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APRIL 16, 1970

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down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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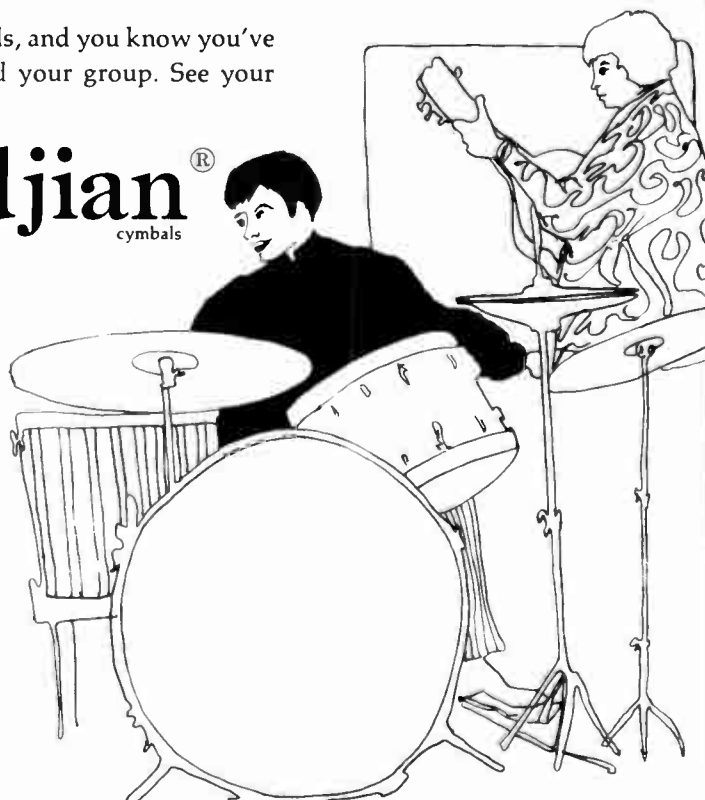
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4 ☐ DOWN BEAT

By CHARLES SUBER

RECENTLY, THE Music Educators National Conference came to Chicago. Eight thousand instrumental and choral teachers plus 3,000 student performers attended a five-day convention. The central theme was "Interpreting Tradition, Understanding Change". And if it didn't succeed it wasn't for lack of trying.

Never before has any gathering of music educators given so much time and attention to relevant music (and attitudes). There were five two-hour sessions on "Music—A Life Force in Black America" created and organized by Don Minaglia and Irving Bunton, supervisors of music for the Chicago public schools. There were five jazz concerts organized by the National Association of Jazz Educators. There were also 19 Youth Music Sessions which included a one act "rock opera" (not very good), a great Chicago Host Night including African and Latin-American music, multi-media-jazz, brass ensemble, and a guitar lab; and some informative panels on jazz, pop music, and the like.

Other sessions on electronic music, instructional technology and music therapy showed that the MENC establishment means to move ahead. Why then did I get the uneasy feeling that something was missing? That as good as it was, it wasn't enough? It seemed once again that the people who needed the new look the most weren't buying it and that too many persons really didn't sense any impending crisis in school music.

Take the programming, for example. At 8:30 one morning, educators had their choice of 12 sessions: Research in Music Education; Band Music in Other Countries; Non-western Music in the Elementary School; Music Education As Aesthetic Education; Musics of Many Cultures; Keyboard Instruction; Jazz Session No. 3 (Choral Improvisations and Stage Band Rhythm Section clinic); Orchestra Rehearsal Techniques; Youth Music Session No. 4 (a musical analysis of rock); Music—A Life Force in Black America, Session No. 5 (Classical Music and Musicians); Higher Education; Instructional Technology (films and filmstrips).

Faced with those choices, the educator usually went to what they were *most* interested in even though they would have liked to join the other sessions.

We suggest that one entire day be devoted to one general category. That would enable everyone to delve more deeply into Youth Music or technology or whatever the day's events would encompass. Another point of criticism was the lack of material continuity. For example, all the jazz and rock sessions had SRO crowds but there was little for the educator to take away with them other than a slight sense of embarrassment of having applauded mightily for something that he can not now do. There weren't enough lists of materials, bibliographies and discographies and sample curricula available for the educator for use in his own back yard. Audio-video tapes of the sessions would also be valuable.

The principal concerns of music education were muted. How do we save music from further attrition in the schools? How do we bring instrumental music to more than 4½ per cent of the national school population?

It was the best convention I've attended but the real and final judgment rests with the educators and what they do back home. There's so much to do and not much time to do it.

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down beat

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A Forum For Readers

Wake Up

In reviewing your issue of Jan. 8, 1970, I came across the ad on George Russell's new course at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston and at the University of Indiana. It was appropriately titled "Wake Up," and I feel this (although not intended in the ad, obviously) applies primarily to the a&r men of jazz recording companies, notably the independents (Milestone, Prestige, Atlantic, wake up!).

Except for an occasional recording of *Ezz-thetics* and *Stratusphunk* (the only Russell compositions ever to become "popular" with others, and certainly not his best work) by other groups, the only large jazz ensembles to record some of his best work were the Brandeis University Festival Jazz group (about 13 years ago), and later on, the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band (the same composition: *All About Rosie*).

Before that, it was Hal McKusick (and to a lesser extent, Teddy Charles) who consistently made an effort to record Mr. Russell's work. This was all many years ago, and after that, nobody ever bothered to pay any attention to his work.

Now that Mr. Russell is back in the U.S., isn't it about time somebody thought of asking him to write some new work,

i.e. for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band, and then recording it? Or, having Eric Kloss record an album of new Russell compositions? The possibilities are many; somebody just has to make the effort. Mr. Russell is one of the very few major transitional figures in jazz composing, and it is high time we all "woke up" to this fact.

J. J. de Rijke

Zwijndrecht, The Netherlands

Digging Diz

I would like to take the opportunity to commend you for your Feb. 5 and Feb. 19 issues of *down beat*. Many readers such as I have waited at length for features about John Birks Gillespie. The *Blindfold Test*, Parts I and II were "what the doctor ordered".

For those of us who love Diz, jazz publications today do not offer us much. It seems as if at times the "jazz writers of expertise" are much too eager to "jump on the bandwagon", to write incessantly about the "Johnny-Come-Lately" on the scene, and tend to downplay or ignore the contributions of the true jazz giants of which Gillespie is one (to some of us the only one in every respect of the word). Therefore, based on your February issues you have proven that *down beat* is still capable of "telling" it like it is" and "knowin' where it's at". I especially appreciate the Feb. 19 issue in which Birks was featured throughout. Believe me, he deserves this and more!

I'd like to inform Mr. Gillespie that his music, as well as his being, has "deep,

deep, spiritual value". How else could his fans retain a permanent love for him?

A Revived Reader

San Francisco, Calif.

Navarro Discography

A beautiful article on a tragic and forgotten trumpet player, Fats Navarro (db, Feb. 19). Having grown up in the "bebop" era, the first time I heard Clifford Brown, I knew where he came from.

But I was surprised Ross Russell didn't mention the sides Navarro cut on Vox. The *WNEW Sat. Night Swing Session...* produced by Bob Bach with Allen Eager, Charlie Ventura, Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Buddy Rich, Ralph Burns, and Al Valente. I have nothing left but the album cover, but if memory serves me right, they were wailing sessions. Also, I'm not quite clear on some of the records he mentioned. I dug out a couple of 78s in fair shape, one, the original Capitol recording of *Casbah* and *Sid's Delight* by Tadd Dameron, and another on Savoy not mentioned by Russell, *Bebop Romp* and *Berry's Bop* under Fat's own name with Charlie Rouse, Dameron, Nelson Boyd, and Art Blakey. Are they items, or what?

Anyway, congratulations on one of the most beautiful pieces I've read in *down beat*.

Gordon B. Shaw

Pittsfield, Mass.

The discography concentrated on available material. "WNEW" is out of print; the Savoy numbers are on the LPs listed on that label. *Casbah* is indeed an "item".

—Ed.

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JAZZ TO RULE AGAIN AT NEWPORT FESTIVAL

After last year's near-debacle, the Newport Jazz Festival will return to established tradition, with two major exceptions. For the first time, the festival will not be held on the July 4 holiday weekend, but will take place the following week, July 10-12, and the customary Thursday night concert has been eliminated.

"Cutting back a day means less people performing," producer George Wein said, "but we will still have a very full program. If we have fewer artists, the critics will say it's a closed circuit; if we have many artists, they'll call it an open circus."

In a more serious vein, the veteran producer stated that last year's "experiment" had been "greatly appreciated by most of the participating rock musicians, who were honored to appear on the same bill with great jazz and blues artists." It was the audience, he pointed out, which had "destroyed the musical atmosphere."

"Since Newport," he continued, "we have seen what went on in Atlanta, Dallas, and most significantly, at Woodstock—these are gatherings of youth where they celebrate their own culture. As such, they are exclusive. There are few blacks, virtually no one over 30, and the music is really incidental to 'the scene.' It would be a denial of everything we have worked for over the years at Newport to turn the jazz festival into one of these 'scenes.'"

Wein said it was his hope that "some of the youths who inundated Newport last year will see fit to return, to take part in a music festival the understanding of which would add a dimension to their lives that could bring them enjoyment for many years to come. The jazz fans we know will be back."

With further details to come, the program at this time was set to include a Friday night tribute to Louis Armstrong described by Wein as "unique." It is expected to include a "trumpet choir" made up of famous players; Mahalia Jackson, Al Hirt, Pete Fountain, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, and a number of New Orleans veterans, among them trumpeter Punch Miller. It is hoped that Satchmo himself will attend.

Saturday will bring four jazz workshops commencing at noon, a 2:30 p.m. concert featuring new jazz groups, and an evening concert definitely including the Count Basie Band, violinists Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli, and Jean-Luc Ponty, and a star-caliber female singer.

Sunday afternoon will be devoted to soul music, with Ike and Tina Turner and Isaac Hayes among the tentative headliners. Buddy Rich and his band are set for Sunday night, which very possibly will be under the general heading of "Bill Cosby and his Friends in Jazz," with the comedian as emcee.

Wein said that B. B. King had been

booked to appear, and that he was hopeful that Miles Davis and Pharoah Sanders would also be on hand. The Kenny Clarke-



Satchmo: Newport Tribute

Francy Boland Big Band, he added, would very likely be at Newport, pending the availability of other work in the U.S. to make the trip from Europe feasible.

DAYS IN THE LIVES OF OUR JAZZ SUPERSTARS

Two famous jazz stars ran into snags with the law recently. Fortunately, neither scrape turned out to be serious.

In late February, Buddy Rich and his band, returning from a Canadian trip, were going through customs near Rochester, N.Y. when a quantity of pills and "less than an ounce" of pot were found in one of the leader's drum cases.

Rich was taken to Buffalo and booked, but all charges were dropped when it was ascertained that he had prescriptions for the pills and that the pot was not his responsibility and probably had been planted.

The drummer, obviously relieved, explained the incident on the *Tonight Show* a few days later.

On March 3, Miles Davis was sitting in his \$17,000 red Ferrari, stopped in a no-standing zone on Central Park South near Fifth Ave. in New York City.

A patrolman went to the car to ask Davis to move, noted that it had no inspection sticker, and asked the trumpeter for his license and registration.

Davis, clad in an outfit including a turban, white sheepskin coat, and snakeskin pants, searched for the papers in his mod shoulder-strap handbag. A set of brass knuckles fell from the bag.

Under N.Y. State law, brass knuckles are classified as a deadly weapon, and though Davis insisted he was carrying them for self-protection (not long ago, he was shot at, again while sitting in a parked car in Manhattan), he was booked on a weapons charge and for driving an unlicensed, unregistered and uninspected vehicle.

The next day, Davis was cleared of all

charges except that of being an unlicensed driver, for which he was fined \$100.

EXPATRIATE JAZZMEN START UNUSUAL CLUB

After 15 years in Paris, guitarist Jimmy Gourley and trumpeter Don Jetter decided to pool their resources and open their own jazz club.

Following several exploratory trips from the French capital to the Canary Islands, they made the leap a few months ago. The two musicians are now heading their own group nightly at the Half Note, 67 Nicolas Estevanez, Las Palmas de Gran Canaria—one of the few musician-owned jazz clubs in existence.

The swinging cellar room has a seating capacity of about 80, is tastefully furnished, and has some of the most courteous waiters anywhere. The well-integrated rhythm section behind the co-leaders consists of Irv Rachlin, piano; Duke Morgan, bass, and Ronnie Gardner, drums.

A few weeks ago, Gourley sent word to tenor saxophonist Brew Moore, who returned to New York a few years ago after a long stay in Europe, asking him to join the group.

Moore accepted with alacrity, and was on his way to the Canaries by late March.

FINAL BAR

Pioneer blues singer Lucille Hegamin died March 1 in Harlem Hospital, New York City, after a long illness. Miss Hegamin kept her exact age a secret, but she was probably in her 80s.

Born Lucille Nelson in Macon, Ga., she began her professional career in the early years of the century with the Harper Minstrel & Stock Co. She was among the first to popularize W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues*, and worked with, among others, Tony Jackson, Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson and Duke Ellington. She was the second blues singer to record, some three months after Mamie Smith's 1920 debut date. Her popularity can be measured by the fact that she waxed *Arkansas Blues* for no less than 12 labels in 1921. She retired in 1930, but recorded again in 1961-62 for Prestige's *Bluesville* series and for Spivey Records. Her biggest hit was *He May Be Your Man But He Comes To See Me Sometimes*.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Drummer Andrew Cyrille presented a concert at the uptown Countee Cullen Regional Library on Mar. 4. With Cyrille in a program of original compositions were Eddie Gale, trumpet; Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone, flute, and Charlie Haden, bass. All compositions were by Cyrille and Rivers . . . Fillmore East featured *Ten Years After*, Doug Kershaw,

and Zephyr Feb. 27-28 and a special bill March 6-7 featured the **Steve Miller Blues Band**, **Neil Young** and **Crazy Horse**, plus the **Miles Davis** quintet . . . Tenor man **Hank Mobley** returned to the U.S. recently after a long stay abroad, mainly in Paris. Mobley recently recorded an album, *The Flip*, for Blue Note . . . **Ravi Shankar** presented a Fillmore East concert on Feb. 22 . . . Vocalist **Leon Thomas** broke it up at the Village Vanguard Feb. 24-Mar. 1, with **James Spaulding**, alto saxophone, flute; **Lonnie L. Smith, Jr.**, piano; **Norris Jones**, bass, and **Clifford Jarvis**, drums. **Reggie Workman** subbed for bassist Jones on one night and **Horace Parlan** filled in for Smith on piano. Many sat in during the week including alto saxophonist **Carl Grubbs** and his brother, tenorist **Earl Grubbs** . . . The **Frank Wright/Noah Howard Ensemble**, with pianist **Bobby Few** and drummer **Muhammad Ali**, left again for Europe on Mar. 1 . . . The **Muse** jazz combo presented a concert Mar. 5. Featured are **Lester Forte**, tenor sax; **Harry Constant**, piano; **Pete Pearson**, bass, and **Larry Fletcher**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** cancelled a few evenings at the Village Gate due to lip trouble, but came on strong and finished out the engagement Feb. 20-21 . . . Pianist **Dave Burrell** did a live date with his group for Columbia University's FM station, WKCR on Mar. 5. With Burrell were trumpeter-flugelhornist **Teddy Daniel**, bassist **Richard Pierce**, and drummer **Selwyn Lissack**, with added guests trombonist **Grachan Moncur III** and violist **Alan Silva** . . . **Sun Ra** and his **Intergalactic Arkestra** continued on Sundays at the Red Garter during March . . . Multi-reedman **Kenneth Terroade** returned to Europe . . . **Anita O'Day**, accompanied by the **Artie Baker Quintet**, opened at the Club Downtown Feb. 20 and was held over . . . **Laurence Cook** presented a new trio (**Mark Whitecage**, reeds, electric flute; **Mario Pavone**, bass) on Feb. 14 at the Museum of Living Artists . . . The **Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble** was the feature at the St. Peter's Jazz *Vespers* Feb. 22 . . . The **Blue Coronet** in Brooklyn featured the **Roland Alexander-Kiane Zawadi Quintet** Feb. 17-22. Backing were **George Cables**, piano, **Hakim Jami**, bass, and **Art Lewis**, drums. Singer **Joe Lee Wilson**, with **Monty Waters**, alto saxophone, **Danny Mixon**, piano, **Bob Cunningham**, bass, and **Lewis** followed at the Coronet . . . Recent attractions at Slugs were: **Freddie Hubbard**, Feb. 17-22; the **Lee Morgan Quintet**, Feb. 24-Mar. 1; and **McCoy Tyner's Quintet**, Mar. 3-8 . . . *Touch, Feel, See and Hear Through the Body by Yourself*—a sensory awareness happening was presented Mar. 1 by **John Fischer's Quintet** at NYU's Loeb Student Center. With Fischer were clarinetist **Perry Robinson**, reed man **Mark Whitecage**, bassist **Mario Pavone**, and drummer **Laurence Cook** who created an environment of sight, sound and feeling incorporating movements and voices of the audience . . . The **Buddy Rich** big band appeared Feb. 22 at Oceanside, Long Island's Action House . . . **Herbie Hancock** presented a

/Continued on page 37

New Conquests For Duke

THE DUKE ELLINGTON band's tour of Japan, South East Asia and Australasia was an immense success. The musicians, even the veterans, rather surprisingly seemed to have enjoyed it. "Beautiful" was how both Russell Procope and Wild Bill Davis summed it up. Told of this, George Wein, who organized the tour, grinned appreciatively.

"Most of the time in Japan," he said, "they were working out of Tokyo, so they



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

didn't have to keep changing hotels. There were several places, too, like Manila, Rangoon and Sydney, where they stayed more than one night. And in New Zealand, the people entertained them royally. But there were long bus trips in Okinawa, Taipei and Manila that I just hadn't made allowance for."

Japan was familiar territory to most of the men in the band, who were on their third visit, but what Harry Carney described as "island hopping" on the way to Bangkok and Rangoon was a new experience. The former city appeared to have been particularly enjoyed by Johnny and Cue Hodges. Before playing there, the band flew in two C-47s to Vientiane in Laos. "Just a hundred miles away that day," Mercer Ellington observed, "the North Vietnamese shot down an F-105 and a big rescue helicopter."

The concert in Vientiane was in the National Stadium, and the audience ranged "from dark-suited officials in the \$4 seats to the groundlings who had paid eight baht to sit on the grass." The latter, according to Bangkok's *Post's* reporter, included the entire band from El Morocco, one of Vientiane's leading nightclubs.

The State Department's presentation of the band in Burma was much appreciated as a goodwill gesture, although some of the audience at the Godwin Open Air Theater were evidently not too conversant with the Ellington idiom. A long editorial in the Rangoon *Guardian* next day contained the following admission:

"We marvel at the skill and stamina of Duke and his band. We felt the impact of their skill and art, but we honestly did not understand enough to appreciate the music. Any posed enrallment is a mere manifestation of sophistication."

After a brief stop in Singapore, the band arrived in Perth on the west coast for the first concert in Australia. 8000 ardent fans turned out to greet Ellington in Subiaco Oval, which had not known a comparable musical triumph since the late Nat Cole's celebrated visit. A specially

constructed acoustic shell proved effective in this sports arena, and a sudden shower dampened nobody's ardor.

A couple of days later, the band was in Adelaide, the arrival being signaled in the press by pictures of the maestro autographing the arm of a pretty airline hostess. The Centennial Hall was packed with an enthusiastic crowd, and by this time the musicians had become accustomed to a long sequence of encores at the end of each concert. "May we impose another encore on you?" was the leader's way of answering tumultuous applause.

In Melbourne next day, he expressed appreciation at a press conference. "The audiences are wonderful—absolutely wonderful," he said. "I would like to take one home with me." It was a hot afternoon, however, and the inevitable smart newspaperman was there to ask the inevitable smart questions. He began to tell Ellington how he, Ellington, hated traveling.

"Do I now?" the musician said quietly. "Don't underestimate me. Don't talk down to me. You are trying to put words into my mouth."

Despite this encounter, the concert that night in the giant Festival Hall was brilliant, and the band played on until nearly midnight before a packed house of 7000. When all but a handful of people had gone, Ellington returned to the stage and played piano alone for 45 minutes.

"This is the life for me," he told Jack Veitch of the *Sun Herald*. "I go around the world making noises and listening to noises. There are a lot of ears I would still like to stimulate. Why haven't I been to Australia before this? Man, that's the question I've been asking all week. I've done three concerts in three cities. At each place I've had perfect audiences, good halls and good pianos. If you want to make a wandering minstrel happy, that's the way." (For more on Duke in Australia, see p. 26.)

There were only two days in New Zealand, but they were long enough for Ellington to experience a new rhythm, that of a Maori *haka*—*E ka mate, ka mate, ka ora, ka ora!* "Man, these Maori cats sure swing," he was reported to have said before turning to rub noses with a good-looking Maori girl. "Yes, I just might get some inspiration from that rhythm."

The enthusiasm, warmth and knowledge of their audiences in this "far-off corner of the world" surprised the musicians. In Arthur Pearce, who conducts *Rhythm on Record* over NZBC, Mercer Ellington found one of the most knowledgeable Ellington enthusiasts he had ever met anywhere. For Pearce, the meeting with the Ellingtons and the band was, he wrote, "the culmination of all my jazz ambitions".

When the band left New Zealand at 9 p.m. on Feb. 11, it began one of its epic trips, arriving in Buffalo on Friday the 13th in time to rehearse with the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra for a concert that night. Blithely crossing datelines, oceans and continents, the Ellington caravan indicated its readiness for the Space Age and the '70s.

The regular business of the band con-

/Continued on page 42

RIGHT ON! WOODY HERMAN 1970

by Jim Szantor

"WOODY HERMAN: Your assignment is to take your Herd into the Holiday Ballroom on Chicago's northwest side. When you arrive, you will find approximately 1500 hostile forces dancing or milling around to current 45s or oldies-but-goodies played at ear-splitting volume by an auctioneer-type splicing disc jockey. Your mission, Woody—should you decide to accept it—is not only to pacify these forces but to favorably impress them with the sounds of contemporary big band jazz. That is all. This tape. . . ."

Well, the forces turned out to be overwhelmingly appreciative, not hostile, and the mission, of course, was not only accepted but carried out with aplomb. Admittedly, witnessing a big band performance at which dancers/listeners over 25 were definitely of the minority was a surprise that would gladden the heart of any big band devotee. Such was the case at the Holiday Ballroom.

The Herd demonstrated that night that it is not only very much attuned to 1970, but that youth appeal is not strictly the province of guitar-dominated combos, and did it without sacrificing musical values. Woody has managed to accomplish this by employing established arrangers like Richard Evans, plus some of the fine young writing talent currently surfacing in the band.

But such a large, youthful audience on a Sunday night? Part of the explanation lies in the band's recorded efforts in this new direction. A single (*Can't Get Next To You/It's Your Thing*) has reportedly done well in terms of sales and air play since last fall, and the band's previous LP, *Light My Fire*, was nominated for a Grammy award. A personal survey of the youthful gathering yielded further insight. One youth stated that he was there because his friends were there. And they were there because they usually attended such Sunday night sessions (dominated by rock combos). Finally, he said that they came to "check out the group", adding that "cutting out" in search of better sounds was standard procedure if the music did not come up to expectations. Some two hours later we met again—at ringside.

The personnel for this unique engage-

Jim Szantor, our new assistant editor, comes to down beat fresh from a four-year stint as clarinetist, saxophonist, arranger and public relations director with the U.S. Air Force *Band of the Midwest*. He had been active in professional music in the Kenosha-Milwaukee, Wisc. area, and served as vice president of Local 59 of the AFM 1963-65. He is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where he wrote a popular column, *The Jazz Scene*, for the campus newspaper. He also briefly worked as a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*.

ment was Rigby Powell, Zane Woodworth, Tony Klatka, David Hines, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Ira Napus, Curt Berg, Luten Taylor, trombones, Herman, clarinet, soprano and alto saxophones, vocals; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Jim Thomas, baritone saxophone; Alan Broadbent, electric piano; Bob Surga, electric bass; Evan Diner, drums.

The above represented a mere 50% turnover from last November, when I'd last caught the band. Devious are the routes some of the Herd dropouts take in search of more personal glory. One recent drummer (a fine one) left to join the Tiny Tim Show—then moved on to back the Supremes.

Long before the first note was played, a throng had gathered in front of the bandstand. Then, after trumpeter-road manager-straw boss Bill Byrne had rounded up the men, the DJ-type boldly intoned: "And now, Woody Herman!"

The Herd goes into the *Blue Flame* theme, Woody's clarinet entrance delayed by the congestion near his platform. He elbows and excuse-me's his way onto the stand. Theme ends, and Woody stomps off the Evans arrangement of *Light My Fire*. Many retire to the dance floor but nearly as many remain up front to dig both visually and aurally.

Aquarius was next, with staccato trumpets on the intro, Woody's soprano leading the theme, and some electric piano by Broadbent, a New Zealander in the band by way of the Berklee School of Music. Though he wasn't extensively featured as a soloist that evening, Broadbent's writing talents were displayed via his *The Indige-*



Sal Nistico

nous *Artifact* and *Smiling Phases*. The latter was especially interesting—with the saxes stating the jaunty theme, some brilliant brass (with interesting interplay between the sections), and later a chorale-like brass interlude conducted by the arranger.

The band's other resident arranger, trumpeter-fluegelhornist Tony Klatka, was more prominently featured. He contributed a brilliant solo on *Greasy Sack Blues*, highlighted by some nifty doubletiming, and earned a solid pat on the back from Woody as he returned to the section. His chart on *Mississippi Mule Line* featured an engaging vocal by the leader and fine tenor work by all hands (Tiberi, Lederer, and Nistico).

Woody called up an Evans original, *Keep On Keepin' On*, a showcase for



Nistico's tenor. Back in the fold once again, Sal is the band's most consistently rewarding soloist. As his work on *Keep On* demonstrated, he has matured into a much more musical player, no longer strictly a frenetic *Caldonia-Sister Sadie* specialist. Sal's playing is more melodic and restrained. But for all his talent, he has toiled so long in the big band vineyard (since 1962 with Woody and Count Basie) that he is taken for granted in some quarters. He hasn't had much opportunity to blow on lyrical things, but on the band's latest LP, *Heavy Exposure*, (Cadet LPS 835), his beautiful, poetic outing on *Catch That Bird* (wrongly credited to Frank Vicari) shows what he is capable of in this vein. Hopefully, Sal will soon again find himself in a recording studio with musicians of his own choosing and a straight-ahead format. In the past two years, I've heard enough brilliance in his

(Continued on page 30)



VERYL OAKLAND

SOULMATES

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BY MIKE BOURNE



GIUSEPPE PINO

THAD JONES AND MEL LEWIS are by far the warmest, most considerate artists I've ever interviewed. The following is taken from a number of conversations held after packed gigs at the Village Vanguard in New York.

Mike Bourne: How did you two first meet?

Thad Jones: Mel and I sort of searched each other out in Detroit at the Greystone Ballroom on a very hot night. We were both working with different bands. I didn't even know you played drums then, Mel. And you thought I played tenor, didn't you?

M.B.: You were with Count Basie, right? **Mel Lewis:** He was playing with Basie and I was playing with (Stan) Kenton. But it really didn't matter. Where we really met was after the gig at a place there called the West End Hotel. I met Pepper Adams that night, too. And we were playing. My big fight that night was with Thad's brother, Elvin, because Elvin kept saying: "Let me play with my brother." And I said: "Let me play with your brother." That's when Elvin was still living in Detroit. And Thad and I started talking, because we both enjoyed the bands. They were both very good that night.

M.B.: But you intimated earlier that there was some friction between the two bands. **T.J.:** Well, any time you have a scene like "There'll be two name bands at the Greystone Ballroom tonight!", in the minds of the musicians the public is going to stand out there in judgment. So it's an automatic thing. You have to feel that you must give everything you've got to make your band sound good. And when Mel and I talked afterwards, we discussed this same factor: that it's kind of silly fighting each other. We're all musicians. **M.B.:** This was in 1948?

T.J.: Yes. And we carried that same philosophy right on through the years, until we finally got a chance to play together again in Gerry Mulligan's band. But there we found we were fighting each other within the band, which is even more ignorant.

M.B.: Was there a segregation thing that first night?

T.J.: No, it was just "My band is better than your band, my dog can outfight your dog!" And I think to introduce the word "segregation" into a conversation is to segregate.

M.B.: There were obviously some vibes between you two that initiated your very special friendship.

M.L.: Well, that's something that just happens between men. It was not plain actually there. We just happened to get along. We met, and then we ran into each other a couple of times on the road. I quit the road before Thad did. But he'd come in and play a record date, and I'd saunter in to see the band. And it was just a normal thing for me to walk back behind the trumpet section. And he'd be sitting there with his hat on, and we'd just sit and talk for a few minutes, and then get back to work. But there was some warmth there. It wasn't until we both went to New York in the early '60s that we really got together.

T.J.: That was wild, man. You'd been working with Gerry for about a year.

M.L.: It was an off and on thing. I'd be running back and forth from California. **T.J.:** And you might've sounded Gerry about me.

M.L.: We did. Bob Brookmeyer and I were the straw bosses in that band.

T.J.: All of a sudden, I'm working with the band, and we're working together again. And who is sitting in front of both of us? Bobby Brookmeyer. And so we're sitting there, and we're all thinking about the same thing.

M.L.: Nick Travis and Willie Dennis.

T.J.: And Phil Woods. The middle. You know, no band—like no baseball team—is really a championship or consistent team without a strong middle. From your catcher to your pitcher to your second baseman to your center fielder. If you can tighten that up, that ranges everywhere on both sides.

M.L.: That's where we were.

T.J.: And it takes up the slack from this man and this man over here. It absorbs. And that middle in that band, like Bobby and Phil and Mel—

M.L.: And Thad.

T.J.: —we had a sort of inside thing, and we didn't even realize it.

M.L.: If Gerry would have been able to communicate with us, he would've really had something. We were trying to push him further. We were trying to help him. But Gerry's always had a stopping point. I guess we were actually starting to take over and he'd feel that. He didn't resent it, but he just couldn't let it go beyond a certain point.

T.J.: No, no, we weren't taking over . . . we were just trying to put it up.

M.L.: Because the band was good.

M.B.: To channel it?

T.J.: No, we weren't trying to channel it. We were trying to make it take off.

M.L.: But he'd feel it was getting out of hand. And we respected Gerry, because he had a good idea in the first place. The band was great, but it always got to a point and stopped.

T.J.: It'd be going like a sonofabitch, and all of a sudden it would hit a brick wall. Not a brick wall, but a velvet wall.

M.L.: A wall, anyway. It would stop.

T.J.: It could go no further.

M.B.: This kind of frustration was probably some of the impetus for coming together in your own band.

T.J.: In this band, there is no wall in front of any soloist, in front of any section, in front of anybody. There is no wall. That's the way we started it and that's the way we're gonna keep it.

M.L.: You know, Thad never cuts off a soloist in this band until it comes to a point where he feels there's either been enough or the guy has said his story or he's just wasting his time.

T.J.: A lot of times you can see a guy getting tired. He's already done his thing. But that's on *that* night. Maybe the next night, he'll do his thing for five minutes longer and be even more beautiful. He'll keep turning it over.

M.L.: You know, when Brookmeyer left us to go to the West Coast, we were thinking that all of a sudden we lost ourselves a tremendous man. He was such a great help. But then all of a sudden Jimmy Knepper came along, moved right in. He

let us know where *he* was at. So we gained something else. There's only one Brookmeyer, but there's only one Knepper.

T.J.: What Mel is saying, in one sense, is that a band doesn't only grow in one direction. It grows in many directions. As many different men as you have in the band, it can grow that many different ways.

M.B.: When you came to form your group, then, how did you choose the men you wanted? What were those many directions you wanted to go in?

T.J.: We just put our heads together and bumped and nodded.

M.L.: You know, we said: "Who's our favorite lead trumpet player?" And Snooky Young was.

T.J.: We agreed on *everything*. And that's ridiculous.

M.L.: But after 25 years of friendship?

T.J.: Yeah, but you're not supposed to agree on everything! Musically, it bordered on the fantastic. And then, when we finally started calling, nobody turned us down. Not a soul.

M.L.: Everybody made the first rehearsal, and from then on it stayed that way. Now we're almost five years old. Naturally, some guys left because they had to, or because they moved away or they got into some kind of bind so that they just couldn't keep it up. And with a couple of guys, we even made decisions where we made a change here and there. And we agreed on that. But all these men who have left us to go elsewhere or whom we decided to change for the better of the band, and the better of that guy at that moment, are welcome back. And they've all been told this. They know this. All they have to do is say the word, or we will ask them ourselves when the time arises. And actually we still have ten of the original men in the band.

M.B.: Ever had a fight?

M.L.: No. There's never been a fight in the existence of the band. Disagreements, but not fights.

M.B.: What's so special about a big band?

T.J.: Ain't nothin' special about a big band but music. More music. Small combos have to be trying to play like a big band. The epitome of everything we're trying to do musically—sound, fury, distance, dissonance, space—happens in a big band. The small band doesn't have the tools; only a little of it, and wants more . . . We can be happy for a moment in a small ensemble, but we can't sustain it harmonically. We live in harmonies. We believe harmonies. Putting it together to make it last. And the only way to make it last is to expand it. If we communicate this to the people, I'm happy.

M.L.: The big ensemble is what is special. A small band is a group of soloists with a light ensemble sound. The solos are the excitement. But a big band has that sheer wall of sound. The rock 'n' roll sound is directly related to the big band sound, with all the electrified equipment. But there is nothing more exciting than that big ensemble. Those whole groupings of notes.

M.B.: What about the comments that your band is a "rehearsal" band?

T.J.: First of all, we'd like to make it clear that this is not a pick-up band. Mel and I didn't form it as such. We never

intended it to be that. And it isn't that now. And it never will be!

M.L.: The only "rehearsing" this band did was what any band does just to get together. You have to rehearse in the beginning.

T.J.: There's no way in the world you can perform new music with strange men that have never played together as a group before without a rehearsal. That's why rehearsals are necessary. Hence the label "rehearsal" band.

M.B.: What about the "superstar" thing?

T.J.: We don't have superstars. We have men. We have men who are capable of being superstars.

M.L.: You should hear this band on a sight-reading job.

T.J.: And no band can be consistently as great as a leader wants it to be if the personnel doesn't stay. Our band—I won't call it the greatest—but we do manage to keep a certain important personnel that's vital, that you can't do without in any big band.

M.B.: But you are using players that are making money in the studios—they are established, as opposed to road bands like Woody Herman or Basie.

M.L.: You're wrong. We use men.

T.J.: We use men who double as musicians.

M.L.: Here's another important point. Woody has been a band leader on the road for 30 years or more. His band has no home. We actually are a band that is based in New York. We are not going as much as we want to, only because the work isn't coming in as much. Don't forget that Woody—and I'm sure he'll agree with this, as I'm sure Basie will, and Kenton will, and Duke and all of them will—they have a payroll to meet every week. Actually, their weekend work is their best work. All the rest of it is expense money.

T.J.: But we're not trying to compare ourselves with Woody.

M.B.: Then what are your own intentions?

M.L.: To work as much as possible.

M.B.: But to establish a community?

T.J.: No, no, we want a band!

M.L.: We want to keep this band together, and a band has to work.

T.J.: And the band we have wants this community thing. They believe in it. They dig it.

M.L.: If we got 15 gigs this month, the band would be there to work the 15 gigs. That's the point. If we get three gigs, we work three gigs. Whatever comes along that's right, we take. We've turned down gigs that don't make any sense. We can't go from here to St. Louis to play a job for \$2500. That's dumb. But if we can pick up the whole weekend and pick up an amount of money that pays the transportation and pays a decent salary to the guys for going, we'll grab it in a minute. It's economics that keeps us mostly at home.

M.B.: You do pay more than most bands.

M.L.: Of course we do. And that's because we're the kind of guys who feel that we want everybody to have as much as we would want. Because they deserve even more! We give as much as we can and still make our nut.

M.B.: Do you feel this ensemble spirit in your band is special in any way?

T.J.: I think so, because of the men we have. You have to think of musicians in a band as number one, stars or soloists; number two, collaborationists—if that's a word. It sounds good. What I mean is, you can be a star, but you don't have to think in terms of being a star. Because a star is one of many. And you all have to be up there together. You can't think of it in terms of individuals. You have to think in terms of people. Everybody. You know, Snooky Young in my mind is the greatest first trumpet player in the country today. Jerome Richardson is one of the greatest saxophone players in the world. But everybody in the sections they lead reflects this philosophy. They don't think of themselves as individuals. They think of themselves as part of this thing, this sound.

M.L.: That's why we have an ensemble like we do.

T.J.: Mel and I are very lucky, because we didn't know this was going to happen. All of a sudden, here it was. All of a sudden we found ourselves surrounded by the most beautiful people, musical people, that we've ever been around in our lives. And it leaves us sort of in a hole. How in the hell can we come up to this? What can we do to meet this?

M.L.: It's very difficult to be the leaders of men who are leaders.

T.J.: To me, this is the most beautiful band in the world.

M.L.: We actually have the greatest band in the world. And we know this, and the fellows in the band know it. Nobody can touch us.

T.J.: You know what this band has? This band has the power to turn over the earth without digging in the ground. It's got the power to bring down the heavens without reaching a hand up in the air.

M.L.: That's not a brag. We're talking as musicians, stating a fact. There are very few musicians who don't agree with us. We're just very very lucky guys.

M.B.: So where are you heading?

M.L.: Straight ahead. We're gonna go all the way, wherever that is. There's no stopping.

T.J.: As far as we can go. We owe it to the people we work with, and who have worked with us. Right to the end of the line.

M.B.: Which is where?

M.L.: Whenever somebody says, "this is it," that's when it'll be it. And we hope we'll just go to sleep and never see that point.

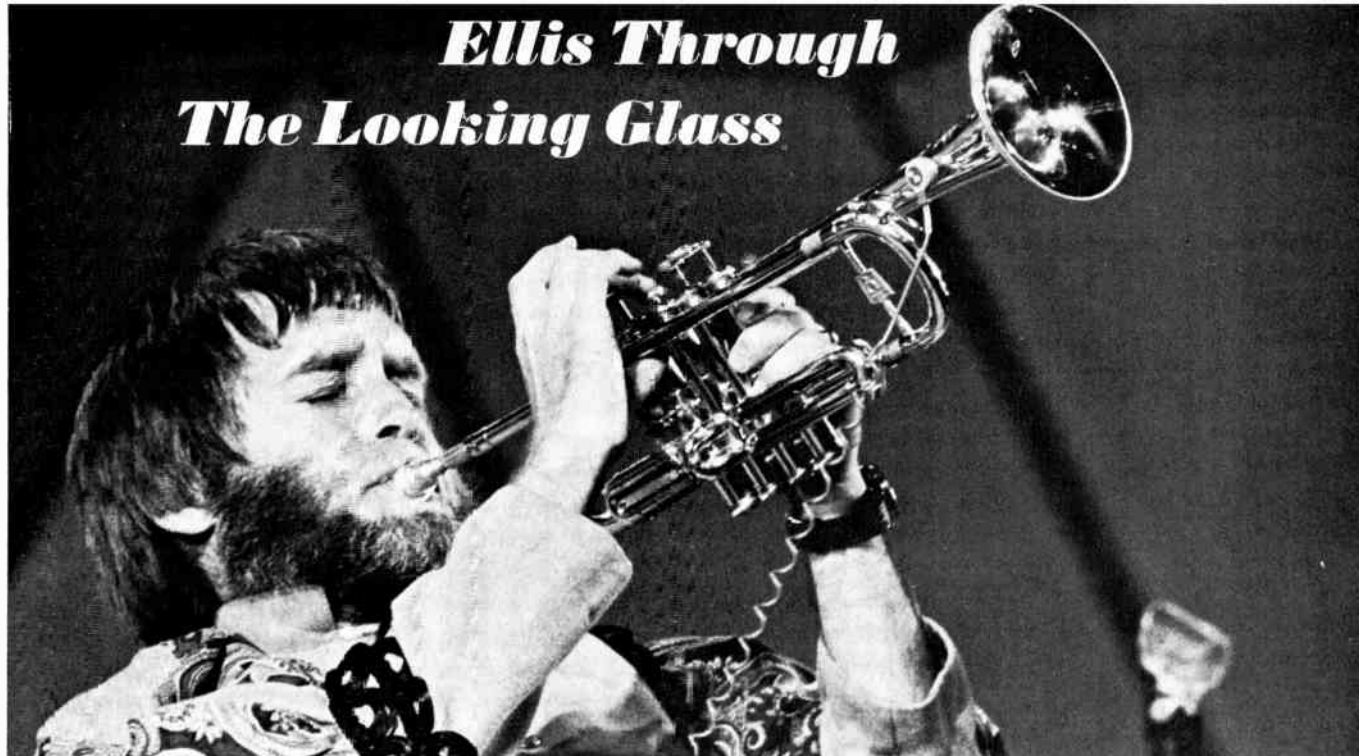
M.B.: Is that desire what keeps it alive?

M.L.: Yes, with the love and spirit from within. Each musician is a believer, in himself and in each other. And they trust Thad and me. It's also an escape from the world of money. The money is good, but the money isn't important.

T.J.: Mel and I are happy together. We love each other. He is like that one beautiful apple on the tree. I'm also happy because we're playing music. Saying it like people communicating with each other with one loud beautiful voice. It's different people playing different things, but doing it together. If you can say anything once together, it can be heard all over the world. This is what I believe. And I dig it.

db

Ellis Through The Looking Glass



VERYL OAKLAND

by Harvey Siders

MENTION THE NAME Don Ellis and you open a Pandora's box of controversy—at least to most critics, and to most musicians who have been associated with him. The gamut is a wide one, running from Charlie Haden's classic remark, "the only thing Don plays in 4/4 is *Take Five*" through Ira Gitler's comment on the Ellis band's "Prince Valiant uniforms" at the 1967 Newport Jazz Festival to John Hammond's admission (to this writer) that producing Ellis' albums proved so frustrating that he turned the chore over to Al Kooper.

Well, controversy never hurt anyone in the public eye. It may never have put anyone in the limelight, but it has always helped to nurture an image. Ellis had to have talent to make it in the first place. Now that he's reached an enviable plateau in the ephemeral world of big bands, he's obliged to work hard to keep what he's accumulated. This is where controversy can be an asset, despite its generally negative connotations.

Ellis may be misunderstood, put down, envied, adulated—but he is never overlooked. His influence is exerting itself; he has made his mark. He is as "now" as the '70s because he exploded in all directions and—like a true child of the times—tried everything during the '60s.

He went through an Eastern orientation while a member of the Hindustani Jazz Sextet in the early '60s, absorbing much from Indian drummer Hari Har Rao and the brilliant eclectic Emil Richards. It was at the latter's suggestion that Ellis expanded the Hindustani group into his first big band, and with a book made up largely of Jaki Byard charts, rehearsals began at the union hall of Local 47 in Hollywood.

Then there was the trumpeter's Latin period, during which his band—fluctuating from 19 to 23 pieces—played its first steady gig: Monday nights at the Club Havana. "I say Latin because at this time I always had conga drums as the nucleus of my rhythm section—and it was usually

Chino Valdes." Those "paid rehearsals" at the Havana brought on another development: Ellis' penchant for odd meters. Not that he wasn't always preoccupied with exotic rhythms, but during this period the accent was on accents. As the book grew more sophisticated, so did Ellis' personal rapport with his expanding audiences. He never kidded himself into believing that his "announcement lectures" actually clarified the metrical subdivisions of 19/4 or 11/8. But it was a successful gimmick; his bewildered listeners loved it, and the band's stock rose.

By the time the band moved to Bonesville in West Hollywood, it had entered its most straight-ahead jazz period, with the added dimension of electronics. Tape loops, echo effects, and his quarter-tone trumpet enabled the leader to be literally beside himself. It wasn't long before the whole band was plugged in—and setting up took nearly as much time as the gig itself.

When rock happened to jazz, Don was once again in the forefront—influencing, not following. It was more than just climbing onto a bandwagon: Don had always dug rhythm and blues. "I can recall a job I worked with Don Heckman—I don't recall exactly when, but I do remember it was in Brooklyn—behind a group called the Shirelles. They were using melismatic phrases—you know, long drawn-out phrases on the same syllable. That really opened my ears to r&b. They were quite creative. Also, I always liked Bill Doggett and Ruth Brown. Early rock I couldn't stand. In fact, I really hated rock before the Beatles. They really changed the whole scene."

Thinking back over his ever-changing roster of sidemen, Don was convinced that his was really the first big band to play pure rock and roll. "Some of the guys I had—like Tom Scott and the late Steve Bohannon—were quite at home playing rock. They grew up to that sound, but

their music was considerably more creative—more sophisticated."

Now Ellis bemoans the changing rock scene, claiming that "rock seems to be moving in two different directions—most of it backwards. Even the Beatles. I was sorry to hear them do *Abbey Road*. As for the other direction, even Blood, Sweat & Tears can't come up with a satisfactory new album. You just can't listen to AM radio today."

Which brought up another negative—not for rock in particular, but for "the whole movement" in general. Ellis refers to the current state of the arts as the "garbage period." And he means every field: theater, art, sculpture, movies, music. "We're in flux right now, but I'd like to see the whole thing go right back to Romanticism." Don's admission that he is an unashamed romanticist may shock some of his followers and confuse or amuse others, but there's no put-on in that self-appraisal. In fact, it serves to explain the sound as well as the look of his band.

He began with a disclaimer: "I've never been a miniaturist;" (which is tantamount to Hugh Hefner admitting he gets no goose pimples from *Reader's Digest*.) "I like the grandiose sweep. I want my music to be thrilling. The larger-than-life concept of Romanticism has been a great influence on my musical thinking. So many critics put Romanticism down—you know, they say it isn't fashionable. But if you hear something moving, sweeping—what's the word I'm looking for?—majestic, yes that's it, majestic, it can be a very satisfying experience, like the difference between Webern and Rachmaninoff. People think Romanticism is just emotional and not intellectual, but they're so wrong. Great music can operate on more than one level.

"Being a Romanticist, I have great sympathy for the Renaissance. What I'm getting at is the criticism about the band uniforms. Frankly, I don't know what all

the flap is about. Sure, it's for effect—but it's also sincere. I like mod—it's fun. Besides, anyone who thinks my uniforms are unusual should think back to some of the outfits that Duke had his men wear; satin suits, suede shoes."

Ellis would rather read about his sidemen's playing prowess than their sartorial splendor. His main gripe is they never get the credit they deserve, and down through the years, with all the comings and goings in his band, he's had—as he put it—"some of the heaviest sidemen on the scene: Roger Kellaway, Dave Mackay, Tom Scott, Chuck Domanico, Ray Neapolitan, Frank Strozzer, Chino Valdes, Mike Lang, Ira Schulman, and Steve Bohannon. Funny thing," Don remarked, with the mixed emotions of indirect pride and direct bitterness, "there was a big band album reviewed recently in *down beat*—I don't know whose band—but I do know that *all* the sidemen, with the exception of Johnny Guerin, were Ellis alumni. And you know what your record reviewer said? 'Everyone was a great soloist.' That makes me laugh, 'cause critics keep saying there are no soloists in my band. Well, I've *always* had heavy soloists with me, and the current band is no exception; look at John Klemmer, or another tenor player, Sam Falzone, or a kid I'm very proud of: Glenn Ferris. Glenn is a trombonist, and he was my first student when I came out to the west coast. Or take another newcomer, Lonnie Shetter. The guys are amazed by his technical know-how on sax. If Lonnie keeps his head straight, he'll be a giant. And there's one soloist I couldn't possibly overlook because he's been with me from the very beginning: trumpeter Glenn Stuart. In a way, he's been with me since *before* the beginning. Glenn and I were together in Ralph Marterie's band."

Stuart is the only sideman who can boast that he's been with Don since the genesis, which says as much about Stuart's loyalty and flexibility as it does about Ellis' inflexibility regarding personal standards. "Yeah, I know, there's been a lot of coming and going, but look at Buddy or Woody, or even Basie. They're constantly

changing personnel, and I don't think I've had any more or less than those bands. I'll admit I made a major change after my European tour a couple of summers ago. I wanted to incorporate more of the rock scene. What I needed was younger players, rather than force a different bag on the older guys. Of course, the guys who could adapt remained. But for the most part I disbanded and began anew."

Commenting on the "sour grapes" criticism that one hears frequently around town, Ellis had this to say. "What it boils down to is this: that band is my whole life. It reflects my entire personal expression. You could call it an extension of my personality. When you get players with strong ideas, it's inevitable that there will be occasional hassles. You just won't see things eye to eye. But when any kind of conflict arises, *my* ideas and ideals have to prevail. I take firm stands and I'm bound to have enemies—not that I want them."

Some of the firm stands he has taken in connection with his albums have made new enemies on higher levels. Ideally, he should produce his own sessions. Don knows what he wants better than any a&r man. Proof of that can be found in the success of the albums he's had the most to do with in terms of production. *Live At Monterey*, *Electric Bath* and most recently, *Underground*, have all earned Grammy nominations; *Electric Bath* was voted "Album of the Year" by *down beat* in 1969.

"The first two albums I made for World Pacific I actually produced myself and sold to them. I was going through a bad management scene at the time, so I laid low for a year. When I changed managers (he is now with Willard Alexander) and was open for negotiations, Columbia made a more attractive offer than World Pacific. I have nothing against Dick Bock; I just went for the better deal. But after I joined Columbia, John Hammond released some sides against my wishes and without my approval. And that led to a change of producers. But as I told you, I'd rather do my own a&r work."

One thing is certain: regardless of man-

agers, producers, and critics, Don Ellis will go right on planning his own artistic future. He knows where he's been, but he claims to be less certain of where he's going. "I'm currently searching for direction. I've developed odd meters further than anyone else. The Brubeck and Max Roach combos had always been fooling around with unconventional times. Kenton tried it somewhat with his band—remember *Cuban Fire*, in seven? But I was the first to really go into it in depth. Of course, classically, Bartok and Stravinsky were constantly changing time signatures in their pieces, but *ad libbing* in odd meters, well that's a different world."

"I've developed electronics for a band further than anyone else, and then there was the emphasis on r&b and the rock thing. I've done *all* these things, but I get bored easily. I don't enjoy playing the same things all the time. I'm ready to launch a new, experimental period. It could mean another wholesale change of sidemen. How it's going to turn out is anyone's guess."

It may be anyone *else's* guess, but Ellis is too much in control of his professional destiny not to know. This writer has no inside information on what Ellis' new wonderland will be, but for what it's worth, he can be found diligently practicing drums at his North Hollywood home these days. And on Wednesdays, he subs for the regular drummer at the Body Shop—a bump and grind emporium on the Sunset Strip. It amounts to a "paid rehearsal" for some band innovation that Ellis will unveil in the not-too-distant future. Whatever form it will take, rest assured it will be larger than life, grandiose, majestic and controversial.

An appropriate postscript can be found in the cantata *Reach*, which Ellis wrote in the fall of 1968: "*A man is born into endless and beginningless existence/If he lives—he will grow/But he must think—or perish/He will dream/He will Hope/He will plan/He will love/Can he reach his goals? The living is in the reaching!*"

ES



Count Meets Queen, part 2

Leonard Feather here concludes his chronicle of a Caribbean cruise with Count Basie's band aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2. Part 1 appeared in our April 2 issue. Saturday

Since the band doesn't have to work tonight and we'll be in Barbados until at least midnight, most of the musicians make individual plans to wander around Bridgetown or visit one of the beaches. For Basie and Catherine, special plans to meet the Prime Minister at his residence.

(Later) Took a taxi with Mr. & Mrs. Harold Jones and Grover Mitchell to Paradise Beach. During lunch beside the beach and a swim in the warm ocean, the escapist nature of this whole trip became strikingly evident. Theoretically I am working on magazine and newspaper assignments; theoretically the musicians are just here as part of a gig. For the moment, though, Paradise Beach seems fittingly named.

Looking for some authentic local music, we wound up at a night club, the Pepper Pot. The main group was a quintet of young cats—ages from 16 to 22—complete with small electric organ, electric guitar, Fender bass, etc., playing *Sunny* and other typical U.S. pop fodder, interspersed with an occasional calypso—*Yellow Bird*, *Island in the Sun*—played with appropriate harmonic simplicity and an infectious beat, but lacking the basic qualities of rudimentary calypso singers as they sounded during the days when West Indian rhythms had not been imitated all over Europe and the U.S.

Sunday

Basie again has the night off; the room in which the band plays will be the scene tonight of a typical shipboard manifestation, a simulated "Evening from the Roaring Twenties," with champagne prizes for the best dressed couples. Ladies in shift dresses, feathers and beads, gents in blazers, skimmer or boater and false mustaches. Most of these items are available from the shops. Sales are brisk. Sarah Vaughan, elaborately beaded, gets into the spirit of the Prohibition years.

In place of Basie tonight we have the Ronnie Caryl band, costumed as you might expect, their instrumentation fittingly changed (tuba, washboard, two pianos, banjo, drums etc.) and a repertoire of songs like *Lily of Laguna*.

(Later) The Roaring Twenties having become the Boring Twenties as far as some of us were concerned, I persuaded Cavril Payne to try out the microphone in the Queens Room, a big lounge one deck lower. It was empty at first, but a knot of interested bystanders gathered as Cavril sang, accompanied at first only by one of the British pianists, Alan Dale, but soon joined by Eric Silk on electric keyboard, Eric Dixon on flute, and Frank Hooks on trombone.

Cavril Payne is a name to watch for. She has been around for a few years, working the Catskills a lot and doing occasional TV, such as the Merv Griffin Show, but she remains to all intents unknown. What impressed me particularly was that I found myself thinking not of Aretha Franklin (so many singers presently can be judged by how much they resemble Aretha) but rather of Ella Fitz-

gerald. She sings with some of that special clarity and brilliance of sound, as well as the impeccable diction you associate with Ella; at the same time she offers swinging evidence of her relationship to jazz.

This was one of the most agreeable surprises of the cruise. Given a little luck and more television exposure, and/or a contract with a reputable record company, Cecil Payne's charming sister could make it all the way to the top.

Monday

The ship dropped anchor about a half mile from Charlotte Amalie, the principal town of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. This is where passengers and musicians wandered through the narrow streets for hours picking up duty-free liquor and other bargains.

Talking to local residents, I gathered that the islands are undergoing a crisis of cultural identity that has affected everything here—music included—even more than it has changed Barbados. In 1960 the population was 33,000; today it is 80,000, of whom 33,000 are non-Virgin Islanders.

This outpost of the U.S., trying to keep pace with the population growth, faces innumerable problems. Among them is the absence of an indoor pavilion in which to present big-name entertainers from the United States.

As we stepped off the rock-and rolling launch that took us from the QE 2 to the mainland, we were each handed a flyer that read: "Basie Is Coming! Business Men of St. Thomas and the Jazz Cultural Organization Present Count Basie and His Orchestra in Concert, Monday, Jan. 12, 7-9 p.m. at Lionel Roberts Stadium. All Seats \$3. Tickets at the Door."

This booking, negotiated on short notice, is the only dry-land performance by the band during the cruise. The concert was arranged with the objective of raising funds for the construction of an auditorium.

As I chatted with local residents it became painfully clear that the islanders are hungry for entertainment. Even the presence of a nonworking American performer becomes a conversation topic: several people hastened to tell us that Nat Adderley was here a few days ago on a brief vacation; ditto Cab Calloway.

Very few name bands have been here in recent years; the only names anyone could come up with were Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton and James Brown. Duke, who spent a few days here in April 1965, commemorated the occasion by recording his *Concert in the Virgin Islands* album for Reprise, including a four-part *Virgin Islands Suite*.

"We found a certain flavor there," Duke said soon after his visit, "that is genuinely unique and completely independent. The people get into a comfortable groove, never aggressive—no theatrical-type animation is needed." I was reminded of these words when I talked to a couple of visitors who found this same ambience, and were soon persuaded to stay on.

One of the first to greet me was Onzy Matthews, who in the early '60s was well known around Los Angeles as a singer, pianist, arranger and bandleader (he had albums on Capitol). "I'm working with a trio at Sebastian's Club," he told me. "We

have a contract until September, and as far as I'm concerned, it would suit me fine if I stayed here permanently."

The Basie band played two short sets. The most interesting item pulled out of the books for this occasion was one which Basie preceded with an announcement to the effect that "we'd like to dedicate this one especially to all of you." It was, of course, Eric Dixon's arrangement of *St. Thomas*, notable for Eric's flute and for a rare spot of jazz by trumpeter Gene Goe, who has very few solos in the library.

In a sort of intermission interlude, music was provided by a few local and imported musicians. The big surprise here was the participation of Eric Kloss. Though I knew and admired the blind youngster through his series of Prestige albums, which started about four years ago when he was 16, we had never met and were both struck by the irony of finally shaking hands for the first time at a point so remote from both our home bases. Kloss came out here last week to work with a quintet at the Tramway Club. He too, fascinated by the island and its hospitable people, would like to stay, or at least return whenever he can.

This was the only day when the band had to play twice: once on terra firma, once aboard. The latter appearance differed from the regular indoor dance sets. An upright piano had been set up for Basie on the quartet deck aft, near the pool. A necklace of colored lights was hung around the area of the deck where band and passengers gathered. Visitors from the island came aboard to catch the show.

The value of this whole journey, and the potential it represents, is getting through to Bill Basie. This evening he remarked: "The whole thing is like playing a week at the Apollo. If you play a good first show on opening day, all the hip people spread the word around, and you have a good week. In the same way, if this cruise leaves everyone with a happy feeling, the word will get around and there will be more ships trying out the same idea."

Tuesday

Back on the move, headed for home, but with at least the prospect of another day or two of sunshine and dolce-far-next-to-niente.

Today there was a cocktail party honoring the 35 travel agents who are on board, presumably to investigate the results of Project Basie.

Consensus among the agents: "Basie's name unquestionably helped us sell tickets." One reservation, however: the event had not been widely enough publicized or advertised, and too many of the tickets were sold on short notice.

Cruise director Terry Conroy had some additional observations. "The entertainment must be on the same level with the food and service if we want to change the cruise image and attract more young people. We can do this without driving the older passengers out; it's just a matter of finding the particular kind of talent that will please all groups and offend none. Basie has turned out to be very suitable for this purpose."

The Basie band was off again tonight, giving way to a grand masquerade parade. This did not prevent a group of inveterate sitters-in from taking part in another session in the Q4 Club. The room was jammed; even Basie himself was there this time. Jake Hanna and Harold Jones alternated on drums; Norman "Dewey" Keenan was on bass, Luis Gasca blew some beautiful jazz, Grover Mitchell played pretty ballads. Sarah Vaughan, gracious and relaxed, scatted with Cavril Payne. The last chord resounded around 5 a.m.

Wednesday

Perhaps inevitably, the band repeated itself this evening. Still, for those of us who have heard *April in Paris* etc. a few times too many, there were a couple of less predictable charts. Frank Hooks played a spare, gutty solo in *The Sidewinder*. Basie and the whole band really dug in on a splendid Nat Pierce arrangement of the ancient Fats Waller composition *Squeeze Me*.

Attendance at the Basie performances has remained steady. Basie's main regret is that he was unable to accede to requests from members of the crew that he play a special concert for them. Company policy apparently precluded this. Basie and Katy, in an attempt to compensate by making a gesture of friendship, attended a crew party. Since the band during one of its three nights off could very easily have spent an hour in the crew's quarters, and since the lounge where Basie plays is off limits to almost all the 966 employees (the crew outnumber the passengers), this would seem to have been rather an unfortunate error of omission—particularly since it has left a substantial number of unhappy crew members.

Thursday

Despite all the weather forecasts and warnings from crew, today came as a shock. The transition from Caribbean climate to 14 above zero was too sudden; to ease the pain, Cunard has arranged a farewell performance by Basie.

For the first and of course only time during this ten-day excursion, the orchestra played strictly for listening. Though there is no clear-cut dividing line between its dancing and concert repertoire, the ability to concentrate on the music made this a suitable occasion to sum up one's feelings about the general condition and direction of the band.

Having heard the full orchestra nine times over in a 11-day period, in addition to jam sessions involving many of the sidemen, I am convinced that this remains one of the most impressive aggregations of individual talents in jazz today. At the same time, it is impossible to avoid facing the reality that the band could be more than it is, and that the whole at present is less than the sum of the parts.

Basie today can be judged from two very different standpoints, one completely subjective, the other comparative.

Taking the first position, you find a collective of splendid manuscripts, a compilation of whatever Basie still chooses to play out of the huge stockpile he has amassed from Hefti, Quincy, Pierce, Dixon, Foster, Plater and Nestico, to name only a few. Just as remarkable as what the

LEONARD FEATHER



Cavril and Cecil Payne

band does play is the quantity and quality of the material it ever plays, some of which can be judged by the fact that certain tunes were at least put on record before being filed away and forgotten.

Of the charts that are still used, some, suffering from overexposure, can scarcely be expected to thrill the executants in their performance any more than they can surprise old-hand Basie followers in the listening. Others bring more effectively into focus the very real ensemble and solo qualifications. Almost every man in the present band is at worst a competent soloist, at best inspired. There have been many moments I shall not easily forget; several of them, not surprisingly, occurred during this closing performance.

Eric Dixon's *Blues for Ilean* (it was misspelled on the record; Ilean is Mrs. Dixon) is one of the most beguiling of his many contributions to the book, with room enough to offer evidence of his facile and inventive flute and Waymon Reed's too seldom heard trumpet. *Night in Tunisia* sounds as splendid as its centerpiece, Luis Gasca, but regrettably Luis has decided not to remain with the orchestra. (By the time this is printed there will have been two other changes in personnel.) Marshall Royal's alto on *Lonely Street* has impressed me every time he has played it. Lockjaw on *Cherokee* showed yet again that he is the type of soloist for whom a way-up tempo is a challenge to be met head-on, with mind-blowing results.

Mary Stallings sang *The Party's Over* as we commiserated with Eubie Blake and other shipmates over the aptness of the title. Then, for the last time, Bill called Sarah out of the audience. Another chart that fit her key was dug out of the library—I *Cover the Waterfront*.

Subjectively, then, this was a stirring ending to a completely satisfying journey. On a comparative basis, of course, you find yourself viewing everything from a vastly different perspective. If you have known the band since the days when it stood for youthful fire, ambition, zest and catalytic individuality, you will search fruitlessly for the Lester Youngs and Herschel Evanses, the Buck Clayton and Sweets Edisons. Gone, too, are the head arrange-

ments that formed perhaps 50% of the numbers performed in the initial stages of the band's evolution. Head arrangements are the product of a team spirit, a collective enthusiasm and desire to create, such as is rarely found today in Basie's or any other big band.

Accepting it on the basis of what it attempts to do today, and acknowledging that its sights are aimed considerably lower, you still find in 1970 Basie some of the values that make straight-ahead, 4/4 swinging jazz a phenomenon incapable of growing out of date. You just wish that more time were given to rehearsals, or to creativity for its own sake, and that fewer hours had to be devoted to repetitions of tunes that have been played into the ground.

As far as the main objective of the cruise is concerned, there is no question that Basie has served as the spearhead of a movement that could help the music business in general—not only big bands, but combos and singers. Though his voyage has been the most talked about, it is by no means the first. Harry James, Skitch Henderson and Guy Lombardo recently took their bands on short cruises from Florida to Nassau and back, for Norwegian-American Lines. The Matson Lines has flown Peter Nero, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae and numerous others to Honolulu for a few days' island-hopping aboard the Lurline. Vaughn Monroe just worked the *France* for the French Line.

While nights clubs are closing down, cruise opportunities are opening up. The working conditions being incomparably better—who wants to trade the fresh Caribbean air for the smog of a cellar bistro?—it stands to reason that every artist and every agent should take advantage of the opportunities that are bound to become available in the years ahead.

As for myself, I know that I'm speaking for Sarah Vaughan, Jake Hanna, the Eubie Blakes, and hundreds of other passengers in and out of the music business in expressing thanks to everyone involved in setting up this ten-day flight from the unpleasant realities of life on land. The QE 2-Basie union was a step ahead for music and a ball for all.

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Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, Jim Szantor, and Pete Welding. Reviews are signed by the writers.

Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Charlie Haden

LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA—Impulse AS 9183: *The Introduction; Song of the United Front; El Quinto Regimiento; Los Cuatros Generales; Viva La Quince Brigada; The Ending to the First Side; Song for Che; War Orphans; The Interlude (Drinking Music); Circus '68 '69; We Shall Overcome.*

Personnel: Mike Mantler, trumpet; Don Cherry, cornet, Indian wood and bamboo flutes (tracks 3, 4, 5, 7 only); Roswell Rudd, trombone; Bob Northern, French horn, military whistle, crow call, bells, wood blocks; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Gato Barbieri, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Dewey Redman, alto and tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson, tuba; Carla Bley, piano, arranger; Sam Brown, guitar, Tanganyikan guitar, thumb piano; Haden, bass; Paul Motian, drums, percussion; Andrew Cyrille, percussion (track 11 only).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This unusual and interesting record, the political aspects of which already have been debated in our *Chords and Discords* section, ranks among the most mature and accomplished artistic statements yet produced by what is loosely called "the new music."

Not since Max Roach's *Freedom Suite* has there been a jazz record so strongly and emphatically allied to a non-musical cause. The reference points here range from the Spanish Civil War to the Cuban revolutionary movement, the Chicago disorders, and human and civil rights in general. According to one's outlook, this may be cause for rejoicing, alarm, or ennui, but regardless of what the reaction in this sphere may be, the resultant creative inspiration is undeniable.

The ensemble (and a stellar one it is) tackles its task with enthusiastic conviction, and has produced a potent musical document. Since jazz has often been accused of being insular and/or esoteric, the advent of the Liberation Orchestra is significant in and of itself, but we shall here concern ourselves with the music rather than other matters.

First off, Carla Bley must be credited with pulling together the diverse threads (Spanish folk songs and jazz originals among them) into a coherent musical tapestry. She has provided a good balance between scored passages, collective improvisation, and solo freedom, and in addition, her introduction and interludes, short as they may be, both serve valuable connective functions and are charming and worthwhile pieces as such.

The beautiful melodies of the three Spanish songs, though one appears only obliquely, are good springboards for the soloists. Guitarist Sam Brown plays beautifully on *Quinto*, in the appropriate Flamenco spirit. Haden also has a fine spot on this piece, and Cherry is imaginative. Rudd's work on *Generales* is outstanding; I love his burry, emotional trombone

sound and what he does with it. I do not love or even like Barbieri's agonized tenor on *Brigada*, but that stems from my general dislike of playing that seems to imitate an emotion rather than attempting to evoke it. But those who favor the shriek school of modern saxophone playing will dig it.

By the same standards, *Circus* at times overreaches, but as direct program music it has its points. However, Rudd's simple, unaffected and song-like statement of *Overcome* offers welcome relief after the histrionics.

Haden's *Che* solo is a tour de force, a blend of awesome instrumental skill (what a gorgeous tone he gets!) and solid musical thought. Miss Bley offers lucid playing on Ornette Coleman's *War Orphans*, a genuinely moving piece of music.

But everybody, featured or not, plays very well on this record. Obviously, all the musicians were totally involved in the project, and it shows. The dubbed-in taped material (from a film soundtrack and of Cuban singer Carlos Pueblo) is effective.

In all, praise to all involved, particularly Haden, who conceived the project, Miss Bley, who helped it take creative shape, and Rudd, who to this listener provides some of the peak moments of inspiration. This is a record which well merits the attention of serious listeners.—*Morgenstern*

Ran Blake

THE BLUE POTATO—Milestone MPS 9021: *God Bless the Child; Three Seeds (A Suite); The Blue Potato; All or Nothing At All; Fables of Faubus; Chicago; Never On Sunday; Soul On Ice; Vradiazzi; Garvey's Ghost; Bella Ciao; Stars Fell on Alabama.*

Personnel: Blake, solo piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ran Blake is a unique musician. Though jazz looms large in his makeup, there are many other influences—in any case, it would be misleading to attempt to categorize his music. It is wholly personal and singular; unlike anything else you might encounter in today's multifaceted musical environment.

Regardless of predilections, no listener could remain unimpressed by Blake's skill as a pianist. His command of the difficult instrument is virtuosic, but there are no empty displays of technique.

Fortunately, the album is beautifully recorded, capturing every nuance of the pianist's wide-ranging dynamics—from silence to gentle pianissimos to triple-forte chord clusters—which he employs with remarkable feeling for dramatic contrast. His pedalling skills are something to marvel at.

In a sense, this is program music. Blake

is a committed artist who makes no secret of his deep involvement in the social and political issues of our time. His treatment of old standards like *Chicago*, *Alabama*, and *All or Nothing at All* is fraught with symbolic overtones—*Chicago* becomes a wry comment on the 1968 Democratic Convention; *Alabama* mixes irony with the inherent romanticism, and *All* is transformed into a compelling civil rights tract. Blake has close emotional ties to Greece, and so his *Never On Sunday* moves from sunny tranquility to turmoil. In other instances, the titles themselves tell the story.

However, it is not necessary to be attuned to or even aware of these matters to enjoy the music simply as music, just as one needs no program notes to savor Beethoven's *Sixth*. Blake's passion for social and political justice may be a prime mover of his art, but the end result is a thing unto itself.

Listeners who require sustained tempi and a strong, steady rhythmic pulse for their enjoyment of music might find Blake's work beyond their ken, but anyone interested in the art of improvisation on the one hand and that of piano playing on the other will be fascinated. If you are among the latter, this album is the best introduction to the very special world of Ran Blake to date.

—*Morgenstern*

Maynard Ferguson

MAYNARD FERGUSON 1969—Prestige 7636: *Almost Like Being In Love; Knarf; Ole; Dancing Ntely; Tenderley; Whisper Not; Got The Spirit.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, with the Rolf-Hans Mueller (Southwest German Radio Dance) Orchestra. Rudi Flietl, Gerd Husemann, tenor saxophone; Herbert Feigl, baritone saxophone; Dieter Reith, piano; Herman Mutschler, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With a slightly changed sound (more tart, raspy) but basically unaltered conception, Maynard is still at it. Presently residing in Manchester, England, the high note specialist and spirited helmsman of yore is backed on this set by the excellent Mueller ensemble in a program of worthies from the old 12-piece book (remember?).

This trek down memory lane is most pleasant, however. The Mueller outfit is tighter than Ferguson's U.S. bands ever were and the blowing is above average. The arrangements, for the most part, are unchanged—except for Slide Hampton's *Spirit*—and though Maynard had some excellent rhythm sections in the States, this section is even better. Pianist Reith is a hard-driving, though very tasteful accompanist, and a fine soloist, and drummer Mutschler is simply fantastic.

Mr. Chops is not up to the improvisa-

tional level of his brilliant *Blues Roar* album of 1964 (Mainstream, S/6045), but his solos on *Whisper* and *Spirit* are outstanding. The latter, originally recorded at Newport in 1960, is now a wild gospel-free rhythm marriage in 3/4 with Reith and Mutschler churning up a volatile lather that spurs the leader and tenorist Flierl on to great achievements.

Vying with *Spirit* for honors here is the reincarnation of a Bill Holman classic (*Nitely*) from the Ferguson Hollywood All Star Band days, circa 1956. Stating the seductive theme, the saxes swing with a light touch and the trombones offer a simple, but pithy commentary. Good solos by Reith, one of the tenors and Maynard, and then the rhythm section drops out. Swing continues, though, as the ensemble beautifully executes Holman's lilting interlude. Rhythm and ensemble reunite, with Mutschler outstanding with his fills as the band screams and shakes its way to the finish line. This track alone is almost worth the price of the album.

Abene's classic *Whisper* chart contains some interesting brass voicings and employs ingenious ensemble melody variations which set the stage for the solos. The other Abene works, *Like Being* (almost a throwaway) and the sinister *Knarf*, are also effective, baritonist Feigl contributing a fine solo on the latter.

Ferguson is still the boss in terms of range, technique and endurance. Hampton's *Ole* finds him comfortably ensconced in the stratosphere, while *Tenderly* illustrates his beautiful ballad touch. He also takes an excellent solo on *Nitely*, demon-

strating that his ideas are not always given to the pyrotechnical, screaming approach that has marred his past work. Ferguson is a fine jazzman and a gifted leader, and the demise of his U.S. band is still felt in the big band community.

This album, overall, has a lot going for it: the writing of Holman and Abene; remarkable ensemble precision; the rhythm section; Ferguson; and matchless sound reproduction, balance, etc. An encore retaining these assets but with the addition of fresh material would be hard to beat. Come back, Maynard, all is forgiven!

—Santor

Hampton Hawes

THE SEANCE—Contemporary S7621: *The Seance; Oleo; Easy Street; Suddenly I Thought of You; For Heaven's Sake; My Romance.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Hawes was one of the best pianists to come to the fore in the 1950s. His style then, though strongly influenced by Bud Powell, was an original one. During the middle '50s he participated in a number of recording sessions as a leader and sideman, but in recent years has become something of a forgotten man and has not done much recording. This LP was released recently but was cut in 1966 while Hawes was playing at a club in Los Angeles.

Hawes improvises very well here. His playing demonstrates that his style, though still original, has changed in certain ways since the mid-'50s. His work then had more in common with Powell's. His play-

ing on this record demonstrates that he had derived some devices from post-bop pianists. In addition to this, his work here, while still quite virile, is more deliberate than 10 years earlier, and is also somewhat more angular and dissonant.

Hawes conveys a number of different emotions here, sometimes playing pensively, sometimes exuberantly. His work has quite a bit of variety. For instance, he employs delicate single-note lines at times, but also turns in some jarringly percussive chord playing. The wide variety of chord voicings he uses deserves attention. And he does all sorts of interesting things with his left hand.

No single track stands out as markedly better than the others, and each is quite interesting in its way. Listeners may find the flowing grace and youthful elan of, say, his work on Shorty Rogers' 1953 recording of *Diablo's Dance* more immediately attractive than his work here. But this record is very good in its way, and the serious listener may find that it will grow on him after several hearings.

—Pekar

Lee Konitz

LEE KONITZ SAX DUETS (Music Minus One Saxophone)—MMO 4017: *Somewhere; Blues In A-Flat; Waltz; Free Form No. 1; Free Form Ballad; Basin St. Blues; Three Little Words; You Go To My Head; Meditation.*

Personnel: Konitz, alto saxophone; unidentified combo on Side 2.

No Rating

Play-along-with-type recordings have a lot to recommend them. Designed mainly for students and amateur types, they are

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often valuable training aids in the areas of rhythm, intonation, phrasing, etc., and budding jazzmen find them useful as springboards for trial-and-error improvising.

This Music Minus One LP, though one of the best in certain respects, has shortcomings serious enough to negate its assets and all but destroy its purpose. First, and most important, is the sharp pitch employed by Konitz. He admits in his liner notes that he "played the duets at a pitch above standard tuning". An understatement. One would think that imperfections in intonation would be the last area where discrepancies would be permitted, for not only is the pitch almost painful to just hear in some cases, it often makes playing along almost impossible. Clarinet players, in particular, will have difficulty. An advanced player may negotiate the complex duet lines, but unless he can somehow get in tune with Konitz, his efforts will be voided.

Side 1 consists of five Konitz originals played twice. The first of each has Konitz playing both parts of his ingenious duets. The second finds him playing only one of the parts. That's where you come in. Music is provided for all parts for E-flat and B-flat instruments.

On the second side, four standards are offered, again twice each. First, Konitz plays the melody line and improvises with instrumental accompaniment. The second time around, Konitz lays out. You can either attempt to play Konitz' solos (written out) or try your own. I recommend the latter for development purposes, though your efforts, needless to say, will suffer in comparison.

A time-keeping device called the trinome is utilized on Side 1. It is actually three metronomes in one, and Konitz explains: "... On the *Waltz*, I use two settings—one ticking on the first beat of every bar and the second ticking every quarter note. Also, on the *Blues in A-flat*, one setting is for quarter notes and the other for eighth notes."

Confused? One listening and a perusal of the music should put everything in perspective. And though the duets will challenge all comers, the stodgy, plodding rhythm section, a MMO specialty, may all but dampen one's desire to blow.

Konitz is in fine form on the blowing tracks, and though this is not his best work, a more apt model in this context would be hard to find. Virtually all musicians could benefit by analyzing his lines against the chord changes, noting the construction, phrasing, etc., for Konitz is, in a word, masterful.

This could have been a landmark presentation, but even Konitz' genius can barely transcend the shortcomings in this production. Therefore, save the manuscript for study but forget the record, except for listening.

—Szantor

Maurice McIntyre

HUMILITY IN THE LIGHT OF THE CREATOR—Delmark DS-419: *Ensemble Love (Hexagon); Kab Emoh; Pluto Calling; Life Force; Humility In The Light Of The Creator; Ensemble Fate (Family Tree); Say A Prayer For; Out There, If Anyone Should Call; Melissa; Bismillah*.

Personnel: Side 1: McIntyre, tenor saxophone, clarinet, miscellaneous instruments; Malachi Favors, Mchaka Uba, bass; Thurman Barker, Ajar-

amu, drums; George Hines, vocals; Side 2: add Leo Smith, trumpet, flugelhorn; John Stubblefield, soprano saxophone; Claudine Myers, piano; Hines out.

Rating: ★★★★★

Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, and Albert Ayler are a list of creators to make any art proud. One hoped they would be followed by an even larger group of men making personal syntheses of their ideas, but, on the whole, it hasn't happened. Instead we have, on one level, emulators of varying talent and neo-revolutionaries who mimic the stance of creative turmoil and scamp on the content (names available on request). There are a few men whose music is as radical an alternation of Rollins', Coleman's, et al. as theirs was of what had come before, but, as might be expected, such efforts have largely met with indifference or incomprehension. But what of the middle ground? Assuming that we have in Rollins, Coleman, Coltrane and others our Louis Armstrongs, where are our Red Allens, Cootie Williams', and Buck Clayton's?

The absence of contemporary counterparts to such men is, I believe, a major reason for the decline of the jazz audience. Listeners didn't begin to melt away with the advent of Coltrane and Coleman—up to a point in the early '60s the following for each was strong and getting stronger, especially among younger fans. The diaspora came when the audience felt that those men would have few, if any, disciples of comparable stature. After all, how could someone who had been floored by the power of a Coltrane-Elvin Jones performance or graced with the revelations of Ornette be expected to sit still for lukewarm copies or misguided distortions?

These notions may be somewhat unfair—particularly the comparison between the success of Armstrong's followers and the relative failure of Coltrane's and Coleman's—because, when the terms of an art reach a certain level of complexity, the paths for fruitful development probably decrease. Certainly they are more difficult to find and maintain. That is why Maurice McIntyre is such a valuable musician—he has somehow found a path and the developments have indeed been fruitful.

As John Litweiler's liner notes state, McIntyre "assimilates, in his personal fashion, the entire post-Parker saxophone tradition, especially the more intellectually wide ranging, structurally sensitive thinkers. . . ." And, in the process, he has elaborated many of their more interesting ideas with a rare sensitivity and intelligence.

The title piece is the most obvious example. It is in the genre which might be called "religious Coltrane"—a musical prayer which Litweiler describes as "both grateful and supplicating". In its relatively brief compass, the performance explores that mood with a spontaneity and attention to musical detail that Coltrane himself rarely achieved. The variety of tone coloration alone would be an embarrassment of riches if it were not tied strictly to the musical discourse.

The theme statements and improvisations on *Hexagon* and *Pluto* are at another pole from *Humility's* song—rhythms which are remote from any regular pulse

seem to generate appropriate melodies, which in turn "explain" the rhythms.

In between there is McIntyre's playing on *Kcab Emoh* and *Life Force*—hard driving, straight ahead solos in which a whirlpool sense of swing is balanced against melodic grace and emotional poise. "In between", however, is not really accurate, since McIntyre's other notable recordings (Delmark albums by Roscoe Mitchell and Richard Abrams) present aspects of his musical personality which are as different from the three approaches mentioned above as each of those are from each other.

The second side, which adds the horns of Smith and Stubblefield and the piano of Miss Myers, is notable more for McIntyre's talents as a composer and ensemble player than for his improvising (his one extended solo is, for him, merely good). The suite consists of a variety of themes and moods linked in the allusive fashion of Don Cherry's *Complete Communion* and *Symphony For Improvisors*, and *Ensemble Fate* does not suffer in comparison with those solid works. The highlights include a flamenco-tinged muted trumpet solo by Smith that extends the poignancy of Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain* into darker, more intense areas of feeling, John Stubblefield's exciting (and excited) soprano solo, and a bowed passage by Malachi Favors that is the best arco jazz bass playing I've heard on record.

There are minor debits in the work of the two drummers, who occasionally let enthusiasm degenerate into sloppiness, especially at the end of *Ensemble Fate*, and the wordless chanting of Hines on *En-*

semble Love, which sounds like a sophisticated-primitive notion of African vocal music. At first, the novelty of the gruff sound is intriguing, but, since he doesn't do much more than display that sound, it soon becomes boring. Still, it's easy to tune out, and it obviously had a positive effect on McIntyre.

Before I said that McIntyre had somehow found a path, and I'd like to hazard a guess about why he's been able to do so. The title of the album seems to be a clue, especially if it is altered to read *Humility In The Light of the Creators*, for McIntyre, in addition to his large talents, has an attitude toward his precursors that is free from the egotistical considerations that distort the music of so many of his contemporaries into mock hysteria and bargain-basement mysticism. Would that there were more like him.

—Kart

Glenn Miller-Buddy DeFranco

DO YOU WANNA DANCE—Command 9405: *Wichita Lineman*; *Cinnamon*; *Till*; *Sunny*; *Both Sides Now*; *With A Little Help From My Friends*; *For Once In My Life*; *Love Child*; *Do You Wanna Dance*; *Hey Jude*; *Those Were The Days*.

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; others unidentified. Walt Stuart, Billy Ver Planck, Bobby Abbott, arrangers.

Rating: ★★★★★

Signs of life in Ghostville? Indeed. In this well-conceived debut LP for Command, DeFranco's charges romp through a set of imaginative arrangements of recent pop tunes—playing with zest, conviction and precision. If any vestige of 1940 remains, it manifests itself in the

form of stilted, vapid vibrato indulged in by the reeds. *Till* is the only throwback to nostalgia; otherwise the accent is on today.

The band is in fine shape. Possibly bolstered by studio stalwarts (trumpeter Al DeRisi, guitarist Sam Herman, and bassist Eddie Jones have played ringer roles on past albums), the brass section in particular is impressive with an unidentified trombonist displaying a beautiful tone in melodic solos on several tracks, most notably on *Lineman*. The rhythm section, with electric bass, is alive and supple and the leader's clarinet, though not as prominent as it should be, is typically bright and buoyant.

Evaluated for what it is—an excellent dance set—much of the credit must go to arrangers Stuart, Ver Planck and Abbott. *Lineman* is languid, lyrical but not maudlin; a driving *Sunny* employs key changes to good effect; and *Days* is given tongue-in-cheek polka treatment that will elicit not only appreciation for DeFranco's technique but several guffaws as well.

Of special merit here is the Lennon-McCartney gem, *A Little Help*. DeFranco's pixieish clarinet states the theme and wah-wah brass provides brilliant, effective contrast. Utterly charming. *Jude*, however, is pompous and putrid—akin to Lombardo on a bad night.

This is a dance band, admittedly, but DeFranco has been more prominently exposed on past albums perhaps the arrangers felt the material did not lend itself to more than occasional spots for clarinet, though I might quarrel with

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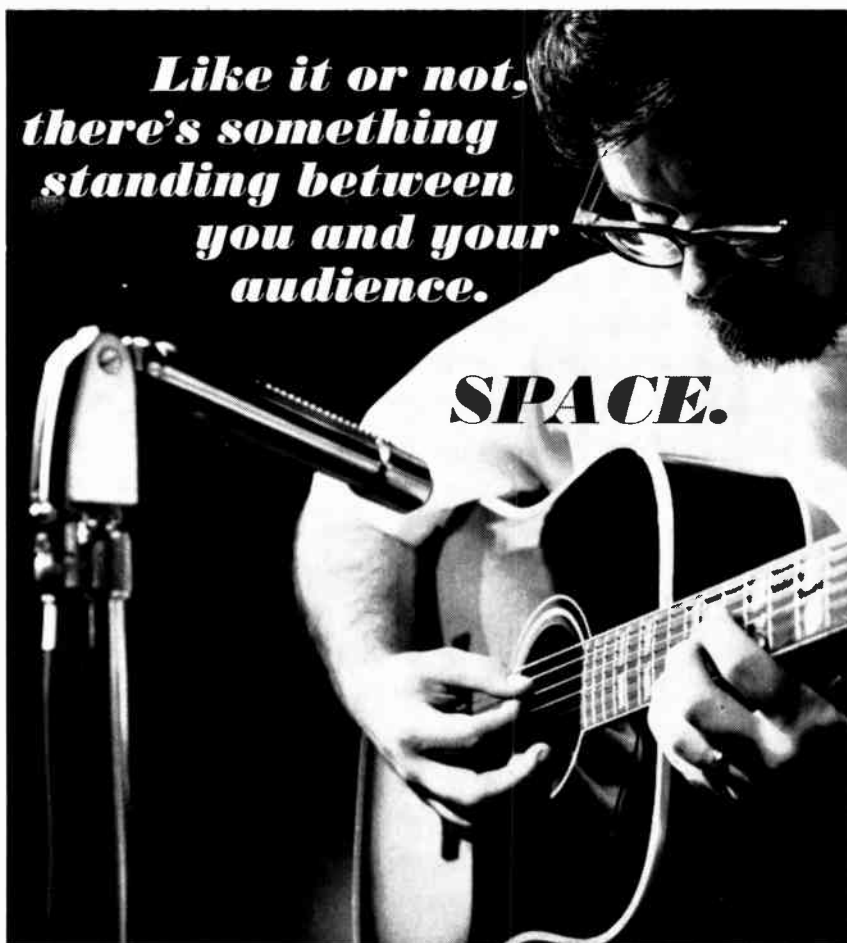
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that). However, a little more blowing space for whomever would have been most welcome.

Still, this LP is a pleasant surprise. More significantly, it is a solid step toward widening the band's appeal—a vital, mandatory move if it is to survive when the longtime, loyal Miller supporters are no longer able to make it to the local ballroom. —Szantor

Emil Richards

SPIRIT OF 1976—Impulse AS-9182: *Spirit of 1976; Peek-A-Boo; All Blue; One Tooth Grin; Like Me; 10 to 5; Jordu.*

Personnel: Richards, vibraharp, electric vibraharp, octave marimba, percussion; Dave Mackay, piano, percussion; Ray Neapolitan, bass, Fender bass; Joe Porcaro, drums; Mark Stevens, percussion.

Rating: ★★

The music in this album, recorded live in California, in March of '69, is far more conventional than the annotator would have us believe. Richards and his cohorts are capable musicians who lay down some nice sounds. However, it somehow all seems too pat and predictable.

The rating is for good musicianship but at best, the Microtonal Blues Band (a misnomer) is a poor man's MJQ.

—Albertson

George Wein

GEORGE WEIN'S NEWPORT ALL STARS—Atlantic SD 1533: *Blue Boy; These Foolish Things; In a Little Spanish Town; Am I Blue; Ja-Da; Topsy; Melancholy Baby; Sunny; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Exactly Like You.*

Personnel: Ruby Braff, cornet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Wein, piano, electric piano, vocal (track 9); Tal Farlow, guitar, bass guitar; Barney Kessel, guitar; Larry Ridley, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The Newport All Stars, in various guises, have been around for a long time. This edition (some changes in personnel have taken place since the recording) dispenses with the conventional three-horn front line but adheres to the basic main-



stream orientation synonymous with the groups.

Never mind the labels, though. In essence, this is timeless, swinging jazz which communicates directly and approaches the present without undue nostalgic frills. The album will be of special interest to guitar lovers, given the presence of heavyweights Farlow and Kessel, both of whom have ample blowing space. *Topsy*, in fact, is a showcase for their individual prowess, and throughout, there is interesting contrast between these two Charlie Christian disciples, each of whom has mined his own personal style from the mother lode. Personally, I prefer Farlow's playing, which is too seldom heard on record, but others may be more partial to Kessel's technical

brilliance. In any case, both are in consistently good form.

Braff's cornet is another standout. Always an iconoclast, Ruby has long since found his own way, and continues to grow within a style that takes its main cues from the Armstrong tradition but looks ahead as well. He knows where he wants to be, and his broad, warm sound is welcome relief from the tight, pinched tones of too many modernist brassmen. He shines on *Baby*, which includes the lovely verse, and *Am I Blue*, but I got my biggest kicks from his muted solo and open-horn rideout on *Exactly*.

The latter track, with its almost perfect tempo, is among the set's best offerings, with Norvo in a relaxed, scintillating groove, and a nice solo from Wein, who, were he not a famous producer, could certainly make it as a full-time musician. He plays electric piano on several tracks. On *Ja-Da*, dressed up with a contemporary beat, he gets a sound not unlike that of Johnny Guarneri's harpsichord on the old Artie Shaw Gramercy Five sessions. It blends nicely with the vibes.

Ridley is a gas throughout, and Lamond, since replaced by Lenny McBrowne, is solid if sometimes a bit heavy. Wein's vocal on *Nobody* is entertaining and disarmingly sincere. One could point to nice things on each track, but suffice it to say that if you like relaxed, mellow jazz without labels or pretension, you'll dig this album. Few groups of this orientation can make it today, so it's doubly pleasant to have the All Stars around. —Morgenstern



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VERYL OAKLAND

Ellington and Co.: Down Under, a dream come true

Duke Ellington

Sydney Stadium,
Melbourne Festival Hall, Australia

Personnel: Cootie Williams, John Malcolm, Mercer Ellington, Cat Anderson, trumpets; Julian Priester, Chuck Connors, Booty Wood, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Norris Turney, Harold Ashby, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Rufus Jones, drums; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Tony Watkins, vocals.

In Sydney Stadium on the blistering Boxing Day of 1908, Jack Johnson took the world heavyweight championship from Tommy Burns. In the ramshackle, tin-roofed building that is now the Stadium, on the steaming, sweltering night of Feb. 7, Duke Ellington and his Orchestra won a world championship of a different sort.

We can scarcely believe it. At last he is here. I've been waiting for this 28 years, since I heard *Conga Brava*, *Creole Love Call*, *It Don't Mean a Thing*, *Saturday Night Function* when I was 10. Some have been waiting 40 years.

And now there are 8500 of us at this, the Saturday night function of our lives. We're hot, but not bothered.

How did it all happen? George Wein rang Kym Bonython last year. Ellington will be in Singapore in January. Would he be interested in bringing him down to Australia?

Would he ever? Bonython, who runs an art gallery, is a speedboat racer and speedway promoter and, as Eddie Condon said out here six years ago, a "real jazz nut", has had his fingers burned in the past through jazz promotions, but he's not going to miss out on the biggest of them all.

So he presents Ellington at the Perth Arts Festival on Feb. 3, then in Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney. He hasn't burned his fingers this time. There was an audience of 7000 in Perth, a capacity house in Adelaide, a capacity house of 7000 in Melbourne, a near capacity house of 8500 in Sydney.

It began for me in Melbourne. My paper sent me down from Sydney to interview Duke before his Melbourne concert. I arrived in a furnace blast of 90 degrees, two hours before Ellington was due to arrive, to find that the flight from Adelaide is an hour late.

And so it is, but before you know

what's happened you're on the tarmac and Duke Ellington is descending from the plane exit. ("Are these guys the Harlem Globetrotters?" you hear somebody ask and you smirk at first, and then smile, thinking what an unconsciously apt description this is).

Duke waves, smiles while cameramen jostle each other for position ("Give us a go, will you please, Charlie"). He doffs his blue hat, throws it in the air ("And again, Duke") and catches it ("Once more please, Mr. Ellington") and throws and catches again and again.

And now we're in a jam in the so-called V.I.P. room. The perspiration pours from our pores, but Duke Ellington, in a blue sweater (some sort of hair shirt, obviously), blue trousers and blue suede, gold-buckled shoes, maintains his monumental cool.

The press conference doesn't go with a swing. They ask him if Negro musicians are full of hate and Duke almost loses that monumental cool and they ask him if he still enjoys working at the age of 70 and if he is exhausted.

"I know people who are 20 and who are older than people who are 70," he says. "Exhausted from what? Exhausted from what I like doing, from my work? I live with music. There are still sounds I have to hear."

I am eventually introduced in the foyer of the hotel and to my surprise and delight, he invites myself, a photographer and another journalist who flew down from Sydney up to his suite.

The photographer wants to get a shot of Duke with an ice block on his head.

"Now really", says Duke, "I am prepared to pose for you, but please, please don't expect me to put a block of ice on my head."

Duke reclines on the sofa and poses, and what a real Posey he is! "Oh, no, I don't play things like *Carolina Shout* now. My left hand has closed down on me." (He shows it hasn't with his roaring introduction to *Rockin' in Rhythm* that night.) "When we were last in Paris, I went to that all-night place where Joe Turner plays and he really opened up

with his left hand. I can't do that any more."

The photographer, satisfied, has retired and from the bedroom comes the sound of two women talking and laughing and a lot of bumping and banging.

"I just must see what they're doing in there," says Duke with a grin.

"They're the housemaids putting the two single beds together", the dashing public relations lady explains to me. "Mr. Ellington likes a king size bed."

Duke's pleased with the bed and wants to tip the obliging maids \$10.

"No, no", protests the PR lady. "Two dollars—that's more than enough."

"They did a mighty fine job with that bed", says Duke ruefully but—anything to oblige a lady—contents himself with a \$2 tip.

He gives my colleague and myself an hour of his time. "I wish they had recorded some of those things Bechet did with us", he muses. "Bubber (Miley) would take 10 choruses and then Sidney would take 10 choruses and we'd all have to go outside afterwards and let the steam out of our heads."

You remember Bechet saying something detrimental about Miley in his book, *Treat It Gentle*, and you wonder if Duke knows. But no, he hasn't read the book. Nor has he heard Bechet's ballet, *The Night Is a Witch*.

"*The Night Is a Witch*? No. I haven't heard it. The title sounds like Sidney, though."

You remember your first meeting with Bechet back in Paris in 1953 and Bechet saying: "Duke . . . Duke's the man they ought to talk about." You remember that Ellington once listed Bechet's record *The Mooche* as one of his favorites and that the first record of Ellington's *Old Man Blues* that you heard was by Bechet. It's all going around in cycles, and Duke just keeps reminiscing in tempo and hums a couple of bars of *Sumpin' 'Bout Rhythm*. You remember that it's exactly 40 years ago this week since he first recorded *It Don't Mean a Thing*.

Just five years ago, I played piano for Alvin Ailey's American Dance Theatre

nd I remember Ailey telling me at some fter hours session: "Duke Ellington is a olden, flowing man." It sounded a bit ighflown then, but now I know exactly hat he meant. Duke, along with Louis nd Bechet, becomes the most impres- ive jazzman I've met.

But time's a-wasting and Duke has to et some sleep and I have to go and ollect my thoughts and interpret my otes and indulge in the pleasure of anti- ipating my very first live Ellington per- ormance . . .

Festival Hall is packed, stifling hot. And hen, out they come, one by one . . . Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges (a jaunty ave to the cheering crowd), new man John Malcolm, old man Cootie Williams, new men Harold Ashby and Norris Turney, Booty Wood, Julian Priester (man, what a courtly bow!), Wild Bill Davis, Mercer. . . .

C Jam Blues opens, a slow steady swing- er with a tantalizing break from Cootie (Lord, his tone sounds as broad as Louis').

You'd had the idea that Wild Bill Davis' organ would get in the way, but it inter- twines perfectly with the massive orches- tral sound.

Then the Duke steps out. If the ap- plause for the band was deafening, this is just absurd; its overtones ring shrilly like a myriad cicadas on a summer day.

It's *Rockin' in Rhythm* after that kinda Dukish introduction and that ridiculously easy-looking striding left hand. Then, after years and years of waiting, you are actu- ally a witness as an Ellington sax section stands up and states that cocky theme. Another delight in store. Cootie, John Malcolm and Booty Wood scramble to the microphone and its wa-wa all the way. A thing of beauty captured on wax seems to materialize in front of your eyes.

You're clapping your hands black and blue and then Ellington (what a superb stage presence this man has) announces *Take the A-Train*, reminding you that the first chorus features "the pianist in the band". Laughter and applause. It's laugh- ter and applause and tears all the way and Cootie takes the Ray Nance solo and you remember how he got his nickname, how he went to the park when he was a little boy and there was a band and how his parents asked him what he thought of the music and he said: "Cutie! cutie!"

We'd heard all these stories of how Ellington now presents only lightweight material at concerts. We'd doubted them but we certainly didn't expect his next offering, *Tone Parallel to Harlem*. There's an impressive echo of Harlem after Cootie's introduction and we marvel at Ashby, following so ably in the footsteps of Gon- salves, and at Russell Procope, who we had always insisted was the band's best clarinetist after Bigard.

But what am I telling you all this for? After all, what am I here for? If you're an American reader of *down beat*, you know all this, and if you don't, shame on you.

But have you heard Joe Benjamin's bass on *La Plus Belle Africaine*? You will, sir or madam, and you damned well must, with Ellington playing such delicate uni- son figures with him, but somehow sound- ing like a vibraphone. And you will join

in the finger-clicking at the end and Duke will say "Magnifique! Formidable! It saves us so much work and you do it so well!"

I've heard it said that many listeners consider the Ellington medley a bore, but don't you remember the thrill when you heard it for the very first time? *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* (how many songs has this man let go out of his heart? 3000?), *Mood Indigo* (Harry Carney on bass clarinet flanked by Procope and Booty Wood), *Prelude to a Kiss*, *I'm Be- ginning to See the Light* (it's a sing-along; sounds crazy, but it's a riot).

And all sorts of disconnected memories flood the mind. That opening note by Harry Carney on *La Plus Belle Africaine* sounds so much like his opening note on *Country Gal* that you can almost smell

the rain on that last Friday in October, 1948 when you bought a second-hand copy.

You mention this to Harry in Sydney three days later and he asks if you mean *The Gal from Joe's* and you say, no, *Country Gal*, and he says he doesn't re- member any *Country Gal* and Cootie, about six feet away, looks up and gives the faintest nod of recognition.

How to attempt to review an Ellington concert and not mention Johnny Hodges? We always knew he was the greatest alto saxophonist, but we had no idea he would be this great in the flesh. How does he produce this almighty, sumptuous tone so effortlessly? I watched him at a warm-up they played before a television rehearsal in Sydney, and the ease with which the



Second to One!

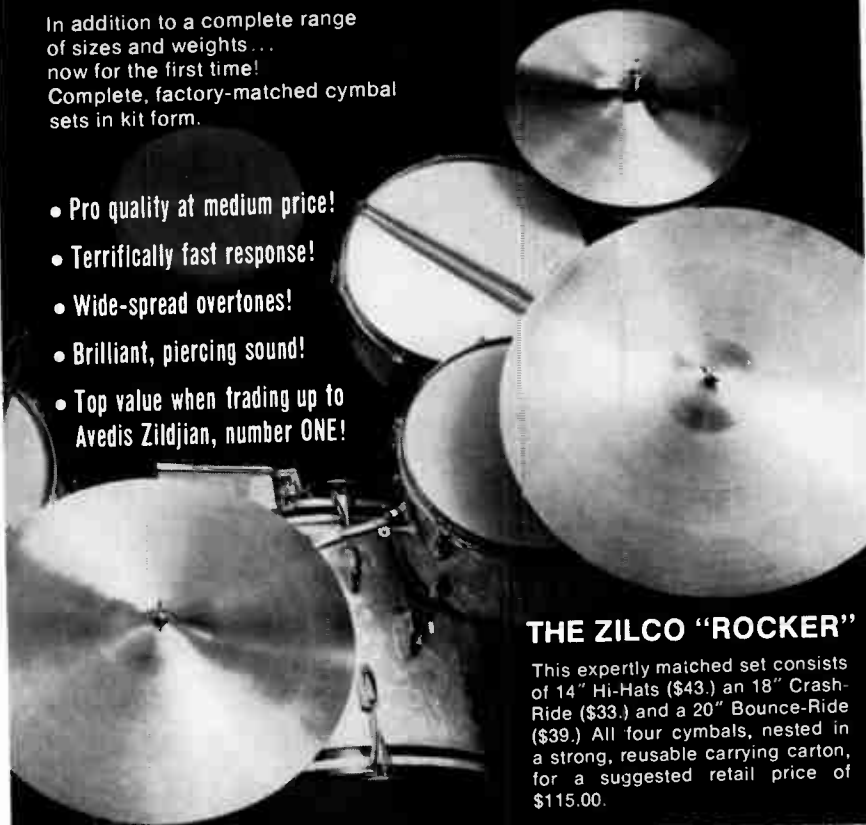
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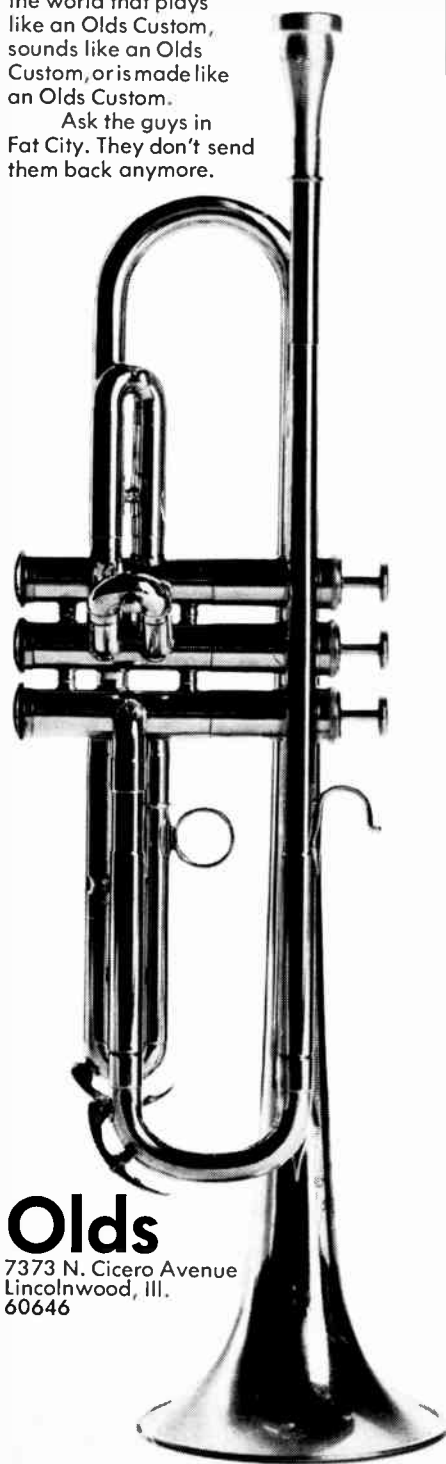
And bombed. Laid an egg in New York, too. Also, L.A.

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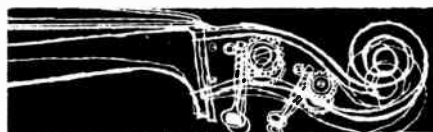
man pulls off the most staggering feats is almost exasperating.

His solo features are *Black Butterfly*, *Passion Flower* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, the latter played with a sweep and a soar and a surge that are indescribable.

That television rehearsal was something else. For me, it was the highlight. For one thing, the acoustics are so much better than those in Melbourne's Festival Hall. For another, I'm sitting only about four feet from the piano. The organ is set at right angles to the piano and it's lovely to watch that smile on Wild Bill Davis' face expand into a glowing grin as he stops, looks and listens to some of Ellington's backings.

Duke deprecates himself as a pianist and from the point of view of technique, perhaps, he'll never be in the Tatum-Hines-Wilson-Powell class. But can you think of anybody today who's playing *richer* jazz piano?

Duke sits down at the piano after the filming of the show and about eight of us listen and watch, entranced, as he plays *New World A-Coming* and *Lotus Blossom*. He's in the mood and we wait eagerly for more, frightened of breaking the magic spell. Then up come the ladies (curse them this time!) asking for autographs. I'm pleased for the Duke that they are such pretty ladies, but I could have cheerfully strangled all of them, be-



cause it means the end of the piano recital.

Come Sunday, when the band telerecords a commercial, and I'm in luck. During a break in proceedings, Duke lingers at the piano and plays and plays and plays. *Reflections in D* (a special request), the agonizingly beautiful *Lotus Blossom*—old themes, new themes.

"This is a piece I composed in the East," he murmurs. "Do you think it sounds genuine?"

"Well, it sounds just beautiful to me."

"It does?" He doesn't really laugh, doesn't exactly smile—he just seems to grin audibly. "Oh well, it must be all right then."

Russell Procope reckoned after the Melbourne concert that that was the best audience reaction they had had anywhere.

"Sydney can't be better than that," he says, almost defiantly.

But it was. Thunderous applause, wonderful music. And the acoustics are better than those in Melbourne, though no match for those in the television studio.

What astounds us all is the apparent youth of the veterans. That can't be Harry Carney!

(Benny Payne, who's out here with Billy Daniels, arrives unexpectedly at the recording of the commercial on Sunday. "That Harry Carney, he'll look like that when he's 105. Russell Procope, Cootie, myself and Harry—we all came up at the same time.")

You can't imagine Carney looking older or younger. You can't imagine Hodges

looking older or younger. They seem ageless, timeless.

In the studio you get that eerie placeless, timeless feeling. It's not that old feeling that you've been through it before, déjà vu and all that. It's a feeling that it's all going to happen again and be much better (if that's possible) and you pray to God that it will.

There's the usual scramble at the airport. My wife and I fail to hear the boarding call and we get downstairs to find that the Duke's been and gone. The ice is melting in Johnny Hodges' glass of red wine. Where's Mr. Ellington's hat? Is John Malcolm on the plane? The wind blows cooler. Things ain't what they used to be.

Exeunt les plus beaux Américains. We love you madly, miss you sadly.

—Dick Hughes

Cecil Taylor

Slugs', New York City

Personnel: Sam Rivers, tenor saxophone, soprano saxophone, flute; Jimmy Lyons, tenor saxophone; Taylor, piano; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Billed as the Cecil Taylor Unit, this little group of musicians from the vanguard of jazz—or shall we say modern improvisational music—did a weekend stint at Slugs', but their appearance probably constituted the New York musical event of that week.

I say this because Cecil Taylor, a man of indisputable musical genius, is so rarely heard in public performance that all his appearances must fall into the category of special events—very special.

What a sad commentary on our society it is that a performer of Taylor's stature, who can fill European concert halls, cannot find a better outlet for his talent in New York than a small, out-of-the-way, noisy Lower East Side club.

Regretfully, I was only able to catch one number, but it took up a whole set and lasted close to an hour. During that time, Taylor and his men heaped emotion upon emotion, brilliantly weaving random musical ideas into a lively pattern that was free, but not without structure. The horns, especially Rivers, had their moments, and Cyrille managed to keep up with things (although he was not able to make up for the absence of a bass and his performance suffered from trying to do so.) But it was Taylor who held it all together. Fiercely but lovingly, he attacked the keyboard, producing impressionistic cascades of colors that defy adequate description—how would you describe a Braque or Chagall?

The best I can do is to recommend that you not miss any opportunity to hear Taylor, and to hope that such opportunities will soon become less scarce than they have been to date.

Too frequently, one finds that avant garde musicians are unable to bring their concepts to full fruition because they lack an essential mastery of their instruments. Taylor has no such problems. Whether his music is "commercial" or not is irrelevant—what matters is that here is one of the great geniuses of America's most original art form, a man lauded by critics throughout the world. It is disgraceful that he is treated with such neglect in his own country and that he has to resort to occasional gigs at Slugs' in order to eke out a living.

—Chris Albertson

The Temptations

Talk of the Town, London, England

Personnel: Eddie Kendricks, Dennis Edwards, Otis Williams, Paul Williams, Melvin Franklin, vocals; Cornelius Grant, guitar, conductor; Bill White, bass guitar; Stacey Edwards, conga drums; Melvin Brown, drums; Bert Rhodes Orchestra.

Eddie Kendricks makes the Temptations for me. There's no doubting their supremacy as the most exciting vocal group around for this was evident the minute they hit the stage with the chartbusting *Get Ready*, but it's when little Eddie minces forward and throws back his head to tell about "never had a girl who could make me feel the way that you do", that they really take off. Eddie is out of sight. He has the most amazing soprano falsetto I've encountered. It's totally pure and controlled and so *for real* that any other contenders for the falsetto crown—Smokey Robinson for example—pale into insignificance beside him.

Kendricks continued to shine on *I'm Gonna Make You Love Me* after the group has breezed through a shortweight medley of some of their earlier hits, but it is a Dennis Edwards who has been getting all the writeups this time around. Edwards, the only native Detroiter in this Motown team, replaced David Ruffin last year. He looks and sings rather like Wil-



son Pickett and will probably turn out to be a star in his own right one day. He has a powerful, emotive voice although I could have done without his melodramatic rendition of *The Impossible Dream*. Material like this does nothing for groups like the Temps and they, in turn, do nothing for it. Rather, their efforts to comply with what they or their management seem to feel is the showbiz status quo are obvious even to those listeners who never consider motivation in choice of material.

The story about "soul for the white folks" has even filtered through to European audiences and they don't especially dig it, either. A pity the Temptations can't stick to more songs as dynamic as *Get Ready*.

A pity also that their three most recent numbers sound so similar. They were not helped by the Talk's poor PA system and the lyrics of what looked like a killer, *Don't Let the Joneses Get You Down*, were lost among the champagne bottles and fillet steaks.

What was not lost, on the other hand, was Melvin Brown's propulsive and accurate drumming. The Temps have rhythm aplenty of their own but Brown dotted the

i's and crossed the t's expertly. But why have a conga drummer if you don't bother to mike him up?

It's pretty hard to write something new about the Temps. Everybody knows them, and I doubt whether they're ever less than dynamic in person. Visually, they are colorful, but their stage routine is often embarrassing to watch when it touches the depths of corn. You can't help being amazed by their energy; they never slow down for a second.

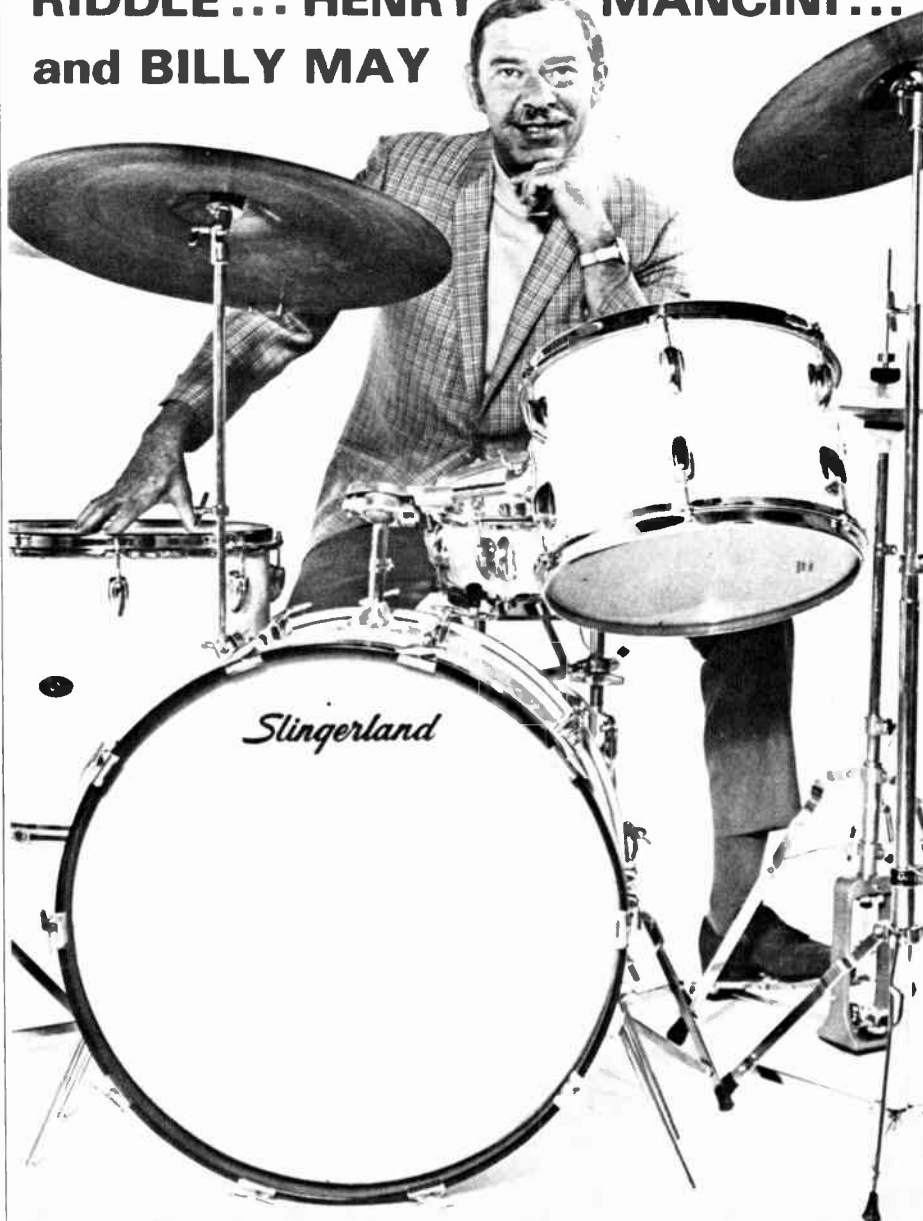
In the end, though, it's the music that tells, and these five Motowners get a groove going which is quite unbelievable in its overall rhythmic urgency and in the counter-rhythms that cook continually under the surface as the lead switches from one voice to another. This was es-

pecially evident on *Cloud Nine*, another mover, where they swap leads left, right and center in a staggering display of vocal technique.

I dug Edwards' drive and the group's resilience on *I Can't Get Next to You*, but of course they had to louse things up in the best Motown tradition with an everything-is-gonna-be-all-right number called—yes, you've guessed it, *Everything Is Gonna Be All Right*. Edwards prowled downstage and declaimed slicked-up preacher-style but it was not particularly convincing. When the Temptations attempt to heal the world's ills in this way, something inside me starts to squirm a little. They should stick to their other scene; they have absolutely no rivals out here.

—Valerie Wilmer

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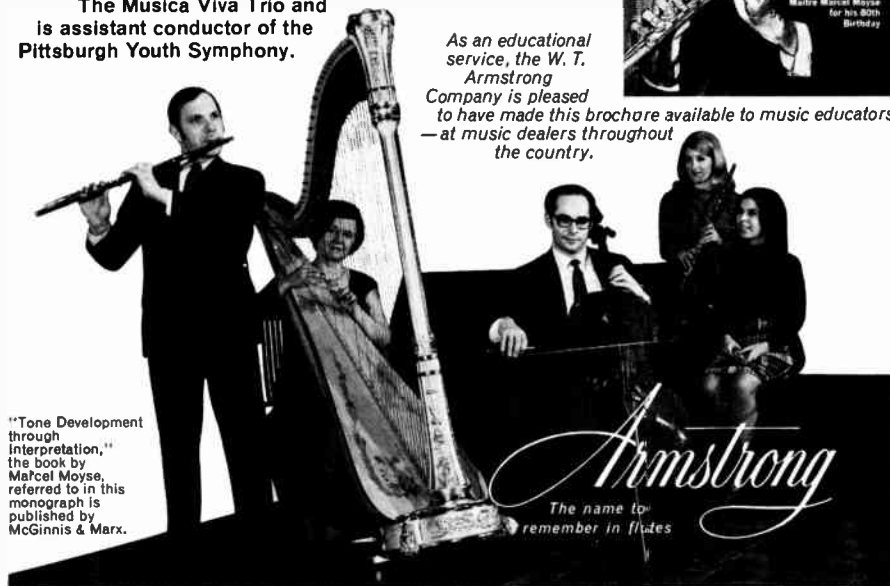
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HERMAN

(Continued from page 13)

playing to indicate that one of these days Sal Nistico is going to lay something on us that will elicit the recognition he deserves.

Can't Get Next To You, also featuring Sal, finds the dance floor packed. No recognizable fad steps are in evidence—apparently the "do your own thing" credo has been extended to this area also. The first few bars of *Hey Jude*, a fine Nat Pierce chart, evokes a wave of recognition and the inevitable *Watermelon Man*, also warmly received, features good solos by tenorist Steve Lederer (a fine player with an outstanding upper register), baritonist Thomas, trumpeter Hines, and trombonist Berg.

Requests from the few over-30s in attendance bring forth some of the Herman staples, which haven't been abandoned but are played less frequently. There was *Woodchopper's Ball*, of course, Woody relating that the old warhorse has been "discovered" and recorded by the British group Ten Years After. Another ever-green, *Caldonia*, was as brisk as ever, and the trumpets, front and center, once again execute the scary ensemble chorus, conceived about 25 years ago by Shorty Rogers and still a challenge.

A few subdued things are played, and the Herd demonstrates that dynamics have not been forgotten. *Make Someone Happy* (an exquisite Frank Foster chart) is effective, but *Body and Soul* is a special treat. Woody does a lovely job on soprano sax, demonstrating that he has tamed what Sidney Bechet dubbed the "fish horn", playing it not only in tune but with a full, pretty sound. Real ballad communication. Lead trombonist Ira Napus, another young soloist of poise and substance, also impresses with a beautiful chorus.

Most of the new charts impose heavy demands on the brass section and they are equal to the task. The trumpet section, as a whole, was much improved from last November's quintet, and lead trumpeter Rig Powell, displaying both consistency and chops, was heard to advantage on high note climaxes on Quincy Jones' *For The Love of Ivy* and *Keep On*.

And behind (or in front) of it all—doing everything a great bandleader does and doing it his own way—was Woody. It was fascinating to observe the youngsters at ringside, oblivious to any proverbial generation gap, digging Woody's impromptu dance steps and hanging on the maestro's every word during his announcements. Sidemen come and go (due largely to road fatigue) but Woody is always there, and he's always Woody—with his outlook of youthful optimism, his sincerity, and legendary integrity.

Judging by the highly favorable reaction of the huge crowd (estimated at between 1,500 and 2,000) and the quality of the band's rejuvenated book, the Herd has taken on a promising new dimension and, by all indications, has attracted a whole new generation of listeners. Though the Herman story is already an illustrious chapter in the history of jazz, many open pages lie ahead, and the future never looked brighter.

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db music workshop

Clark Terry's "Feedin' the Bean" Transcribed and Annotated by David Baker

Transcribed from *Coleman Hawkins-Clark Terry: Together* (Columbia Jazz Odyssey 32 1602 54). This album was originally issued as *Back in Bean's Bag*.

Trumpet key: B \flat —Concert key: A \flat

Terry's exciting solo of eight choruses contains many of the musical concepts that have made him the jazz giant he is. The highly personal sound and articulations, the pervasive blues influence, the consummate ease with which he executes every idea, the unpredictability yet feeling of inevitability of line, the omnipresent sense of humor and the relentless swing are all here. Points of interest include:

1. Dramatic impact of the slow shakes at C 1 through 4.
2. Quotes E 1-3 (*Farmer's Market*); F 1-2 (Public domain quote).
3. The solo is definitely a well-structured organic whole, but Clark manages to make each chorus sound complete in and of itself.
4. Consistently long, arching lines: A 3-8; C 6-11; D 1-7, etc.
5. Dramatic effects, such as slides, glissandi, drop-offs, accents, ghosted notes.
6. Particularly effective use of space.
7. Combination of complex, cascading lines with simple, folk-like phrases: B 1-2; D 8-9; F 6-7; G 1-5.
8. Use of repetition to build tension: A 2-4; B 9-12; H 1-4.
9. "Soulful" use of the blues colors: A 10-11; B 6-7; C 1-5; D 1; E 6-7; G 9-10; H 4-6, 10-12.
10. Personal articulation (a kind of modified double-tongue in fast passages), perhaps a tud-ul, tud-ul instead of T-K-T-K: E 9-10; G 7-8.

Transcribed musical notation for Clark Terry's "Feedin' the Bean". The notation is in 4/4 time, key of B \flat (indicated by two flats in the key signature). The score is divided into sections labeled A, B, C, and D. Section A starts with a key signature change to B \flat and includes a triplet. Section B includes a key signature change to E \flat . Section C is marked "slow shake" and includes a key signature change to B \flat . Section D includes a key signature change to B \flat . The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, triplets, and key signature changes.

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(X) to (X) = tud-ul tongue (modified double tongue)

/ = slide to note from beneath the pitch

\ = slide off the note

~ = slow shake

() = ghosted note

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib Composer-arranger-saxophonist **Oliver Nelson** will appear as guest soloist April 29 as part of Highland Park (Ill.) high school's week-long 1970 *Focus on the Arts* program. Nelson will perform on alto and soprano saxophones, backed by Chicago-area musicians, and will conduct workshops on improvisation and cinema scoring. **down beat** publisher **Charles Suber** will act as master of ceremonies . . . New York University held its fifth annual Jazz Festival at Loeb Student Center Mar. 2-6. The festival opened with the original cast orchestra from **LeRoi Jones' *Slave Ship***, with music scored by **Archie Shepp**. On Mar. 3, the NYU Jazz Ensemble performed along with **McCoy Tyner's Quartet**; **Clark Terry's Quartet**, with **Ernie Wilkins**, tenor sax; **Don Friedman**, piano; and **Victor Sproles**, bass appeared Mar. 4, and on Mar. 5 trumpeters **Woody Shaw** and **Kenny Dorham**, tenorist **George Coleman**, pianist **Kenny Barron**, bassist **Larry Ridley**, and drummer **Lenny McBrowne** made up the NYU Festival Jazz Ensemble. Co-producers for this year's festival were NYU's **David Bell** and **Ridley** . . . The **Fredonia College Big Band**, directed by **Joe Bassin**, recently played for the Western New York Music Educators Conference in concert and clinic presentations. The band was awarded first place at the Mobile Jazz Festival in 1965 and earned an honorable mention at Villanova in 1968 . . . The **West Genesee (N.Y.) High School jazz lab band *Swing-in '70*** program will feature **Thad Jones** and other guest performers on May 8. Tenorist **Frank Foster** appeared as soloist with the band last year . . . Recent activities of the **Kent State University Lab Band**, directed by **Dr. Walter Watson**, included a winter concert featuring **Clark Terry** and **Joe Williams**. Band pianist **Bill Dobbins**, in addition to appearing next season as soloist with the **Akron Symphony**, also played a club date recently with **James Moody**. **Bob Curnow**, former **Stan Kenton** trombonist, was the guest clinician for a well-attended jazz session and the band will record for Mark records, and embark on a tour of schools and civic auditoriums before departing for Switzerland . . . A joint benefit concert with proceeds going to scholarship and music trust funds of Sacramento (Cal.) high school was held there with these performing groups: the **University of Nevada Modern Jazz Band** (directed by **Gene Isaef**); the **Sacramento State College Stage Band** (directed by **Herb Harrison**); and the Sacramento high school stage band, directed by **Aubrey Penman** . . . **Duke Ellington** is set for a series of regional campus gigs this month: Grossmont College, April 16, and Orange Coast College, April 17, both in California, and Arizona State University, April 18 . . . The State University of New York at Albany presented a three-day music festival Mar. 20-22. Featured were baritone saxist **Nick Brignola** and his **Mixed Bag** (a new jazz-rock ensemble); **Canned Heat**, **Moody Blues** and **John Mayall**.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

recital at Carnegie Hall Mar. 6 as part of the Jazz—*The Personal Dimension* series. With the pianist were **Johnny Coles**, trumpet; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Joe Henderson**, tenor sax; **Buster Williams**, bass, and **Tootie Heath**, drums . . . **Junior Mance** did a Mar. 8 stint with the Hartford Jazz Society . . . **Clarence Hutchenrider** and his **Casa Loma Jazz Band** did a one-nighter Mar. 1 at Uncle John's Straw Hat. With clarinetist **Hutchenrider** were **Johnny Windhurst**, trumpet; **Charlie Queener**, piano; **Gene Ramey**, bass, and **Ray Michaels**, drums . . . **Booker Ervin** played the Port of Call the weekend of Feb. 20, with pianist **Andy Bey**, bassist **Bill Wood**, and drummer **Ed Blackwell** . . . A concert titled *Black, Brown, and Beige* was presented Feb. 22 at Town Hall. Among those appearing: bass soloist **Charlie Mingus**; **Kenny Dorham's** group with tenorist **Wilbur Brown**, pianist **Danny Nixon**, drummer **Al Hicks**, and poet **Barbara Simmons**; and **Bobby Timmons' Quartet** with **Monty Waters**, alto sax; **Scotty Holt**, bass, and **Jack Denet**, drums . . . Pianist **Dorothy Donegan** appeared at Plaza 9 for three weeks beginning Feb. 24 . . . Pianist **Martin Reverby's** group performed a concert in late January at the Caravan House with sidemen **Jimmy Hahn**, **Roger Spitz**, **Billy Hintz**, **Brian Ross**, **Arthur Williams**, **Ahmed Abdulla** and **Joe Rigby**. **Reverby** did another concert Mar. 1 at the Museum of Living Artists.

Los Angeles All good things come to those who wait: **Stan Kenton's** band was finally booked for a Sunday big band night at Donte's. The March lineup of bands there also include **Mike Barone**, **Clare Fischer** and **Dee Barton**. Another band, **Louis Bellson's**, held down the Thursday night slot; **Larry Cansler's** "sorta big band" did Wednesdays; and Tuesday became Dixieland night with **Teddy Buckner's All Stars**. Guitar night got a boost from a group fronted by **Herb Ellis** and another Donte returnee was **George Van Eps**. **Bud Shank's Quintet** followed **Howard Roberts' Quintet** for the weekends . . . **Dan Terry's Lido Room** in Studio City began with high hopes but developed snags after booking the bands of **Dee Barton**, **Bob Jung**, **Mike Barone**, **Ron Myers**, **Kim Richmond**, **John Klemmer's Quintet**, and **Terry's** own big band. The room is still functioning, but **Terry** has exited in the midst of confusing fiscal hassles . . . **Johnny Carson's** invasion of the West Coast not only provided work for a number of studio swingers, but allowed his musical director, **Doc Severinsen**, to show off his chops in a couple of gigs around town. Turning the leader-side-man relationship around, **Severinsen** was featured soloist in **Louis Bellson's** band at Donte's for a special performance of **Bellson's** own jazz ballet, *The Marriage Vows*. The ballet will also be heard at the Pilgrimage Theatre April 26 as part of a matinee concert by the **Bellson** unit. **Severinsen** also worked a one-nighter at the Anaheim Convention Center, backed by

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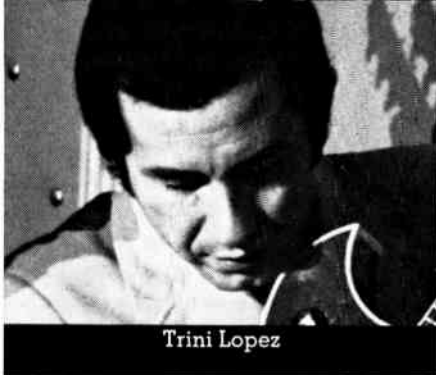


Larry Coryell

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Trini Lopez



Bellson's band, which also marked the west coast singing debut of heavyweight champ **Joe Frazier**. Carson saw fit to introduce the usually anonymous studio band backing the show during its Burbank stay. On the Feb. 27 show, the lineup was **Johnny Audino**, **Jimmy Zito**, **Maurice Harris**, **Conte Candoli**, trumpets; **Gil Falco**, **Nick Di Maio**, **Kenny Shroyer**, trombones; **Bill Perkins**, **John Bainbridge**, **Ernie Watts**, **Don Menza**, **Ernie Small**, reeds; **Bob Bain**, guitar; **Ross Tompkins**, piano; **Joe Mondragon**, bass, and **Bellson**, drums . . . **Herbie Hancock** played **Shelley's Manne-Hole** recently, with **Johnny Coles**, trumpet; **Garnett Brown**, trombone; **Joe Henderson**, tenor sax; **Buster Williams**, bass, and **Tootie Heath**, drums. They were followed by **Bill Evans** (**Eddie Gomez**, bass, **Marty Morell**, drums). Just prior to opening at the Manne-Hole, Hancock's sextet played a one-nighter at UCLA. Opposite them was a local trio of **George Duke**, piano, **John Heard**, bass, and **Dick Berk**, drums. Berk brought his own quartet into the Surfrider for a recent Sunday matinee with **Pete Christlieb**, tenor sax, **Joe Sample**, piano, and bassist **Heard**. Berk is also acting. Garson Kanin, casting four musicians for his revival of *Idiots Delight* at the Ahmanson Theatre, chose Berk, tenorist **Georgie Auld**, pianist **Johnny Guarneri**, and violinist **Shirley Cornell** . . . **Hugh Masekela** followed the double bill of **Les McCann** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** at **Redd Foxx's**. McCann was supposed to play a Monday session at the Private club, the Bayou, but **Tony Ortega's** group had to sub at the last minute. With Ortega on reeds were **Mona Orbeck**, electric piano, vibes; **Jim Espinoza**, bass, and **Pete Magadini**, drums . . . **Sammy Davis, Jr.** put on a one-man show during an "operation facelift" at the Cocoanut Grove. He brought the house down, literally, as workmen, on cue, began tearing down part of the decor in a symbolic valedictory to the old Grove. The new Grove, scheduled to open sometime in April, will headline Davis for its initial bash . . . **Sam Fletcher** returned to his home away from home, **Memory Lane** . . . **Ernie Andrews**, who'd been making the **Parisian Room** his home for the better part of a year, finally gave way to another singer who knows how to keep a good thing going and going: **Lorez Alexandria**. She'll be backed by the same house trio: **Red Holloway**, tenor saxophone; **Art Hillery**, organ; **Kenny Dixon**, drums. Jazz violinist **Johnny Creach** was held over and is now in his tenth month there. Dixon still hosts the Monday Celebrity Night, and considering the people who sit in, that institution seems pretty secure: **Erroll Garner**, **Sarah Vaughan**, **Earl Palmer**, and **Jimmy Smith**, who came up to play "a few numbers" and stretched out for 90 minutes . . . **Carmen McRae**, along with **The Fourth Way**, played the **Troubador**, ordinarily a folk club, for one week . . . **O. C. Smith** returned from Nashville, where he taped the **Johnny Cash Show**. He also played a one-nighter at Cal Tech's **Beckman Auditorium** . . . **Barney Kessel** returned to Los Angeles after a year of living and gigging in Europe and Asia . . . **Nancy Wilson**, who's been cutting down personal

appearances to concentrate on acting, just performed at five benefits in a row—running the gamut from the Urban League to the Shriners . . . Putting on her own benefit in the form of a concert at the **Wilshire Ebell Theatre**, **Connie Brooks** made her West Coast debut backed by the **Leroy Vinnegar Trio** . . . **Lou Rawls** was the special guest at a benefit one-nighter, *An Evening with Burt Bacharach*, at the **Pasadena Civic Auditorium** . . . In another benefit concert, **Ron Pitner** and his trio (**John McAllister**, piano; **Richard Levine**, bass; Pitner, percussion) played at **Valley State College** for the **Community Involvement Project**, a student organization. Pitner also had gigs scheduled at **Pierce College** and **UCLA** . . . The **Four Freshmen** played the **Hong Kong Bar** for four weeks after an absence of two years. The nation's oldest freshmen (organized 22 years ago) consist of **Ken Albers**, trumpet; **Bob Flanagan**, trombone and bass; **Bill Comstock**, guitar; and **Ross Barbour**, drums . . . **Pete Jolly** appeared in concert at **Valley State College** . . . **Dizzy Gillespie** recently appeared at **Redd Foxx's** with his new group. **Jymie Merritt** was on bass.

Chicago In his first Chicago appearance since leaving the **Dizzy Gillespie Quintet**, reed man **James Moody** did a weekend at the Apartment, 505 E. 75th St., Feb. 27-Mar. 1 backed by **Billy Howell**, trombone; **Prince James**, tenor saxophone; **Don Patterson**, organ, and **Billy James**, drums. Vocalist **Babs Gonzales** sat in with his former boss and broke it up . . . **Sonny Stitt** closed his brief stand at the **Keymen's Club**, 4721 W. Madison St., Mar. 1, and played a *Modern Jazz Showcase* session at the **North Park hotel** Mar. 8 with pianist **John Hicks**, bassist **Rufus Reid**, and drummer **Jerol Donovan**. The previous week's *Showcase* featuring **Gene Shaw** and the **New Americans** sextet was poorly attended but the **Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson** session on Feb. 22 drew very well. Land-Hutcherson, with the same Chicago rhythm section, also appeared in **Gary, Ind.** and played a concert for the **Michiana Friends of Jazz** in **South Bend, Ind.** while in the area . . . **Judy Roberts**, whose trio appeared on the local **Marty Faye TV show** Feb. 28, holds forth at the **Wise Fools** on Wednesdays, with **Gene Shaw's New Americans** appearing Friday and Saturday and trumpeter **Oscar Brashear's** group, **Arts and Sons**, featured on Sunday . . . The **Neo-Passé** band, led by trumpeter **Ted Buttermann**, with **Miles Zimmerman**, clarinet, tenor saxophone; **Russ Whitman**, clarinet, tenor, bass saxophone; **John Defauw**, rhythm guitar; **Danny Shapera**, bass, and **Don DeMicheel**, drums, appeared Feb. 27 at the **Showboat Sari-S**, featuring a repertoire of lightly swinging classics including a number of tunes associated with **Billie Holiday** and **Lester Young**. The future looks dim for continuation of the **Showboat's Friday Jazz at Noon** sessions. Founder and host **Defauw** utilizes local musicians (usually clarinetist **Frank Chace**, guitarist **Marty Grosz**, drummer **Wayne Jones**) as a house band and a nucleus for jamming. **Defauw** cited the relative inaccessibility of the Show-

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boat for Loop businessmen as the main reason for either relocating the sessions or discontinuing them altogether.

Boston: The venerable Boston Ballet featured, for three February turns at the Savoy Theatre, Duke Ellington's *The Road of the Phoebe Show*, with Herb Pomeroy's Jazz Band playing Herb's transcription of the music. Pomeroy recently joined fellow Berklee teacher Andy McGhee for an appearance with the Boston Symphony at its Saturday Children's Concert. The trumpeter is presently raising funds to take his MIT band on a European tour this summer . . . Rained out just before Christmas, the Jimmy Mosher-Paul Fontaine Big Band returned to Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike for a successful February weekend. Lennie's looms as large as ever on the Boston scene. Clark Terry, B. B. King, Illinois Jacquet, Herbie Mann, Turley Richards, Eddie Harris, Ian and Sylvia, the Jon Bartel Thing, and O. C. Smith have been among recent attractions. During his recent Lennie's stay, Buddy Rich aired new material from Bill Holman, who flew in to rehearse a new chart with the band, and from Phil Wilson . . . Wilson will present a jazz mass in mid-March at the Old West Church, drawing on the talents of Lennie Hockman, reeds; Mick Goodrick, guitar; George Mraz, bass; Peter Donald, drums . . . At the popular Paul's Mall, recent features have been Joe Williams, Oscar Peterson, Thelma Houston, and Brother Jack McDuff . . . Meanwhile, at the Mall's sister spot, the Jazz Workshop, where recent guests have included Gary Burton, Lou Donaldson, and Dizzy Gillespie, a first hearing was given to Miles Davis' exciting new jazz-rock sound, leaving Boston fans eager for more at the Boston *Globe* Annual Jazz Festival. Miles starred with B. B. King, Herbie Mann, the Buddy Rich Band, Sarah Vaughan, Erroll Garner, and Lighthouse . . . George Russell presented a concert of his own music at Jordan Hall under auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music . . . Bassist Buell Neidlinger is slated to leave Boston shortly to join Frank Zappa in California . . . Boston bandmen have been picking up pit jobs as the Hub's own production of *Hair* went into rehearsals for an April opening . . . Boston's Eliot Lounge has become a dating bar after several years of hosting jazz guitarist Don Alessi. Don now draws his pay as musical director of Boston Channel 7's *Dave Garraway Show*, fast becoming a popular new stop in Boston for visiting vocalists and musicians . . . Pianist Al Vega and the trio, recently moved from the Maridor in Framingham, have opened at the Motel 128 in Dedham. They feature popular songstress May Arnette . . . New Hampshire pianist Leonard Gallant has left the Rockingham Hotel after eight years in Portsmouth and has crossed the border to join Dick Creedon at the Village Green in Peabody, Mass. . . . Very active in the area, the J. R. Mitchell Quartet has been reformed and expanded to the J. R. Mitchell Unit Experimental Group, now consisting of Mitchell on percussion; Max Seiler, piano; Calvin Hill, first bass; Shriichi Yoshifuka, second bass; Clifford

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Weeks, trombone; John Shaw and Byard Lancaster, reeds . . . Buzzy Drootin's Jazz Family came in from New York for an extended stay at the Maverick Steak House in North Reading, Mass. The group features Herman Autrey, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Sonny Drootin, piano; Eddie Gibbs, bass, and the leader on drums. The Family was featured recently on Channel 2's *Mixed Bag Show*.

Las Vegas Frank Leone replaced Joe Parnello with Vic Damone . . . Woody Herman came into Caesar's Palace for two weeks with trumpeter Tony Klatka, formerly of the C.C. Riders, in the Herd . . . Frank Sinatra was to follow Anthony Newley into Caesar's. Dick Palombi, former pianist-conductor for Buddy Greco, is now with Newley . . . Peter Nero's three-weeker in the Tropicana's Blue Room was followed by Joe Williams and the Count Basie Band . . . Former Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme conductor Joe Guercio recently replaced Bobby Morris as musical director at the International Hotel . . . Trombonist Benny Green, recently with Duke Ellington, is now thoroughly entrenched in the Sands house band . . . Page Cavanaugh signed a 20-week a year contract with the Sahara . . . Herkie Styles (musicians' favorite comic) did a stint at the Fremont Hotel . . . George Rock, remembered for his work with Spike Jones, is proving to one and all that he is among the best Dixie-styled trumpeters every night at the Silver Slipper Casino . . . Ella Fitzgerald and her "now sound" did the Flamingo's showroom with Tommy Flanagan, piano, Frank DeLarosa, bass, and Ed Thigpen, drums . . . Ray Anthony took a small group into the Circle F Theatre at the Frontier . . . Former Artie Shaw-Boyd Raeburn-Stan Kenton drummer Irv Kluger, now working with the Jack Cathcart Orchestra, was elected to the Board of Trustees of AFM Local 369, while former Kenton trumpeter Chico Alvarez has hung up his horn to become business agent for the local . . . Jazz D.J. Bob Joyce hosted hard-to-get trombonist Bill Harris on his late night talk show along with saxophonist Milt Yaner, drummer Jimmy Campbell, and singers Joe Williams and Sue Raney . . . The International Hotel has reportedly offered Blood, Sweat&Tears \$90,000 per week for a two-weeker . . . Former band leader Bobby Sherwood is a steady fixture at the El Cortez in downtown Las Vegas.

Baltimore A fire at the Critics Lounge on North Avenue ended tenor saxophonist Mickey Field's brief stay there; Fields, his trio, and his sister, vocalist Shirley Fields, have since moved to Henry Baker's Peyton Place on the Avenue on weekends . . . The biggest crowd since the one drawn by John Coltrane, who played one of his last concerts at the Famous Ballroom in 1967, came out to welcome Cannonball Adderley and the quintet at the opening concert of the Left Bank Jazz Society's new season. Cannonball is justly renowned for his rapport with audiences but lost it toward the end with this one when, annoyed by comments and requests, he ended the concert abruptly. Elvin Jones,

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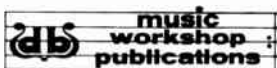
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with saxophonist **Joe Farrell** and bassist **Wilbur Little**, played the Feb. 1 Left Bank concert, and **Lee Morgan** appeared on the 15th... **Bill Russo** is back in town and conducting his rock operas *The Civil War* and *Liberation*, on Sunday evenings at the Peabody Conservatory's East Hall... As part of a contemporary arts festival at Towson State College, five short piano preludes written by **Hank Levy** were performed Feb. 3 by **Catherine Busen** of the faculty. A week later, Levy's **Towson State Jazz Ensemble**, with trumpeter **Tony Neenan** outstanding among the soloists and vibraphonist **Jimmy Wells** and **Donald Bailey** lending support in the rhythm section, played several of Levy's compositions, including *Alone*, *A Rock Odyssey*, and *A New Kind of Country*... Canadian folksinger **Gordon Lightfoot** appeared at the Johns Hopkins Turner Auditorium Feb. 13. The same evening, **Iron Butterfly** played a concert at the Civic Center.

St. Louis: The **Quartet Tres Bien** has been working various clubs around town. Pianist **Jeter Thompson** has been trying to keep the group together but the members have had to work their own gigs in order to make it. **Al St. James** on drums, **Percy James**, Latin percussion, and **Richard Simmons**, bass, round out the group... **Mary Norleen** is the new featured vocalist with the **Latin Nova** group, continuing its stay at the Riverhouse. (**Vince Charles**, steel drums, vibes; **Rick Bolden**, piano; **Don Valadex**, conga drum; **Manny Quintero**, drums)... Pianist **Marion Miller** continues his indefinite stay at The Top of 230. **Jim Becker** followed Miller at the popular Mainlander... **Liz** and **Bernard Hutcherson**, on piano and tenor saxophone with **Maestro** setup respectively, are appearing Friday through Sunday at The Place on the east side. Featured with the group are **John Cummings**, bass, and **Jerome Harris**, drums... Drummer **Bud Murphy** and bassist **Bob Stout** recently joined **Carmen McRae's** musical director, guitarist **Al Gafa**, to back the marvelous vocalist in her segment of the **Bill Cosby Show**, which recently appeared at Kiel Auditorium... **Roger McCoy**, formerly featured on vocals and trumpet with the **Glenn Miller-Buddy DeFranco** organization, split the local scene recently to try to make it in Los Angeles...

Dave Venn continues his groovy pianistics at the Spanish Door for the cocktail hour. He is joined Monday through Friday by **Jerry Cherry** on bass and vocalist **Judy Gilbert**... **Peanuts Whalum** left the p.m. stint at the Door and now is fronting a group at the Garage. (**Richard Martin**, guitar; **John Mixon**, bass; **Ken Riee**, drums)... Trumpeter **David Hines** quit his teaching gig and joined the **Woody Herman** Band on tour. **John Hicks** left the Herman piano chair and returned to the local scene. He is currently working with various groups in the area, subbed for **Ed Fritz** recently at the Upstream Lounge, and was at Helen's Black Eagle Lounge with a swinging group fronted by saxist **Willie Aiken**, and also including **John Mixon**, bass, and **Jerome Harris**, drums... The Bulls and Bears was ready to reopen after a recent fire.

ELLINGTON

(Continued from page 12)

tinued as though it had never been away, although there was some shuffling of the personnel. **Paul Gonsalves** and **Willie Cook**, who did not make the tour, returned to their chairs as **Harold Ashby** and **John Malcolm** left. **Norris Turney** moved into the position formerly occupied by **Ashby** and **Jimmy Hamilton**. **Joe Benjamin**, an old Ellington hand behind the scenes, had joined for the tour and continued on bass. **Julian Priester**, who took **Lawrence Brown's** place after the Las Vegas engagement, continued in the trombone section with returnee **Booty Wood** and veteran **Chuck Connors**.

After playing a number of engagements around New York, the band taped a *Beattles Medley* for the **Ed Sullivan Show**. The soundtrack was recorded on Feb. 22, with the band constituted as above, plus **Tiny Grimes** on guitar and **Victor Gaskin** on electric bass. **Harry Carney's** father died that day, so on the 23rd, when the video-taping was done, **Ashby** returned to the section and **Russell Procope** mimed the baritone part. (This information may enable down beat readers to win a few bets!)

That same night, with **Procope** playing baritone and **Ashby** still in the reed section, the band appeared at Madison Square Garden in a mammoth NAACP fund-raising tribute to Ellington entitled *Sold on Soul*. It began at 7:30, **Peggy Lee** having the unenviable task of opening the show, and ended at 2 a.m. As is so often the case at affairs of this kind, all that mattered most happened at the last hour.

B. B. King played guitar with the **M.J.Q.**, sang the blues with members of his own group, and played guitar again as **Ray Charles** sang. The Ellington musicians had meanwhile been coming on stage one by one and joining in. When the leader came out, he found **Ray Charles** at the organ and **Wild Bill Davis** at the piano. They went into a long, slow blues, the band—without music stands or music—improvising riffs as it went along, and **Booty Wood** excelling himself in solo. After **Ray Charles** got into *Satin Doll*, he was clearly reluctant to leave the scene, but next on was **Louis Armstrong**, who introduced his wife, **Lucille**, and broke it up with *Hello, Dolly!* There was a lot of empathy hereabouts, and the four Ellington trumpets seemed to feel it especially. **Jimmy Rushing**, who had been billed early on, was told on arrival that there would not be a spot for him, but when Ellington heard of this he insisted on presenting him, and **Rushing** delivered a stirring version of *Goin' to Chicago*. Finally, the band had the stage to itself, and the concert was brought to a fitting conclusion with *Rockin' in Rhythm*, *Take the 'A' Train*, *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, and the number that features the three tenor saxophonists, *In Triplicate*.

A famous occasion, perhaps, but no respite was implied for Ellington or his men. The next day, Rhode Island; the day after that, North Carolina; the day after that, Kentucky; the day after that, Tennessee; and so on... —Stanley Dance

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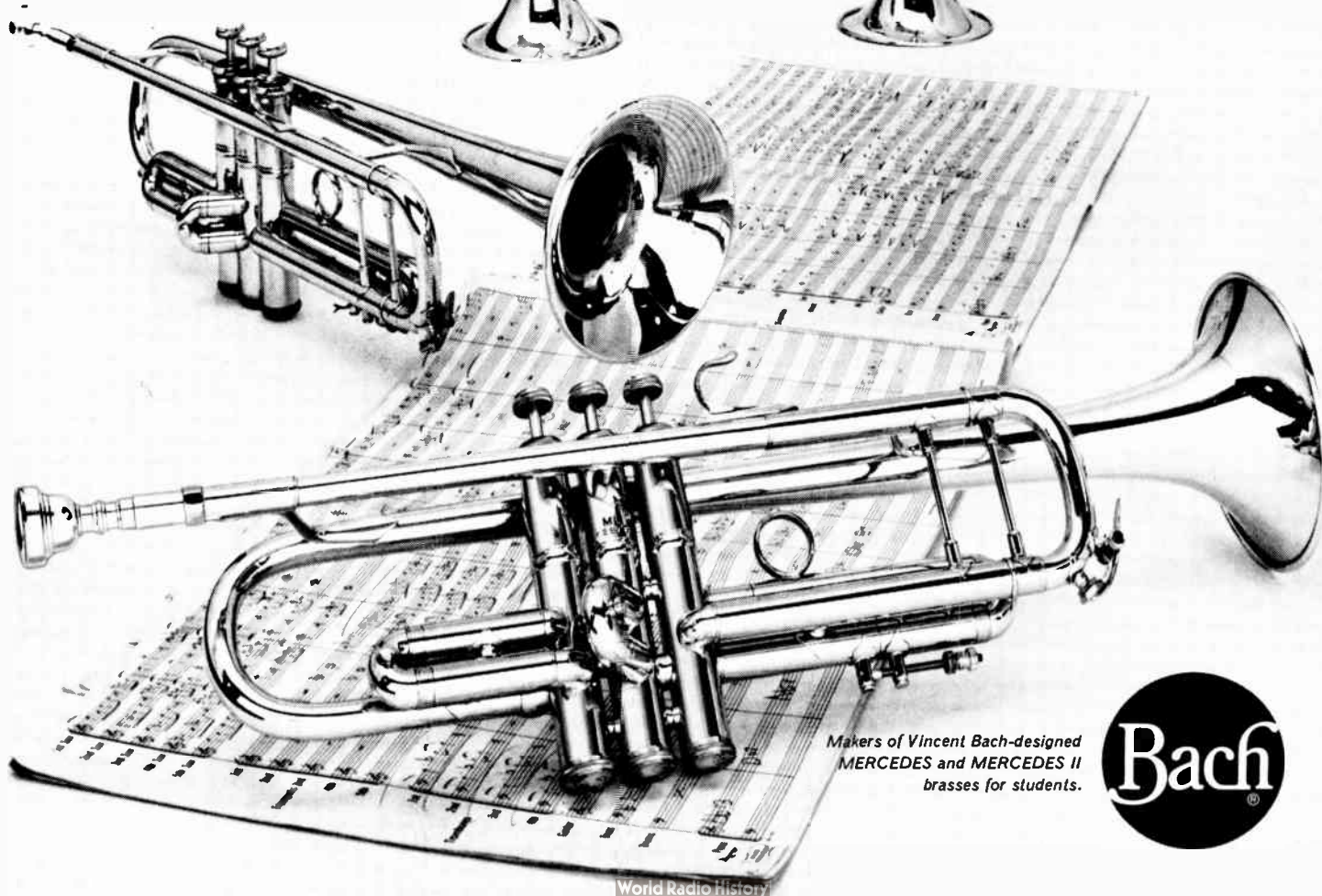
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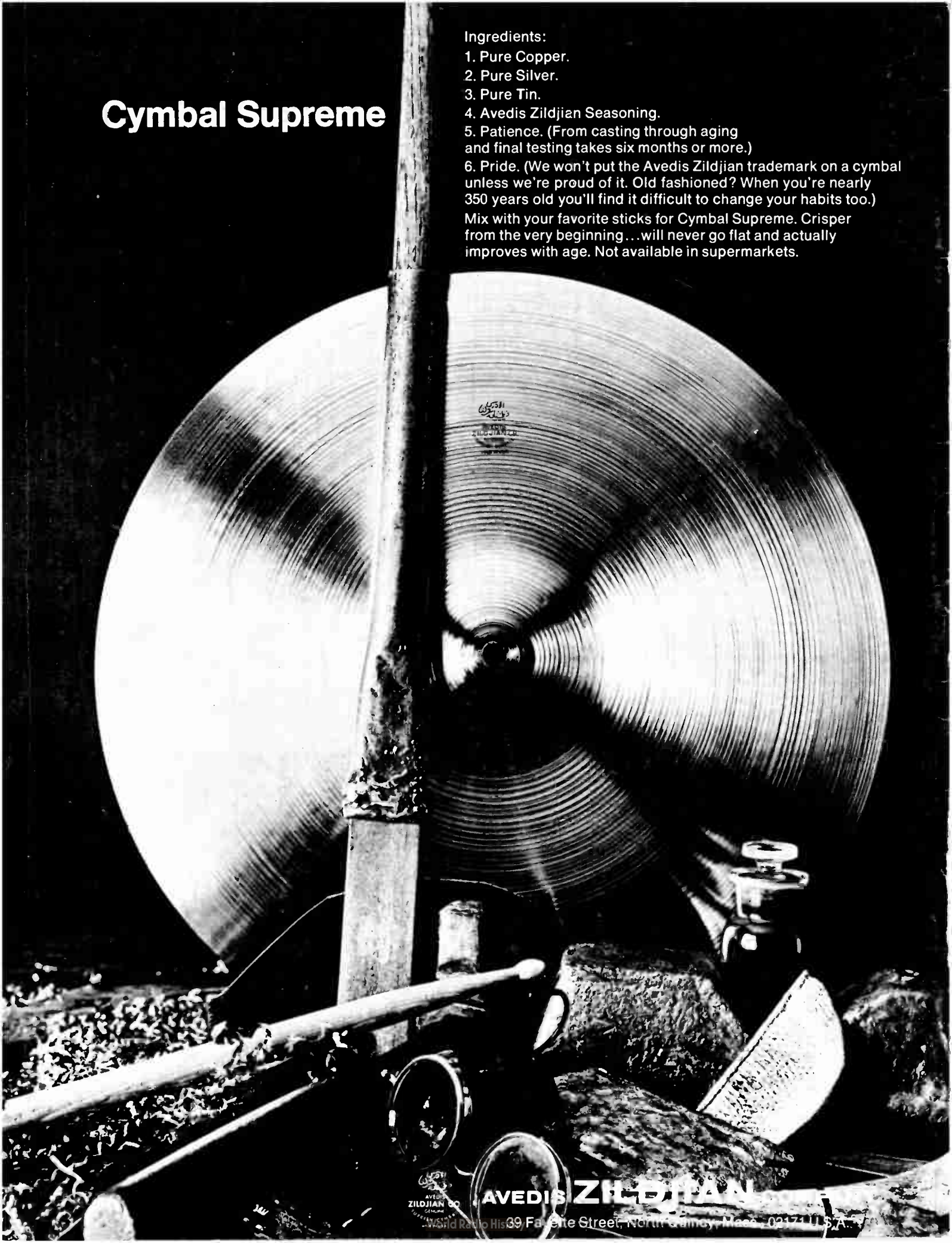


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