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How to judge five kinds of amplifier power



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Actually, he should be familiar with five different kinds of power ratings on amplifiers.

1) **RMS Power** (Root Mean Square—if that helps) is the basic method of measuring alternating current electrical power. RMS is the average power delivered over a complete cycle and represents an amp's ability to deliver continuous sound.

2) **Peak Power** is the measure of the greatest amount of electrical power delivered at any moment of each cycle while the amp is delivering continuous sound. For a sine wave signal (such as the simplest tone on an electronic organ), peak power is always twice RMS Power.

3) **Music Power** Undistorted music power is produced in a series of bursts whose average level is much larger than the RMS power for short periods. The ability of some amplifier components to store energy allows the amplifier to deliver considerable additional power for these very short musical bursts. In most amplifiers, this additional Music Power exceeds RMS Power by about 15%.

4) **Peak Music Power** This has the same relation to Music Power as Peak Power has to RMS Power—that is, twice as much. It is the instantaneous power available for tonebursts.

5) **Absolute Maximum Power** This is the maximum power an amp can deliver regardless of distortion. Depending on an amplifier's design, it may be as much as twice that of the RMS Power. It should not be used as a rating because it ignores sound quality.

To musicians, sound quality is as important as sound quantity, so understanding the five kinds of power is only the beginning. In order to measure power accurately, the relation of power output to distortion must be considered. For example, depending on the degree of distortion, an amplifier can deliver as much as twice RMS Power. Some amplifier manufacturers exaggerate their true power ratings by making measurements with 10-15% clipping distortion—without saying so in their specifications.

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130 Watts	Music Power	40 Hz to 16,000Hz	No visible clipping
200 Watts	Absolute Maximum power	40 Hz to 16,000Hz	Cross square wave distortion
200 Watts	Peak power	40 Hz to 16,000Hz	No visible clipping
260 Watts	Peak music power	40 Hz to 16,000Hz	No visible clipping



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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Reading Harvey Siders' two feature reports in this issue on the Duke Ellington Special and the Mancini Generation TV series generates some question about TV and radio music in general.

When will studio sidemen get screen credit? The music directors and composers of original music (Jerry Goldsmith, Lalo Schifrin, Pete Rugolo, Nelson Riddle, *et al*) are given proper billing (which is called for in their contract of employment). Bill Cosby, aided and abetted by Quincy Jones, did get screen credit for certain lead players in Cosby's last TV series. And rightfully so; players such as Hubert Laws, Freddie Hubbard, Toots Thielman and other Jones mafia members, improvised most of the music background. They were, really, co-composers. But about all the other shows?

It may be of intense importance (and a fulfillment of contract obligations) to give recognition to the head gaffer and the head grip and their first assistants. It is also likely that such screen credit is good insurance against falling kliags and toppling scenery, but again the question, what about the players? What about the guys who cover-up for the star vocalist's lack of time and talent? What about the guys who make the adrenalin flow in that chase scene (See how excited you get when you turn off the sound and watch a 1932 Hudson ricochet off a lamp post.)

Anecdote. I happened to be with Pat Williams and Oliver Nelson at a jazz festival a while back. They had not seen each other for a spell busy as they were at the studios. The opening dialog went this way. Williams asks Nelson: "What were you writing last week?" Nelson: "Door slams. How about you?" Williams: "Screams". Both composers shook their heads and sighed.

The credit thing is a mite better on radio. The stations that intermittently fly in the face of lockstep conformity and play some jazz will credit the solo players (if their names are listed on the liner notes). The musicians who cut most of the other music played on radio deserve anonymity.

TriVia. Didn't you think that Woody Herman was in better playing condition than the Washington Redskins on that Super Bowl telecast. Just think, Dad, 75 million people tuned into hear the Raven speak. That's a Herd!

Wouldn't it be nice if a bevy of TV executives decided, *in camera*, to let music go on live. Really live, not over-rehearsed, edited, censored, and taped. Man, don't fry it, let it go natural. The interplay between good musicians is dramatic and is worth watching. And if there should be a blooper, the earth would remain on its axis. Remember, Jack Paar actually paid Jose Melis every week for years.

The love, affection, high and low jinks reported by Siders during the taping of the Ellington tribute is typical of any venture in which good musicians come together to honor one of their own. 'T'is such a pity that the public rarely gets to see, hear, or feel it. It is doubly sad to know that good music can never be a fixture on any mass media medium. Certainly not as long as a sponsor is eager to pay \$100,000 for a sixty second spot to reach an amorphous mass. There really isn't any purpose braying about it. Push the off button and go toot your own horn.



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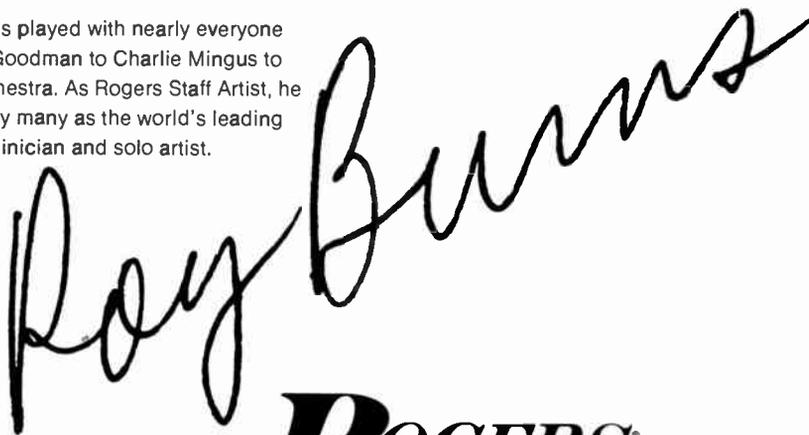
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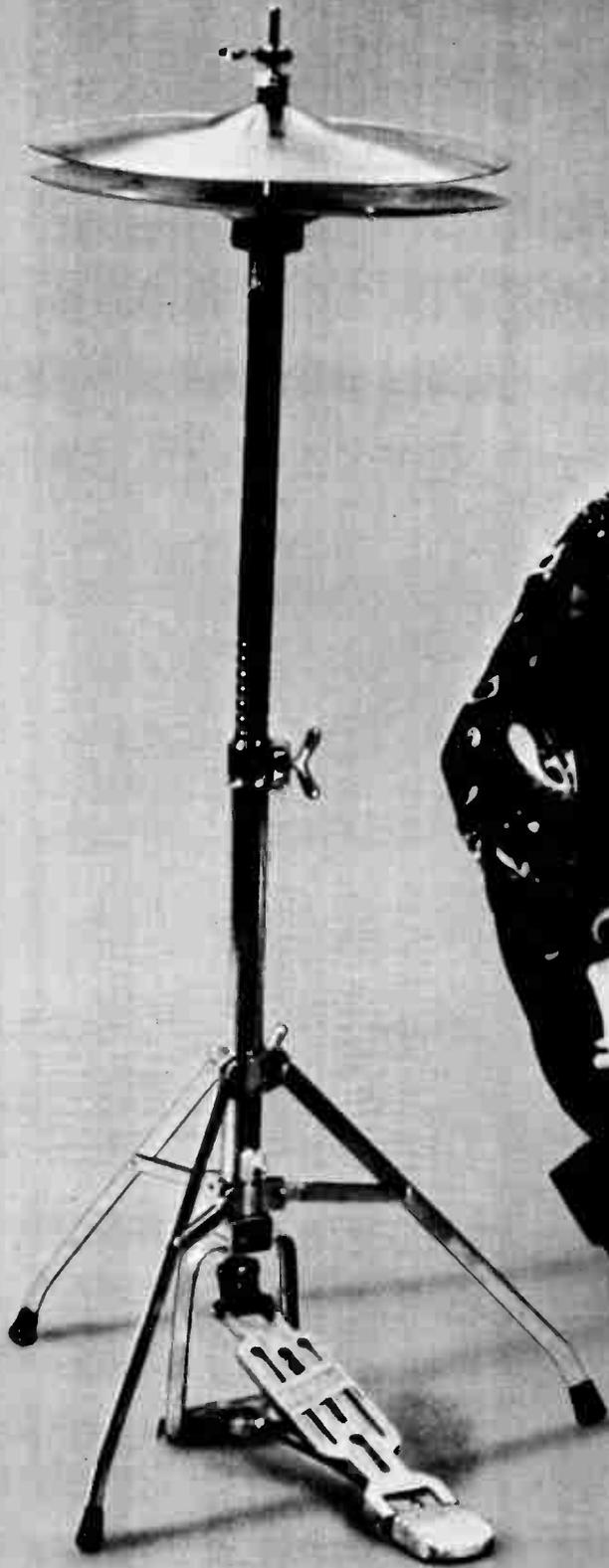
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chords and discords

Intolerance

I am writing to you regarding your review in the Nov. 23 issue of Herbie Hancock's most recent album, *Crossings*. This is the first time that I have written such a letter. I usually look upon them as a waste of time. However, this particular review angered me so much that I decided that in this case I could not remain silent. I am well aware of the overt racial overtones displayed in your magazine despite your subtle attempts to disguise them. I read it regularly simply because I consider one jazz publication to be better than none.

The fact that such a review appeared could only conceivably indicate that the writer was a racist, an idiot or possibly both. The critic stated that one piece on the album was a "cop" from Miles Davis' *In A Silent Way*. Ridiculous comparisons such as this are ignorant and unfair. *Crossings* is an artistic triumph on a musical and technical level. Herbie Hancock and his very talented ensemble cover a wide variety of musical styles from free-form but tight electronic jazz to hard-driving and swinging rhythm and blues with crisply beautiful melodic stops in between. Each individual's strengths are amply displayed. The Moog synthesizer has never been used as effectively as in this context. The production and engineering were superb, a rarity in jazz recordings. Overall, *Crossings* more than compensated for the cohesion that *Mwandishi*, the previous effort, lacked. This album, on the whole, represents what is genuinely positive and creative in jazz today, a word that is synonymous with the black experience—an image that your magazine seems to be desperately intent on changing.

In an age where truth is becoming increasingly difficult to find, especially in journalism, I do not believe that your publication has the courage to print this letter. Please prove me wrong. Gentlemen, that is a dare.

Donald J. Muller

New York City

With great daring and courage, we've picked reader Muller's letter as representative of several attacking Pete Welding's review of *Crossings*. Welding has seen them and declines to answer, for which we don't blame him a bit, and indeed we have nothing to say in defense of his review: it spoke for itself. Welding didn't care much for the music and explained why; Muller and some likeminded readers disagree, and Muller also explains why, if in very general terms. So far, so good: some differing opinions about a record.

But for the rest, too far and not so good. When he expresses his opinions about music, Muller sounds like a reasonable man, but when he proposes to read sinister and corrupt motives into Welding's opinions, and *down beat*'s reasons for printing them, he sounds—well, let's be nice and call it confused.

As Muller so kindly points out, the truth nowadays is often hard to find. Sometimes you can't see it when it stares you in the face: Pete Welding, one of the world's leading blues scholars, a man who has devoted his life to the

study of Afro-American music, is not likely to be a racist (nor an idiot, for that matter). But everything and everyone is fair game today in the self-righteous eyes of those who see nothing but black and white without regard for logic, truth and just plain common sense. In our opinion, it takes more courage to say what Mr. Muller did than it does for us to print it. Or is courage the wrong word? —d m.

No Comparisons

I have been subscribing to *down beat* for the last two years and I must compliment you on the fine job you've done keeping the public informed of what's going on in the world of jazz.

I must admit I have one complaint, though:

this column keeps receiving letters stating that this artist is better than that one, and so forth and so on. All that is a bunch of garbage. One artist shouldn't be compared with another simply because they play the same instrument.

It would be almost hypocritical to compare John McLaughlin and Duane Allman... in my opinion two of the finest guitarists ever born. They were totally different in style and even in the type of music they played.

I think if people listened to music more for its aesthetic value instead of who plays what part where, *down beat* would stop receiving asinine letters like this one and so many others.

Mark Landreth

Altamonte Springs, Fla.

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...wish you lotsa luck!

down beat NEWS

MILES BACK IN ACTION; LIEBMAN JOINS GROUP

Fully recovered from the Oct. 19 auto accident in which he broke both ankles, Miles Davis returned to action Jan. 12-13 at the Village East (formerly Fillmore East) in New York.

With the exception of soprano saxophonist Dave Liebman in place of Carlos Garnett, the group led by the newly mustachioed trumpeter was the same as last fall (Reggie Lucas, guitar; Cedric Lawson, organ, synthesizer; Bala Krishna, sitar; Mike Henderson, bass; Badal Roy, tabla; M'tume, congas; Al Foster, drums), but it sounded much more vital and together than when we last heard it at Philharmonic Hall.

Davis, exuding energy, was less fixated on his wah-wah pedal. The hour-long set on Sat-



JAN PERSSON

urday night emphasized a blues-based music of great rhythmic power, anchored in Henderson's rock-steady and huge-toned bass, Foster's agile, dancing drums, and M'tume's strong conga accents. There was a surprising interlude in which Davis—in an entirely new way—recaptured the lyrical mood of the past. And throughout, Miles was in the forefront, laying out only for occasional solo spots by others, mainly Liebman, who sounded more into the group than his predecessors . . . and this is *group* music, no doubt about that.

From New York, the group went on to Montreal's Place Des Artes (Jan. 24), Michigan State Univ. (26), Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater (28), and East Michigan Univ. (Feb. 10). On Feb. 23, they'll be at the Music Hall in Dallas, and on the 26th, at the Coliseum in Houston.

Before leaving New York, Miles put a new album in the can. Meanwhile, since his latest release, *On the Corner*, was brought out entirely without personnel change, we thought

we'd give you this collective lineup, courtesy of Columbia: Carlos Garnett, saxophones; Herbie Hancock, Harold J. Williams, keyboards; David Creamer, guitar; Mike Henderson, bass; Colin Walcott, sitar; Badal Roy, tabla; Jack De Johnette, Billy Hart, drums; M'tume, percussion. —*morgenstern*

GREAT LAKES ALUMNI SOUGHT FOR REUNION

During World War II, one of the greatest of service bands was that assembled at the Great Lakes Naval Station under the leadership of Len Bowden.

Some 150 black musicians were "in residence" there, including Clark Terry, Gerald Wilson, Jimmy Nottingham, Al Grey, Booty Wood, Ernie and Marshall Royal, Jerome Richardson, Vernon Alley, Ernie and Jimmy Wilkins, etc., etc.

A reunion of the musicians will be held at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale May 25-26. It is difficult for the organizers to locate all the musicians concerned, and anyone reading this who is a Great Lakes Naval Band alumnus, or knows of the whereabouts of others is requested to contact Samuel A. Floyd, Jr., School of Music, Southern Illinois Univ., Carbondale, Ill. 62901.

FINAL BAR

Trombonist-bandleader Wilbur De Paris, 72, died Jan. 3 in Beekman Downtown Hospital in New York City.

He was born Jan. 11, 1900 in Crawfordsville, Ind., the son of a music teacher and traveling bandmaster. Wilbur was given his start on alto horn at 7 and was soon working in his father's band.

He toured extensively with tent shows and on the T.O.B.A. circuit, and visited New Orleans in 1922 with Mack's Merrymakers, sitting in with Louis Armstrong and gigging with Armand Piron's band.

DeParis settled in Philadelphia in 1925, leading his own band and also working in Atlantic City. In 1927-28, he managed the band at the Pearl Theater, then moved on to New York, where he worked with a number of big bands including LeRoy Smith, Dave Nelson, Noble Sissle, Mills Blue Rhythm Band, and Edgar Hayes. He was with Teddy Hill 1936-37 and visited Europe with this band. Nearly three years with Louis Armstrong followed, after which the trombonist briefly was in Ella Fitzgerald's big band and then worked for a spell in Broadway shows, including the Lunt-Fontanne production of *The Pirate* and George S. Kaufman's *The Small Hours*. In late '42, he toured with Roy Eldridge, then formed a small group with his brother, trumpeter Sidney DeParis.

The brothers disbanded in late '45, Wilbur joining Duke Ellington's band, with which he stayed until the spring of '47. He then formed

another small band, including his brother and clarinetist Buster Bailey, which played a long engagement at Child's Paramount on New York's Times Square. At this time, DeParis also began to run jam sessions.

In 1951, DeParis, whose music until now had been primarily of the mainstream-swing variety, formed a new band based on the model of Jelly Roll Morton (whom he had recorded with in 1930). Initially called the Rampart Street Paraders and later re-named Wilbur DeParis' New New Orleans Band, the band met with considerable success. For nearly 10 years, it had its home base at Jimmy Ryan's, the last surviving jazz club on 52nd St. in New York. It recorded a series of albums for Atlantic, toured Africa for 14 weeks for the State Dept. in the spring of '57, and made frequent concert appearances in the U.S.

After the closing of Ryan's in '62, the band



worked at other New York clubs and in the summer of '65 played in the Mardi Gras show at Jones Beach, but the failing health of Sidney (though he was ably replaced by Doc Cheatham) and other factors led to a decline in the band's activities. After Sidney's death (Sept. 13, 1967), his brother concentrated on operating a rehearsal studio, putting bands together only occasionally. However, he had been rehearsing a new band and played a few engagements at the Lamb's Club in 1972, and friends say he was planning to expand his playing activities once again.

Wilbur De Paris was a sturdy, capable trombonist with a big sound; a fine section and ensemble player but not a compelling soloist. His forte was organization and ideas, and the conception of a "new New Orleans" style, an extension of the tradition rather than the copying indulged in by so-called revivalist bands, was his. A serious student of jazz history (much of which he had experienced at first hand) and an articulate and personable

man, De Paris was well equipped for the task of bandleading and good at involving audiences in the music. He was also a skilled arranger who always knew exactly what he wanted from his musicians and how to get it.

Among the New New Orleans Band's many fine recordings, those from the period when clarinetist Omer Simeon was a member and Sidney De Paris was in good health are the best. They include *The Pearls*, *Hindustan*, *Under the Double Eagle*, and such De Paris specialties as *Martinique*, *Marchin' and Swinging*, and *Wrought Iron Rag*, his own compositions and arrangements. One of his best recorded solos, *Black and Blue*, is from an earlier period, 1944, with the De Paris Brother's Band.

Services were held at St. Peter's Lutheran Church Jan. 9, with Doc Cheatham directing the musical tribute.

Composer-arranger **Edgar Sampson**, 65, died Jan. 17 at his home in Englewood, N.J.

Born in New York City Aug. 31, 1907, Sampson began on violin at 6, adding clarinet and alto sax in his early teens. He led his own band in high school and worked with many famous Harlem bands (including a short stint with Duke Ellington in '24), among them Bingie Madison, Arthur Gibbs and Charlie Johnson.

With Fletcher Henderson 1931-32 and Rex Stewart in '33, he began to concentrate on writing as well as playing with Chick Webb, whom he joined in '34. It was for Webb that Sampson composed and arranged such classics-to-be as *Don't Be That Way*, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, and *If Dreams Come True*.

Sampson left Webb in July 1936 to work as a free-lance arranger, and played only rarely, excepting a brief stint in '39 as musical director for Ella Fitzgerald's band (which she had taken over after Webb's death), and with Al Sears in '43. The bands for which he wrote included Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson and Teddy Hill.

In the late '40s, Sampson resumed full-time playing, leading his own group 1949-51. He then arranged for and played with several Latin bands, among them Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez and Marcellino Guerra. Until the early '60s, he occasionally led his own small groups and gigged with drummer Harry Dial's bands, but then became inactive due to a serious illness which necessitated the amputation of a leg several years ago.

Though his output wasn't very large, Sampson easily ranks with the greatest arranger-composers of the swing era. His melodies seemed made to order for inspired improvisation; in particular, he wrote masterful bridges. In addition to the above mentioned pieces, he also wrote *Blue Lou*, *Blue Minor*, *Get Together*, and *Light and Sweet*. With Clarence Profit, he did *Lullabye in Rhythm*, and his best arrangements of material not his own include *Go Harlem* and *Clap Hands. Here Comes Charlie* for Webb and *Tippi Tippi Tin* and *All the Cats Join In* for Goodman. In 1956, he directed an excellent studio band for an album of his own, *Swing Softly* (Coral).

Sampson was also an excellent altoist, in an elegant, singing style that had much in common with Benny Carter. It can be sampled on such Webb records as *If Dreams Come True*, *Lona* and *Facts and Figures*. He plays clarinet on *Chicken and Waffles* (Bunny Berigan). His interesting violin playing is briefly heard on *Hot Tempered Blues* (Charlie Johnson)

and *The House of David Blues* (Fletcher Henderson) and he plays baritone on "*Ring Them Bells*" (Lionel Hampton).

Gospel singer **Clara Ward**, 48, died Jan. 16 at UCLA Medical Center, where she had been taken after suffering a second stroke in less than a month Jan. 9 at her home in suburban Los Angeles.

Leader of the Clara Ward Singers, one of the best-known gospel groups, she began singing professionally at the age of 5 in the Philadelphia group formed by her mother, Gertrude, of which her sister, Willa, was also a member.

After a highly successful appearance at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival, the Clara Ward Singers began to take engagements outside the gospel circuit, appearing in nightclubs and concert halls and touring the U.S. and Europe. They also frequently performed on TV and made more than 50 Lps.

Ms. Ward, who composed more than 500 songs, was one of the outstanding gospel voices of her era. Her group also served as an important talent incubator, one of its graduates being Marion Williams. The group performed twice before President Lyndon Johnson.

Pianist **Louis Knipp**, 38, a popular performer in his native Louisville, Ky., died there of a cerebral hemorrhage Jan. 2. A graduate of the Kentucky School for the Blind and holder of a master of music degree from the Univ. of Louisville, Knipp was held in high esteem by the visiting jazz stars with whom he played.

Trombonist **Kid Ory**, one of the last remaining New Orleans greats, died Jan. 23 of pneumonia and heart failure in Honolulu. He was 86. Full details will appear in our next issue. Transcriptions of three famous Ory solos—*Weary Blues*, *Bucktown Stomp*, and *Guthucket Blues*—annotated by David Baker, can be found on pages 32-33 of this issue.

potpourri

The Jones Brothers (Elvin, Hank and Thad) made news, separately and together, as the new year got under way. Hank was in Elvin's group at the Village Vanguard in New York and at Boston's Jazz Workshop, and seemed set to stay. (Elvin, by the way, is working on a jazz opera.) Hank also led his own group for a week (Jan. 22-27) at the Half Note, with Remo Palmieri, guitar; George Mraz, bass; Al Beldini, drums. Thad, meanwhile, celebrated with co-leader Mel Lewis the beginning of their band's eighth year at the Vanguard on Feb. 1. To mark the occasion, the band stayed on for four more nights after the customary Monday.

Helio H. De Souza Delmiro, 25, is the lucky winner of the Sergio Mendes Scholarship, a \$5000, one-year full tuition all-expense scholarship to Berklee College in Boston. He was chosen from an initial field of 14,000 competitors, plays piano and guitar, and will study composition at Berklee.

Drummer **Horacee Arnold** has been signed by Columbia Records and recently taped his first date for the label, with reedmen Billy

Harper and Joe Farrell, guitarist **Ralph Turner**, vibist **Dave Friedman** and bassist **George Mraz**.

Johnny Mercer, who far too rarely performs in public, delighted a star-studded audience at New York's Town Hall Jan. 10. Opening the current season of *Interlude* concerts at the Hall (one-hour events starting at 5:45 p.m.) with a program consisting mainly of little-known and in some cases unpublished work, the great lyricist was in fine voice and good humor. Accompanied by Jimmy Rowles at the piano (Mercer introduced him as "the ofay Ellis Larkins") and sporting a becoming beard, he excelled in particular on such gems as *Frazier*, the ballad of an aging lion's triumph; *Spring, Spring, Spring*, with its full complement of stanzas (including such rhymes as *antelope/can't elope* and *amoebalach, du lieber*, and the story of *Pineapple Pete*, the champion eater. He did some nice whistling on *Bob White*, and, in a different mood, unveiled a 1971 collaboration with Hoagy Carmichael, *Fleur de Lys*—a lovely ballad. After this auspicious opening, the series continued with, among others, **Teddy Wilson** (Jan. 17), and **Thelma Carpenter** (Feb. 7). On Feb. 28, the indomitable **Eubie Blake** holds forth, and **Billy Taylor** will tickle the ivories on March 7.

For a newly revised and augmented edition of **Joachim Berendt's** *The New Jazz Book*, the publishers are seeking a translator competent in jazz as well as German. Interested parties should contact Lawrence Hill at Lawrence Hill & Co., 150 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011, (212) 741-3838.

Fantasy Records' first venture into film production, *Payday*, went into national release this month. With **Ralph J. Gleason** as exec producer, the melodrama of the last 36 hours in the life of a country-and-western singer (Rip Torn) is a nicely realistic slice of sleazy backwoods life.

Congratulations to down beat contributor **Tom Tolnay** on his appointment as editor in chief of *Backstage*.

Among the winners of ASCAP's annual Deems Taylor Awards for excellence in non-fiction writing about music and its creators: **Eileen Southern** for *The Music of Black Americans*; **Martin Williams** for *The Jazz Tradition*; **Tom Stoddard** for *Pops Foster: The Autobiography of a New Orleans Jazzman*, and **Ralph J. Gleason** for *God Bless Louis Armstrong*.

ABC/Dunhill Records has reactivated the Bluesway label and last month released 15 albums and one sampler from the Bluesway catalog. Included are Lps by **B.B. King**, **Ray Charles**, **Otis Spann**, **Jimmy Witherspoon**, **John Lee Hooker**, **Jimmy Reed**, **T-Bone Walker**, **Jimmy Rushing** and **Joe Turner**. Bluesway was founded in 1966 by **Bob Thiele**.

Singer **Stella Marris** did a month with **Lionel Hampton** at the Stardust in Las Vegas, then moved over to do a month as a single at the Dunes' Dome After Hours.

It's no news to jazz people that Cannonball Adderley is among the most articulate and loquacious of musicians. Since Nov. 18, he has been putting this aspect of his talents to good use over the facilities of KNBC-TV in Los Angeles. As host of a talk show, *Ninety Minutes—Starring Cannonball Adderley*, he is in view each Saturday evening from 11:30 with co-hostess Emily Yancy and a variety of distinguished guests. The resident band includes trumpeter Jack Sheldon and guitarist David T. Walker, and Jerome Richardson is the incumbent musical director—he replaced George Duke, who, as a member of the San Francisco local, couldn't keep the post. If all goes well—and we sincerely hope so—the show could eventually be aired in other locations, including New York.

Tuckrow Productions, Inc. is what Ben Tucker and Bob Dorough call their company, and several years of their labor has now borne fruit. Eleven three-minute films, animated and of a non-didactic educational nature, have been acquired by ABC-TV and will be shown on Saturday and/or Sunday mornings for some time to come. There are songs, and they have to do with numbers—tell the kids.

Dayton, Ohio is not known as a jazz mecca, but things have been swinging there since the Gillotti Brothers, Jerry and Tom, opened a jazz club, Gilly's, in July of last year. With a

seating capacity of 150, good acoustics and a fine piano, the club, according to reliable reports from local fans, has an atmosphere truly conducive to listening. Since the opening, it has featured such attractions as Bill Evans, Ahmad Jamal, Monty Alexander, Jeremy Steig, Jimmy Raney, Groove Holmes, Les McCann, Lou Donaldson, Young-Holt Unlimited, Gene Harris' Three Sounds, and such home state talent as Roy Merriwether and Dee Felice. Both Evans and Merriwether have done return engagements. The February lineup is George Benson, Eddie Harris, and Barry Miles.

A three-day memorial tribute to Charlie Parker will take place at Boston's Jordan Hall March 5-7 under the auspices of New England Conservatory. Produced by faculty member Jaki Byard and his students, it will include the performance of specially composed music as well as transcribed solos (scored for ensemble) spanning the entire history and development of jazz, and will conclude with a night of "freedom" including music for synthesizer and the work of organist Webster Lewis' trio. A display of Parker memorabilia is also planned.

Latest new record label entry is Brut Records, a division of Faberge. The label says it will concentrate on "fresh and unusual" new talent, and the first artist signed is singer-guitarist Jesse Cutler. Ah, the brut smell of success. . . .

New York: The Symphony of the New World presented a double bill of concerts Feb. 4 at Philharmonic Hall: The first featured Randy Weston in the concert premiere of his *Uhuru! Afrika* suite and the second presented works by, among others, Yusef Lateef, with guest artists Novella Nelson, Dizzy Gillespie, the Juanita King Singers, and Lateef. The following Sunday Mandrill, the jazz-rock band, appeared with the Symphony, a first for the group. . . . Another concert debut took place Jan. 18 at Alice Tully Hall when White Elephant performed. The group consisted of Randy Brecker, Lew Soloff, trumpets; Barry Rodgers, trombone; Jon Pierson, trombone, vocal; George Young, Michael Brecker, Frank Vicari, Ronnie Cuber, reeds; Mike Mainieri, keyboards, percussion, vocal, leader; Warren Bernhardt, keyboards; Joe Beck, Hugh McCracken, guitars; Tony Levin, electric bass; Donald McDonald, Steve Gadd, drums; Nicholas Holmes, Ann E. Sutton, Sue Manchester, vocal. . . . Still another debut; this one Jan. 22 at the Overseas Press Club: Carmen Leggio and his Kings, a 12-piece band with Jerry Kale, Ron Keller, Don Hahn, trumpets; Hale Rood, Lynn Welchman, trombones; Leggio, alto&tenor sax; John Pearson, Eli Wolinsky, Vinnie Ferrari, baritone saxes; John Bunch, piano; Ivan Rolle, bass; Joe Cav-

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GETTING ON FIRST BASE

Guest Column
by Mel Torme

I have just read with some interest Burt Korall's rather comprehensive analysis of what I am all about ("The Paradox of Torme" Jan. 18, 1973, *down beat*); and while I would easily be the ingrate of the century if I did not thank that worthy for the many complimentary remarks, I would also be something less than candidly honest if I did not regard the article with ambivalence and frustration.

In a business of increasingly diminished places to play, with night clubs, hotel rooms, *et al.* going under right and left, I consider myself fortunate to be among the relatively few performers who can and do play the handful of rooms around this country that still, mercifully, exist. To sustain any kind of a career as a performer, financially as well as musically, it is virtually essential to appear in these aforementioned *boites*, most of which are supported by patrons who don't know the difference, musically, between Elvis Presley and Carmen MacRae. They will dress to the hilt and attend Ella's opening night in this hotel room or that night club, NOT because they understand or appreciate her superlative singing or choice of material, but because it is an "event", a

social happening, a chance to be seen and admired by their peers. If this seems a harsh and unfair attitude on my part, be assured it is said, not out of bitterness by any means, but rather from a rather long apprenticeship in the music business and the stark knowledge born of painful observation that a pitifully tiny percentage of people in this country, the country that spawned jazz, know what the hell good music is all about, or for that matter, really give a damn.

O.K. Given that, how to get some decent music across to the average cafe-goer? Force-feeding the guy doesn't make it. Serving it attractively and entertainingly does; it's that simple. Yet, instead of making a virtue out of the entertainment values of what I do on the floor, Korall seems to condemn my attempts to "communicate" as a monumental "cop-out" on my part. Missing from his article-review of my St. Regis stint is any reportage of audience reaction to what I do as a performer—(underlined: *PERFORMER*). And that is where his comprehension of what I accomplish falls far short of the mark.

Getting on first base is where it's at, as far as I am concerned, because once there, the way is paved for incursion into the best music I can find to sing, and almost always, BY THAT TIME, the audience listens in pin-dropping silence, with appropriate reaction at the end of each tune or medley. I contend that if I were to merely sing the best music available, to the zenith of whatever my ability is, I would spend most of my performing evenings IN CLUBS AND HOTEL FACILITIES fighting the collective noise of indifference. So, if the answer to 'purism' is to forsake playing the "A" rooms in this country, before a great

cross-section of the American public, for the comparative unloveliness of the few jazz clubs still in existence, performing for a gaggle of the relatively initiated few, I'll take the "A" rooms, the attendant bread, the seven-brass, four-saxes, three-rhythm over the house trio, every time!

While I am firmly perched on my soap box, I would also like to gently slap Burt's wrist for completely omitting any mention whatsoever of my superb young drummer, Butch Miles. They guy is merely the most exciting, talented drum-find since, maybe, Buddy Rich, and an enormously important addition to my act. I hope that someday, *down beat* will find it expedient to do an article on this dedicated young musician.

Finally, I do admit to bridling a bit when Burt dismissed my arrangements as "generally well-edited scores". To my knowledge, I am the only working singer now writing all his own charts. (No, I didn't say "sketching"—I said "writing") Perhaps the most rewarding phase of my whole career has been the overwhelming reaction to my arranging abilities from virtually every kind of orchestra and musician imaginable. I am prouder of that accomplishment than of any singing I have ever done.

There is no question in my mind that Korall's article hits the mark squarely on many counts. I only wish he possessed the range of observation necessary to adjust his thinking and evaluations to fit specific environments and situations. Perhaps someday he'll catch my "thing" in concert with Woody at the Meadowbrook Music Festival in Michigan, or at the Concord Jazz Festival in California and come to understand my desire to tailor each performance to suit the needs of each given situation.

The Lorton Project:

"Those detained in your institution cannot come to the University, therefore we would like to bring the University to them."

by Donald Byrd and Leonard Goines

Since about 1850, when the Quakers started the house of penitence—hence the term penitentiary—very little change has taken place in reference to rehabilitation. Though today many people associate the word rehabilitation with the penal system, the institutions involved are still primarily concerned with punishment and discipline.

This does not have to be the case. No one has more time to devote to self-rehabilitation than those who are confined. One of many instances of such time being fruitfully used is that of a now incarcerated drummer who learned how to play from a well known drummer when both were imprisoned.

The present program represents an effort on the part of Howard University's Department of Jazz Studies to present a viable means for self-rehabilitation.

In July 1971, Donald Byrd and the Howard University Jazz Band gave a concert for the residents of Lorton Correctional Complex. After the concert, Byrd and a few of the residents had a "rap session". One of the points the residents brought up was the complete lack of a comprehensive program in music at Lorton. Prof. Byrd said that he would be willing to involve himself in such a program if there was sufficient interest.

That might have been the end of it, but the residents were serious. They continued to correspond with us over the summer regarding their efforts to informally present our projected ideas to the administration. In their correspondence they often included ideas for additional dimensions to the program, which had initially only been concerned with music lessons.

Thus it was the residents who requested instruction in Afro-American music history and in music theory, and put forth the idea of possibly receiving college credit for courses completed at Lorton. They also expressed a need for current books dealing with the black experience, history, philosophy, and political science. We couldn't even begin to address ourselves to all of these needs, but their sincerity and resourcefulness did get the ball rolling.

In September, we received a letter from the Associate Superintendent at Lorton informing us that he was aware of our desire to implement the program and offering his complete cooperation and assistance. The program proposal, which outlined a program in music instruction designed to accommodate professional musicians and interested beginners, was submitted in October. An excerpt follows:

... Because we of Howard University's Department of Jazz Studies feel so strongly that everyone can benefit from exposure to music, on one level or the other, we are asking you to join us in initiating a program of music instruction at Lorton

Correctional Complex. This special project, an outgrowth of the campus without walls concept, would also provide us with further study into the use of cultural means for rehabilitation. Simply stated, those detained in your institution cannot come to the University, therefore we would like to bring the University to them. This would be done in the form of instrumental, vocal, theory and jazz history classes as outlined later in this proposal. Programs of this nature are being initiated around the country. For example, in the city of Chicago such a program is in existence. Though it focuses on the liberal rather than the performing arts, methods, procedures and outcomes would be the same. The St. Paul Chamber Orchestra of Minnesota has also had encouraging results performing in their state correctional institutions. Where a need is shown they send players back to the institution to give additional individual instruction.

We would like to begin immediately at Lorton with a program of instrumental instruction (for which we would be able to provide instructors and some instruments). Shortly thereafter, a comprehensive program would be initiated making it possible for all interested personnel to be serviced on their particular level of desire and musical development. We would hope that your institution would cooperate so that this broadening would be possible, assistance on your part would be necessary in terms of additional musical instruments and equipment to be used by your inmates.

Besides regular music work for the gifted inmates, for the interested non-professional we will offer individual instruction in instrumental and vocal music; participation in instrumental and vocal groups; a course in the history of jazz and in music theory.

In addition a recreational music program for the whole institution should be formulated. This would include concerts and lecture demonstrations to be given by Howard University's jazz bands and vocal ensembles. Many professional groups and individuals appearing in Washington, D.C. Clubs and Concert Halls could be also be persuaded to volunteer their services for informal afternoon concerts.

The Department of Jazz Studies would make it possible for contact to be maintained after discharge so that instruction in music could be continued. In the future we would also like to offer college credit for classes completed at the Lorton Complex.

The direction and guidance for the program will stem from the Department of Jazz Studies, but the implementation will depend primarily on the professors who visit the institution weekly. A comprehensive program such as the one outlined above will depend, for its ultimate success, upon mutual cooperation, support and wholehearted involvement on the part of the music specialist, the Department of Jazz Studies and the administrators of Lorton Correctional Complex.

The program officially began on Saturday, Dec. 7, 1971. There were approximately 35 residents in attendance. They were eager and attentive and, although there were not enough instruments or books to go around, we managed to have a very satisfactory session. Interest grew to such an extent that we eventually had to limit the number of participants to 50 because we simply did not have the resources (staff, supplies, equipment, or funds) to service a larger group, though in January we were able to pick up the following equipment: 3 alto saxophones, 2 trumpets, 6 guitars, saxophone and trumpet mouthpieces, saxophone reeds, saxophone and trumpet method books, and manuscript books.

Courses are offered in individual instrument instruction, music theory, and black music appreciation. The staff is made up of Professors Donald Byrd and Leonard Goines and three students from the Jazz Band—Stephen Johnson, Barney Perry, and Kevin Toney.

The program was designed not only to meet the residents' educational and musical needs while they are incarcerated, but also as a vehicle by which continued education after being released is encouraged. The program has been very successful, as the following case study will document.

One resident, a professional trumpet player whom we shall call Robert Williams, was recently released from the Lorton Correctional Complex. A former member of several "name bands" he was such an energetic and sincere participant in the Lorton program that we were able to get him a job at Howard University, where he will also be able to continue his studies and maintain close contact with us.

Williams reported that during his stay at Lorton, there were bands formed and directed by the residents at times. However, there had never been any type of organized music program. The residents have been trying since '67 or '68 to get the administration to provide such a program, but met with nothing but opposition. The Department of Jazz Studies program, then, is highly desirable to the residents and also beneficial to the Lorton staff in terms of their rehabilitation program.

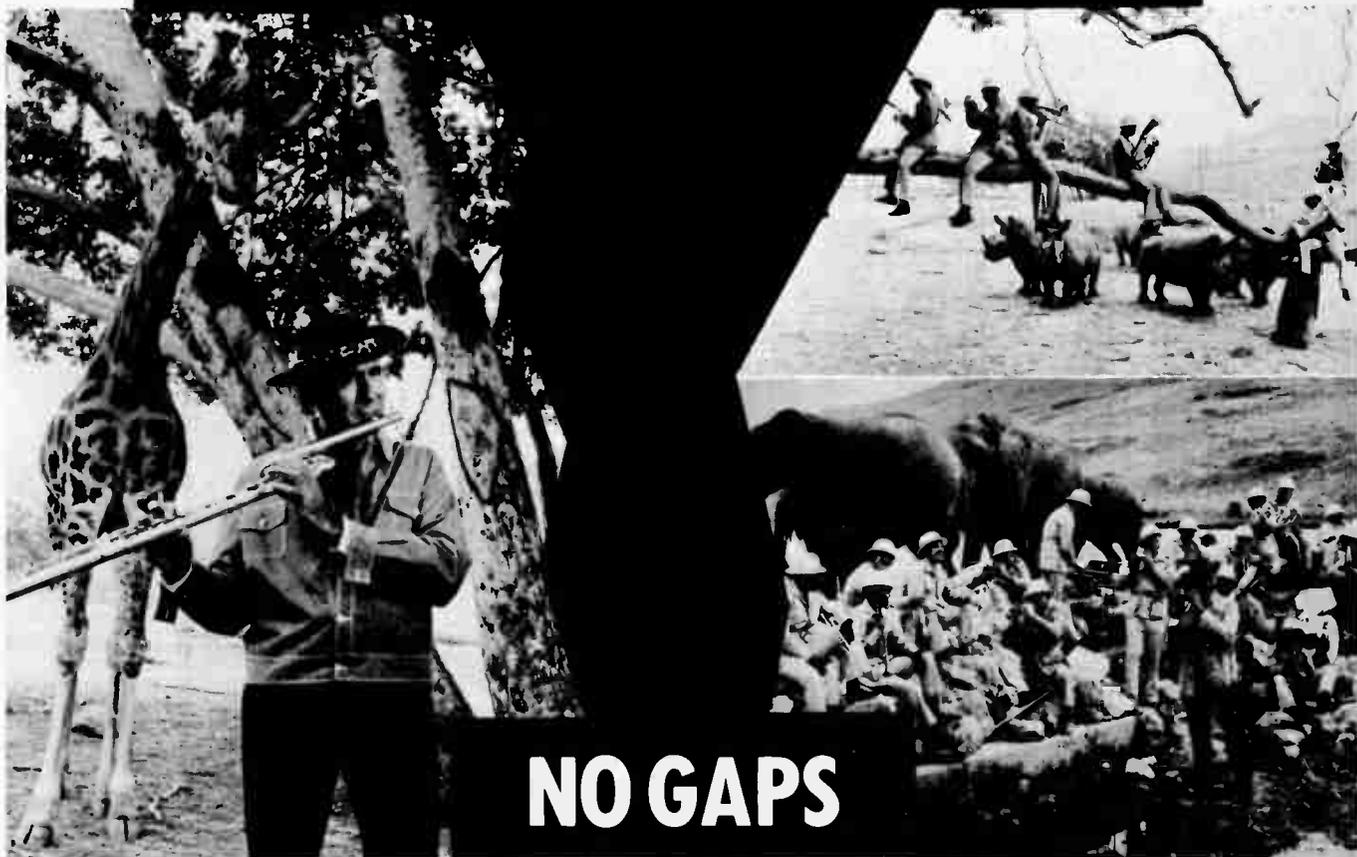
In the area of rehabilitation, Lorton administrators believe that the man must rehabilitate himself. They are therefore extremely receptive to programs which offer academic and vocational instruction representing opportunities for the residents to do this.

As the program expands for the academic year '72/'73, residents will receive college credit for classes attended which can then be applied toward a degree. It is hoped that additional funds will be made available so that the program may be expanded to include more and more residents. In addition, the better students will be given the opportunity to travel to Howard to take classes with the regular student body.

Plans are to enlist the aid of other well-known musicians in order to expose the residents to various techniques and approaches in preparation for public performances.

The University community is now beginning to take an active part in developing the Lorton Project. In fact, the Fine Arts Student Council has donated \$1,250 to help cover the cost of instruments and supplies. The future of the Lorton Project looks bright. ●●

THE MANCINI GENERATION



BY
HARVEY
SIDERS

You're a jazz-oriented studio musician, most likely from back east. You've been out in Hollywood for a number of years because you've decided the security of studio work is preferable to the excitement of blowing in the Big Apple. You think about this as you check your present surroundings and all of a sudden it hits you. "What the hell am I doing on these rocks making believe I'm playing my instrument while elephants—big mothers, too—are breathing down my neck?"

Fantasy? Hell, no! I may have stretched the composite of the studio swinger, but it's close enough to describe many of the cats out here who have emigrated from that other coast. As for the rest of it, I'm merely telling it like it was during a recent taping session "on location" for a very successful TV series, *The Mancini Generation*.

We'll get back to the location bit in due time, but first some background on the show. *The Mancini Generation* is syndicated in some 60 markets and in many of those areas it can be seen only on UHF. Therefore, it may not be a household expression to some of you,

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depending on where you live. But to the musicians involved—and especially to Henry Mancini—it's an ideal outlet for a great deal of first-rate music, most of which is honest to goodness jazz, a sound as rare on the tube as a Howard Hughes guest appearance.

As for the name, Mancini's agent Fred Dale ("He's a trumpet player named DiFrancesca, but he sold out," according to Hank) is the one who came up with it, and it appealed immediately to Mancini "because it defines nothing. It's one of those catch-all phrases that no one really understands. It covers a lot of people and a lot of groups, from kids who watch Saturday morning cartoons, the *Pink Panther* crowd, right on up to the older people."

The show's format is structured to guarantee such a cross-section. Two guests per show, two band numbers per show; Mancini chatting informally with the guests and playing piano. Loose, yet tightly produced and directed in terms of pacing. It's an atmosphere most conducive to jazz, and with a guy out front like Henry Mancini; and with guests the calibre of Doc Severinsen, Mel Torme, Quincy Jones, Dionne Warwick, Dick Haymes, Norm Crosby, Jackie Vernon, Bill Dana, Henny Youngman; and with additional arrangements by Alan Copeland, jazz has to flourish.

Adding to that overall feeling was Mancini's insistence that comics do their routines in front of the band. "I wanted to get the reaction of the guys in the band, because if a comedian is rolling, they're the greatest au-

dience in the world." With that in mind, the comics made sure they played off the band: without exception, each comic oriented his shtick towards music.

On the other hand, Mancini won't stand for musicians being the butt of the jokes. "I saw that happen one time, so we had a meeting and I told them I will not say anything degrading about a musician; I will not put any of them down. You see, we had a wonderful writer on the show, but he was brought in cold, and he had to learn a lot about me in a hurry. (The show itself was sold in a hurry last September—without benefit of a pilot—at a time when the networks and the major independent stations are normally "locked up" for the coming season.) The first thing that happened—which is natural when there are a lot of musicians around—was a lot of put-down jokes about the guys. Well they may laugh at those lines, but deep down it's not helping them at all. It made me a put-down artist, and I'm not that. I can do it if I have to in person, but it doesn't come across on the tube. Those were the cliches from the old days of radio."

Now I think the time is ripe for a segue to that opening situation. Sure, Mancini always has the dignity of his musicians in mind, but then there's Stan Harris—a free-wheeling, deadpan, imaginative director who came up with so many impossible visualizations of Hank's music that eventually he earned the sobriquet "Crazy Stan."

Well, what would you do if you had to direct a number like *Baby Elephant Walk*? Right, get some elephants. Not from central

casting. Take the guys to some wild animal compound like Lion Country Safari, in Laguna. That's a huge facility 40 miles south of Los Angeles where the animals are allowed to roam free over the well-guarded grounds while visitors are "caged" in their autos. You can drive through, but you're not even allowed to open your windows.

"Groovy," Stan thought to himself (I hope my quote is accurate), and proceeded to make use of Lion Country Safari for sidelining. That's the process whereby musicians simulate playing while listening to themselves on a pre-recorded tape. Trombonist Dick Nash described the abortive "take" for *Baby Elephant Walk*. "Stan placed all the guys on this huge pile of rocks between two lagoons, and while a line of elephants walked behind us, we were 'playing' our instruments. Of course, we were a little frightened, but everything was going all right until one big elephant came right up to us and began trumpeting real loud. Must have been just a few feet away from Tommy Johnson (tuba player) and suddenly Tommy jumped up and ran like hell. After that we all got up and ran. That wasn't bad enough—Stan comes out of the truck (remote control booth) and yells, 'That was a complete waste of time and tape!'"

Mancini, recalling the incident, also recalled a remark by Tommy Vig (percussionist) when Stan was trying to get the elephants to walk by again. "In his inimitable accent, Tommy yelled, 'Hey Stanley, why don't you make the sun set?'"

Even more harrowing was the experience of Dick Klein, also at Lion Country Safari. Inspired by Mancini's music for *Hatari*, Harris had some of the sidemen on branches of trees while rhinoceroses "tiptoed" below them. Klein (whose father is trumpeter Mannie Klein and whose mother, Marion, is contractor for the show) was playing French Horn when he suddenly lost his grip. He barely managed to hand his horn to another musician and grab the branch with his free hand. But for a few seconds it was touch and go, hanging on to a branch while rhinos were sauntering by underneath.

A couple of close-call stunts at the same park had nothing to do with the music, yet there are two trombonists who are still talking about them, and the misguided publicity man who set them up. The victims were Dick Nash and Terry Woodson: the flack (who they thought was a park employee) shall remain nameless. He arranged for a good shot by throwing chunks of meat on the hood of their car, then driving through a pride of lions. Four huge lionesses jumped on the hood and Terry, in the back seat, took a photo of Dick in the front seat playing trombone while the hungry beasts were frolicking inches away, on the other side of the windshield. Another time, he suggested they get a good photo standing near some rhinos. So they confidently marched out of their car and began setting up when a legitimate park employee (Nash and Woodson knew he was real when they spotted the rifle) came running towards them shouting "What the hell are you doing out of the car?"

A lot of guys must have asked themselves variations on that same question. I'm sure Dick Klein must have had unprintable thoughts running through his chops when that giraffe stuck his inquisitive nose up the bell of the French horn. No doubt another French

hornist, Marilyn Robinson, had similar thoughts—when they were taping aboard a huge ship in Los Angeles harbor and she was so sea-sick she remained prone for the entire voyage.

It was while the band was aboard that ship that Tommy Vig got the word that his long overdue wife Mia (one of the three Kim Sisters) was finally giving birth to their first baby. Putting one of his various contingency plans into motion, Tommy got on the ship-to-shore phone, had a helicopter waiting at the dock to whisk him to Van Nuys Airport, where a waiting cab completed the relay to West Valley Community Hospital. Tommy arrived just as Roger Lee Vig arrived—all 10 lbs. 7 oz. of him!

Stan Harris' penchant for heights inspired two other stunts that a couple of acrophobic sidemen will never forget. There's a structure called the Sky Tower at Magic Mountain (a mini-Disneyland about 20 miles north of Los Angeles) which is close to 400 feet high. There's an elevator that goes to the top: there



Mancini and Shelly Manne

is also a narrow, twisting staircase. You've probably read enough about Harris to know what's coming. The musicians and the camera crew rode up to the top; only the camera crew rode down. Harris decided it would make an ideal film sequence if he could shoot the musicians inching their way down the tower while "swinging."

Swing they did. While the weather was nice at ground level, a jet stream provided a howling counterpoint 400 feet up. The way it was planned, reedman Ethmer Roten was the first to descend. Don Menza, who was right behind him, told me, "Roten took three steps, just three, then froze! He couldn't take another step. When it was my turn, I nearly froze myself. But we made it. And then I learned later that the way Stan put the thing together, I could have climbed up 20 steps from the bottom and walked down!"

Mancini recalled the time on the ship when he asked Chuck Domanico to climb up to the crow's nest. Domanico, whose fear of heights is so strong that he plays everything in the bass clef, politely but firmly refused. Hank did what any self-respecting band leader who knew there were plenty of bass players in Hollywood would do: he said, "You go up there and I'll give you 25 bucks. So Tommy

Johnson kept pushing Chuck up the ladder, and it's amazing, but it only took 25 dollars to erase his fear of heights."

Perhaps the most amazing anecdote to come out of all the location taping involves Shelly Manne and a simian swinger that he really went ape over. For one of Mancini's *Hatari* numbers, Shelly was teamed with a cute little chimp. The drummer held the chimp's hand (paw?) and helped it strike a cow bell. "But," as Shelly told me, "I found when I let go of the chimp's hand, he struck the cowbell himself—in tempo!" Either Shelly's a good raconteur, or a good teacher. If it's the latter, this could create rather awkward union problems.

Getting back to the show, within the normalcy of a studio situation, there are no problems when it comes to jazz outlets for Hank's sidemen. "We have what we call 'mini-solo spots.' You see, the show sponsor, Chevrolet, has a few commercials, and there are spots where the station can sell time to other sponsors. So Stan Harris came to me and said we have to have something that lasts one minute so it can be lifted by the station without destroying continuity. So I said we have a lot of jazz guys. Why not introduce a different one each show and let him do three, four choruses. So we give the guy a shot and it's been Bb blues all the way. Funny thing, though. While that minute was set up to be lifted out, not one of those minute spots has been taken from us. That's 26 shows. (They're in the middle of their 13 re-runs now.) A small step for mankind, but a giant step for jazz!"

Such enthusiasm for his jazz-oriented sidemen is one of the main reasons the average studio musician loves to work for Henry Mancini—even at the risk of being rhinoceros dessert. Related to Mancini's desire to see his men get a chance to stretch out is his insistence that it all be done with a sense of immediacy, and within a framework of professional dignity.

"You know of course, our band members are pre-recorded at RCA, and they're done well, thanks to Joe Reisman, my producer, and Mickey Crofford, who engineers and mixes everything. But we leave open tracks for the solos. It's not like that Timex show where the guys in the Ellington or Basie bands pre-record their solos. It just didn't match. Our solos are live and there's nothing like soloing when the camera's on you and you're a little nervous and you know 'this is it.' If you pre-record a solo in the studio, you might cop out and play something that's easy to finger. Live solos lend an immediacy to our show.

"Furthermore, people appreciate the spontaneity. They know that what they hear coming from his instrument comes from his body—and it's an extension of himself, and that skill took as long for him as it did for any engineer or doctor. You just don't open your mouth and blow that kind of knowledge out."

Hopefully some Chevrolet executives are reading this. With renewal time at hand, maybe they'll realize that very same concept when they look at the last of the re-runs. Hank doesn't need the loot, but TV needs quality shows. There are enough stripped down, "assembly line" packages already on the tube. We could do with more de luxe models—like a '73 Mancini.



Laurie Miller

ART PEPPER

"I'M HERE TO STAY!"

By Charles Marra

When jazz enthusiasts, musicians, critics and historians hear the name Art Pepper, the universal reaction is that here is a musician who has done much with his alto saxophone, a champion of the cause of inventiveness, lyricism, and vigorous emotional warmth.

Arthur Edward Pepper, then, is recognized as a brilliant musician, yet little has been heard of—or from—him in recent years. His career has not exactly been a bed of roses.

But here is some welcome and happy news: Art Pepper is alive and well, living in California and a participant in what he terms "a life-saving methadone program administered by the Veterans Association. The program has been the biggest factor in my re-awakened interest in life and in music.

"I feel absolutely certain that the past nightmares of drugs and prison are just

that—past! I have no fear whatsoever of any future hangups. I'm here to stay."

Pepper has been playing in the front ranks for over 30 years. In the vernacular, he has thoroughly "paid his dues." A native-born Californian (Gardena, Aug. 1, 1925), he began to study clarinet at the age of 9 and alto sax at 12.

It soon became evident that jazz was to be his chosen path. Most of his advanced studying was done in a very special school: after-hours sessions on Central Avenue, the mainstem of Los Angeles' black community.

Here, at the age of 15, Art was in such formidable company as Dexter Gordon, Gerald Wiggins, Charlie Mingus, and a childhood friend also destined for stardom, a tenorman named Zoot Sims.

At 17, he was an integral member of a group led by Lester Young's younger brother.

drummer Lee Young. At Young's request, Benny Carter came to the Club Alabam to hear Art play, and immediately installed him in his big band's reed section.

"I personally felt that this was my first true experience with chords, since I had been improvising by ear up to that time," Art remembers. "It was astonishing how much I really didn't know. While with Benny I really started to play."

Carter recalls: "Art, as young as he was, showed great promise as a stylist." Many a night Benny would purposely leave the bandstand and let Art loosen his jaws and just blow. His apprenticeship progressed steadily, but the young altoist had to leave Carter when the band was about to start an extensive southern tour. Art was the only white musician in the band, and things being what they were, Carter simply couldn't guarantee his personal safety.

The late Carlos Gastel was then the manager of Stan Kenton as well as Carter. Benny's recommendation resulted in an audition at Balboa Beach, and Kenton became Art's new boss.

This particular tenure, which began in November 1943, produced Art's first recorded solo work, on *Harlem Folk Dance*, recorded along with *Eager Beaver* and *Artistry in Rhythm* at Kenton's first date for the Capitol label.

Art became a soldier in early '44, and spent the next two and a half years or so in the army, including stays in France and England. He remembers appearing with the Ted Heath Orchestra and a child prodigy on drums—Victor Feldman. Discharged in mid-'46, he freelanced in Los Angeles, woodshedding and fronting a quartet. His style was maturing into an individual voice of great intensity.

By the fall of '47, he was back with Kenton, this time in the lead alto chair, and he stayed until Stan disbanded in December of '51. During this long stint, his musical knowledge, he said, was greatly enhanced by close association with such Kenton composers-arrangers as Shorty Rogers, Bill Russo and Pete Rugolo.

"I began to compose and arrange; in fact, my first arrangement ever was a chart for Bill Russo's wife (singer Shelby Davis) which we later recorded in Chicago," he said.

Of greater importance, however, was the fact that Pepper's solo art was evolving into greatness. His style by now was unmistakably his own. Producer Lester Koenig points out that Pepper was, "understandably, something of a loner, and I think it shows in his playing. Pepper persisted in going his own way. There is and always has been an identifiable sense of urgency and emotional candor in Art's playing. He is a true individualist, in the same musical way that Pee Wee Russell, Ben Webster and Thelonious Monk are individualists. Pepper just plays Pepper, completely ignoring fad and fashion in the process."

After leaving Kenton, Pepper soon became the most sought-after altoist in the Los Angeles area. Unjustly, he was lumped with the then beehive of jazz activity known as the West Coast school. Pepper seldom left California, and he achieved his international stature mainly on the strength of a series of marvelous recordings.

From 1952 on, his collaborators in a variety of small-group settings included such notable

pianists as Russ Freeman, Marty Paich, Claude Williamson, Hampton Hawes, Red Garland, Wynton Kelly, Dolo Coker and Pete Jolly; bassists Leroy Vinnegar, Paul Chambers, Jimmy Bond, Bob Whitlock, Monte Budwig, Joe Mondragon and Ben Tucker; drummers Shelly Manne, Joe Morello, Chuck Flores, Larry Bunker, Philly Joe Jones, Jimmy Cobb, Frank Butler and Bobby White, and trumpeters Jack Sheldon and Conte Candoli and tenor saxist Jack Montrose.

Occasionally, on record and in person, he also showed his prowess on clarinet and tenor. Pepper had arrived; he enjoyed universal respect as a player of exceptional ability.

Then, narcotics addiction directly related to serious personal problems detoured his career, silencing his prolific horn for some two



Laurie Miller

years. The interim witnessed the rise of Bud Shank, Charlie Mariano, Lennie Niehaus, and Herb Geller as heirs apparent to Art's vacated California alto throne.

Then, in 1956, as suddenly as he had vanished Art reappeared, with more to say than ever before. He teamed on various occasions with Jack Montrose or Jack Sheldon in a quintet that gathered much acclaim on the California jazz club circuit. Record dates followed, and one album in particular, with Sheldon, Russ Freeman, Leroy Vinnegar and Shelly Manne (on *Jazz West*, later on *Score*) laid the foundation for a whole new era of Pepper.

A series of "return" Lps followed, for small West Coast labels (Tampa, Intro). They are now collectors items. In late '56 came a contract with Contemporary Records and a lasting friendship with the label's owner, Lester Koenig. Five brilliant albums were produced between 1957 and 1960, all fortunately still available.

One (Contemporary S7018) is an inspired

meeting with the Miles Davis heating system of Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. One reviewer called it "pure jazz gold."

An opportunity to do soundtrack work also presented itself, and *The Subterraneans*, based on a Jack Kerouac novel and starring George Peppard and Leslie Caron, showcases Pepper's lilting, fluent alto.

Such intriguing Pepper originals as *Las Cuevas De Mario* (in 5/4 time) were unveiled, and there were recordings with Mel Torme, Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, Jimmy Giuffre, Chet Baker, Herb Ellis, Bill Perkins, the Candoli Brothers, and others.

Then, as if his life were governed by a cyclical chart in a stockbroker's office, the bottom fell out once again, and Art Pepper became a broken, confused man literally stripped of his identity.

His recurring narcotics problems led to a severe five-year prison sentence that totally isolated him from the music scene at a crucial time for jazz.

The long spell of inactivity took its toll; new voices in jazz were making themselves heard. John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman were matriculating (Art's early awareness of Ornette was reflected in his 1960 recording of *Tears Inside*). The avant garde asserted itself, and the West Coast School faded into nostalgia as its chief practitioners rushed for the studios.

Upon his release, Art found himself caught in the middle. Uncertain, his cork dry, his pads brittle and unresponsive, his mind temporarily void of musical creativity, he wondered which turn to take.

The obvious answer seemed to be: conform. A jazz gig, on tenor, at Shelly's Manne Hole after years in San Quentin, revealed a new style with a marked Coltrane influence. The man who generated such fire, who could not have been mistaken for anyone else, had become a follower.

The reed section of the Buddy Rich Band was Art's next stop—but not for long. Personal frustration occupied his mind, and as his interest in music diminished, so did his health. Two major operations, one for a ruptured spleen, the other for a ventral hernia, culminated in a three-year stay at Synanon in Santa Monica.

The years were long, but a true jazzman never dies creatively. His thoughts remain potent, searching for an outlet for expression.

Happily, the search is over. Art Pepper is finding new ways to display his immense talent. An album, *The Way It Was* (Contemporary S7630), has just been released. It features previously unreleased material from a '56 session with Warne Marsh and from three other dates. It will soon be followed by a truly new Pepper Lp—his first recorded work since 1960. Twelve years of salt without Pepper!

Art is teaching, lecturing, and doing promotional work for Buffet Musical Instruments. The company has presented him with a Buffet alto, tenor and clarinet and an Armstrong flute—in exchange for the use of his name, and appearances and performances at various music clinics in schools and colleges. This entails talking to and performing with and for young musicians, something Art enjoys.

Above all, he is playing, and he is playing *himself* once again—the only way he knows, the way it was, should be, and still is.

THE ELLINGTON SPECIAL



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON



DAVID REDFERN

Quincy Jones and Bud Yorkin co-producers

A LABOR OF LOVE

By Harvey Siders

The average television screen is 18 inches. The average TV speaker is three inches. The average viewer is completely oblivious to what comes out of either.

With that bit of encouragement in mind, it makes you wonder whether all the blood, sweat and tears that went into the CBS special that aired a few days ago—*Duke Ellington . . . We Love You Madly*—was really worth it. Of course, I'm just talking about the finished product. There was no doubt in the minds of those involved with the production itself that any tribute to Duke Ellington is a labor of love.

Regarding that finished product, this is not going to be a TV review. This article was written at a time when ten hours worth of video tape was still being edited. My main vantage point (aside from talking to some of the musicians who participated) is the fact that I was privileged to be part of the black tie audience that was invited to the taping session in mid-January.

The session was long—exasperatingly long—with a great many retakes, and constant delays for set changes. But then this was a Bud Yorkin-Norman Lear production, and they applied the same production techniques to this jazz spectacular as they do to their regular series: *All In The Family*, *Sanford And Son*, and *Maude*. You just don't change techniques that are successful.

So the audience stoically endured the repetition; and they applauded with gusto whenever a splice was needed for purposes of continuity; they even put up with some boring explanations by Yorkin who nervously tried to hold the pieces together and amuse the audience at the same time. The one thing they couldn't cope with was the time factor. The taping began at 8:30 pm and ended at 4 a.m. by which time an audience of fifty (count 'em, 50) was all that remained.

How the musicians managed to stay conscious, let alone play the demanding charts, is a question even *they* can't answer. Consider this: the taping was the second of two that day; and rehearsals had begun at seven in the morning! And that isn't all. The previous night rehearsal ended at 3 a.m.! In essence, a solid day and a half of playing was called for to produce the 90 minutes you saw.

Even more remarkable was the fact that Duke was ill at the time, and went through his portions of the taping with a 103-degree temperature! And when it came time to repeat certain things, he didn't hesitate. For his herculean efforts he ended up at St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles, where he finally shifted his perpetual motion machine into neutral and overcame the flu bug that had gotten the better of him.

Under any other circumstances, such adulation on the part of the musicians might be suspect. Not for one moment did I question the motivation of Mr. Ellington. No one—but no one—drives himself as relentlessly. I can't think of another jazz great whose longevity is so inextricably bound to his art, except perhaps Eubie Blake, the nonagenarian ragtime pianist who Duke claims started him in the business—and who was in the audience.

But I had some reservations about this whole undertaking at the outset, and even more while I was watching the taping. To begin with, late last year, press releases began circulating about the big 75th birthday bash in

honor of Duke. Well, I hope there is such a bash at the appropriate time, but let's not rush things. The Duke won't reach that milestone until April of 1974. On the other hand, any kind of celebration with Duke as the focal point can be justified, so when a tribute was confirmed for January '73 what harm could there be?

Then, bit by bit, information began to filter down as to the range of this tribute, and I began to wonder why it was set up in this manner. The Ellington band, *per se*, would not participate; just four of its present members would be on hand: Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Russell Procope and Cootie Williams. The rest of the band would consist of some Ellington alumni and Hollywood studio musicians. None of the charts would be Ellington's. They would be by Quincy Jones, Luther Henderson, Phil Moore, Jimmy Jones,

song? "Everyone forgot about his or her own ego and they sang what they were given to sing, and I think that was a fantastic thing."

When I asked Jerome if he missed the Ellington sound, he accurately described my attitude as "extremely narrow." Then he added, "This was a historic moment that many people may not understand. At no time before has anyone done anything like this with Duke's music, nor do I think it will ever happen again. At no time could you find this kind of talent on one stage except at a telethon. I think it supersedes any other tribute given him. The cast was a regular Who's Who of show business. And please add that I was highly honored to be asked to take part in the show."

"Who's Who of show biz" is the only way to describe the "front line" of Count Basie, Ray Charles, Sammy Davis, Jr., Billy Eckstine, Roberta Flack, Aretha Franklin, Quincy Jones, Paula Kelly, Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan and Joe Williams that opened the show. As for the band, in case you failed to recognize them on the tube: Cat Anderson, Bill Berry, Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Cootie Williams, Snooky Young, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Cleveland, Tyree Glenn, Maurice Spears, Britt Woodman, trombones; Harry Carney, Paul Gonsalves, Bill Green, Murray McEachern, Bill Perkins, Russell Procope, Jerome Richardson, Marshall Royal, reeds; Vince DeRosa, Art Maebe, Dick Perissi, French horns; Red Callender, tuba; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Dave Grusin, keyboard; Ray Brown, bass; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Louis Bellson, Paul Humphrey, drums; Larry Bunker, percussion; and a complement of 21 strings.

Considering the talent involved and the logistics, Clark Terry was right when he labeled it "a severe undertaking, equivalent to a

Broadway show. But there was nothing except positive vibrations from the whole project." Clark agreed with Jerome that "there was no need for Duke's band. "This was Q's idea, you know, get some Ellington alumni who were studio-oriented, 'cause those charts were tricky."

I told Clark that Barney Bigard was sitting in the front row, and that I imagine everyone made suggestions as to who should be invited—not only to watch, but to participate. "Oh sure, someone asked about Juan Tizol, but let's face it, this was one man's idea of a tribute to Duke; it was never intended to be a *This Is Your Life* kind of thing.

"As for the ungodly hours that all the expensive talent had to keep, and all the pressure, that was strictly for love. They wouldn't have done it for anyone else except Duke. Around three a.m., I looked around and I

Thad Jones and some others. And the jazz-rock group, Chicago, would be taking part in the tribute.

The question marks continued to form until I rapped with some of the musicians. It was Jerome Richardson who first straightened me out about the concept of a tribute. "It's not just a case of Duke's band playing; it was a tribute to Duke by a lot of people. It was mainly Quincy's tribute to Duke because he produced it. Had I been in his shoes, I would have done the very same thing. There are many musicians who have been in Duke's band, and many who have *wanted* to play in Duke's band. They all wanted to pay homage to Duke because they love and admire him."

I asked Richardson why, for example, Sarah Vaughan sang *Caravan*, when Billy Eckstine, who was also in the show, and had such a famous recording of that tune, sang another

could see a lot of the guys were nearly asleep, but they passed champagne around and that helped us through to the end."

Clark agreed that the one weak point was the inclusion of Chicago. "No connection there with Duke, but I realize what Q was striving for; he wanted to show how broad the scope is with Ellington's music." And I assume Yorkin and Lear knew how broad the scope would be of their audience.

According to one of the most important technicians involved in the proceedings, "Yorkin and Lear should have done this in a regular sound stage, not the Schubert Theater, where the stage had to be modified and speakers had to be added." Those were the sentiments of Phil Ramone who took charge of the audio. Ramone, who is one of the most sought-after record producers in the business, and is sound consultant to the Kennedy In-

Continued on page 31



l to r, Roberta Flack, Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan, Sammy Davis Jr., Joe Williams, Billy Eckstine.



By Elliot Meadow

VERYL C. OAKLAND

EDDIE HENDERSON: HANCOCK'S HORN

There is a tendency in the work of a number of the younger trumpet players today toward a certain shrillness, inducing a tight, nervous feeling in the music. The mellower aspects of the horn appear to have been put aside in favor of a raw, cutting edge.

An exception, however, is Eddie Henderson, currently a member of Herbie Hancock's very strong sextet. No matter what the tempo or emotional climate of the music, be it boiling over or merely simmering, Henderson retains a full, round tone. Couple that with enviable technique and exceptional ideas, and you have one of the most outstanding performers to arrive in recent years.

Henderson's exposure with Hancock has surprised and delighted many, prompting the question: Where has he been? Mainly studying medicine, resulting in his becoming a doctor specializing in psychiatry. Such duality is not unique (Denny Zeitlin springs to mind), but since joining Hancock, Henderson has decided to leave medicine in order to concentrate fully on music.

The quiet, friendly Henderson became involved with music early.

"Both my parents were performers. My father, who died when I was 10, was a singer and my mother danced. She appeared in the movie *Stormy Weather* with Lena Horne. My mother's brother played trumpet, and it was he who initially influenced me to want to play. I started with the trumpet in the fifth grade and I took lessons for the next four years. When I was 14, my family moved from New York, where I was born, to San Francisco. I continued studying at the Conservatory there. I must say, though, at the time I wasn't really that interested in music—I was just taking lessons with very little real involvement.

"Toward the end of high school, I became interested in medicine due to my stepfather being a doctor. I went through college and medical school and it was some years before I got back to playing again. One of the reasons that did prompt me to start again was the encouragement I received from Miles Davis. He was a good friend of my stepfather's, and whenever he was working in San Francisco he would come by our house. Also, listening to Miles play influenced me a great deal. Consequently, while attending medical school in Washington, D.C., I found myself wanting

to play more and more. I ended up spending as much time playing as studying. Fortunately I was able to do both. By the time I graduated, in 1968, I wasn't at all sure which field I wanted to continue in. I had spent a lot of time studying to become a doctor, yet emotionally, my heart was in music."

I asked what players other than Miles had influenced him.

"Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Woody Shaw, people like that—also, John Coltrane was a very big influence. I liked the way he approached music—his dedication and seriousness. In fact, his playing opened me up to many different areas."

Working with Herbie Hancock has been Henderson's first real exposure in terms of reaching a wide audience, so I asked whom he had worked with prior to that.

"I played with John Handy around San Francisco for about three years, both before and after being at medical school. Though he wasn't working that much, whenever he had a concert or something, I would make it with him. Also, in D.C. I worked with Tyrone Washington quite a bit."

How did the gig with Hancock come about?

"That happened as a result of Johnny Coles leaving Herbie. At the time, Woody Shaw, whom I had got to know very well, was in San Francisco with Joe Henderson. Herbie, who was coming into town to play for a week, called Woody and asked him if he would make the gig. I was practicing as a doctor in San Francisco then, but Woody knew that I was anxious to play, so we got a little conspiracy going. When Herbie arrived, Woody told him that he could only make the gig for a couple of nights, but he should get in touch with Eddie Henderson. Now, although I had known Herbie for about six years, he really didn't know that I was still playing. Anyway, he used me that week because there was nobody else, and I've been with the group ever since.

"Working in this band has been an incredible experience. Not just Herbie, but all the guys are constantly giving out creative energy. Sometimes I come to the gig and may not feel particularly creative on that night, yet the minute we start to play there is so much happening—everybody feeding each other—you just can't help getting totally involved and giving all that you have. Really, since that first week with the band, I haven't been the same!"

Considering his background in psychiatry, does Henderson feel that it helped him deal with the pressures of being a musician and all that this entails?

"I don't think the medical background has too much to do with it, because I'm just as vulnerable to pressure as is everybody else. I have been fortunate insofar as, though this is more or less my first time out, I've been in a band where everybody gets along with each other very well. I feel that factor alleviates many of the pressures that others have to contend with—ego problems and so forth. It has saved me from many changes I might otherwise have had to go through."

In answer to my asking whether he had any ideas for a group of his own in the near future, Eddie replied, "Not really. I haven't as yet found the direction I want to go in as regards my own group but I know that will happen eventually. I'm in no rush. People have suggested I try for my own record date, but there is no rush for that either. I don't want to do

anything haphazardly—I want it to be right. It seems that some musicians jump at the chance of doing a record date just to get their names out there, and often the end product is not as good as it might have been had a little more time and care been taken in getting it together."

One of the many striking features about the Hancock group is the full, round sound that the three horns (Julian Priester, Bennie Maupin and Henderson) achieve in ensemble passages. This fullness is in part due to Henderson's switching to fluegelhorn on occasion. Does he enjoy playing the larger horn?

"Yes I do, yet I don't want to get too far away from the trumpet because it is my main instrument. It seems, though, that Herbie prefers that mellower sound on some songs. I've also found that if you play the fluegelhorn a lot, by the time you get back to the trumpet, it starts to sound like a tin can in comparison."

Having discussed his personal career to date, I asked Henderson if he had any comments he wanted to make concerning the wider aspects of the music scene today.

"There are certain things that bother me about what's happening today as far as the music goes, particularly the media attitude. Almost anytime you hear so-called jazz on radio or television, it's a watered-down version, losing all life and creative essence. It's become background music and people who might not have been exposed to any other areas in the past, then assume it is the real thing. Because of that, when they would come to a club to hear, for instance, John Coltrane, what he played would be completely foreign to them. My point is that the medias fail to give a fair representation of the many different phases of music and consequently, the majority of the public is just not ready when something different comes up. It seems like music is being used for practically everything else but for listening to today. Naturally, there are people out there who do listen and appreciate what they hear—it's just got to be opened up more, and the media could help greatly."

What plans does Henderson have for the future?

"At the moment, nothing definite. Right now, I am very happy with where I am. Recently, when Herbie has been off, I've had the opportunity to do some things with Joe Henderson, which has been another fruitful experience for me. I feel that I have been very fortunate this far.

"You know, people ask me if I think I wasted a lot of time going through all the studying necessary to become a doctor, and then not using it. I don't think of it as a waste, because it has benefitted me in many ways. Before I was working at music full-time, I was a little frustrated because both medicine and music are areas that demand your full concentration, and I would be working in the hospital during the day and playing at night. It became very quickly apparent that I would have to give one up in order to do justice to the other. Being a doctor is more lucrative, but money just won't make it for me. I'd rather be involved with music than anything else!"

With what he has to say musically, Eddie Henderson can, if we are prepared to listen, cure some of our ills. His message includes honesty, warmth, and a belief that we can still communicate with each other. We need all that in these troubled times.

record REVIEWS

GATO BARBIERI

EL PAMPERO—Flying Dutchman FD 10151: *El Pampero; Mi Buenos Aires Querido; Brasil; El Arriero.*

Personnel: Barbieri, tenor sax; Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Pretty Purdie, drums; Sonny Morgan, conga; Na-Na, berimbau, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Barbieri's intensely masculine tenor timbre is once again dramatically displayed on this record from the 1971 Montreux Jazz Festival.

Had Gato been able to use his usual group (only Smith and Na-Na are regulars) the album might have been brilliant instead of merely very good. This may be a minor bit of carping, but the tenorist seems to have been somewhat uncomfortable with the rhythm section. As a result, he played fragmentary solos, darting in and out like a man who wasn't sure whether he wanted to be there or not. This makes for a very incomplete feeling. It's a credit to Gato's skill that he was able to articulate meaningful solos despite the interference.

Barbieri is one of the better Coltrane disciples. His tone is hard-edged yet ripe and his attack is biting. There's a piercing majesty to his sound yet he's always in control, unlike many young Coltrane followers. The rubbery smears, the staccato bursts, the screams, the flutters all are parts of his dynamic style. And he can play mellow and almost Parkerian lines in ballad contexts.

Smith performs very well here, concocting McCoy Tyner-flavored support. He really doesn't get much solo space since Gato is constantly stepping out for a moment, then charging back just as Smith is getting started.

The worst thing about the rhythm section is that it's the choppy, soul-styled stuff Purdie and Rainey are famed for. It just isn't right for Barbieri's bossa-tinged free flurries. —smith

COUNT BASIE

SUPER CHIEF—Columbia G 31224: *Shoe Shine Boy; Everin'; Boogie Woogie; Lady Be Good* (Smith-Jones, Inc.); *Shout and Feel It; Every Tub; Song Of the Wanderer* (Basie Band); *The Moon Got In My Eyes; It's The Natural Thing To Do* (Mildred Bailey); *Life Goes To A Party* (Harry James Orch.); *Upright Organ Blues; Who?* (Glenn Hardman Hammond Five); *I've Found a New Baby* (Teddy Wilson Orch.); *If Dreams Come True* (Billie Holiday); *Miss Thing; Bolero at the Savoy; Let's Make Hey While the Moon Shines; Somebody Stole My Gal; Super Chief; It's the Same Old South; Love Jumped Out* (Basie Band); *I Ain't Got Nobody; Going To Chicago; Live and Love Tonight; Love Me or Leave Me; Sugar Blues; Cafe Society Blues; St. Louis Blues* (Basie Small Groups).

Collective Personnel: Carl Smith, Buck Clayton, Bobby Moore, Ed Lewis, Harry Edison, Shad Collins, Harry James, Lee Castle, trumpets; Eddie Durham, Vic Dickenson, George Hunt, Benny Morton, Dan Minor, Dicky Wells, trombones;

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

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

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Earle Warren, Jack Washington, Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Buddy Tate, Don Byas, Paul Bascomb, Tab Smith, Buster Bailey, Ed Hall, reeds; Basie, piano, organ; Jess Stacy, Teddy Wilson, James Sherman, piano; Glenn Hardman, organ; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Mildred Bailey, Billie Holiday, Helen Humes, Jimmy Rushing, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Aside from the Charlie Christian album, this is probably the most important of Columbia's "John Hammond Collection" reissues yet. Happily, the production job generally measures up to the importance and quality of the musical content.

There are a few minor reservations that might be entertained. We might have been spared the duplication of *Dreams Come True*, which also appears on the Billie Holiday *Golden Years* boxed set. Also, we are given three selections from a July 24, 1942 session, which produced a total of eight sides, four of which are just Basie with rhythm. It would have been nice to put these aside until they could have been issued complete on one side of a subsequent LP. The three we are given are indeed nice to have—Buck Clayton in top form and some outstanding Don Byas. But *Royal Garden Blues*, the best of the eight, is not here.

These reservations fade, however, in the face of the timeless treasures that are included. Producer Michael Brooks, who was reportedly a silent partner in the production of several of the Epic *Encore* reissues a few years back, has pitched this package squarely at the collector by including seven previously unissued sides plus a number of others never before on LP.

Moreover, he has chosen an off-beat and imaginative way to capture the early Basie mystique. In addition to generous helpings of various Basie bands and small groups, he offers us close studies of the key Basie soloists, both in and out of the Basie context. We hear Buck Clayton and Herschel Evans not only with the band but also in a splendid Mildred Bailey session, to cite just one example. In addition to enriching an already rich program of brilliant jazz, Brooks has succeeded in suggesting the wide scope of the Basie influence during this time. The only common thread running through all 28 tracks is the Jones-Page-Green rhythm section. All sessions but one (July 24, 1942) were personally directed by John Hammond, making this collection a monument to him as well as to Basie.

At the center of the Basie magic there was, of course, first and always the Basie band, which occupies side three of this study. There is *Miss Thing*, a tour de force of contrapuntal riffs running nearly seven minutes. Lester Young's 32 bars are a marvel. There is Helen Humes, sounding delightful as she raises an

otherwise hokey ditty (*Bolero*) to the level of excellent jazz singing. Lester lopes through another brilliant eight bars, and the reed section is pure velvet. *Somebody Stole* and *South* feature Jimmy Rushing with a small Basie contingent and the full band respectively. The former is outstanding for Jack Washington's swashbuckling baritone chorus. The latter has a bitterly ironic lyric of subtle social comment. The other band sides are uniformly excellent, with Jo Jones' gossamer pulse much in evidence on *Love Jumped*.

Three other tracks by the band appear on side one, air shots from '37 and '38. They're good to hear, particularly Lester's biting work on *Tub*, but the studio recording remains the definitive version.

As for the non-Basie material, Glenn Hardman's *Organ Blues* stands above all else, with one of the great recorded solos by Lester Young at his most lyrical. What he puts down is easily on a level with, if not greater than, his 16 bars on the famous *I Must Have That Man* date with Billie Holiday. I think even those not particularly sensitive to Young's sound will find this solo striking.

Herschel Evans and Harry James stand out powerfully on *Life Goes*. James' nervous, edgy and sometimes daring trumpet work is strong evidence of his greatness as a jazz musician. *Baby* is a typical Teddy Wilson instrumental session, with Lester and Teddy at their best. Lester's limpid, crystalline clarinet is heard most effectively on *Ain't Got Nobody*. Had he played this instrument more often, he might have become a major influence on it. His clarinet (a gift from an admiring Benny Goodman in 1938) was as unique in its own way as his tenor.

Like Ellington's great soloists, Basie's stars never shined as brightly as they did when they came home to the source—the Basie band. Great as the parts were, together and in perfect balance they fashioned some of the most beautiful music ever created. Thirty-five years later it remains as fresh as the day it was made, absolutely immune to the vicissitudes of popular musical fashion. —mc donough

TERRY CALLIER

WHAT COLOR IS LOVE—Cadet CA 50019: *Dancing Girl; What Color Is Love; You Goin' Miss Your Candyman; Just As Long As We're In Love; Ho Tsing Me; I'd Rather Be With You; You Don't Care.*

Personnel: Callier, voice, guitar, accompanied by large orchestra directed by Charles Stepney and including Cy Touff, harmonica; Arthur Hoyle, John Howell, trumpets.

Ratings: ★★★★★

Terry Callier was always just a little ahead of the rest of us who used to make the hoot-enannys at Mother Blues and the Yellow Unicorn in Chicago. When we were getting into British rock he showed us where it came from

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in his "Rhumboogie" days. I was still struggling with Miles Davis when Terry sat me down at Le Montmartre and poured quarters into the juke box and tried to hip me to Trane.

His first records were too far ahead. We had a lot of catching up to do. Now that the audience is ready for him, Terry Callier is more than ready for us. After an album that was so filled with the personalities we used to know that I couldn't listen to it with dry eyes Terry has come up with an album which is—"commercial" would be a misleading term—let's just say, more accessible.

If his references to Charlie Parker in *Dancing Girl* were not enough to tell us where Terry's at, the vocalese he adopts on this and other tracks confirm the man's relationship to the world of jazz. One of the trumpets (Hoyle, probably) solos well on the album and the presence of ex-Woody Herman bass trumpeter Cy Touff on the less usual (for him) harmonica takes it even further into the realm of jazz/folk and even a bit of rock.

Terry's voice could melt the heart of many a lady but it was always his ability as a composer that set him apart from the other dudes who used to make the scene at the Fickle Pickle and the Centaur. His songs have been featured by the Dells and various other Chicago-based groups. In fact, if anybody represents the current trends in fusion music it would probably be Terry. His lyrics approach anything that Bob Dylan or John Lennon have to offer and his ability to write good tunes sets him a step above the rest of the mob.

The tunes on this album, written by him alone or with the help of Larry Wade, Jerry Butler and Phyllis Braxton, range from the dramatic *Dancing Girl* through *You Goin' Miss Your Candyman*, (a reworking of the folk tune *I Know You Rider*) to the spiritual *Ho Tsing Mee*, (a very strong Trane thing going there) and the simple *I'd Rather Be With You*, stark in its opening with Touff's tough harmonica licks backing the singer.

Terry Callier was always just a little ahead of the rest of us, and I'll let you in on a secret—he still is. —klee

CIRCLE

PARIS CONCERT—ECM 1018/19 ST: *Nefertiti*; *Song for the Newborn*; *Duet*; *Lookout Farm/73*; *Kalvin (Variation-3)*; *Toy Room—Q&A*; *No Greater Love*.

Personnel: Anthony Braxton, alto&soprano saxes, flute, recorder, clarinet, contrabass clarinet, percussion; Chick Corea, piano, percussion; David Holland, bass, cello; Barry Altschul, drums, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is music to get *lost* in—and hopefully be *found* in.

The public suffered a great loss with the premature demise of Circle, but we have this two-record concert set from Feb. 1971 to indicate the group's brilliance, and to reminisce about.

Corea is said to have dissolved the group because he felt it wasn't communicating with audiences. The evidence here would indicate otherwise for the quartet's moving story-telling could not help but produce vivid imagery in the sensitive auditor.

As a trio, Corea, Holland and Altschul produced one excellent recording for ECM and another for Blue Note. This apparently is the only recorded manifestation of the unit

with Braxton, though there have been reports of other Circle trio and quartet sessions for Blue Note. Considering the present course of that company, however, they may never be released.

Corea has developed into one of the most awesome of pianists. His influences (Bill Evans, Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley) are clear, yet the sound remains his own: a rich, robust creation never lacking in sensitivity—a controlled passion unleashed. Perhaps the most telling element of his style is the beautiful juxtaposition of flowing lyricism with charging jaggedness, all contoured into a precisely ordered conception.

If there was anything approaching a flaw in the group entity, it was Braxton. Though he played superbly much of the time here, there were occasions when his direction seemed at odds with the group thought. It's almost as though he were fighting for the spotlight while the others were trying to avoid it, seeking to submerge the ego. His alto, still somewhat out of Dolphy, was his primary voice here. On soprano he achieved a strangely pinched but not unpleasant tone. His other horns are heard only briefly.

Holland keeps you thinking about Scott LaFaro but he's so much stronger, his sound so much fuller. And he is far more of a group player than LaFaro was. He's worth writing a book about, but suffice it to say that he's magnificent. Altschul moves with a feeling of freedom, yet remains a part of the group unity. He's busy driving things without impeding the flow—exactly what's needed.

What Circle really was into was a four-part telepathy, a sharing within freedom, an inside/outside idea exchange. Describing the interaction is, in a sense, like attempting to define living, breathing, feeling. On the surface it's like an orthodox jazz unit but a deep listen reveals the intertwining of thoughts and actions.

Corea and Braxton are the *up front* voices but they never allow themselves to become merely soloists with strong support. It's an organic relationship, a seeking toward oneness.

Will the circle be unbroken? If you find yourself in this music the answer will be apparent. —smith

BOBBY JONES

THE ARRIVAL OF BOBBY JONES—Cobblestone 9022: *Thanks to Trane*; *Ballad for Two Sons*; *Stone Bossa*; *Blues for the Brown Buddha*; *Waltz for Joy*; *Keepin' Up with Jones*; *As the Crow Flies*.

Personnel: Jones, tenor sax (tracks 1,5,6), soprano sax (tracks 2,4), clarinet (tracks 3,7); Charles McPherson, alto sax (tracks 3-6); Jaki Byard, piano (except tracks 3,6); Bob Dorough, electric piano (tracks 3,6); Richard Davis, bass; Mickey Roker, drums; Sue Evans, misc. percussion (tracks 3,6,7).

Rating: ★★★★★

Bobby Jones has arrived for sure, and it's about time. He has proved in his years with Mingus that he is a player of the first magnitude. Now he shows that he can hold his own as a leader and composer (all the pieces here but *Keepin' Up* are his) as well.

His playing is not going to turn the jazz world on its ear, perhaps, but he has an authoritative sound and style all his own. His tenor work is rich in ideas and feeling and steeped thoughtfully in jazz tradition. His



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roots clearly go back to Coleman Hawkins—and how much farther back can a tenor player go?—but there is nothing old-fashioned about his playing (dig especially the aptly titled *Thanks to Trane*). On soprano his articulation is unusually good and his tone refreshingly unshrill. His clarinet playing doesn't do anything for me, which may be because the instrument sounds so strange in a contemporary context. Or it may be because the two tracks on which he plays it strike me as being the least interesting on the album.

Actually, *'Stone Bossa* isn't so bad—it seems to me a bit trite in conception and tepid in execution, but it's listenable. The best thing I can say about the very hokey *Crow Flies*, though, is that it's the last track on the record and thus easily skipped. It's supposed to be a joke, and the first time I heard it I was somewhat amused, but after a few hearings it began to sound like a bunch of talented musicians farting around—which, I strongly suspect, is exactly what it is.

The rest of the album, however, is a delight, with *Waltz for Joy* and *Brown Buddha* the standout tracks. The latter is a be-bop blues made up entirely of phrases and riffs from the legacy of Charlie Parker. McPherson, of course, is in his element here, and his solo in particular is a monster, but everyone shines. My only problem with this track is its gagged-up ending—Jones the composer has an unfortunate tendency to lapse into cuteness.

Waltz is a breathtakingly beautiful number, the highlight of which is a gently understated duet by McPherson and Jones just before the out-chorus. The other three tunes—a mile-a-minute showoff piece, a very strong ballad and another blues—give a nice balance to the set and feature outstanding solo work by all hands.

The rhythm section of Byard, Davis and Roker is solid and aware throughout, which should surprise nobody. Dorough's simple and direct keyboard work offers a contrast to Byard's dynamic virtuosity. To my mind it's a lot less interesting, but it cooks just as hard. Evans' contributions are always appropriate, and in fact her light touch on *Crow* almost makes that track worth listening to.

The music on this album is neither particularly innovative nor particularly profound. It's just good, solid jazz played by a crew of thorough professionals under the direction of a confident and commanding saxophonist. And what the hell is wrong with that?

—keepnews

JOHN KLEMMER

WATERFALLS—Impulse AS-9220; *Prelude I; Waterfall I; Utopia; Man's Dream; There's Some Light Ahead; Centrifugal Force; Prelude II; Waterfall II.*

Personnel: Klemmer, soprano&tenor saxes, echoplex; Mike Nock, electric piano; Wilton Felder, electric bass; Eddie Marshall, drums; Victor Feldman, percussion; Diana Lee, voice.

Rating: ★★★★★

The music of John Klemmer is like a vision of sylvan peace, inspired as if by an inner grace. His sound is so lyrical, so pure.

As idealistic as my description of his music is, so is John Klemmer, creating in sound a poetry of self. It is as if every piece is an affirmation of his humanist belief, seeking the source and the power of the music, extended and better defined with every recording.

Utopia is in itself an image of harmony, yet

in the musical harmony of Klemmer with the ethereal vocalese of Diana Lee, is an image of another harmony: *Man's Dream*. It is the direct evolution, philosophically and musically, from his earlier music, from the intense introspection of *For God: Whoever and Whatever That Is* and the passionate prayer for future peace of *Here Comes the Child*.

This poetic dimension is further evident in *Prelude* and *Waterfall I* and *II*. Klemmer is at first alone, literally creating with himself through the echo-plex, echoing his tenor sax like the exquisite rhythm of the water. And with the band complementing, the image is fulfilled: again, a vision of peace to be realized through aspiration and belief.

Altogether, it is eloquent, especially through the symbiosis within the band. *Wa-*

terfalls is indeed a testament that music is more than chops alone — but John Klemmer has brilliant chops as well.
—bourne

JASON LINDH

RAMADAN—CTI-Metronome 3000; *Loading Ramp; Daphnia; My Tulip; Tuppa; Benito's Rabbit; Ramadan; Love March; Light House.*

Personnel: Lindh, flute, electric piano, percussion; Kenny Hakonsson or George Wadenius, electric guitar; Bobo Stenson, electric piano; Wadenius, fender bass or Palle Danielsson, bass; Ola Brunkert or Rune Carlsson, drums; Kofi Ayivor, Joseph Mocka, Jan Bandel, percussion; Mats Hagstrom, cello.

Rating: ★ ½

The work of this Swedish rock-jazz group will be of slight, if any, interest to jazz listen-

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ers except perhaps for an initial attraction to the music's electric, quasi-free textures. The music's chief defect is the absence of any real emotional or intellectual content in the soloing, and most of the compositions reveal a similar emptiness of conception in that they consist largely of nondirected affects. These pieces are much too ill-defined and poorly-focused to bear up under the scrutiny of close or sustained listening, which has the unfortunate result of disclosing weakness after weakness, both conceptual and practical.

The album probably will appeal most strongly to rock listeners—say, Jethro Tull fans or the like—who have little or no awareness of the idioms and playing practices that Lindh and his fellows have attempted to synthesize in this music. But of substantial jazz content, there's very little here. And on

its own terms, the synthesis this music represents is much too diffuse and flabbily conceived to interest the listener deeply or at any length. —welding

WINTER CONSORT

ICARUS—Epic KE 31643: *Icarus*; *Ode to a Fillmore Dressing Room*; *The Silence of a Candle*; *Sunwheel*; *Juniper Bear*; *Whole Earth Chant*; *All the Mornings Bring*; *Chehalis and Other Voices*; *Minuit*.

Personnel: Paul Winter, soprano sax, vocal; Paul McCandless, oboe, English horn, contrabass sarrusophone, vocal; David Darling, cello, vocal; Ralph Towner, guitars, regal, bush organ, piano, vocal; Herb Bushler, electric bass; Collin Walcott, percussion; Billy Gobham, drums (tracks 4, 6); Milt Holland, Gahanian percussion (track 6); Larry Atamanuik, drums (track 1); Barry

Altschul, percussion (track 8); Andrew Tracy, guitar, African drum, vocal (track 9); Janet Johnson, Paul Stookey, Bob Milstein, vocal (track 9).

Rating: ★★★★★

I might describe this as hip Renaissance music. It is certainly historically and internationally oriented music. The collective influences on the band are manifold. There are various traditional European musics in it, East Indian music, American Indian music, considerable Latin music, even the blues, and much more than that. Unlike the usual hybrid music, the music of the Winter Consort is an exquisite synthesis, true to every source.

It is virtually impossible to describe. The delicacy of it all is fascinating. Like the traditional idea of the consort, this is music by artists that "accord together in sweet harmony." It is chamber music, yet music to be played wherever the spirit is.

The communion within the band is sublime, the communion within the music even more so. The intimacy of sitar and cello, classical guitar and Gahanian percussion, of no matter what instruments, ancient or contemporary, is natural, as if music were indeed the universal tongue.

The *esprit* of this music is meditative, maintained throughout the recording as a whole image in sound. I realize that in describing this music, I am more hyperbolic than analytic—but this is all-music, played as beauty. And unlike the legendary Icarus burning in the sun, the music of Winter Consort is indeed in heavenly flight. —bourne

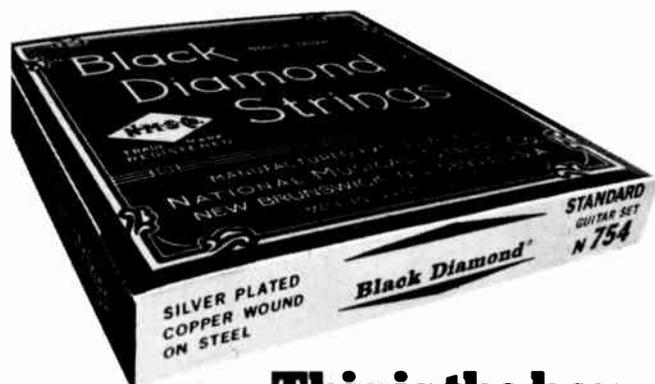
Rating: ★ 1/2

At the outset I'll say honestly I can't relate very much to the music the Winter Consort makes. And it's not because its music is difficult of access—far from it, in fact, I can admire its musicianship and appreciate the craft and care with which this album has been done. I have to say that the impulses of the music elude or, worse, just plain bore me. For all its sheen and polish, the music strikes me as being bloodless and, more often than not, trivial in its intentions.

As the group name might indicate, the music is basically a kind of chamber music, one in which a variety of musical disciplines intermingle, among them rock, jazz, classical, eastern and oriental musics. And on a superficial level at least, the synthesis is effective, but only in the sense that it's been *made* to work through skill in orchestration and care in record production. At core, however, the music merely is an eclectic grab-bag of effects, artfully employed, to be sure, and carried forward with assurance and brio but ultimately leading nowhere.

Much of the Consort's work is music only in the sense that much of what is written to underscore film or stage action is music. The remainder of its music consists of bravura displays, some of them middling effective (like guitarist Towner's handsome set-piece *Juniper Bear* and, to a lesser degree, his work on *Chehalis and Other Voices*) but most merely pointless demonstrations of playing skills.

This is basically an album to be enjoyed by other studio musicians, who will take great pleasure in the display of craft and variety on the part of the Consort members. But as a program of music, don't bother with it. —welding



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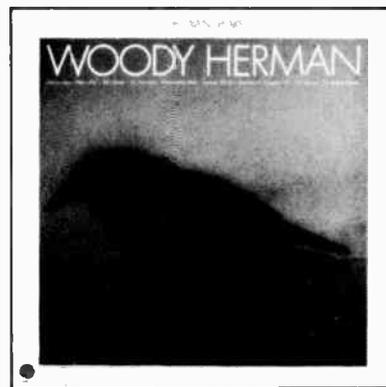
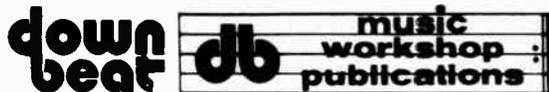
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blindfold test

by Leonard Feather

doc severinsen II

1. WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZBAND. *She's Funny That Way* from *Century Plaza*, World Jazz Records). Billy Butterfield, trumpet & fluegelhorn; Ralph Sutton, piano.

That's Billy Butterfield, one of my favorites. He plays such a warm style. It sounds like he's playing cornet there. But it doesn't matter whether he plays water hose or trumpet or cornet or fluegelhorn, he still gets pretty much the same kind of a sound. He doesn't have to take technical considerations into account at all, for anything. He doesn't bother with warming up, practising and that stuff, he just gives out and does it.

I've known Billy a long, long time. The thing about Billy is you listen to that and he plays completely within the context of that song, very passionate and warm . . . *She's Funny That Way*, and he says it all. Yet you could turn him around and he could play a different style entirely. You'll still know it's Billy, but he's a very versatile player within his own style.

But again, that's another case of where they made a record in an era, a certain era where they would take a great player, shove him in a studio, put a rhythm section in, turn on the machine and "We'll pick out the tunes when we get there, guys." There wasn't an awful lot of production value to it. But Billy's just a fantastic player.

I didn't recognize the piano player. It could have been any one of a hundred guys, but I know this, he's a very masculine player, very definite about what he's doing; he has a very nice touch.

Whenever I hear anything Billy plays, that's immediately five stars. As an overall rating, I think I'd have to give the piano player four stars, and the rest of it, call it what you want.

When you first started that record, and I didn't know who it was, I thought I heard a lot of Clark Terry in there. It's funny, he's one of my very favorites and so is Billy Butterfield. I've never noticed any similarity between their playing before, but in this instance I did.

2. MILES DAVIS. *Black Satin* (from *On The Corner*, Columbia).

Well, somebody's got to go out there and search. The value of things like that, besides the value of the enjoyment of listening to it, is to me that it opens up vistas for people who don't want to go that far, maybe. It's a stimulus for many people who are interested in

music. It's nothing you're gonna hear around the radio, and that's probably one reason I'm not acquainted with it . . . I haven't heard it before, but I have a hunch it might have been Don Ellis . . . or it might have been something Miles has done.

They managed to keep it a mystery to me that it was a trumpet for quite a while. I'm sure it was very satisfying for Miles to do that, and I think that maybe he's doing a thing like that because he's tired of what he was doing before and is looking for new things. And he always will be. But I wasn't tired of hearing the old Miles.

It's a very interesting thing. It's pretty hard to criticize it musically, because it's so much its own thing. One thing it did indicate to me is that as a group they're into this thing together. Whatever it is they're doing, they're into it with all four feet . . . it's valid, I think.

I've had a lot of arguments with people that were more straightlaced about music and trumpet playing than I am, and I was always preaching Miles Davis, and they'd say "well, he doesn't get the kind of a tone that you accept as a norm", but you got to think what the man is doing.

I think it's the same way with this music. Miles is out there somewhere looking around. A lot of people who might criticize us will be the first ones to start to copy some of what he's doing. It's pretty hard to give any kind of opinion of what you heard . . . I find it very entertaining, I enjoyed it.

L.F. It's very interesting that it took you quite some time to even figure out that it was a trumpet.

D.S. My feeling is that what Miles was doing there with the trumpet could probably have been done more effectively with an electric guitar. Maybe he's frustrated by the fact that it isn't a guitar. Sometimes I feel that way. I'll say to myself, "Oh, hell, why don't I play the guitar, it'd be so much easier."

L.F. Do you think Miles' playing on this record required as much technical expertise on the trumpet as some of the things he was doing earlier?

D.S. I don't really know. It's hard for me to say, because the whole thing was concealed quite a bit. I couldn't tell exactly what he was doing. There's a technique of using that pedal . . . it's very inventive, very creative; what

The image of Doc Severinsen has changed immeasurably in the years since he became a staff musician at NBC. During the mid 1950s his occasional jazz solos were a highlight of the Tonight Show when Steve Allen was in command, and Skitch Henderson was the band-leader.

In 1958 Doc was part of a house band assembled by Billy Taylor for an NBC-TV documentary series, *The Subject Is Jazz*. Recently I saw a screening of a couple of segments. Because of Severinsen's crew cut, conservative business suit, shirt and tie, several friends who were watching with me refused to believe it was he. More important, though, was the fact that Doc already was playing some first rate jazz.

He had come to prominence as a name band musician (Ted Fio Rito, 1945, when Doc was 18; Charlie Barnet, 1947-9; Tommy Dorsey off and on during the 1950s; also Noro Morales, Vaughn Monroe and Sam Donahue) and made his first small combo session with an international group I put together for Toshiko (in 1958), *United Notions*, on Metro Jazz.

Following is the second part of a single interview that took place recently. Severinsen was given no information about the records played.

you'd expect of Miles. He's not going in to play Bop City again.

I really don't think that the trumpet, and his use of it, is as effective for that kind of a thing as, for some reason I think, a violin would have been, or a guitar. It's the Mahavishnu type of approach.

I'd rate it four stars for the enjoyment I got out of it. But if we're talking about trumpet players or trumpet records, it could just as well have been done with something besides the trumpet.

3. CLARK TERRY. *Secret Love* (from *It's What's Happening*, Impulse). Terry, Varitone trumpet; Don Friedman, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Well, there it is . . . C.T. I was just sitting and thinking that many a lick I've played in my life, I owe Clark a vote of thanks for. A lot of trumpet players do. He plays up to the maximum of his ability at all times; you never hear him doggin' it or laying around. He's very masculine and artistic in his playing. He's developed such a tremendous style.

When I first met Clark we were in Charlie Barnet's band in 1947, and he was playing just the same then as he plays now, only now he plays better. Six months after I met Clark, if I stood up to play, you'd have thought it was Clark on a bad day . . . everything I played had Clark Terry stamped all over it.

Clark has developed tremendous technical ability . . . a tremendous technique within the framework of his own playing. He has a very, very strong style, and it reflects what he is. It has dignity and elegance to it and a lot of strength. But that puckish humor of his is always right there.

LF: How do you feel about the instrument he's playing?

D.S.: The Varitone? A lot of times things like that will kind of get in the way, but I think Clark utilized it very well. It's something a little different, I quite enjoyed it.

Now, take Clark's thing, just Clark and a rhythm section—he gets more out of it. It all seems to come together, more like a finished product. There seems to be more design and composition, even though it's off the top of their head. Clark gives it more of a solidity. Five stars.

caught in the act



Bob Wright, Rail Wilson, Vic Dickerson, Bobby Hackett, Ross Whitman

ALAIN LERNER

Bobby Hackett-Vic Dickenson

The Big Horn, Ivanhoe, Ill.

Personnel: Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trombone; Russ Whitman, clarinet, bass sax; Bob Wright, piano; Rail Wilson, bass; Don DeMicheal, drums.

The World's Greatest Jazzband

Playboy Club, Lake Geneva, Wisc.

Personnel: Yank Lawson, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, Ed Hubble, trombones; Bob Wilber, clarinet, soprano sax; Bud Freeman, tenor sax; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Big Horn owner Dale Snavely scored with another excellent presentation—the reunion of the Hackett-Dickenson front line team, with reedman Russ Whitman a welcome addition.

Some four years ago I reviewed the first Hackett-Dickenson Lp (on Project 3), giving it the benefit of certain doubts with a 4½-star rating. These doubts centered on two things: the combination was an untried one, with no tradition to measure it against, and, more importantly, there was the potted-palm rhythm section of that initial group. The horns performed superbly, and I would unsay nothing I put in that original review. But then came the marvelous *Roosevelt Grill* Lp (Chiaroscuro CR 105), and the weaknesses of the first record were made painfully obvious.

The Big Horn group put down a performance equal to the best I've heard from Bobby and Vic, due in no small measure to the excellent rhythm section. Wilson was firm and steady throughout and gave the music a powerful pulse. Bob Wright's piano provided impeccable support. And DeMicheal's assured work on the drums gave the whole session the added spark that makes for a truly effective jazz performance. He was good because he listened carefully to what the horns and ensembles were doing and fashioned his own work to fit their shifting contours. His rim shots and bass drum accents were frequent but always appropriate. He was in-

ventive also, creating unexpected and infectious rhythmic riffs in his solos. He and Wilson were particularly effective in a series of exchanges in *Just You, Just Me*. The only reservation: I didn't catch the make of DeMicheal's drums, but the equipment sounded a trifle dead in terms of tone. (A minor point at best, however.)

Sitting in was Russ Whitman, whose smooth clarinet was featured on each set in a Benny Goodman Trio-type showcase. His renditions of *Russian Lullabye*, *Cherokee*, *Get Happy*, and particularly *Lady Be Good* were fluent, clean and professional. Perhaps more interesting was his work on the seldom heard bass sax, whose place in jazz depends almost entirely on the late Adrian Rollini's contributions, though even he abandoned the cumbersome instrument in 1935. Since then, Joe Rushton used it in Red Nichols' latter-day groups, Johnny Dengler had it in his arsenal of instruments, Boyd Reaburn used it in big-band ensembles, and Stan Kenton and Johnny Richards occasionally employed it to anchor the reed section. Thus, Whitman appears to have something approaching a monopoly on it. Surprisingly, he proves it to be an instrument of flexibility, capable of ruggedly swinging solo contributions. Though it may be considered the reed equivalent of the tuba, it seems to me a vastly more musical instrument than its blurping brass cousin. Both Whitman and his neglected sax deserve the wider recognition his miscellaneous instrument win in the 1971 down beat Critics Poll indicated.

Hackett and Dickenson were up to their best and evidently delighted to be sharing a gig again. Both individually and together, their styles are low-key and naturally flowing, not given to explosiveness or razzle-dazzle.

Mama's Gone, *Goodbye* and *Constantly* were two moderate-tempo pieces that to me

represent the quintessence of the Hackett-Dickenson appeal. Richly melodic, with sumptuous changes, they provided frameworks for elegant, well-oiled improvisation. *Constantly*, a Dickenson composition, has appeared on the Chiaroscuro Lp and the WGJB Roosevelt Grill album, but this version was, in its silky-smooth way, the best.

There were crisp, swinging versions of *Rosetta*, *Indiana*, *Everybody Loves My Baby* and *That's A Plenty*, and typically pretty mood-music ballads (*What's New*, *I Can't Get Started*) from Bobby. There wasn't the sort of wild abandon to the performances that causes audiences to levitate off their chairs, but that's hardly the point. The important thing was that the audience really listened because the music had substance.

Six days later, Hackett was off on his own again, and Dickenson was back with the World's Greatest Jazzband for its opening night at the sprawling Lake Geneva Playboy complex.

A more disappointing performance would be hard to imagine. The band was out of its element and totally mishandled by the inept club management. First, the show was too short—only 70 minutes. The strict curfew was particularly unnecessary considering there was only one show. Second, the band had to share that paltry allotment with an undistinguished comedian who took up half the time. The result was 35 minutes of routine music that could just as well have been telephoned in. When it was all over, the audience of more than 100 was visibly miffed at the meagre amount of show they'd received for the price. Responsibility rests solely at the door of the management.

The tunes were the standard ones: *Rampart Street*, *Jazz Me Blues*, *Colonial Tavern*. Freeman's classic *The Eel* provided perhaps the most lively moments of the brief evening. Beyond that, it would be unfair to make further judgments about this fine band on the basis of the scant evidence at hand.

This was the first time I'd heard the band without Billy Butterfield, now back in Florida and permanently retired from the WGJB. There may be disagreement over how this has affected the band, but I think it would be hard to argue that it is anything less for the loss. First, Lawson's trumpet is a mighty lead horn that has always dominated the brass ensembles. Butterfield, for all his great talent, actually played the role of second trumpet. Second, the group works without formal charts. Too many horns going their own way in an ensemble can sometimes tend toward the chaotic. One does miss the trumpet exchanges, but all things considered, the loss seems to have had only minimal impact on the band. Prognosis for a replacement is dim, but Hackett has appeared with the band on several occasions.

—John McDonough

Latin Music Festival

Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Personnel (Groups): Orquestra Harlow: Ray Barretto; Johnny Pacheco; Tito Puente; Joe Cuba; Mongo Santamaria (w. Willie Bobo, Cal Tjader); Charlie and Eddie Palmieri.

There's all kinds of Latin music in the world, and all kinds of Latin music lovers. But this festival was mainly for the young and hip. The style, called *salsa* ("sauce" in English), is hard-driving, heavy on brass and percussion, and, for the most part, a product of the New

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York scene. Drawing on Afro-Cuban music, and to a lesser extent jazz and soul, it presents a mixture of inner turbulence and surface flamboyance that is a kind of mirror for Latin consciousness in that city.

For those who love this music, the evening was a great occasion, an emergence from the dance hall onto the concert stage that reflected the increasing self-consciousness of young Latins and their determination to honor their own culture.

For the uninitiated, the festival could have provided a splendid introduction to *salsa*, featuring, as it did, assorted leading lights and founding fathers — men like Ray Barretto, Tito Puente, and Joe Cuba, who helped to create the new Latin music. These men, in turn, have themselves influenced a whole generation of young Spanish cooks, including bands like Malo and Santana, which have recently brought the music to a wider audience than ever before.

Salsa is, in a number of ways, reminiscent of hard bop, and many of the musicians present at the festival have been associated with jazz at one time or another. But this similarity can be misleading, for *salsa* lacks some important jazz virtues, and has others which are not so dominant in jazz.

In general, the greatest weakness in these bands lay in the horn and keyboard soloists, who were more into creating attractive surfaces than *constructing* solos. But then, these musicians were often not the real soloists, but rather supplied attractive obbligatos to the drummers. And it was the drummers — Barretto and Puente in particular — who, whether soloing themselves or ostensibly in accompaniment, had that sense of structure that the other musicians lacked. On the other hand, the band of Mongo Santamaria, whose drumming is rather plodding and unimaginative, was disappointing in spite of slightly superior jazz soloists. On the whole, one may do better to approach *salsa* like African music than like jazz, listening not only to the rhythms but to the melodies of the drummers for the real action.

In these terms, the most interesting groups were those of Barretto, Puente, and the Palmieris, each of which sported a large brass section and several drummers. One of the most exhilarating things, to me, about these bands was the tightness of the musicians, who sounded like they'd been playing together for years. They possessed the kind of musical intimacy, the breathing-as-one, which we associate with the big jazz bands of the '30s, but which I have rarely heard first-hand. It was a special delight — an intuitive sense on the part of the players of what everyone else was doing or might do at a given moment. And it gave an enormous feeling of power and fluidity to their performances.

By and large, there was no influence of rock. Soul music was there, and jazz, but only peripherally. Essentially, like many aspects of Latin culture in New York, the music at the festival was a tougher, hipper version of elements indigenous to Caribbean culture.

In its combination of musical richness and subtlety, its hot sweetness that breathed life and fire through the vast Felt Forum, and its easy sympathy with the people for whom it speaks, *salsa* has a special position in American popular music. Its growing influence in the larger musical culture can only be a good thing for everyone.

— david rosenthal

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ELLINGTON SPECIAL

Continued from page 19

stitute For The Performing Arts in Washington D.C., knows whereof he complains. "Producers are very naive when it comes to mikes. They don't like to see them. Artists certainly don't mind. They use them as props. Besides, it's almost as absurd as not wanting to have instruments visible.

"This whole thing should have been approached differently. It should have been regarded as a concert, not a happening like Woodstock or Bangladesh. They should have put on a regular concert for the audience, then edited it for airing. But this way it was much too long. By 2 a.m., Peggy Lee was so knocked out she walked smack into a TV camera.

"Stan Harris (the director) read the show to the crew and said it would probably take two hours to do. But I reminded Stan that it took him three hours to read through the script!"

Aside from technical gripes ("the musicians couldn't hear themselves properly on stage"), Phil had nothing but admiration for the show—especially the atmosphere of love. "There was so much camaraderie, so much genuine love coming through the mikes into the truck (his sound truck was parked behind the theater), that the dialogue was a continuous series of 'yeah,' 'beautiful,' 'right on,' giggles, applause for each other. And let me tell you, quite frankly I was scared about the ladies, but there wasn't one display of temperament all night. Not even at the rehearsals."

The "ladies" Ramone was referring to—Aretha, Peggy, Roberta, Sarah (notice the carefully alphabetized order)—had to do a couple of quartet numbers over again and there wasn't the slightest attempt to upstage. Egos were obsolete that night; the only thing that mattered was honoring Duke.

I've seen many so-called tributes in this business, and some of them, dripping with hyperbole and public relations cliches, made me nauseous. After a while you get numb to hype; and the introductions of "great" men and living legends and those phony standing ovations eventually create their own resistance.

But I swear on a stack of down beats that there was so much love flowing between the audience and Duke, but mainly between the musicians and Duke, that it threatened to spill out of the theater and make the whole world "jump for joy."

As Red Callender told me shortly after the taping, "It was gruelling, it was hard, but so what? I was elated to be in the company of royalty, and to be among so many other greats. When I first saw him at the rehearsal, Duke told me I was beautiful and I stood there like a blushing schoolgirl. What can I tell you—he's my musical father."

And I was listening to a conversation between Louis Bellson and Larry Bunker. It was a highly technical review of some of the things they had to do at the taping, and without exception, every third person reference to Duke by Louis was "the maestro." No affectation there. Bellson is hardly the type. To him it's quite simple and quite ingrained: Duke is the maestro.

I'd always known the musical community loved Duke Ellington, but this particular taping afforded me a rare insight into just how madly.

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Kid Ory

(The following text and transcriptions are reprinted from *Jazz Styles & Analysis: Trombone* by David Baker (down beat Music Workshop Publications)

Kid Ory was one of the first bonafide jazz trombonists. He was active at a time when the role of the trombone was essentially that of accompaniment, and playing roots and fifths of chords. His style was what has come to be called "tailgate". Ory's playing, like that of his trombone playing contemporaries, was characterized by slides and slurs, rhythmic configurations borrowed from marches and other sources, and triadic melodies built on the overtone series. The essential difference between Ory and his contemporaries was a kind of feeling, manifest in unexpected turns and humorous utterances.

Weary Blues, from a 1947 recording.

Points of Interest:

1. Entire chorus built on the motif in measures 1-4.
2. Style of solo suggested by the tune's title.
3. Long microtonal slides, measures 3-4, 11-13, 15-16.
4. Use of growls, 9, 10-11.
5. Traditional solo closer for this era.

Weary Blues

Kid Ory

(very flat)

Gut Bucket Blues, from a Louis Armstrong Hot Five recording.

Points of Interest:

1. The triadic construction endemic to the playing of players who rely heavily on the overtone series.
2. The intuitive balance between rising and falling lines.
3. The effective use of the repeated rhythmic figure.

Gut Bucket Blues

Kid Ory

Bucktown Stomp, 7/6/28, from the album, *Johnny Dodds' Washboard Band, History of Jazz*, Vol. V (Folkways FJ2805).

Points of Interest:

1. Extreme angularity in advance of the era.
2. Two octave and a 2nd range.
3. Extremely relaxed and sophisticated sense of swing.

(Blues)

Bucktown Stomp

Kid Ory

$\text{♩} = 92$

jazz on campus

Howie Smith, reed player, and one of the leaders of the U. of Ill.-Urbana jazz ensemble has accepted an offer to organize a jazz curriculum at The New South Wales Conservatorium in Sydney, Australia. The funding of the project is supplied by the governments of the U.S.A. and Australia. Smith starts down under in mid-Feb. while his teaching duties at U. of Ill. will be assumed by other members of the John Garvey Cadre. (Garvey is still on sabbatical. When last heard from he was going up the creeks of Indonesia with paddle and pipe.)

Good news for schools, festivals, and anyone wanting a good soloist/clinician: Jean "Toots" Thielemans has been added to the *down beat* Jazz Clinician Directory. "Toots" has tux and is willing (and very able) to travel wherever duty calls. The clinic/festival sponsor has the difficult choice of "Toots" soloing on guitar or on his Hohner "chrome sandwich". If anyone wonders where they may have seen or heard "Toots", hear back to virtually any Quincy Jones date or the old Tonight show band from N.Y. Good man, good arranger, good player—and he also whistles much, much better than Elmo Tanner.

Of the 33 tapes submitted to the Mid-West CJF (Elmhurst, Ill., March 18), 12 big bands were chosen (by four auditioners who did not know which tapes belonged to whom): Bowling Green State U., Eastern Ill. U., Ill. State U., Lawrence U., N. Ill. U., Triton College, U. of Wis.-Eau Claire, U. of Wis.-Madison, U. of Wis.-LaCrosse, U. of N. Iowa, Kennedy-King College, and Ohio State U. Six combos were similarly chosen: Southern Ill. U.-Edwardsville, Grinnell College, U. of Wis.-Eau Claire, Ohio State U., U. of Wis.-Madison, N. Ill. U.; and one vocalist from U. of N. Ill.

Jack Reilly closed out the fall term of his jazz piano classes at the New School for Social Research (N.Y.C.) with a concert featuring guest artists. Sheila Jordan, vocalist, Hod O'Brien, piano, and Red Hornstrom, tenor sax... Cannonball Adderley had to bow out of the University City HS (Mo.) jazz

program Feb. 20 but has been suitably replaced by Woody Herman and His Herd and Mike Vax, who is devoting most of his time to jazz clinics on behalf of Conn. . . . The Ohio State U. Jazz Ensemble, Tom Battenberg, dir., has received a grant from the Ohio Arts Council, Don Striebig, dir., to perform educational jazz concerts in seven Columbus high schools during Feb. and March. The programs have been arranged by the Columbus Jazz Society, Sonny Ward, v.p., . . . Carl Fontana was the featured trombone soloist and clinician at a recent clinic-concert of the North Louisiana U. (Monroe) Jazz Ensemble . . . The Fredonia Jazz Ensemble (State U. College, Fredonia, N.Y.), Bob Shaut, student director, provided the accompaniment to the Orchestral dance program held annually on the campus. Most of the music consisted of original compositions highlighted by a seven-movement jazz suite, *The Quiescence* composed by Shaut. The FJE also performed at the Jan. MENC in Boston. (Despite the fact that Fredonia has come up with several award winning jazz ensembles—all conducted and trained by students—there is no jazz allowed in the curriculum!)

The 1973 calendar of events sponsored by the office of the Illinois Superintendent of Public Instruction includes a Swing Choir Workshop at Western Ill. U., Bob Hills, clinician; and a Ethnic Music Conference and Workshop at Rock Valley College (Rockford) with clinicians: Portia Bailey, David Baker, Euana Gangware, George Lowrey, and Jean Nanney . . . The 1973 Partners in Blue program of the Great Lakes (Ill.) Naval Training Center Band includes a Stage-Jazz Band, a Woodwind Quintet, and a Jazz-Rock Ensemble available for clinics and concerts via John O'Connor, Academic Coordinator, U. of I., Music Extension Div., 608 S. Mathews, Urbana 61801.

J. Solothurnmann, a graduate student at Indiana U. preparing for a Ph.D. in musicology (Afro-American music) which he will receive from the U. of Bern (Switzerland), is preparing German language translations of the various Dave Baker texts on improvisation and arranging published by *down beat* Music Workshop Publications. (Additional translations are planned for Spanish, French, and Japanese editions.)

db music workshop publications



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

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

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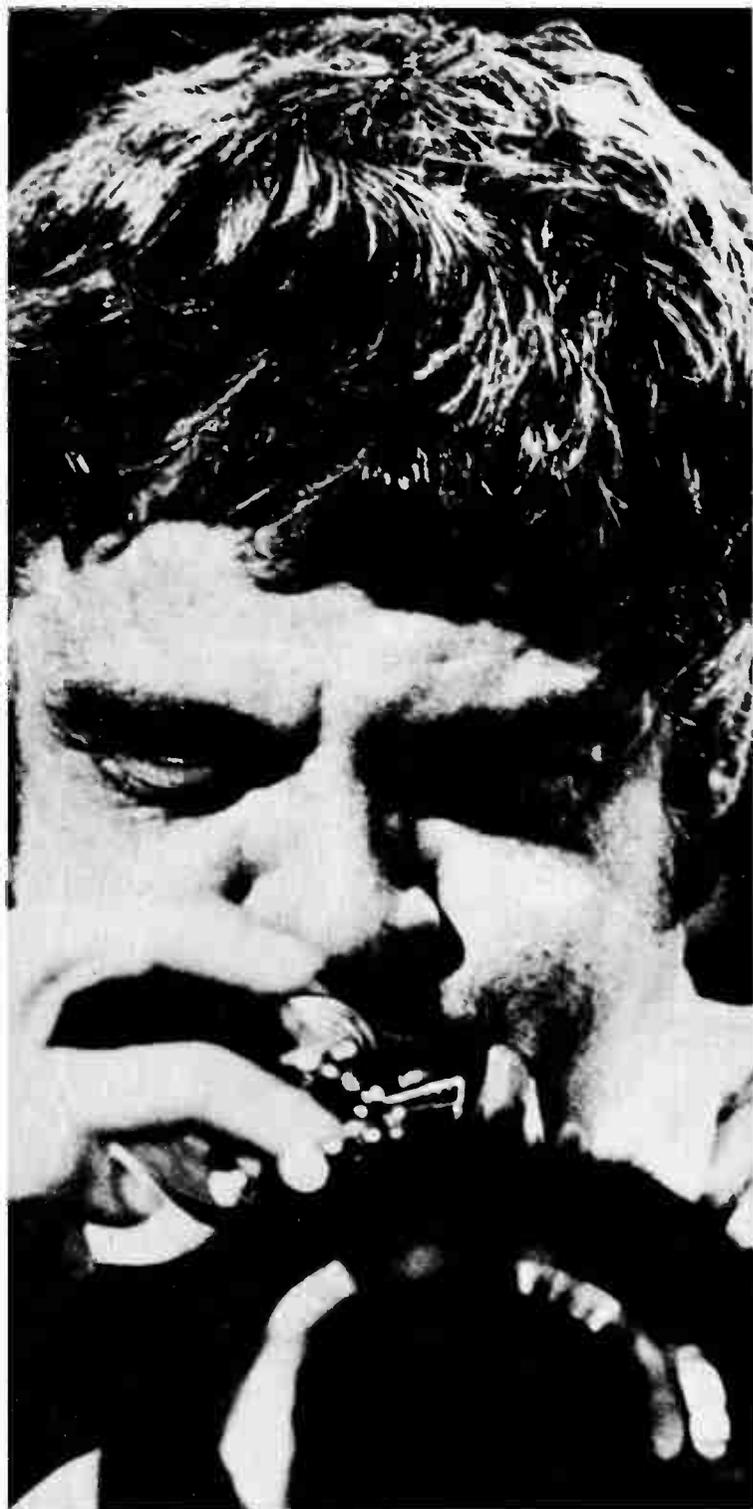
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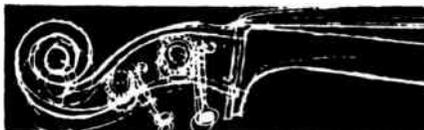
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Continued from page 12

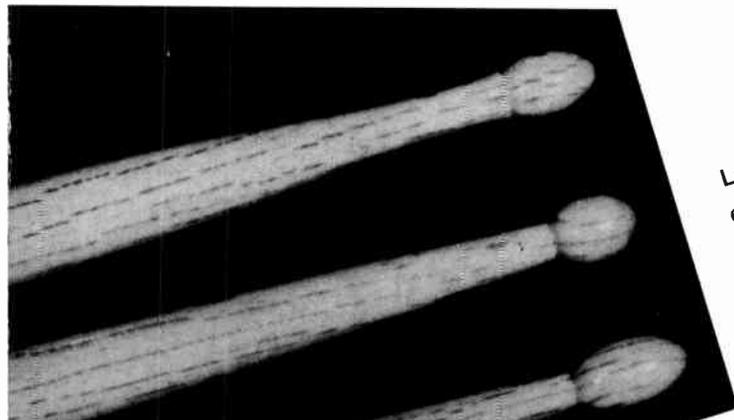
allaro, drums . . . January action at the Village Vanguard included the Keith Jarrett Quartet (Dewey Redman, reeds; Charlie Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums); the Thelonious Monk Quartet, and the Marvin Peterson Septet. Charles Mingus brought his Quintet in Feb. 6 . . . A too infrequent visitor to these parts, pianist Dave McKenna, was at Michael's New Pub with Joe Williams on bass . . . Other piano action around town: Oscar Peterson is at the St. Regis Maisonnette through Feb. 17. Ellis Larkins, still at Gregory's Tuesdays through Saturdays, began a series of Sunday afternoon concerts in January featuring works by well-known composers. He's done Ellington, Kern, Berlin, Porter and Gershwin; coming up are Vincent Youmas and Arthur Schwartz (Feb. 18); Richard Rodgers (Feb. 25); Harold Arlen (March 4); Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, Burton Lane (March 11); and Jimmy Van Heusen, Hugh Martin. Jimmy McHuch (March 18). Tommy Flanagan was the Monday night attraction Jan. 15. Bobby Timmons, at Stews (38 St. & 2nd Ave.) with bassist Mickey Bass, celebrated his 20th anniversary as a musician, at the club Jan. 20: Jill McManus, with bassist Skip Crumby-Bey, was at Bradley's; Barry Harris continues to man the keyboard at Jimmy's . . . Joe Williams returned to the Half Note Feb. 5, backed by the Duke Pearson Trio with the Chuck Mangione Quintet sharing the bill . . . The Onliest Place (the old Half Note) had a busy schedule through March: Groups led by Buddy Tate

(featuring singer Laurel Watson); Roy Brooks; Cedar Walton (with Clifford Jordan); and Randy Weston (Feb. 20-March 4), with a change of pace (through Feb. 18) of guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma . . . Another guitarist, Bucky Pizzarelli, is in the lounge of Delmonico's Hotel Tues.-Sat. . . . The old Village East is now the new Jazz Boat. The new club at 101 Ave. A opened Jan. 16 with the Charles Earland Quartet (Pete Yellin, alto sax, flute; Earland, organ; Jackie Turner, guitar; Darryl Washington, drums); Roy Haynes was in through Feb. 10; Bobby Timmons through the 17th; and Joe Henderson through the 24th. The club is open Tues.-Sun., with Sunday matinees and an evening jam session



. . . Jackie & Roy (Kral) into the Rainbow Grill Feb. 26-March 17. Benny Goodman presented Stan Getz with his Playboy Poll award on Getz' opening night at the Grill Jan. 16. With the tenorist were Richie Beirach, piano; Dave Holland, bass. Jeff Williams, drums, and singer Yvonne Elliman. The Cab Calloway show featuring daughter Chris Calloway in through Feb. 24th, with Eddie Barefield as musical director . . . Blues and gospel at the Cookery on Saturday and Sunday matinees, starting Jan. 27 and continuing through April 1 with Brother John Sellers doing the shouting. Back-

ing him are Bob McCaen, piano, and Cliff Arden, guitar. Teddy Wilson, with Al Bruno on bass, continues nightly, Mon.-Sat. and Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard Sun. evenings . . . Singer Randi Crawford and the groups of Les McCann and Billy Paul were in concert at Carnegie Hall Feb. 11 . . . Also on that date, Tiger & the Ragtime Bandits (David Hopkins, clarinet; Joe Klee, banjo, electrickazoo, vocal; Anthony Coleman, piano, Carla Benjamin, washboard, vocal; Lennie Kunstadt, jug) performed at the Jazz Museum—which, by the way, needs support . . . WRVR is now broadcasting 18 hours of jazz weekdays. The hours are 6 a.m.-12 a.m., 1-5 p.m., 8 p.m.-6 a.m., all day Sat. and 7-8:30 a.m. and 11 p.m.-6 a.m. Sun. . . Roy Brooks with Woody Shaw, George Adams, Don Pullen and Reggie Workman were at the House of Kuumba . . . Andrew Hill was at Mercer Arts Center . . . The Monty Alexander Trio was at the Cellar. Mongo Santamaria at the Club Baron, Skeeter Best and Tommy Bryant with David Qualey at the Guitar, Bobby Hebb at Mikell's, Grachan Moncur Jazz Ensemble at Studio Rivbea, Mike Abene and Harvey Schwartz at Bradley's, and the Swinging Zodiac Quintet (Cecil Payne, Lloyd Meyers, Jimmy Smith, Mel Nussbaum, Stan Williams and vocalist Lorraine Blakey) at the Lincoln Terrace Lounge, Brooklyn, all in January . . . Flautist Bobbi Humphrey and her Quartet (Hubert Eaves, piano; Fitz Jenkins, bass, Omar Clay, drums) were at the Paramount Theater Jan. 12. Also on the bill were Grover Washington Jr. and Grady Tate . . . Sitters in at the Monday night jam sessions at the Melody



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Lounge (produced by Don Bella and Joe Ciavardone) have been Jimmy Knepper, Charlie Latorella, Ray Rivera, Gino Biondo, Gary Hawkins, Effie Resnick, Leo Ball, and Lew Gluckin. The Lounge is on W. 23rd . . . Zhair Buttin and the Notorious Ensemble (Charles Stephens, trombone; Marvin Blackman soprano&alto sax; Paul Jeffrey, bass clarinet, tenor sax; Sonny Donaldson (Awad), piano; Hakim Jami, bass; Batin, Frank Clayton, M'tume, percussion), did a concert for WKCR-FM Feb. 5 . . . Singer-organist Jaimie Carver's Project Sunshine (Mark Broder, electric piano; Mitch Edwards, drums) was at the Bowlaire Lounge, Elmont, through January . . . Midge Pike's trio (Sam Brown, guitar; Dave Matthews, electric piano) was at Two Saints . . . Reedman Robert Zantay's group, with Richard Damone, bass, and Gary Goldfarb, percussion, is at the Old Salt in Hempstead Thursd. and Sats. . . Richard Clay's With Your Mind (Clay, saxes, flute, harmonica, vocal; Hubert Eaves, piano; Stafford James, bass; Cliff Barbaro, drums) was at Stryker's Pub Jan. 5-6 and 12-13 . . . The group also performed with Roy Ayers' Ubiquity at Pace College Jan. 19 . . . Vibist Billy Wooten, formerly with Grant Green, has formed his own group, The Wooden Glass . . . Pianist Jack Reilly's jazz class at the New School ended (for the winter semester) with a jam session involving tenorist Red Hornstrom, pianist Hod O'Brien, and singer Sheila Jordan . . . Bob Cozetti's Music Projection Trio, which recently performed at Mercer Arts and in Patterson, N.J. at the Three Sisters, has changed its name to Rohrschach . . . Also at Three Sisters, Howard McGhee's quartet (Jim Robinson, piano; John Carbone, bass; Zahir Batin, drums) performed Jan. 12-13 . . . At Richard's Lounge in Lakewood, N.J., the January lineup appeared, in order of three-day weekend appearances, Harold Ousley's quartet, Bob Moses' Music of the Castaliquingan Revelation, the Barry Miles Trio, and the Karl Berger Quartet . . . Wild Bill Davison (Jan. 12) and Claude Hopkins (Jan. 19) were at the Continental in Fairfield, Conn. . . Trombonist Graham Stewart and his band performed for the Conn. Traditional Jazz Club at Meriden's Holiday Inn Jan. 20.

Denver: Marvelous Marv's, a solid club that deserves better support for the top names it presents, has offered varied fare recently. Batdorf and Rodney and The Drifters preceded a fine holiday season. Cannonball Adderley kept the Christmas spirit truly a mile high, and Dizzie Gillespie followed to welcome in the new year . . . Trumpeter Billy Butterfield, formerly of The World's Greatest Jazz Band, appeared with the Fran Feese Quartet at the Celebrity Lounge . . . Bob Crosby, Frankie Carle, Freddy Martin and Margaret Whiting showed that they can still draw by packing them in with the touring *Big Band Cavalcade* . . . On a cold winter night, Pete Fountain kept things hot inside at a benefit concert at Loretto Heights College . . . Chase also played several benefits in the area . . . In Boulder, Tulagi's continues to present strong lineups, with Muddy Waters (Jan. 30-Feb. 3), Paul Butterfield (Feb. 8-11), and Johnny Otis (Feb. 26-March 3). . . Also in Boulder, the Edison Electric Co. has Richard Greene (Feb. 6-10), Elvin Bishop (Feb. 11) and Willie Dixon and the Chicago All Stars on tap.

Washington, D.C.: The BO-CA-JO Lounge and supper club was a brief oasis in the dry local club scene. Located in a fashionable apartment building in a "good" section of town, one might have thought it would have succeeded. But alas, no. The lounge featured a fine quartet consisting of altoist Richie Cole, guitarist Joe Wilford, organist Skip Fennel, and drummer Danny Motta . . . The Left Bank seemed to be off to a good start with their announced schedule, but the first concert ran into some trouble when guitarist George Benson and his group cancelled out at the last minute. Doug and Jean Carn were brought in to save the day which also featured the Harold Mabern Quartet . . . Bassist Marshall Hawkins leads a small group Sundays and Mondays at the Top O' the Foolery . . . A new supper club has opened at the King of France in nearby Annapolis, Md. Although the club is definitely suburban, it is strategically located (equi-distant from both Baltimore and Washington) and can draw upon jazz fans from both cities. Recent incumbents have included Mose Allison, Earl Hines, and Monty Alexander, who is making a career out of appearing in the Washington area. Alexander has spent about two of the last five months working in the nation's capitol. He did two weeks earlier in the summer at Blues Alley, where Sol Yaged recently did a week . . . Les McCann led a whole contingent of musicians into Constitution Hall on a recent Sunday evening. The concert was sponsored by Compared to What, Inc.

Chicago: Former down beat editor Don DeMichael has signed a contract with the Henry Regnery Company, a leading Chicago-based book publisher that once (but no longer) specialized in ultra-conservative and right wing polemics, to produce a major volume on jazz. DeMichael is now researching the project . . . Reliable sources report that a major Chicagoland summer concert series has landed the services of the original Benny Goodman Quartet with Goodman, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson. Details to be announced . . . Biff Rose will play the Quiet Knight, Mar. 7-11 . . . Shirley Bassey into the Auditorium Theater for a concert May 20 . . . Oscar Brown, Jr. at Mr. Kelly's, Feb. 5-18. Buddy Rich and his Orchestra follows and continues through the 25th. Sarah Vaughan is booked for two weeks starting April 2 . . . Eddie Harris wrapped up four weekend (Friday/Saturday) gigs at Stardust Green's 2413 East 79th Street. . . Richard Abrams and his sextet played the Jazz Showcase, Jan. 12-13 . . . *On the blues scene:* The Bob Riedy Blues Band with Jimmy Rogers and Sam Lay spent the weekend of January 12-13 at Alice's, 950 West Wrightwood . . . Howlin' Wolf performed at Big Duke's Blue Flame, 2755 West Madison. At the Wise Fools, 2270 North Lincoln, it was Mighty Joe Young followed by J.B. Hutto for 11 days . . . Clarence Wheeler and the Enforcers continued through Jan. in the 300 Room of Roberts Motel. Monday continues as jam session night . . . Rare Earth did two concerts at the Arie Crown Theater Jan. 13-14. . . The Bourbon Street Brass (Norman Murphy, trumpet; Dan Williams, trombone; Marty Grosz, guitar; Truck Parham, bass; Kansas

Fields, drums) continued at Flaming Sally's of the Sheraton Blackstone through Jan. The **Dukes of Dixieland** opened Feb. 6 for four weeks, after which the house band returns.

St. Louis: The newest jazz club on the scene is the La Casa Cocktail Lounge at 309 N. Jefferson. **Sonny Stitt** and **Gene Harris** and the **Three Sounds** were there recently . . . Pianist **Peanuts Whalum's** trio (**John Mixon**, bass; **McClinton Rayford**, drums) finished an engagement at La Rocca's Supper Club and moved to Rusty's in Edwardsville, Ill. . . . After many personal changes, **Phil Driscoll** took off for the West Coast to do an Lp for A&M. Chase Hotel owner **Harold Koplar** has been Driscoll's biggest booster. Sidemen in the group from the St. Louis area are **Felix Robinson**, electric bass, and the great young Latin percussionist **Tom Roady** . . . The Play-boy Club had **Billy Eckstine** in for a recent return booking and he did great business, as usual . . . Pianist **Marion Miller** continues at the Mainlander—he's like part of the decor . . . Since **Joe Bozzi** took his trumpet and vibes to Tony's Restaurant and Lounge in Granite City after a 9-year stint as the house band at the Playboy Club, the club has been using self-contained groups—those of **Prentice Minner** and **Don Cunningham** were there recently. Bozzi has a new group, except for pianist **Jimmy Williams**. **J.J. Zucher** is on drums and **Dave Engelking** on bass. **Michele Cardillo** is the new vocalist since my wife, singer **Gretchen Hill** and I (drummer **Phil Hulsey—ed.**) formed our new group last June. With us are **Carolbeth Runge**, piano, organ and vocal; and **Bob Bono**, bass and vocal. We have been at Schneithorst Lounge on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays since June . . . **Jim Gross** has formed a new trio after being off the scene for a couple of years. He opened Jan. 8 at the Seadog Lounge at the Holiday Inn West 1-244 and St. Charles Rock Road. With Gross will be **Art Cappio**, drums, and **Bob Openlander**, bass . . . Cornetist **Mugsy Sprecher** and his dixie crew are still holding forth at the El Greco Lounge, Rockhill and Hwy. 66 . . . The St. Louis Jazz Club still holds regular Monday bashes at their hall at 4901 Tyrolean .

Kansas City: Things are cooking at the **Charlie Parker Memorial Foundation**. Plans for the Parker medallion are moving along. A benefit Christmas concert for the indigent and aged was given by the Charlie Parker Memorial Orchestra at the Kansas City Business College Dec. 21. A mammoth benefit concert for the Foundation is planned at the new Crown Center for May 13, with **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Max Roach**, **Mary Lou Williams** and the **Fifth Dimension** among those already approached for possible appearance. Also, under the auspices of the Foundation, a proposal is pending before the city authorities to rename the streets in the 12th and Vine area where Parker played after famous jazz musicians . . . Around town, trumpeter **Gary Sivilis** has moved back into the Ramada Inn with a new group (**Sammie Tucker**, piano; **Ron Roberts**, bass; **Neal Stone**, drums) . . . A main feature of the '73 Kansas City Jazz Festival will be the "Reno Club Reunion", bringing back together members of the **Bennie Moten**,

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Andy Kirk, Count Basie, Jay McShann and other bands who jammed at the old Reno Club on 12th St. in the heyday of Kansas City jazz.

Dallas: Reedman Alan Beutler has returned to the area after a decade of absence, much of which was spent in the film and recording studios of Los Angeles. He's currently active on the local jingle scene and with the **Don Jacoby** quintet at the Keynote. At that same northside spot, **Renda Edwards**, young vocalist new to town from Oklahoma City, filled in during January on short notice when illness sidelined the popular and longtime Keynote headliner, **Ms. B.J. Wright** . . . Local 72 of nearby Fort Worth celebrated its 75 anniversary with a giant party Jan. 11 at the Round Up Inn. Among the performing groups were **Harvey Anderson's Big Band**, **Tim Bell's** jazz ensemble from NTSU and **Jim Petty's** Dixieland band . . . **Peggy Lee** was the New Year's Eve attraction at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room, her second Dallas appearance. Also making a return visit March 22-April 5 will be **Ella Fitzgerald**, and **Nancy Wilson** is scheduled to make her long-awaited and oft-cancelled Fairmont debut May 7-19 . . .

John Giannelli is the new bassist at **Jac Murphy's Villager**, replacing **Wayne Darling** who joined the **Woody Herman** band where he was reunited with former Villager drummer **Ed Soph**. **Giannelli** joined drummer **Banks Dimon** and pianist **Murphy** for **Howard Roberts'** weeklong January return booking . . . A familiar face long absent from the Dallas scene returned briefly backing the **Supremes** in a late fall Fairmont booking: bassist **Louis Spears**.

Los Angeles: His majesty, **The Duke of Ellington**, held court at **St. Vincent's Hospital**, Los Angeles, recuperating from a flu that shortly after the first of the year reached epidemic proportions in L.A. Duke had been in town for the taping of his special, "Duke Ellington . . . We Love You Madly." While in town, he also recorded an audio-visual quartet album for **Norman Granz** with **Joe Pass**, **Ray Brown**, and **Louis Bellson**. With video cassettes the big thing of the future, all of **Granz's** future sessions will be on video tape as well as magnetic tape. Duke had an undated copy of the video cassette in his hospital room and was playing it for all his visitors . . . **Paul Gonsalves**, who also took part in the Ellington special, had arranged to front a combo at **Donte's** the night before the taping. But he underestimated the amount of rehearsing that would be necessary. The rehearsal finally broke up at 3 am. Filling in at **Donte's** was a group led by **Blue Mitchell**, with **Charlie Persip** and **Dolo Coker**, who had to make room for **Jimmy Smith**, sitting in whenever the spirit moved him . . . During the same week, **Clark Terry's** gig attracted a lot of sitting in. The basic group found **Terry**, **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **John Williams**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. **Len Brooks** sat in on piano; **Charlie Persip**, drums; also added were **Larry Harrington**, tenor sax; **Herb Ellis**, guitar; and **Jimmy Witherspoon** on dirty blues . . . 'Spoon, incidentally, followed **Hampton Hawes** into the Lighthouse. **Ballin' Jack** did two nights there, then **Mose Allison** came in for a week . . .

Cal Tjader followed **Freddie Hubbard** into **Concerts By The Sea** . . . **Cal** also followed

Willie Bobo into the **Pasta House**, each working two nights. Still a mystery why a restaurant that advertises "the best Italian food" so often books Latin groups . . . The spot that features good old American chow, **The Baked Potato**, keeps booking strictly American jazz: most recently **Bobby Bryant**, in addition to regulars **Don Randi**, "Sweets" **Edison** and **Tom Scott** . . . **Tom's** quartet is currently getting its book into shape for its Feb. appearance at the **Onda Nueva World Festival**, in Caracas, Venezuela. With **Tom**, on reeds and flutes, are **Joe Sample**, electric piano; **Max Bennett**, electric bass; and **John Guerin**, drums. **Scott** recently joined the **Record Plant** as head of its own remote recording division. That means they have a fully equipped truck with two 16-track machines and closed circuit TV that can be flown anywhere for recording dates . . . For the first time in over three years, there's been a personnel change in the **Parisian Room** house band. **Drummer Candy Finch** replaced **Kenny Dixon** who went on the road with **Damita Jo**—owner **Ernie France** finds he's leaning more towards instrumentalists as headliners. Evidence of that trend was the recent booking of **Bobby Bryant** and **Blue Mitchell**, who co-led **Red Holloway's** house combo . . . Another twin brass booking heard **Freddie Hubbard** and **Conte Candoli** at **Donte's** for a one-nighter. Backing them were **Frank Strazzeri**, piano; **John Williams**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums . . . **Dennis Vail** brought his quintet into **Santa Ana College** for a concert. Personnel included: **Jim Butler**, tenor sax; **Vail**, keyboards; **Lee Ritenour**, guitar; **Bill Dickenson**, bass; **Tracy Longstreth**, drums. **Ritenour** and **Dickenson** will be joining **Sergio Mendes'** group on March 31 . . . The **Music Dept.** at **West L.A. Jr. College** sponsored a concert by **Ira Schulman** and his **Baroque Jazz Ensemble** . . . The **Jazz Ensemble** of **Cal State** at **Northridge** put on a concert at its **Campus Theater** . . . **Warne Marsh** led a quartet at the **Ice House** for a one-nighter . . . **Stan Kenton**, who doesn't know how to rest these days, has taken his band on a European tour . . . **Les Brown**, whose band recently returned from its 20th overseas trip with **Bob Hope**, will take his band on a 14-day cruise to the **Mexican Riviera**. It's one of those dream gigs, aboard a luxury liner, the **Island Princess**. It departs L.A. on April 20 . . . **Les Paul** will make one of his rare west coast appearances Feb. 22-24 at **McCabe's** . . . **Warner Bros.** is currently at work editing some unreleased footage from **Woodstock**, **Isle of Wight** and **Fillmore East**, all dealing with **Jimi Hendrix**. **WB** plans to release it in the spring as a documentary . . . **Ralph Carmichael** helped recently to reverse the "runaway productions" that have been hurting American musicians. He was signed to do the music for an **Oral Roberts** TV special in England. **Carmichael** took the assignment with the proviso that all the pre-recording be done in Los Angeles. He got his way, and 36 local musicians who would not have had any connection with the show scored it at **RCA's** Hollywood studios. For an added bonus, they're eligible for re-run payments . . . The **Bar-Kays** worked the **Whisky A Go** for five nights . . . The **Four Tops** spent a week at the **Cocoanut Grove** . . . Strictly one-nighters: **Al Green** at the **Forum**; **Curtis Mayfield** and the **Impressions** at **Santa Monica Civic**; **Traffic** at **Long Beach Arena**, the **Santa Monica Civic**; and the **Carpenters** at **Anaheim Convention Center**.

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