent with a lovely brass blend, is Herbert's feature, and he plays it with warmth, conviction and, I suspect, the lyrics in mind. *Reunion* is the plain old blues in F, time right down the middle, tempo slightly faster than a brisk walk, and the band wails. Danko's electric piano solo is together - far and away his best playing of the date. The same may be said for Tiberi's tenor outing. There's an animated trombone exchange between Burgess and Stepton. Stapleton has a rather puckish solo, with touches of Freddie Hubbard and Clark Terry. Porcino's lead work should be framed and mounted. Woody's clarinet solo is perfect, complete with a quote from *The Sidewalks of Cuba*. That isn't the only thing reminiscent of the First Herd in this performance; Broadbent has slipped in echoes of the trumpet parts from *Blowin' Up A Storm*, and the band's verve approaches that of its illustrious predecessor.

There's a switch to A-flat and a slight drop in tempo for *Bill's Blues*, but no drop in the energy level. Stapleton has a nice muted solo, following good ones by Woody, Danko, and Herbert on flute. Flute and muted trumpet take us out in unison duet over the ensemble, which provides some stop-time touches and a boffo finish for the LP.

Johnson's bass work is tasteful and adds to the drive of the band, although it is reproduced too loudly. Electric bass has its uses, but it almost invariably dominates, and it seems an acoustic bass properly miked would have been more appropriate, at least for the blues pieces. Generally, however, the mixing prob-

lems that have plagued Herman lately seem to have been overcome by Fantasy.

It is entirely possible that Woody would disagree, of course, but to these ears it seems more attention could profitably be paid the vein mined in those two marvelous blues performances. As for the leader's playing, bravo.

—ramsey

## CHUCK MANGIONE

**ALIVE!**—Mercury SRM 1650: *High Heel Sneakers*; *Legend of the One-Eyed Sailor*; *St. Thomas*; *Sixty-Miles-Young*.

Personnel: Mangione, fluegelhorn, electric piano; Gerry Niewood, tenor&soprano sax, alto flute; Tony Levin, electric bass; Steve Gadd, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Chuck Mangione has proven himself an exciting composer and conductor. Now he is proving himself an exciting player, or almost. *Alive!* isn't spectacular; the exclamation mark is hyperbolic. But it is interesting small band action.

*High Heel Sneakers* has been played too often by too many and isn't much to begin with. The Mangione quartet is at least funky enough, especially Levin, first comping on his bass guitar, then soloing with dancing spunk. *St. Thomas* is calypso enough, with Gadd fleet of beat (and solo). Niewood and Mangione cruise well, although both squeak rather oddly.

The original music is better. *Legend* is a freer rock piece with some quasi-Eastern harmony now and then. Gadd and Levin move it all well, shifting the color through the soloing; Niewood is swirling on soprano. Again, Mangione isn't as interesting—his chops sound untogether throughout the concert.

*Sixty-Miles Young* is last and best, opening with the piano and flute like hip carousel music. Once more, all is directed by supple rhythm, with Mangione sighing and surging into rock on piano (much better than on fluegelhorn). Niewood is equally gutsy and lyrical, almost as if he were Gene Ammons and John Klemmer well-fused.

Considered as a whole, the concert is good, yet somehow I suspect it might've been an off night, at least for Mangione himself. His playing is often out-and-out sloppy, although from an ensemble standpoint the music is certainly spirited, and at least alive (if not *Alive!*). —bourne

## SHELLY MANNE

**MANNEKIND**—Mainstream MRL 375: *Birth*; *Scavenger*; *Seance*; *Witch's*; *Fertility*; *Maturity*; *Tomorrow*; *Pink Pearl*; *Mask*; *Infinity*.

Personnel: Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor sax; Mike Wofford, piano; John Morrell, guitar; Jeff Castleman, bass; Manne, Brian Moffatt, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Remember Shelly Manne? He was the incredible powerhouse behind Stan Kenton's classic era and on into the *Innovations In Modern Music* band. It can be questioned if any Kenton rhythm section has been the same without this swinging dynamo. He was also the tight little combo drummer who tastefully accented the rhythms of 85 per cent of the recordings coming from the West Coast school of music. He has accompanied more

singers, and his drums have underlined the action of more movie and TV scripts, than Carter has pills.

The last thing one might associate the Manne with would be free-avant garde-jazz-rock. But here he is, putting his name and his drumming on an album of music new enough to challenge the intellect yet sufficiently grounded in traditional jazz-rock concepts to turn on more listeners than it will turn off.

It is impossible to call highlights in this album, for while the compositions are titled individually, and some even are segregated by visible grooves on the record, the whole 40 plus minutes of music is one suite of a half-dozen movements with two interludes, a prelude and a postlude.

The music flows endlessly and inventively from trumpeter Barone, tenorman Gross, keyboarder Wofford, and particularly guitarist Morell. Underlying all that is the percussion artistry, coloring and time-keeping (yes, Virginia, they do keep time sometimes even in free music) of Manne and Moffatt. And, underpinning it is ex-Ellington bassist Jeff Castleman, who also makes a strong case for the Fender bass as an improvising jazz instrument—not the first player to have done so, but certainly one of the strongest.

This, for me, was a record of discovery. Manne and Castleman were the only players whose work I really knew about before hearing this album. The other men were all pleasant surprises and Shelly and Jeff showed me a few new tricks.

The majority of the composing was done by Wofford and Morell, so perhaps this could be, in a way, considered more their album than Lord Shelly's. But if it takes a name like Shelly Manne to convince record companies to record new music like this, let us be glad that Shelly Manne is not only willing to lend his name to the enterprise but is a sufficiently forward-looking musician to be able to also make a sizeable contribution to the proceedings. —klee

## PAT MARTINO

**THE VISIT**—Cobblestone 9015: *The Visit*; *What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life*; *Road Song*; *Footprints*; *How Insensitive*; *Alone Together*.

Personnel: Martino, Bobby Rose, guitars; Richard Davis, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

To my mind, Martino is one of the most consistently satisfying jazz guitarists around. Though a young man, he's not a "contemporary" player in the sense that he's into the exploration of the electric character of the instrument in any of the disparate ways of John McLaughlin, Joe Beck, Sonny Greenwich or Larry Coryell, among others. Far from it, in fact, Martino's very much a traditionalist who hews to the approach laid down for the instrument by such as Charlie Christian, Jimmy Raney, Bill De Arango, and most particularly Tal Farlow, who is Martino's major influence.

In this approach the tone is warm and burnished, the conception as thoughtful and intelligent as it is harmonically rich; the attack deceptively laconic but always incisive. The overall impression Martino (and this school generally) leaves is one of probing, imaginatively controlled musical clarity and coherence—fleet as the wind when required but

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This LP pays uncloying tribute to his close friend, the late Wes Montgomery. Eschewing slavish copying of Montgomery's best-known stylistic devices, Martino offers a half-dozen lovely performances, succeeding admirably in evoking something of Montgomery's warm, radiant musical spirit while at the same time remaining himself. Which was, of course, one of the chief messages of Montgomery's music. In the process, Martino has created one of his finest and most enjoyable albums—on a par with his marvelous *East* album—playing with a great deal of imagination, taste and sensitivity. He receives sympathetic, devilishly responsive support from his associates, particularly bassist Davis, who offers some of the album's most delicious and surprising moments.

*The Visit* is an album that wears extremely well, revealing more and more of itself with each playing. While his musical orientation is conservative (and perhaps at the moment unfashionable), Martino reveals that the post-hop traditions are hardly moribund but, on the contrary, can yield strong, creative music-making. And there's a lot of that here. A welcome visit indeed. —welding

## LES McCANN

TALK TO THE PEOPLE—Atlantic SD1619; *What's Going On*; *Shamading*; *Seems So Long*; *She's Here*; *North Carolina*; *Let It Lay*; *Talk to the People*.

Personnel: McCann, piano, vocal; Keith Lov-ing, guitar; James Rowser, bass; Donald Dean, drums; Buck Clarke, percussion; The Persuasions, Eugene McDaniels, Susan McDaniels, Sister Charlotte, Billy Barnes, Joel Dorn, backup vocals.

Rating: ★★★½

This is a soul-jazz record, and as such it is effective. McCann uses all the various new electric gadgetry to bolster and ornament his music, and does it well.

He manages not to become Shaft or Billy Preston, but to remain basically McCann and supply a logical extension of McCann music.

As a singer, he is most effective on *Going On*, *So Long*, and *People*.

For McCann enthusiasts and soul cum middle-of-the-road-jazz fans. —rusch

## DJANGO REINHARDT

SWING IT LIGHTLY—Columbia KC 31479; *Nuages*; *Night and Day*; *September Song*; *I'm Confessin'*; *Testament*; *Brazil*; *Manoir de mes Reves*; *Blues for Ike*; *Insensiblement*; *Gypsy Without a Song*.

Personnel: Reinhardt, guitar (except track 5); Maurice Vander, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Jean Louis Vale, drums, or (track 10 only) Hubert Rostaing, clarinet; Joseph Reinhardt, guitar; Emmanuel Soudieux, bass; Andre Jourdan, drums. All tracks: Overdubbing by Guitars Unlimited (Francis Lemaguer, Pierre Cullaz, Paul Piguiem, R. Jimenez, Tony Rollo, guitars, plus rhythm

section of Raymond Le Senechal, piano; Paul Rovere or Pierre Michelot, bass; Andre Arpino or Jean Louis Viale, drums.) Original music recorded 1953 and 1947; overdubbing in 1968.

Rating: ★

Guitars Unlimited is a novelty group of five French guitarists which, according to Charles Delauney's liner notes, plays guitar versions of big band arrangements a la Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. Maybe they sound fine doing their own thing. Here, they sound like Musak imitations of Les Paul and Mary Ford. This would be bad enough by itself, but to have it superimposed on the artistry of Django Reinhardt is mixing the ridiculous with the sublime.

The original records by Django have been re-recorded in simulated stereo, upon which the five guitars plus rhythm section have overdubbed their "tributes". In some cases, these consist of doubling (or should it be quintupling?) Django's original lines, in others of playing annoying backgrounds to his solos. In all cases, they are an imposition on Django's music.

One track, *Testament*, is Guitars Unlimited without Django, playing a composition by him—a harmless and uninteresting effort.

Those who feel they must own everything Django has recorded need not accept this odd mixture. The original versions of these pieces, without interference from Guitars Unlimited, can be obtained on Barclay 920.366 T, along with seven other tracks not mutilated here (the playing time here of 26:47 is super-short, by the way).

I've given this album one star because there is one star on it: Django Reinhardt. When he shines through, it's excellent music. —*klec*

## CLARK TERRY

**BIG BAD BAND**—Etoile CPR 1 A: *Shell Game*; *Here's That Rainy Day*; *Rock Skipping at the Blue Note*; *Big Bad Band*; *Dirty Old Man*; *On the Trail*; *Fading Fleur*; *Hymn for Kim*; *Take the "A" Train*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Lloyd Michaels, Virgil Jones, Lou Soloff, Ray Copeland, trumpets; Sonny Costanza, Dave Bargeron, John Gordon, Jack Jeffers, trombones; Frank Wess, alto sax, flute; Chris Woods, alto sax, clarinet; George Coleman, Ernie Wilkins, tenor sax; Joe Temperley, baritone sax; Don Friedman, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Mousey Alexander, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album of sparkling, swinging big-band jazz, recorded at a Carnegie Hall concert in 1970, contains, among other things, some of the best blowing Clark Terry ever put on wax—and that's saying something.

The *piece de resistance* in a delightfully varied program is the title track. An up-tempo blues, it opens with some nice Don Friedman piano, warming up the rhythm section (fine throughout) for CT's entrance. He has a chance to stretch out here, and his 13 choruses offer conclusive evidence (if such be needed) that the name Clark Terry is written in giant letters on the roll of all-time great trumpeters.

This track, which also offers a caloric George Coleman-Ernie Wilkins tenor battle and solid work from the band as a whole, is alone worth the price of admission.

CT's lyrical side is beautifully displayed on *Fading Fleur*, a Frank Wess composition-arrangement, and his characteristic (and always uplifting) plunger-mute work is captured on *Rock-Skipping at the Blue Note*, a Billy Strayhorn chart and the band's tip of

the cap to its Ellingtonian legacy.

Perhaps the most original and engaging arrangement on the album is Ernie Wilkins' setting of the well-traveled *On the Trail*, from flute and clarinet *pianissimo* opening to goodnatured free-form finale. He also penned the nice new setting for *A Train*. Frank Wess' written contributions, aside from *Fleur*, are *Shell Game* and the rocking *Dirty Old Man*, while Phil Woods contributed *Rainy Day* (a showcase for Wess' fluent, pure-toned alto) and *Hymn for Kim* (a setting for Dave Bargeron's robust trombone).

Bargeron's Blood, Sweat & Tears colleague, trumpeter Lou Soloff, gets off a fine solo on *Blue Note*. Chris Woods' alto is typically hot and lively on *Game* and *Man*, and Wess reminds us on *A Train* that he's still the master of jazz flute. The trumpet section is marvelous, and the whole band was up for the occasion.

As you may have gathered, a pretty damn nice record. Well, ironically, CT had to put it out himself, reaching deep into his pocket to do so. Not that he didn't try to interest a major (or even minor) label in it—read the note from Clark enclosed with the album for the sad particulars—but there were no takers.

Thus Clark Terry joins the growing band of musicians who are doing it themselves, with an album that will appeal to any and all lovers of big band music (or just plain good, swinging jazz, for that matter) without tricks and gimmicks (no electronics here, for instance) but with much talent and enthusiasm. Apparently, such music is not marketable (in the opinion of our record mavens of today). But thanks to Clark Terry, we can have it anyhow.

—*morgenstern*



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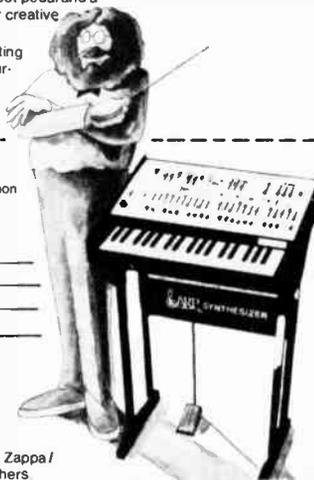
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# blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

The volatile, intense and highly distinctive style of Woody Shaw has marked him as an exceptional soloist who seems to be taking his music forward in a direction Miles Davis abandoned a few years ago in favor of electronics.

Born Dec. 24, 1944 in Laurinburg, N.C., but raised in Newark, N.J., Shaw was exposed to the music of a gospel group, the Jubilee Singers, of which his father was a member. In 1955, while in the sixth grade, Woody started on trumpet. After playing with school bands, he gigged with Hank Mobley, Larry Young, Tyrone Washington, and Kenny Dorham among others.

Despite the strong influences exercised on him by several trumpeters, as indicated below, Shaw feels that it was a saxophonist, Eric Dolphy, who changed his idiomatic thinking from hard bop to a freer, more lyrical style.

"More recently," he says, "McCoy Tyner has been my most powerful shaping force. I've been playing with him off and on for the past two or three years, and I find that his music has so much magic. He doesn't want to be confined by chords; he always emphasizes the need to let himself go anywhere he has to go."

Shaw's remarkable two-Lp album on Contemporary, *Blackstone Legacy*, piqued my interest in him. Quiet voiced, thoughtful and very mature in his attitudes both in and out of music, Shaw revealed an unusual knowledge of the roots of jazz—or as he prefers to put it, modern Afro-American music. This was his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played.



## woody shaw

**1. CLIFFORD BROWN-MAX ROACH.** *Powell's Prances* (EmArcy). Brown, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor sax; Richie Powell, piano, composer; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums. Recorded 1956.

Of course, that was the immortal Clifford Brown, with Sonny Rollins, Richie Powell, George Morrow, and Max Roach. That's one of my favorite recordings by that particular group. I studied that record very much. The tune is *Powell's Prances*.

That still sounds good, up to date. I think Clifford Brown set the whole trend of modern trumpet playing. I'm always very much moved when I hear him . . . and the same applies to Sonny Rollins. I started working the same month and year as Clifford was killed. To me, Booker Little and Freddie Hubbard were the innovators of the trumpet after Clifford. They introduced a more academic approach to the instrument conservatory-wise. I always thought the saxophone became more innovative in later years; but Little and Hubbard represented a new approach to the instrument, just as Ornette and Coltrane did on the saxophone. Five stars.

**2. ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS.** *Yama* (from *A Night In Tunisia*, Blue Note). Lee Morgan, trumpet, composer; Wayne Shorter, tenor sax; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merrit, bass.

Of course, that was Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, with Lee Morgan on trumpet, Wayne Shorter on tenor, Bobby Timmons and Jymie Merritt. That was probably a composition of Lee's.

I always liked Lee's style and personality on the instrument, and I admired his wit. He really helped me find myself, more so than a lot of other trumpet players. There were several others who came up during and after that period who impressed me similarly. Donald Byrd—I liked his warmth and cohesion; he's very fluent.

But Lee certainly was a main influence, and the whole style and sound of this performance impresses me. Five stars.

**3. BOBBY HACKETT.** *It's So Peaceful In The Country* (from *Live At The Roosevelt Grill*, Chiaroscuro). Hackett, cornet.

That's Bobby Hackett . . . it reminds me of dinner music. It's easy for me to recognize him because I'm very familiar with his playing. It's not a style I particularly like, but it's pleasant enough to listen to. Two stars.

**4. CHARLIE PARKER.** *Chasing The Bird* (from *Charlie Parker Memorial*, Savoy). Miles Davis, trumpet; Parker, alto sax, composer; Bud Powell, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums.

That's Charlie Parker, of course, and it goes back to the time when he had Miles Davis with him on trumpet. The rhythm section, I would say, consisted of Bud Powell on piano, Max Roach, and probably Tommy Potter on bass.

That was a period I wish I had lived in . . . played in, as I think that was a turning point of modern jazz. I wish some of the younger musicians today could go back and check out the bebop era. That's a complaint I have with a lot of guys I have my age. They don't take it upon themselves to go all the way back, the way I did.

When I was in school I went to the library and read about Louis Armstrong, Lil Hardin, Bessie Smith . . . I'm also very familiar with the bop revolution and can really relate to it. There were a lot of very creative things happening. Five stars.

**5. ART FARMER.** *Didn't We* (from *Gentle Eyes*, Mainstream). Farmer, fluegelhorn; Karl Kowarik, arranger. Recorded in Vienna, with strings.

That's Chet Baker on fluegelhorn. I'm not very impressed with it. It's a little complacent, a little too plush. I don't really have too much to say about that record. It's pretty, but it didn't move me that much. Still, it's some of the best playing I've heard Chet Baker do. Actually, my favorite fluegelhornist is Art Farmer. Three stars is all I can say for that.

**6. HOWARD MCGHEE.** *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise* (from *Maggie's Back In Town*, Contemporary). McGhee, trumpet; Phineas Newborn, piano.

That's Howard McGhee with Phineas Newborn on piano. I used to hear that record every day in New York. For an older man Howard sure gets around his instrument well. I'm very familiar with his playing also and I really dug the things he did with Fats Navarro. Three stars.

**7. MANGIONE BROTHERS SEXTET.** *Struttin' With Sandra* (from *The Jazz Brothers*, Riverside). Chuck Mangione, trumpet, composer; Larry Combs, alto sax; Sal Nistico, tenor sax; Gap Mangione, piano; Bill Saunders, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums. Recorded 1960.

That's Chuck Mangione on trumpet, and his brother Gap on piano. Roy McCurdy was on drums, Sal Nistico on tenor.

This was one of those Cannonball Adderley presentations that were produced for Riverside Records around 1960. When I was getting myself together on the trumpet I used to hear that record quite a bit; I used to hear that particular group quite a bit. I'm very familiar with Chuck Mangione, then and now; I know those things he did with the Rochester Symphony Orchestra. I heard that at Carnegie Hall. I respect what he's doing, the direction he's taking.

Although he's not one of my favorite trumpeters, I can appreciate him because he plays the instrument well. Three stars.

### Afterthoughts

LF: What records that you've heard would you give five stars to?

WS: I would give *Transition* by John Coltrane five stars. McCoy Tyner's new record *Sahara* . . . Sonny Rollins' new record . . . Freddie Hubbard's *First Light* is five stars.

And some of the older things would include *Clifford Brown With Strings*, that's a five-star record. Charlie Parker—the particular group that he had with Miles Davis; anything they did is five stars. *The Amazing Bud Powell*, both Volumes I and II I'd give five stars. db

## David Baker Indiana Univ. Jazz Band

Louis Armstrong Theatre, Grand Valley State College, Allendale, Mich.

**Personnel:** Dale Carley, John Carroll, Ellen Seeling, Earl Conaway, Charles Ellison, trumpets; David Slonaker, Francis Toews, Scott Reeves, trombones; Peter Brockman, bass trombone; Robert Williams, tuba; Paul Demarinis, Terry Cook, alto sax, clarinet, flute; Douglas Turner, Ken Rosen, tenor sax, flute; Harry Miedema, baritone sax, flute; Peter Bankoff, piano; John Clayton, bass; David Derge, drums; Rick Lazar, percussion; Baker, conductor.

Baker chose an interesting variety of jazz pieces for the first half of the program. The opener was *Chasing the 19th Century* (composed and arranged by Solomon Edwards, an Indianapolis musician), which, as the title suggests, sets up conflicting patterns of romanticism vs. jazz. An Ernie Wilkins arrangement of Nat Adderley's *Work Song* was next with bassist John Clayton soloing very well, especially in the little funny things in the high register so typical of Ray Brown (with whom Clayton has studied).

The third piece was Eddie Harris' *Freedom*

# caught

place with two players doubling harmonica while the tuba player played tambourine. The third movement, *Funeral March*, while featuring the traditional *Didn't He Ramble* with tailgate trombones, etc., was stylistically connected to the *Introduction* by the multi-level writing and also provided a logical bridge to the next movement, *The Creoles*. This part contained some of Baker's loveliest writing and featured A-clarinet (Demarinis) classically blowing *Dippermouth Blues*, which had several of us humming the last three diminishing wah-wah-wahs.

The fifth movement was *1928*, the year (and time) of Armstrong's most original con-

After *1928* came, quite naturally, *Evolution*. After an ostinato, the wind players split up into three separate combos (all sharing a common rhythm section). They recreated solo lines of Bubber Miley, Roy Eldridge, Fats Navarro, Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Clark Terry, Freddie Hubbard (and perhaps Clifford Brown and others—it was not easy to separate what you actually heard from what was evoked within the inner ear). (Dale Carley and John Carroll, who alternated on the first trumpet parts, were especially good on the solos. Carley has a good ear and the ability to hit a high G and still put a burr on the end. Charles Ellison did some excellent muted solos that Clark Terry would have enjoyed).

The final movement was entitled *Louis/Life/Love* which repeated the previously stated themes which belonged to Armstrong. The end came with a dissonant introduction to *Sleepy Time Down South*, the stage lights went out, the playing ended, and out of the darkness came the light of Armstrong's voice. This tape was dubbed to bring Armstrong's trumpet in a bar or so after the vocal as if he were following himself—the recording itself was the familiar version of *Sleepy* with Jack Teagarden. The recorded music faded out and now there was just the amazing grace of Louis' life and love echoing what it was like (and not like) when it was *Sleepy Time Down South*.

*Louis Armstrong In Memoriam*, is, I believe, Baker's best extended jazz composition to date. It goes beyond his *Jazz Oratorio* and his other longer works not only because of the rich Armstrong material but because he has successfully avoided the appearance of "structure" even though the piece was beautifully and carefully constructed. The themes and counter themes moved easily and logically without obviousness. You waited and wondered what would come next.

It was a tough assignment—trying to put the life and music of Armstrong on paper and in perspective, without succumbing to over-sentimentality, parody, or the touches of Tom or *Dolly*. Baker's use of multi-level thematicism is not just an exercise in "serious" writing but is perhaps the only way to express the ambiguity of what jazz means to different people. You get the feeling, listening to Baker's music, that Charles Ives and Daniel Louis Armstrong would say, "Yes, Brother, right on" —charles suber



CHARLES SUBER

David Slonaker solos as Baker conducts the IU Band.

*Jazz Dance*, arranged by Baker. The chart was enhanced by the tenor solo work of Turner, a Chicago musician taking graduate work in jazz studies at I.U. The last number before intermission was Baker's latest Afro-Latin shaker, *Sangre Negro*. Virtually all the players got to take off in this wild (but beautifully controlled) rhythmic vamp. Baker's attention to detail was exemplified as the inner voicings of each section came through regardless of tempo or dynamic level. The capacity audience was properly responsive and charged up at intermission time.

*Louis Armstrong in Memoriam* is a 40-minute work in five movements. The *Introduction* was very much in the Charles Ives multi-level genre, with most of the ensemble playing in a minor key with soft, muted horns and an occasional accent of open brass hinting of what was to come. *Genesis* used genuine African drum beats for background with members of the sax section chanting and clapping while each of the five trumpets took up individual positions in the auditorium (three across the rear, two on either end of the pit area); the trombone section remained in

contributions to jazz. The movement was introduced with hard, crisp snare drumming and sharp, tonally-interesting conga playing by Lazar which played underneath the breadth of the movement while the trumpeters stood up front tossing Armstrong's most famous themes and solos back and forth—again on several thematic levels. I recognized *West End Blues*, and *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* (full solos transcribed by Baker in the Sept. 16, 1971 issue of *down beat*), and *S.O.L. Blues*. (A later examination of the score revealed *Weatherbird*, *Beau Koo Jack*, and *Mandy*...).

# in the act

## Jethro Tull

Civic Center, Baltimore, Md.

**Personnel:** Ian Anderson, acoustic guitar, flute, vocal; Martin Barre, electric guitar; John Evan, organ, piano; Jeffrey Hammond-Hammond, bass; Barriemore Barlow, drums.

Good rock 'n' roll has always been as much a visual as musical experience.

Having seen Ian Anderson's dynamite stage act early on (in 1969, when with three other musicians who stood still more or less as reference points, he caromed around the stage "like King Speed" as one observer put it), and later (during the fall '71 tour when he had integrated the present band more thoroughly into the presentation), and having become convinced that it was one of the most original and arresting in a business not given to understatement in stage production, I spent the week before the Baltimore Tull concert

playing the albums and trying to determine whether the music, and Anderson's flute playing in particular, continued to measure up.

I think it does.

I was further convinced during the concert—a sellout at the Civic Center, which has a capacity of 13,000—especially when Anderson cut loose with a long flute solo on *Thick as a Brick* that must have lasted 15 minutes. Standing blessedly still at the microphone, he worked his way through his special brand of English folk-inspired melodies, making passing references to *God Rest Ye Merrie Gentlemen*, and the Bach Bourree, and effective use of an echo device and a special amplifier.

An early admirer of Roland Kirk—the first album, *Jethro Tull*, recorded in the summer of 1968, included Kirk's *Serenade to a Cuckoo*—Anderson has perfected the technique of simultaneous singing-playing to the point where he has in some regards now surpassed the master.

He has ample technical ability, and a gift for song that distinguishes both his playing and



Ian Anderson

writing. He writes virtually all the music for the group. Although Anderson is unlikely to put Kirk (to say nothing of Jimmy Moody) out of business, it is clear by now that his bizarre stage antics rest on a solid musical base.

The group takes its name from an 18th century Berkshire agriculturist, and a jolly band of English eccentrics they are. With his knee-length coat and highlaced boots, Anderson somehow manages to suggest the earthy spirit of an earlier time. On stage, he is very much into what Keith Richard has described as "the tattered minstrel routine."

A student of the ballet, Anderson choreographs his motions precisely to the music—lurching over to mimic Barre during the latter's solo, zooming back to the mike just in time, falling back to do a manual of arms with the flute while the band fires up, charging forward anew to deliver a verse straight into the audience, with a foot cocked up on the monitors.

No one commands a stage like Ian Anderson. He is a joy to watch.

The act is constantly evolving. Aside from

one extraneous episode during which a stage phone summons a London bobby in full regalia, it all makes sense, of some sort. Barlow battles with a cymbal that plays back (he and the band wrestle it to the floor, illuminated by strobe lights); Evan launches himself backwards off the piano bench periodically, or wanders distractedly about the stage; Hammond-Hammond delivers a droll exegesis on the order of the young people's concerts:

"Now Ian is playing a minor chord alternating with a major sequence. He will shortly be joined by the entry of Evan's organ, after which they will consummate this quiet and entirely enjoyable interlude."

There is other stuff: A zany news conference featuring all the members of the band that takes the place of an intermission—Tull played for a good three-and-a-half hours—and that ends with a News Flash! (magnesium ignited on the darkened stage); lightning cuts from the soaring power of the band to Anderson's acoustic guitar; and through it all the fragments, suggesting a substantial reserve, of Anderson's works to date, mainly from *Aqualung*, and culminating, after a long encore, in the lovely vocal and acoustic guitar theme from *Wind Up*.

Anderson announced it as "Something with finality." It may well be. The big tours are over, and after the amazing creative developments of the '60s, rock is entering a period of soul-searching not unlike the one that afflicted jazz at the onset of rock.

Meanwhile, Jethro Tull, having arrived late with substantial baggage from both camps, just seems to keep on keeping on.

—James D. Dilts

### Joe Coleman's Jazz Supreme

Charlie K's Lounge, Hicksville, L.I.

**Personnel:** Arnie Lawrence, alto&soprano saxes; Charlie McLean, electric piano; Harry Sheppard, vibes; Arvell Shaw, electric bass; Coleman, drums; Fran Carroll, vocal; Mickey Sheen, guest drummer.

Monday night sessions used to be common on Long Island, but not any more. Only die-hards like Coleman keep the pilot light flaming and this was one of the more rewarding results of his efforts.

Hicksville may sound like a gag town out of the libretto of *Music Man* but is actually one of the largest municipalities on the Island, with gin mills proliferating at the rate of two or three per linear block. Charlie K's is one of the few with enough perspicacity to latch on to local jazz people for entertainment. Who works on Monday night?

Arnie Lawrence is of course no longer a Long Islander, if indeed he ever was, but his original jazz reputation was established at a spot called Goldie's, near Lynbrook on the declassé south shore, so he has always been considered one of Long Island's own.

It's not easy to get down with a group in which every instrument except the drums (Arnie was using a multivider and wah-wah pedal) has some sort of electronic augmentation. With artists who have already proven themselves many times over without the electronic shelter, however, exceptions may be made.

For instance, Arvell Shaw placed his amp at center stage and sat at a table back in the shadows, stepping up only when it was time to solo (I'm pretty sure he didn't try that the night before, when he was playing behind

Benny Goodman). Lawrence, the only horn, was in the spot much of the time, and old reliable Harry Sheppard, now heavily pilose, produced a new sound on his amplified Deagan Electric vibes, constructed on the changes of yesteryear when he was the rage on Art Ford's WPIX-TV *Jazz Party*, a fixture among the live telecasts of the '50s.

The repertoire ranged from *Autumn Leaves*, with tasty drummer Mickey Sheen's (sitting in) brush work embellishing the total sound, to a rousing Arvell Shaw vocal on *Lady Be Good*. Shaw is a showman of sorts (he worked behind Louis for years) and did a little Mingus-style roaring on the group's blues out-theme. When it was his turn to solo, Arnie and Harry replied in kind. I'm sure the rather straight audience was convinced they were all mad.

Charlie McLean is a stellar pianist who steadfastly refuses to go on the road, but gigs steadily in the metropolitan New York area and manages to swing even on electric piano. He was featured on *These Foolish Things*



Arnie Lawrence

and *Secret Love*.

Handling the vocals at the middle of the evening was a fine chick by the name of Fran Carroll. This girl is blessed with good looks, a strong voice and great intonation. She has a frame that won't quit, reminding one of a younger Julie London (no matter what I say I'm in trouble) with cascades of bright auburn hair and a deep, ample bosom.

Her set included *When Your Lover Has Gone*, *That Old Feeling*, *You Made Me Love You* and *All Or Nothing At All*. No challenges, to be sure, but Fran has a way of styling a song that is distinctive without the tiresome straining after the over-phrasing nonsense of most of the Establishment regulars on the Carson-Cavett-Griffin axis. Hers is an earthy, straightahead approach to a tune, sexy as hell, but musical and valid.

Responding to the electronic orientation of the evening, I recorded the entire set on my trusty Sony cassette rig, and have played it back several times through a rather elaborate amplifier and speaker setup. No more deciphering boozy notes scrawled in semi-

RON HOWARD

darkness on the back of cocktail napkins. I have it all down, friends, and if the editor wants to challenge me, he can fall by my pad and I'll roll the tape for him.

If this was what is referred to in trade quarters (derisively) as a "club date," then I can only say that the music business needs a lot more of them.

—*dlfisher*

### The Modern Jazz Quartet/ Phoenix Symphony

Civic Plaza, Phoenix, Ariz.

**Personnel:** Milt Jackson, vibes; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums, percussion; orchestra and women's chorus conducted by Lawrence Smith.

The MJQ came to Phoenix to perform the world premiere of John Lewis' *Concert Piece for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra* and Gunther Schuller's *Concertino for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra*.

This meeting of combo and symphony was most uncomfortable during Schuller's exercise in interruptions. Things went far better in Lewis' more conventional, more listenable, yet equally provocative work.

The main problem with the evening was that it probably changed very few minds—the symphony-oriented snobs came to sit on their hands or applaud politely (they apparently were there to be seen or because it was expedient, at least such was the feeling one got) and the jazzers were there knowing that third stream really doesn't make it, and hoping to hear the MJQ break things up, if only a *bit*. It was an odd opening for the two-evening event; the vibrations weren't exactly bad, just strange.

Lewis' work in two movements, subtitled *In Memoriam*, "was written as a memorial to musicians, both jazz and classical, who have passed away in recent years, people who were friends of mine or to whom I felt close," the composer and MJQ musical director said. These included Art Tatum, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Walter Keller, Lewis' piano instructor at the University of New Mexico.

The composition had a simple beauty and grace, with melodies possessing a childlike, folksy directness. There also was a touch of sadness but only of a tentative nature. Lewis described it: "The first movement of the piece is a slow movement for jazz quartet, harp and strings. The material is presented alternately by the jazz quartet and the orchestra, with a solo section improvised by the jazz quartet—the piano, followed by the vibes, delivering the message, so to speak. The second and last (faster) movement has suggestions of the first movement but is principally new material using larger instrumentation and material stylistically more identified with jazz."

The symphony had opened the evening with Mozart's overture to *The Marriage of Figaro*, followed by Debussy's *Three Nocturnes for Orchestra*. It was all pretty ho hum, though the works certainly were given adequate readings.

After intermission, the MJQ appeared in white tie and tails (just *too* beautiful). The combo and orchestra waded through Schuller's *moderne* essay on distraction in three movements, a work which only got moving in the last section. It was not so much a struggle for the musicians as for the listeners. Other than some nice work from Bags, John, Percy,

and Connie, and occasional Gil Evans-inspired brass voicings, the whole thing was quite pointless.

Then the Lewis composition went down with finesse: Bags the heart of blues, John's piano out of sight and the orchestra doing its thing.

It was the encore, almost demanded by the audience, that gave the jazzers their due—and gave the MJQ a chance to stretch out, relax and play. *Django* offered the needed touch for the evening, bringing things back to the ground. It was the perfect choice and got the best response from the sizable turnout. But it was over far too soon.

—*will smith*

### Milford Graves

Storefront Museum, Jamaica, N.Y.

**Personnel:** Hugh Glover, Frank Lowe, saxes, flutes, percussion; Bob Davis, vibes; Graves, drums, gong, maracas; Tony Wyles, Sahumba, congas.

"Aah—you knocked me out! You knocked me out! You really got *to* me!" A plump, ordinary-looking woman approaching middle age grabbed hold of a sweating Frank Lowe and shouted her enthusiasm in his face. Lowe grinned back his thanks and continued packing up his horns.

In the background, I spied other versions of this little scenario being enacted. Children bounced around the multi-colored drumset and rapped with the flamboyantly attired conga drummer. Hugh Glover sat exhausted at the side of the stage while members of the local community, young and old, crowded around the instigator of the event to pump his hand and say how much they'd enjoyed the show.

The Storefront Museum is a community project located at Liberty Avenue and New York Blvd. in the Parsons Blvd. area of Jamaica. Graves put on a show for the local black community and attracted a regular kind of Sunday afternoon crowd that gave the lie to the idea that black people are unable to appreciate or identify with the new music.

"Don't listen for the kind of rhythms you're used to hearing," Graves said, urging the listeners to discover for themselves rhythms and feelings to which to relate. And apparently they had no trouble doing so. Music that would be shunned by the people at a so-called "conventional" jazz event was enthusiastically received at every level.

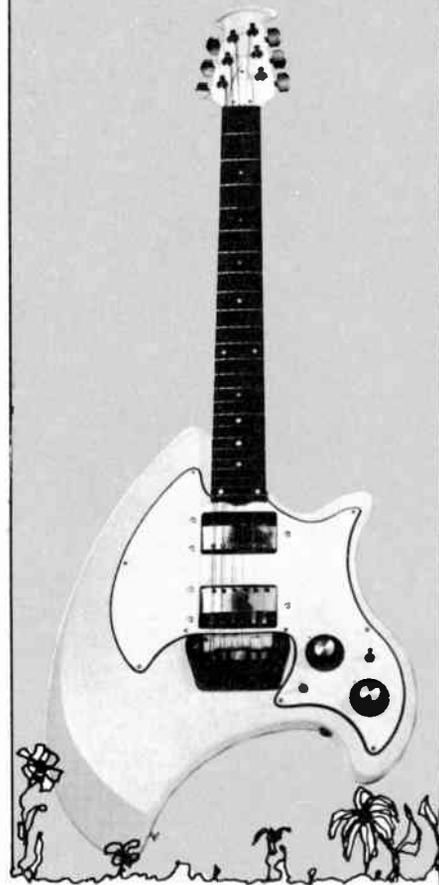
Graves has worked with a variety of instrumental combinations in the past, but his percussion partnership with Sahumba is the ideal one. The two drummers grew up together, and the incredible energy they generate as they interact is compulsive. Wyles played only the first set, Sahumba the last, and the latter's partnership with the leader was visually compelling also, for Graves, though he'd probably never admit it, is a hell of a showman. He knows the importance of ritual.

When he told me the concert would feature a vibes player, I could not quite conceive how he would fit into the setup. Melody takes a back seat when Graves is doing the driving, and sure enough, Davis used an instrument that not only sounded much like a marimba but was played like one.

Glover has been with Graves for quite a while now, and he and Lowe, who recently replaced Arthur Doyle, play a variety of reeds and woodwinds between them. The previous weekend when I'd caught them at Studio Rivbea, their contribution had been limited in the

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DB

main to coarse-grained passages and hollering that supplemented and supported Graves' almost overpowering drumming rather than saying much in their own right.

Playing with Graves doesn't give a horn player much of a chance to display his ego, for the drummer is just so strong that he could wipe out anyone (save Coltrane or Ayler), but at the Storefront Museum, Glover at least played bass clarinet in a thoughtful way that was both lyrical and tough at the same time. Early on in the concert, Lowe built up a terrific, fiery tenor saxophone structure, highly vocalized and full of overtones, but he didn't look happy. I've heard him play more convincingly in other contexts—with Alice Coltrane, for example.

Graves gets more and more African each

time I hear him—or rather, it's the black American concept of Africa which to me is even fuller, musically speaking. One man takes the role generally played by several in Africa, and Graves has the technique to sound almost like a complete drum choir. As he has dispensed with the snare, the punctuations associated with Western drumming are played on one of the two side-drums. This, together with his frequent use of the bass drum which is tied to his chair for safety, combine to make his overall sound more African than that of any other drummer I've heard. He holds the sticks in a unique way that enables him to play on two surfaces at once, and will often pick up a huge mallet or marraca in the same hand as the stick, beating on the same surface with this combination or

switching from one beater to the other.

People who have never had the chance to see Graves in person can have no conception of his phenomenal technique or his totally personal approach to the idea of drumming. His records give no real indication of his talent, and as he himself has said, "The equipment just can't capture the energy of the music." It's ironic that such a musical master seldom plays regular locations, but he prefers to work within various community setups. If you want to catch up with Milford Graves, you have to keep your ear close to the grapevine. If you can track him down, it will be a rewarding experience.

—valerie wilmer

## Ornette Coleman

Artist's House, New York City

Personnel: Don Cherry, pocket trumpet; Coleman, alto sax; Dewey Redman, tenor sax; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

At the corner of Prince and Wooster streets is a restaurant with a sign that tells it all, honestly and simply. It carries just one word: FOOD.

A bit further west, past the B&J Iron Works, is 131 Prince, Artist's House, the wooden doors of which can be seen on the front cover of Ornette Coleman's *Friends and Neighbors* album. Here, in recent months, Ornette has been presenting concerts by his own and other groups. He wants to make the place a regular venue for music in New York.

Half an hour before showtime, James Jordan, Ornette's manager, is still making the trips back and forth between the concert site and Ornette's living quarters next door. Inside, the videotape people are fussing with their cameras and monitors, watched by the sinister eyes peering from the African paintings by Z. K. Oloruntoba, a protege of Ornette, which illuminate the hall.

The smell of fresh bread from the bakery across the street blends well with the sound of fresh music from the souls of the players now assembled for the opening set. The Dona Summers Quintet has a lot going for it. Dona is a fertile and inventive pianist who transcends the "pretty good for a woman" attitude that too many critics are tempted to put on any feminine jazz musician.

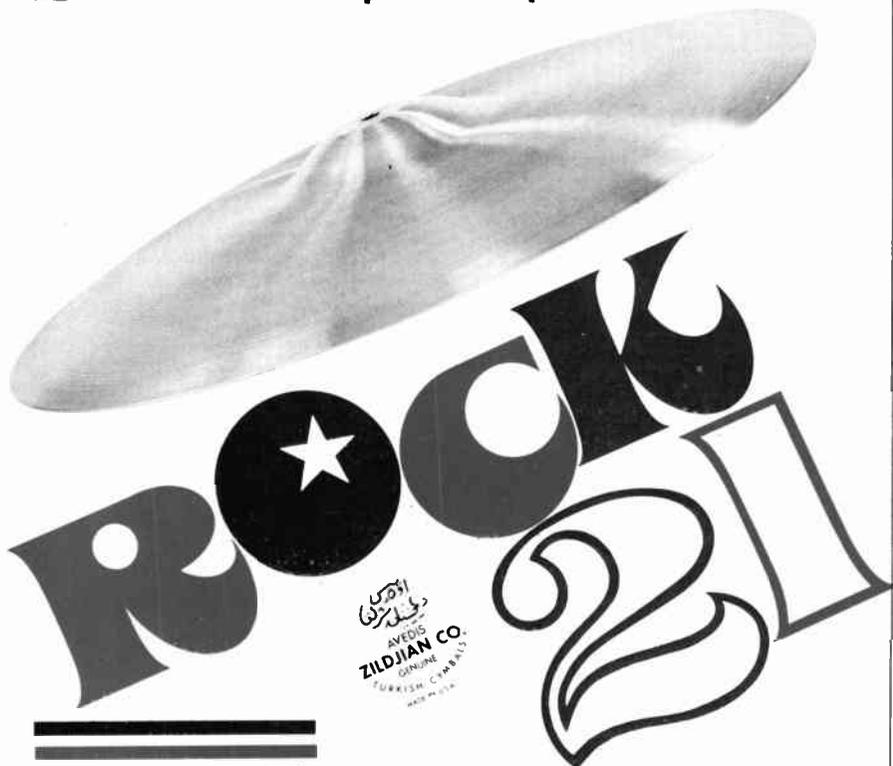
Her group (Sinclair Acey, trumpet; Carter Jefferson, tenor sax; Hakim Jami, bass; Pierre Kerr, drums) seemed a bit more rooted in the bop idiom than the leader, but they backed her sensitively and all, especially bassist Jami, soloed well.

In addition to the promised segments from *Skies of America*, Ornette played four tunes which were new, at least to us. *The Word Became Music*, *Unknown Races* and *Stand By For The News*, while excellent Coleman pieces, all but paled in comparison with the highlight of the evening, *Love Eyes*. This tender ballad needs only a lyric and the right kind of singer to complete it.

Since there was all this new music, we asked James Jordan if there were plans for new recordings, and were told that some of Ornette's next album has already been recorded. It features the Coleman Quartet plus guitarist Jim Hall and pianist Cedar Walton. Our appetites thus whetted, we retreated to FOOD for pie, coffee and juice but made sure to return to Artist's House in time for a second helping of Ornette Coleman's banquet to nourish the inner man.

—joe klee

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## BRASS

Continued from page 16

**BP:** You mean who's the J.J. Johnson of today? Well for me it has always been J.J., and it still is. And I like Curtis Fuller very much. But you know something: they're not recording trombonists enough as soloists.

**MB:** You must be right. I did a clinic recently in Texas and I wanted to find out what the kids are listening to today, and it was sad. They're listening mostly to trombonists with rock groups. I asked how many had heard of J.J., Rosolino, Jimmy Cleveland, Carl Fontana, and out of 200 brass players there, 2 or 3 hands went up!

**BP:** What's even sadder is how many high school kids I teach have never heard of Duke Ellington! This is something I wish **down beat** would look into. Clinics are good, but they only do *isolated* good. We've got to get into the school systems. That's where our future audiences are.

**SE:** Maybe there's some hope. I just returned from New Haven, where Yale University set up a million dollar Duke Ellington scholarship. And they selected 20 of us to go back there to receive honorary doctorate degrees for our contribution to music. How I got there I'll never know, but I was invited. It has to be one of the most memorable moments of my life. Willie Ruff, who's an assistant professor of music at Yale, got this thing going. Some of the others with me were Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Benny Carter, Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, Willie The Lion Smith, Benny Green, Sonny Stitt, Paul Robeson, William Warfield, Marian Anderson. Now every three or four months, one of us will go back to Yale and teach jazz the way we feel it. I'm not a school teacher; I wouldn't know how to convey my message to students, but I'll be able to tell them how it is, how things happened to me. I'll be able to give them the benefit of my experiences.

**db:** That's great, Dr. Edison. Now tell me, is there any difference between east coast and west coast brass players?

**SE:** If you can play your instrument, you can play it. If you can't play, you can't play. It don't make no difference where you're at.

**RC:** Seems to me everybody out here is from back east.

**db:** Do east coast brass players put down west coast brass players?

**BP:** They might have at one time, but they

don't anymore.

**MB:** Up until a few years ago, I always felt there were more jazz-influenced trombonists in the east, and more legit players here. But that's no longer true.

**BP:** One thing that happened to me: I was playing with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band in New York, and I haven't found that kind of happiness and spirit and rapport in any band out here. It reminded me of the Basie band.

**RC:** Space makes a difference. We all live so far apart out here.

**SE:** Yeah. In New York, if you went to the right places, you could see everybody you wanted to see. Here you have to go to a golf course to see everybody. There was a time in New York when you could go to just a few clubs fairly close to each other and hear all the guys you'd ever want to hear. They'd all be there. You could go to Monroe's uptown and hear Charlie Parker, Pres, Chu Berry, Herschel Evans, Joe Thomas—all the great saxophonists.

**RC:** And none of them were making as much as a \$100 a week. You didn't need it then.

**SE:** You'd hear Dizzy, Lips Page, Bobby Moore (the little guy whose place I took in Basie's band) . . . you'd hear Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge; in those days money was secondary. Your horn was first.

**RC:** That's right. I didn't care about money. Just let me play.

**BP:** That's youth.

**SE:** Now musicians hang a dollar sign out in front of their horns. Some of them can't even blow their noses, and they're making \$60,000 or so a year. I don't know. You think of some of the great ones: Dickie Wells, Tricky Sam Nanton . . .

**BP:** There was somebody named Fred Beckett that I never heard play.

**SE:** Fred Beckett. Oh man, he was one of the best around.

**RC:** Didn't he wrap his trombone around Dinah Washington's head, right out here at the Oasis?

**SE:** A couple of times. He was a *mean* trombone player. And there were others: George Matthews and Sandy Williams. Each one had a distinctive style.

**db:** On the subject of style, Earl Palmer told me that "Al Grey was the Sweets Edison of the trombone." Would you agree?

**RC:** I wouldn't say that.

**SE:** Maybe the Bubber Miley of the trombone.

**db:** How come the plunger isn't more popular?

**BP:** A lot of people simply can't play it. It's hard.

**RC:** Tricky Sam could curse with that plunger. He could make love to some girl in the front row and nobody would know.

**db:** Clark Terry can get messages like that across.

**RC:** Yeah. He can even mumble his messages.

**SE:** Well I think Tricky Sam was the greatest I ever heard do that.

**db:** One final thing. Can you aim any advice directly towards those young readers who are struggling with their brass instruments?

**MB:** The main thing is get a good foundation. Be prepared to do a lot of different things. Be versatile in writing, playing and doubling. Competition is so stiff out there. My father kept after me to have something to fall back on, such as writing. And I'm grateful that I listened to him.

**BP:** It's just like anything out in the business world: diversify.

**MB:** Another good thing to develop in case you have to fall back on it: learn to be a good, fast copyist.

**BP:** Another thing: learn to read. I know a lot of guys who didn't want to learn how to read because they were afraid it would stifle their creativity. You know: "I just wanna do my thing."

**db:** Any words of advice for budding tuba players?

**RC:** Practice long hours. There's no short cut.

**SE:** More advice. I think an important thing is attitude. They talk about the "greatest" today, Miles Davis. Well he's not the greatest. Look at Louis Armstrong. He was the nicest guy . . . answer any question . . . never too busy to say hi. Also, to me, Miles will never be as great as Dizzy Gillespie. And Diz is another one who's never too busy to kid with you. That's attitude.

**DB:** All this precious advice. Think about it for a second. Isn't it all aimed towards one goal—the studio?

**RC:** No—just music.

**MB:** Right. It's aimed towards making a living in music in general.

**BP:** I agree with Sweets. Attitude is so important, especially in a band. A guy has to decide whether he's going to play for himself or experience the real joys of playing together. db

## TERRY

Continued from page 17

"rescued," along with brother Jimmy, by the St. Louis-based Jeter-Pillars Orchestra and returned home. Soon afterwards, I joined the Earl Hines band which also soon went down the drain—Earl joining Louis Armstrong.

Well, I was again back in St. Louis when Clark joined Count Basie, who was soon to form that great sextet which included Clark, Wardell Gray, Buddy DeFranco, Gus Johnson and bassist Jimmy Lewis.

In early 1951, Basie decided to reform his big band and he needed musicians. Clark recommended my brother and me, and we joined the band in New York, but later that same year Clark joined the great Duke Ellington. Boy! Did we miss him.

Well, I guess that most jazz fans can remember Clark's Ellington days. After several years with the Duke, he finally settled in New York and joined the N.B.C. staff orchestra. Since then, Clark has done so much for music, for musicians, for his friends, and especially young people,

that I feel it's been a special privilege to have known him and to have been his friend for 35 years.

After I was able to overcome my personal problems, it was he who helped me, more than anyone else, to return to the music business and make it again. Clark appointed me musical director of his big band, and a high point in both our lives was the Carnegie Hall concert in early 1970. Clark spent his own money to have the concert recorded but found it impossible to get any of the established record companies to market the album. So finally he spent *more* of his own money to put the album out himself—almost two years later. (Cost him a lot of bread, too.) [See p. 25 for a review of the album.]

However, I feel that *the* high point in his life—and I think Clark will agree—was a testimonial dinner given for him by his friends, Sam and Sonny Costanza, and many others, at Quinnipiac College in Connecticut, last year. The college had been holding its annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, which was dedicated to Clark, during a

weekend last April. The testimonial was the culminating event.

There were so many people there, including many of Clark's old friends from all around the country (they paid their own fares), that this old cynic was made to believe once more that love still exists in this troubled world. Grady Tate was there. So were Tyree Glenn, Dan Morgenstern, brother Jimmy from Detroit, and so many others I can't begin to name them.

Ed McMahon of N.B.C.'s *Tonight Show* was the toastmaster. Many musicians and performers who had commitments to fulfill and couldn't be there sent telegrams. Most of the guys in Clark's big band showed up with our charts and later surprised him by appearing on stage and inviting him to join them at the concert following the testimonial.

I'll never forget that after all the speeches of praise were made and it was time for Clark to rise and speak—well, he didn't get too far. That beautiful man was completely overwhelmed by all the love shown him—but no more so than I. db

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## Thad Jones' "H and T Blues" solo Transcribed and annotated by David Baker

Thad Jones—trumpet and fluegelhorn player, composer-arranger, bandleader—is a fantastically brilliant musician and an equally beautiful human being. Since his first exposure to a wide audience via *April In Paris* (recorded with Count Basie), he has been consistently responsible for what seems to be an endless flow of exciting and vital music.

*H and T Blues* (from *Mean What You Say*, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Quintet, Milestone MSP-9001), was recorded in 1966 and displays three areas of Thad's multifaceted talents—performance, composition, and arranging. I feel that if I hadn't known anything of his background, I would have been aware, through his solo, of his considerable compositional skill. The solo is a masterpiece of logical and sensitive construction. The overall shape of the solo, the inner logic, the skillful manner in which the material is utilized, and the inevitability of musical line all attest to Thad's genius.

About the solo:

1. A blues in concert F: fluegelhorn sounds a step higher than actual pitch.
2. The opening motive in Bar 1 and A1 serves as the main unifying device throughout the solo. It recurs in A3 4, 9-10 (in augmentation), B9-10, C pickup and 4-8, E6-7, F1-2.6 through 12, and G1 through 5.
3. Sequence at A3-4 and C4 through 7.
4. Diminished scales at B2 (beats 1&2), 3 (beats 1&2) and D8-9.
5. Chromatic patterns at A6-7, B3, C1-2, and D4.
6. Bitonals at C9 (E Major against Gmi7), C10 (E-flat Major against C7).
7. Effective angular lines at F6-7, G10 through 12, and H1-2.
8. Tasty use of the blues scale at D, E, F, and G.
9. Variety, pacing, tension and release and skillful use of double time, with the climax occurring in letter D.

### "H and T Blues"

J: 144

Music © 1972 Thad Jones

## jazz on campus

John Kuzmich, Jr., director of bands at University City HS (Mo.), has been very successful in organizing a variety of jazz programs for his school and community. The programs include: 1st annual University City Jazz Week, Jan. 29-Feb. 2, with David Baker as clinician/lecturer/soloists with Kuzmich's six UCHS jazz combos, plus several invited high school and college jazz bands; concert by Cannonball Adderley's Quintet, Feb. 21, with the UCHS jazz groups (as a fund raiser for

the band, chorus and orchestra to visit New York City in April on a cultural exchange tour where they would attend rehearsals of several jazz groups); concert, March 26, with the Jamey Aebersold Quartet (with David Baker, Dan Haerle, Mike Moore) and seven hours of clinics. In addition to organizing jazz clinics and concerts, Kuzmich teaches a Jazz Improvisation/Combo course in which area high school students can enroll for a one-quarter unit per semester. (Spring semester begins Jan. 29.) Let it be assumed that UCHS is all jazz, it should be noted that the school has the Mo. State Wind Ensemble championship and

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that in addition to the traditional music ensembles, the school has flute, saxophone, and trombone quartets; brass and clarinet choirs; woodwind and percussion ensembles. Kuzmich credits his enthusiasm and predilection for in-depth jazz activities to his attendance at the Summer Jazz Clinics. He will be head counselor for the SJC Improvisation/Combo clinic at Eastern Ill. U., Aug. 19-25. This is Kuzmich's first year at UCHS—he had been teaching in New Jersey.

**Herbie Hancock** has received an honorary degree, Doctor of Fine Arts, from his alma mater, Grinnell College (class of 1960). Hancock was cited for his "honest, authentic, superbly creative" music . . . "marked by intelligence and maturity of style, your music evokes these qualities in your listeners—and

that is the highest tribute in any form of artistry." Hancock, currently a resident of New York City, is president of the Harlem Music Center, Inc., which provides jazz workshops and performances.

**Warrick Carter**, professor of music in the College of Cultural Studies, Governors State U. (Park Forest South, Ill.), has been appointed Organizing Chairman for the Black Music Sessions of the North Central Divisions Conferences of the MENC, Milwaukee, March 29-April 1.

**Ron Pritts**, jazz musician/arranger/composer and assistant professor of music at the U. of Colorado-Denver Center, recently had three of his compositions—*Sometimes a Passacaglia*, *Marc's Tune*, and *My Quiet Love*—performed by the Denver Symphony

Orchestra with jazz organist **Don Lewis** as featured soloist. Pritts, a former **Billy May**, **Tex Beneke** sideman (trombone) and arranger for **Stan Kenton**, is a 1966 graduate of the U. of Denver in music education.

**Donald Byrd** recently appeared as guest clinician/lecturer/performer at a jazz-rock-r&b festival at Grambling's jazz ensemble, and with the Institute of Black American Music, Inc., of which Byrd is a member.

**Leon Breeden**—head of the jazz program at North Texas State U., has been engaged by **Don Spatny**, international coordinator of the National Education Scholarship Foundation (Northfield, Ill.), to coordinate activities of the 2nd annual Jazz Internationale program at Montreux, Switzerland, and Vienna, Austria. **Claude Nobs**, founder of the Montreux festival, anticipates 20-25 U.S. HS and college jazz bands in concert and clinics, July 11-15. Nobs has announced that this year's school jazz event will be non-competitive and that Breeden's One O'Clock Lab Band will perform and conduct clinics.

"Jazz '73," a second year jazz concert/clinic at Hiram College (Ohio) will feature **Rich Matteson** on lower brass instruments and the HC Jazz Ensemble directed by **John Burley**. The date is Feb. 16.

**Dick Grove** has been appointed to the faculty of the 5th annual Famous Arrangers Clinic at the U. of Nevada-Las Vegas, June 24-July 7. Other faculty members will include **Marty Paich**, **Billy Byers**, **Wes Hensel**, and other guest arrangers to be announced.

**B.B. King** is scheduled for concerts at several schools in February. His itinerary includes U. of Waterloo (Can.), U. of West Canada (London), Macmaster U. (Hamilton), Mount Union C. (Alliance, Ohio), and Arkansas State C. (Jonesboro).

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**1973 SCHOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL CALENDAR--Addenda**  
March 9-10, 1st Carolina Jazz Festival, Ralph Wahl, dir. of bands, U. of South Carolina, 511 S. Main St., Columbia 29208. 15-20 bands (j-shs) @ \$3 per musician. Clinicians: Stan Kenton and band, + others tba. EC: \$3.  
May 4, 6th Grambling C Jazz-Rock-Rhythm & Blues Festival, Ernest H. Lampkins, P.O. Box 303, Grambling C 71245. 8 bands, 12 combos (shs-c), no entry fee. Clinicians: tba. Non-competitive. EC: free.

## strictly ad lib

**New York:** Holiday action included a memorable New Year's eve at The Cookery featuring the pianos of **Teddy Wilson**, **Dick Wellstood** and **Sammy Price** and blues singer **Mae Buggs**; a Christmas Eve Candelight Carol Service at St. Peter's with **Duke Ellington** gracing the keyboard, followed by New Year's Eve with **Cecil Taylor**; the MJQ's 20th Christmas Concert, at Carnegie Hall Dec. 26, featuring some new electronic music; a Ragtime concert at Philharmonic Hall Dec. 27, featuring **Eubie Blake**, **Bill Bolcom**, **Joshua Rifkin**, an ensemble performing arrangements from the *Red Back Book of Rags*, and a dance troupe, and a New Year's Eve show at the Capitol in Passaic, N.J. with **Blood, Sweat & Tears** and **B.B. King** . . . The Village Vanguard followed **McCoy Tyner** with **Gary Bartz' NTU Troop** (Dec. 19-21), **Chick Corea's Return to Forever** (22-24), and **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** (26-31) . . . At the Half Note, **Joe Williams** was backed by **John Bunch**, **Roland Wilson** and **Walter Perkins**, and **Charles McPherson** had **Lonnie Hillyer**, **John Hicks**, **Wilson** (the bassist was doing

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double duty) and Leroy Williams. Anita O'Day (Dec. 11-23) had Roland Hanna, Tibor Tomka and Bobby Thomas, and opposite the singer were Joe Newman with Al Gaffa, Harold Mabern, Bob Cranshaw and Al Foster for the first week, and Al Cohn and Zoot Sims for the second. Dizzy Gillespie, who's done the best business yet at the new location, was expected to be the holiday week incumbent. . . . Weather Report did the Bitter End Dec. 20-21. . . . Marian McPartland opened at the Carlyle Jan. 2 and will be there through Feb. 24, while Bobby Short is vacationing. . . . The House of Kuumba (112th&Lenox Ave.) initiated a *Sunday-at-Seven* concert series in November with Milford Graves and Sigidi (19) and Roy Ayers' Ubiquity (26), continuing with Ju-Ju (Dec. 3, 10, 17) and Gary Bartz (26). Bartz also did a Dec. 28 concert at Brooklyn College with Joe Lee Wilson and band and Charlie Palmieri. . . . Jazz Interactions presents an evening of *Piano Evolution* at the Village Gate Jan. 22, with solo performances by Willie The Lion Smith and Dave Burrell, and trio efforts by Barry Miles, Roland Hanna and Harold Mabern. At Top of the Gate in December, Ruth Brown was backed by a trio including Bubba Brooks, tenor sax, and Don Pullen, organ. Owner Art D'Lugoff says he's planning to bring Gil Evans' big band to the Gate on a twice-a-month basis soon. . . . Chico Hamilton's quartet (Marc Cohen, alto sax; John Abercrombie, guitar; Glen Moore, bass) began an indefinite Thursday through Sunday engagement at Hilly's on the Bowery (near 1st St.) on Dec. 7. The quartet also did an unusual 5 to 7:30 p.m. Wednesday and Thursday gig at the Art Directors Club on the 24th floor of 488 Madison Ave. (where else?) on Nov. 29 through Dec. 28. The club, usually private, was open to the public on these occasions. At Hilly's, the Rashied Ali Qunitet (Earl Cross, trumpet; Bob Ralston, tenor sax; Jame Ulmer, guitar; John Dana, bass) preceded Chico Nov. 23-Dec. 2. . . . Charles Mingus was set for a Jan. 19 Carnegie Hall concert with a "special guest", rumored to be Dizzy Gillespie. . . . Town Hall began its second year of Wednesday *Interlude* concerts (they start at 5:45, and the admission is a low \$1.50) with a rare appearance by Johnny Mercer (Jan. 10). Ellis Larkins was up next. . . . The World's Greatest Jazz Band was set to do a benefit concert for the Visiting Nurse Service at Carnegie Hall Jan. 17, with guest Maxine Sullivan. . . . Ms. Sullivan was among those on hand for the sickle cell anemia benefit at Town Hall Nov. 30. Earl Hines (who brought along vocalist Marva Josie) was a surprise guest. Roy Eldridge broke it up, Grady Tate played and sang, the JPJ Quartet was in fine fettle and Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, Zoot Sims and Rudy Rutherford did their thing. Among the backstage visitors was Tony Scott, in town with Romano Mussolini, and afterwards the sponsors, RonRico Rum, threw a nice bash for the artists at Jimmy's. . . . Speaking of Jimmy's, the Jazz Luncheons held there on Fridays featured Roy Eldridge's happy little band from Jimmy Ryans (Dec. 15), and on Dec. 17, Lew Anderson's big band played for a Sunday afternoon dance. Jack Tafoya, who books the talent, branched out into an unusual venue recently: The Automat. Yes, at Horn&Hardart on 104 W. 57th St., a jazz-rock concert-dance took place Dec. 16, with music by Rama (Johnny Oddo, sanovox; Frank Vento, guitar; Jaime Austria, bass; David Cox, drums) and singer Gene Harbin. Ad-

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mission was \$2; applicable to food, and, of course, coffee . . . Veteran reedman **Hymie Schertzer** is making a good recovery from **Bell's Palsy** at his home . . . The Tuesday afternoon bashes at the **Wings Club** (in the **Biltmore Hotel**) featured in December pianist **Eddie Thompson** (on a brief visit from England to play for a friend's wedding), **Lew Anderson's** big band, and the **Coon-Sanders Jazz All Stars** from **Hartford, Conn.** . . . Singer **Merlene VerPlanck**, the voice on loads of TV commercials including the notorious **Winston** bits, was seen as well as heard at the **Soerabaja**, accompanied by **Bucky Pizzarelli**, who also played solo . . . **Jim Hall** and **Ron Carter** were at the **Guitar** . . . The **Herman Foster Trio** and singer **Kitty Lerin** were at **Rust Brown** . . . **Clifford Jordan** was at **Brownie's**. Again, a new room on **444 E. 6th** . . . Also in the **East Village**, the former **East Village Inn** was scheduled to reopen as the **Jazz Boat** in January, with **Art Blakey** as the first booking . . . **Bobby Timmons** and **Mickey Bass** do weekends at the **Angry Squire** . . . **Houston Person** and **Etta Jones** were at the **Key Club**, **Newark**, in mid-December, followed by **Charles Earland** . . . **Freddie Hubbard** was the **Dec. 15** guest at the weekly **Jazz at Noon** session at the **Rough Rider Room** in the **Roosevelt Hotel** . . . The **Steer Inn**, in **Babylon**, had such notables as **Ernie Wilkins**, **Dave Burns** and **Harold Vick** in for one-night stands . . . **Tyrone Washington's** quintet was at **Stryker's Pub** . . . **Howard Reynolds**, an amazing pianist, was back at the **Surf Maid** on **Bleecker St.** in December . . . **Drummer Bill English**, with **Richard Wyands** and **Victor Sproles**, was at **Wells'** . . . Aside from the aforementioned action at **St. Peter's**, **Howard McGhee's** quintet with **Joe Carroll** performed there in December, as did pianists **Borah Berman** and **Tom Valvo**. Also, **Eddie Bonnemere** performed his **Advent Mass**, with a band that included **Allen Brown**, trumpet; **Dick Griffin**, trombone; **Howard (Swan) Johnson**, **Alberto Socarras**, **Rico Henderson**, reeds; **Ira Shankman**, piano; **Roy Phelps**, guitar; **Joe Scott**, bass; **Chollie Simon**, drums . . . At **The Needle's Eye**, **Cecil Payne** (with **Stanley Cowell**, **Roland Wilson**, **Al Foster**), **Harold Mabern** (with **George Coleman**, **Wilbur Little**, **Rudy Collins**), the **Teruo Nakamura Quintet**, **Dakota Staton** with **Norman Simmons'** trio, and **Betty Carter** with the **Danny Mixon Trio** were the December attractions . . . **Sam Rivers** and the **Boston Art Ensemble** performed at **Loeb Student Center** . . . The **360 Degree Music Ensemble** and the orchestra from the production of **Lady Day** performed in benefits for **Cal Massey's** family in **Brooklyn** . . . Concerts are being held at **Orisa Communications**, **25 E. 4th St.** Performers include **Zahir Batin**, **Sonny Donaldson** (a.k.a. **Awad**), **James Duboise**, **Frank Clayton**, **Danny Carter**, and others. These musicians are also teaching at **Studio We** . . . **Noah Howard's** quartet (**Bob Sardo**, **Earl Freeman**, **Art Lewis**) was at **Free Life Communications Dec. 17**. Pianist **Richie Bierach**, with **Frank Tusa** and **Jeff Williams**, also appeared there recently and performed at **Richard's Lounge**, **Lakewood, N.J.**, **Dec. 1-3**. At **Richard's**, other December sounds were made by the **Jack DeJohnette Quartet**, **Joe Farrell's** foursome, the **Mark Cohen Quartet**, and the **Dave Liebman Quartet**, on consecutive weekends . . . A blues bonanza took place at **Lincoln Center Jan. 5**, with **Muddy Waters** and **John Lee Hooker** plus **Mose Alli-**

**son** . . . **T-Bone Walker** and **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** were at **Max' Kansas City** before the holidays, and the **Nitty Gritty Dirt Band** also worked there . . . **Vibist Karl Berger and Friends** were at **Studio Rivbea Dec. 29-30** . . . The **Continental**, in **Fairfield, Conn.**, has featured some interesting bands on their Friday guest nights, among them the **New York Jazz Quartet** (**Frank Wess**, **Roland Hanna**, **Ron Carter**, **Ben Riley**) and a mainstream group with **Taft Jordan**, **Eddie Barefield**, **Claude Hopkins**, **Jack Giuffrida** and **Buzzy Drootin**, as well as **Bobby Hackett**, **Tyree Glenn** and **Clark Terry** with local backing.

**Los Angeles:** One of the most hotly contested elections of officers in the history of **Local 47** found a number of changes and an apparent awakening of political interest by many of its jazz-oriented members. The **Local's** long time vice-president, **Max Herman**, unseated incumbent president **Keith Williams**. Of interest to jazz fans is the news that **Buddy Collette** and **Abe Most** were elected to the **Board of Directors**; **Herb Ellis** was re-elected to the **Board**, **Nellie Lutcher** was returned to the **Trial Board**, and **Lyle (Spud) Murphy** was re-elected a trustee. **Local 47**, the second largest in the **AFM**, has over **16,000** members . . . **New Year's Eve** was dominated by veteran names in jazz: **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Oscar Peterson** at the **Music Center** (**Miss Fitzgerald** was backed by the **Tommy Flanagan Trio**); **Glenn Miller** sounds at the **Anaheim Convention Center** with **Tex Beneke**, **Ray Eberle**, **Paula Kelly** and the **Modernaires**, plus former members of the **Glenn Miller band**; and **Anita O'Day** at **Donte's**, backed by the **Marty Harris Trio** . . . Prior to **Miss O'Day**, **Donte's** had an interesting December roster, highlighted by quartets led by **Zoot Sims** for five nights, and **James Moody** for four nights, and the surprise appearance by **Mary Osborne** for two "Guitar Nights." **Miss Osborne**, semi-retired and living in the country music bastion of **Bakersfield**, was backed by **Marty Harris**, piano; **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass; and **Frank Severino**, drums. Rounding out **Donte's** December doings were **Tom Scott's** Quintet, **John Morell's** Quintet, Latin combos fronted by **Willie Bobo** and **Claudio Miranda**, the big band of **Bill Tole**, singer **Gary Lemel**, and **Super Sax Plays Bird**. And to start off 1973: **Woody Herman's** Band for three nights . . . Aside from accompanying **Anita O'Day** at **Donte's** (along with **Harvey Newmark**, bass; and **John Poole**, drums) **Marty Harris** continues to accompany **Diana Ross** in her network talk show appearances: **The Mike Douglas Show**, **The Johnny Carson Show** and **The Dinah Shore Show**. He will also work with her at **Caesars Palace** in **Las Vegas** in February . . . For anyone used to seeing ads for **Shelly's Manne-Hole** and the **Lighthouse** practically side by side for years, it must have come as a surprise to see a recent **Lighthouse** ad announcing **Shelly Manne and His Men**. But then, considering **Shelly's** former partner, **Rudy Underwyzer**, is now **Hermosa Beach's** **Lighthouse** keeper, it was just a matter of time. Other recent headliners at the **Lighthouse**: **Alice Coltrane**; **Luis Gasca** (with **Hadley Caliman**, **Victor Pantoja** and **Carmello Garcia**); **Tom Scott**; **Bill Cosby** and his group called **Bunions**; **Donald Byrd**; **Teddy Edwards** (with **Oscar Brashear**, trumpet; **Thurman**

**Green**, trombone, **Marty Harris**, piano; **Lewis Large**, bass; **Roy Porter** drums); **Spencer Davis**; **Super Sax Plays Bird**, and **Herbie Hancock** . . . One beach removed, at **Redondo Beach**, **Concerts By The Sea** has featured of late **Willie Bobo**, **Cal Tjader**, **Gabor Szabo**, **Carmen McRae**, and **Monty Alexander**, with **Elvin Jones** due **Jan. 22** . . . The **Ray Charles-B.B. King** show at the **Valley Music Theatre**, in **Woodland Hills**, got off to a technically frustrating start as the p.a. system became temperamental. Along with **Ray** and **B.B. King** were the **Raelettes**, **Billy Preston** and the **Ray Charles Orchestra**, led by **Leroy Cooper** . . . **Sammy Davis** is scheduled to headline a show at the **Valley Music Theatre Jan. 8-14** with special guest star **Billy Eckstine**. Opening night is a benefit for the **Los Angeles Police Department youth program** . . . The **Troubador** deviated from its usual folk-rock policy for one week to present **Cannonball Adderley** and his combo. A group called **Pure Food** shared the **West Hollywood club** with **Cannonball** . . . **Diamonte's**, in **North Hollywood**, is making more and more sounds like a jazz club. Recent attractions there have included **Frank Rosolino**, **Page Cavanaugh** and his trio, singer **Frank D'Rone**, and **Louis** and **Monique Aldebert** . . . **Oscar Brown** and **Jean Pace** continue at **Memory Lane**, spelled on occasion by **Esther Phillips** or **Gloria Lynne** . . . **Johnny Guarneri** is still at the **Tail O' The Cock** where his repertoire is spelled on occasion by excursions into 4/4. **Johnny** likes to convert everything into 5/4 for kicks .

**Chicago:** A galaxy of local stars performed in the second annual Christmas benefit concert sponsored by the **Illinois Drug Abuse Program**. The affair, held at **Medinah Temple**, featured the quintets of **Eddie Harris** and **Hank Mobley**, **Hank Crawford's** Quartet, the **Malcolm X Afro Jazz Ensemble**, **Eddie Mason** and the **Circle of Capricorn**, and **Wilbur Campbell** and the **IDAP Jazz Stars**. Proceeds went to the **Needy Children Christmas Party** . . . Another Christmas party, at the **Cook County Jail**, featured the **Temptations** and **Muddy Waters** . . . **Ken Chaney's** Trio remains as the Wednesday night attraction at **Ratso's** on **North Lincoln Avenue** . . . **Drummer Joe Dukes**, a veteran of the **Jack McDuff** and **Lonnie Smith** groups, has joined **Clarence Wheeler** and the **Enforcers**, who still hold forth Friday and Saturday in the **Roberts Motel 300 room** and host the Monday evening jam session in the **500 room** . . . **Judy Roberts' Trio** is back at the **Backroom** on **Rush Street**, this time on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday . . . **Henry Threadgill**, **Steve McCall**, **Fred Hopkins**, and **Claudine Meyers** concertized recently at **Ida Noyes Hall** at the **University of Chicago** . . . Reedman **Kenny Soderblom** has moved back to town and is sounding better than ever . . . **Roberta Flack** and **Nina Simone** gave concerts here recently while **Richie Havens** and **John Mayall** were part of a bill at the again-revived **Aragon Ballroom**—the only ballroom with 10 lives. Promoter **Jan Winn** heads the **Aragon** operation and another rock palace of the past, the **Kinetic Playground** on **Clark Street**, opened recently. The **Playground**, which is being booked by **New York promoter Howard Stein**, will reportedly feature groups that are

no longer welcome in the downtown plush-seat halls . . . J.B. Hutto and The Hawks did a weekend at The Wise Fools Pub . . . Earl McGhee continues to play great jazz on *Transition*, WNIB-FM (97.1). Catch him 'round midnight Friday through Sunday. A fire in the building housing WNIB knocked McGhee off the air for a time recently but as soon as the all-clear was sounded, Earl went right back to the hot sounds.

**Boston:** The Piano Choir, with organist Webster Lewis, concertized at Jordan Hall . . . The Ted Pease-Larry Monroe Big Band, composed of Berklee faculty and students, is playing Sundays at the Fox Lounge in Westboro. The charts have been written by members Jack Stock, Ed Fiorenza, Jan Konopasek, Alex

Ulanowsky as well as Pease and Monroe . . . Under the auspices of the Jazz Coalition, the Collective Black Artists and the mayor's Office of Cultural Affairs, a concert was held at Old West Church featuring Jaki Byard, Marion Brown and Leo Smith, Thing, the Boston Art Ensemble, Ronnie Gill and the Manny Williams Quintet, the Disciples, the Sonn Watson Trio with Eula Lawrence, the Mark Harvey Group, the Victor Brazil and Claudio Roditi International Boston Orchestra and the Mattie Mangrum Trio . . . The Jimmy Moshier-Paul Fontaine Big Band is playing Monday's at Sandy's in Beverly . . . Berklee's Thursday Night Dues Band held its annual holiday concert featuring the Berklee Trombone Quartet (Phil and Dennis Wilson, Ron Barron of the Boston Symphony, and Tom Everett, President of the International Trombone Association) . . . The Jazz Workshop, led

by Fred Taylor, has presented many big names this season: **Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Herbie Hancock, Larry Coryell, Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, Bill Evans, Yusef Lateef, and Charles Lloyd** . . . At Paul's Mall, it's been **Erroll Garner, Miles Davis** (with former Berklee student Cedric Lawson on keyboards), **Mongo Santamaria and Les McCann** . . . **Buddy Rich** was at the Holiday Inn in West Peabody for a week, and the **Stan Kenton Orchestra** appeared recently with the **Boston Pops** . . . The **Tony Lada Big Band** played a concert in the Berklee Recital Hall. Personnel: **Larry Pyatt, Joe Giorgianni, Dennis Collier, Tony Klatka, trumpets; Lada, Keith O'Quinn, Dennis Wilson, Rod Hansen, trombones; Mike Scora, John McGlaughlin, Jackie Stevens, Orpheus Giantanopolous, reeds; Mark Shangold, piano; Ron Peters, guitar; Rich Appleman, bass, and Gary Moffie, drums.**



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**Detroit:** The winter months have not dampened the enthusiasm of the local jazz devotees and music offerings have been plentiful. Baker's Keyboard Lounge presented a revolving door of jazz talent with **Freddie Hubbard, George Shearing, Herbie Hancock, Groove Holmes, Zoot Sims, Kenny Burrell, and Charles Lloyd** . . . Gene Harris played a weekend at Watts Club Mozambique, followed by **Carolyn Franklin** . . . The Elmwood Casino in Windsor carried on its big-name tradition by spotlighting **Melba Moore, Tony Bennett, and Lena Horne** . . . Clarenceville High School in Livonia continued its winter program with concerts by **Shearing, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, and Count Basie** . . . The Showers Club in Westland has a new jazz policy featuring jam sessions every Sunday night. The resident group consists of **Lou Smith, trumpet; George Benson, reeds; Terry Pollard, piano; Dan Jordan, bass, and Jerry McKenzie, drums** . . . A late November concert at Alvaro's Restaurant in Royal Oak sponsored by **Jim Taylor's Hot Jazz Society of Detroit** enlisted **Gene Mayl's Dixieland Rhythm Kings** and was to star **Georg Brunis and Wild Bill Davison**. However, Brunis was a late scratch due to illness. In the group were **Ralph Unterborn, clarinet; John Ulrich, piano; Mayl, bass, and Monte Mountjoy, drums** . . . The New McKinney's Cotton Pickers band has released an album on a new local label—Bountiful Records. McKinney's features **Dave Wilborn**, an original member . . . Ford Auditorium was the scene of a pre-Christmas concert with **Nina Simone** heading the cast . . . Trombonist **Pee Wee Hunt** showed at up Green's Supper Club in St. Clair Shores for a bash in mid-November and blew alongside **Smokey Stover, trumpet; Jim Campbell, clarinet; Keith Meyers, piano, and Roger Nivens, drums**.

## CHORUS

Continued from page 4

The *Director* moistened his lips and said nervously, "Well, please be sure to get them out of here on time."

All the while there was much movement of bodies but little noise—everyone was listening intently to Baker. Then, on time, it was over. The audience applauded and crowded around Baker with the thank-yous and "I never realized that improvisation can be taught". The *Ass't.* began to noisily sling chairs into proper position, told Baker to "move it", and feverishly glanced at the clock. As everyone moved toward the doors, the epitaph was stated by one co-ed band member to another as they both clasped French horns to their cashmeres: (wistfully) "I wish there was someone here to teach jazz."

So there it was. Not as dramatic or obvious as the confrontation in *High Noon* but more real, more sad. There is the *Professor* behind his closed door; the *Director* concerned about his students starting-rehearsal-on-time without the distractions of improvisation (or the perils of unlicensed jazz); the angry *Ass't.* who may never understand why he has those splitting headaches. The GVSC students will go on and become music teachers without the burden of creativity. (The French horns will make interesting lamps in their neat homes.) The T.J.C. students will continue their enlightened program "leading to a Bachelor of Philosophy" which may or may not come in handy in making a living or keeping the peace.

At least two questions remain. Who are the innocents? Is there time to forgive them for not knowing what they do? db

## CHORDS

Continued from page 8

appears on almost every piece of ragtime sheet music printed—especially by those Tin Pan Alley writers who (shudder!) wrote those rags for sordid cash!

It really doesn't matter how someone plays ragtime—improvising tastefully within the piece (Mozart and Beethoven used to do it all the time when playing for the public—how serious can you get?)—or playing the notes as written. What does matter is the understanding a pianist brings to the material and how sympathetically he infuses the piece with his own personality (listen to several versions of the *Moonlight Sonata* and time them. All will be different, yet all pianists are playing the same notes) . . .

It is not enough just to be technically able to get through the piece. For a rounded performance, one must give of oneself an individual feeling and be able to communicate it to an audience. The two combined—technical proficiency and artistic sensibility—make for a successful performance.

David A. Jasen

Flushing, N.Y.

David Jasen is a pianist-performer specializing in ragtime.

## Do It Yourself!

To all those who attended the Bruce Johnson concert on Oct. 22 at New York's Village Vanguard: I would like to thank you with all my heart. I was pleased to see that there are many people who will still support the artist. Most people think that supporting the artist is a matter of subsidies, funding, and handouts, but I think if more people would attend concerts sponsored by the musicians themselves (as well as by the big promoters) musicians could get the kind of support needed at this time.

When I first decided to have a concert I was concerned with getting a good attendance so I could pay the musicians whatever I'd promised. Max Gordon, the owner of the Vanguard, was very cooperative and charged me what I thought was a very reasonable rate. This allowed me to charge what promoters call "masochistic prices" at the door: \$1.75. I think that's a reasonable price for anyone—even a musician could pay that much. The result was a full house of people who were very relaxed (if not about the music, then definitely about the price of admission!). I broke even and everyone (including Max) got paid.

I suggest to any musician who wants the general jazz public and others to support his or her music: Get out there and do it yourself—especially if you believe in what you are writing . . . The goal you have to have in mind is not making a profit but making the music—profit should be a secondary goal. Having a club full of people listening to your heart and mind is profit enough.

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