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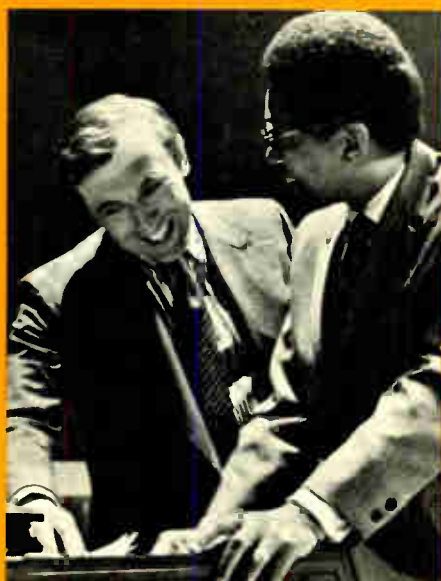
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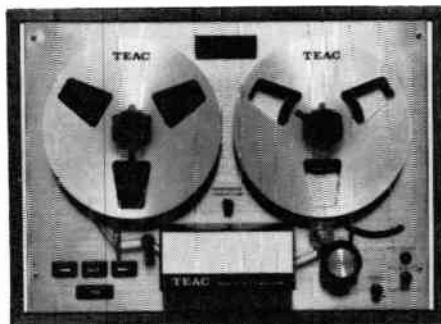
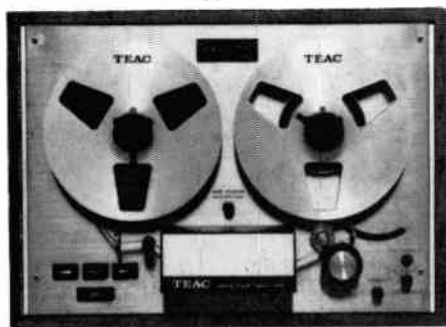


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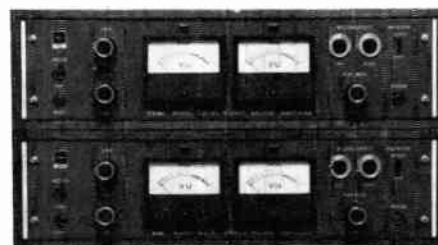


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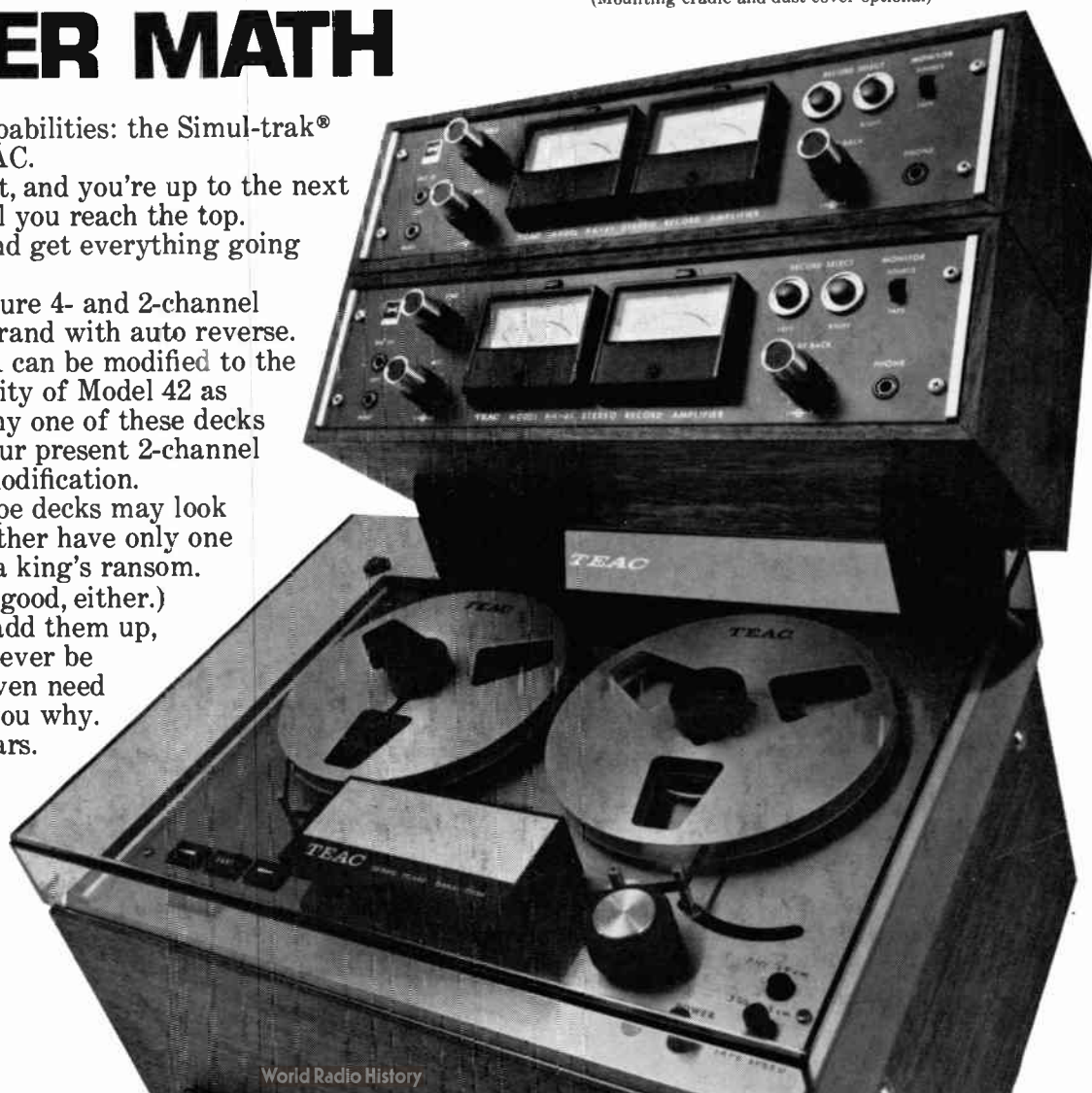
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By CHARLES SUBER

A moment, please, for Pride Time. You see, I just finished reading the editorial pages of this issue, and I'm damn proud of what they say and about whom (and by) whom they have been written.


It isn't that the issue marks any milestone or underscores any unusual achievement. It is an "average" issue of down beat reflecting, as it should, what is happening and (hopefully) anticipating a little of what comes next. Why pride? What else should you call "elation" over someone's achievement"? C'mon, glow with us.

Consider this news story for example: Quincy Jones chosen as pit boss for the Oscar ceremonies which, this year, will take place before an audience of 120 million people. It isn't that big a deal to play walk-on music for Bob Hope, but, man, it's recognition for so many things. *I remember several years ago he and I were judging at the Olympic College Jazz Festival and the curtains parted to reveal a stage band from his old high school (Garfield, Seattle). Then a skinny, black kid casually stepped down front and blew a funky alto solo. Quincy's eyes filled with the recognition of who was who. The lump in my throat felt like a tuba mute.*

Also in the news is Henry Mancini, another good musician who doesn't forget time and distance. He is establishing a \$100,000 scholarship fund at U.C.L.A. for young composers/arrangers. *I remember the first school jazz thing Mancini attended. He judged at Notre Dame on the weekend immediately preceding his Oscar award for Moon River, gave unstintingly of himself to all the festival musicians and then gave back his expense check (he wouldn't consider a fee). "Use it for scholarships," he said. And if someone out in the audience is saying that he can afford it, you're right, but I could name so many fat music men who never let go of any of it.*

The cover feature is on Billy Taylor who is only now starting to collect the monetary rewards and public recognition from so many dues-paying years. How like him to say (about his great studio band) that "the things we're able to do come from playing together—being together." *I remember Billy's first clinic appearance at the Atlantic City M.E.N.C. back in 1960. His subject: jazz piano. His audience: lots of maiden-lady-piano-teachers. How did he do? Well, when some dean stood up and yelled that he "wouldn't permit that noise in his school" the maiden-lady-piano-teachers threw the bum out. And they stayed long after the meeting was adjourned. So did Billy.*

The keynote feature of this issue is on the west coast studio scene. It's a good piece about what it takes to be studio musician. And what it takes more than anything else is talent. At studio scale no one waits for you to learn your trade. You play what the chart says and you double on as many instruments as the rules allow. You play the idiom the script demands and never cop out with "I can't feel it." *Every time I make a studio session, I dream about the day when music students will have a "studio" curriculum available to them, taught by teachers who have the guts to believe in music.*

I want to thank Dan Morgenstern and his men for an "average" issue about some very important persons. Read on. 

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down beat

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Typically White?

Morgenstern's editorial (it was a column.—Ed.) on the People's Movement is typically white and I predicted everything he stated . . . : 80% criticism, 20% praise. Typical of a white critic judging blacks. Why didn't he also criticize the diction, the ethnic dress (the walk and the excess of hair mustaches) on the participants in the panel?

I notice when white albums are reviewed the majority of the time they receive top star rating. (By the way, who is Beaver and Krause, Warne Marsh and Essra Mohawk?) We are all hip to Ramsey Lewis, so why judge him (unless he releases an album of five stars). Besides Ramsey will sell anyway, regardless of a review.

I was shocked to see Aretha's album reviewed. Where have you been since 1965? Does a black artist have to wait until the 7th album to be reviewed by *down beat*?

Typical racism as indicated in Morgenstern's editorial ("I hope the panelists listened to and dug the messages from Cavett's band . . . cues of

It Don't Mean a Thing, Take the A Train, and What Am I Here For? . . .") is reference to "jazz" compositions always being by Ellington. Hasn't Cavett's band dug Hancock's *Maiden Voyage* and Miles' *So Blue*, etc., etc., compositions written within the last 20 years? Must we always live in the '30s and '40s (besides, Duke has some newer things out since *Take the A Train*—I may be wrong—maybe Count Basie wrote it—I'm more with the today sound).

When will the white audience realize that the Louis Armstrong of today is in Miles Davis and Woody Shaw? And the Duke Ellington of today is in Duke Pearson and Oliver Nelson, etc., etc. Or maybe they will wake up 50 years from now when some white group decides to record a Nelson composition.

Unfortunately, blacks have to record three and four albums (releases) a year in order to survive.

Contrary to whites like BS&T who can afford to release an album every two years and it sells not because it may be good but because their audience had to wait so long until the album was released. You see, black artists—that's the trick.

Everybody seems to want to take racism out of jazz and give whites credit for playing and participating. But regardless of the excuse made by Taylor ("whites could play jazz") it is still a black art, a black music, played best by blacks who originated it.

Sally Wright

Detroit, Mich.

It is revealing that Miss Wright has to accuse me of things I *didn't* say in order to make me appear "typical white"—whatever that may be.

Her statement that "white" albums get preferential treatment in these pages is beneath contempt. Who is Warne Marsh? A gifted tenor saxophonist who's been playing his horn for some 25 years, he has reaped such typically white capitalist rewards from his music that he's had to clean swimming pools for a living. You see, he plays jazz.

Sure, Ramsey Lewis will sell records without a *down beat* review. So will Aretha Franklin. That's why we don't review all their albums. But Miss Wright conveniently forgets (if indeed she ever knew) that we were raving about Aretha before she became a big star. And we don't review Sinatra or Peggy Lee, either.

I assume the confusing comments about Duke Ellington imply that recognition of this great artist is "tokenism", but I was talking about what was being played on the show, which happened to be Ellington tunes. (As for *Maiden Voyage*, etc., I'm sure that Jerome Richardson, Virgil Jones, and Milt Hinton, who are in the Cavett band, have heard of modern jazz.) But Miss Wright simply misses the point, which is that the *titles* of the songs had a message, and that the few bars played were instantly recognizable. (*A Train*, by the way, is by the late Billy Strayhorn—I'm full of white racist information like

/Continued on page 38

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The additional \$2,500—to be known as the Henry Mancini Fund for the Produc-



tion of Music for Motion Pictures and Television—may be augmented in some years or not fully utilized in others. That is because the second half of the annual contribution will be earmarked for a project rather than for an individual.

As Mancini described it: "At the university a certain number of gifted advanced students become eligible to produce a 'thesis film'—a motion picture for screen or television. Completion in full, including professionally recorded music, often becomes a major financial obstacle."

This is not the first time Mancini—who lives near the UCLA campus in Westwood—has bestowed gifts on the university. He has donated originals of many of his film scores (three of which have earned him Academy Awards) to the UCLA library.

Commenting on the latest benefaction, Dean Charles Speroni of UCLA's College of Fine Arts said: "It represents a new kind of imagination in philanthropy. In stipulating that half of the annual total

be devoted to the scoring of music for television and motion pictures, Mancini has added stature to what is really a new art form."

QUINCY JONES COPS OSCAR SHOW M.D. JOB

Quincy Jones has been named music director for the 43rd annual Academy Awards show at the Music Center in Los Angeles, April 15. The announcement was made by the producer for the 1971 Oscar ceremonies, Robert E. Wise. It is the first time the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has chosen a black man to be music director. Past directors have included Alfred Newman, Johnny Green, Andre Previn, Henry Mancini, and most recently, Elmer Bernstein. None of them has ever faced the size of audience anticipated for this year's telecast-via-satellite: 120,000,000.

When asked by *down beat* if he intends to make any changes, Quincy replied, "You better believe it. I'll freshen up the room a bit, but at this point it would be premature to go into detail. It's a helluva big job and the key guy is gone. Bobby Helfer (who died in 1970) was more than just a contractor. He did the Oscars for 15 years and coordinated all the arrangers, took care of the music and logistics and the whole schedule. He could anticipate all the problems and knew what might go wrong. Elmer told me, 'Bobby made robots out of us. He told us exactly what to do, how to do it and everything would go smoothly.' I don't know who'll take his place—probably Marty Berman. But it's important to me that certain key guys remain in that orchestra. Man, I'm gonna need them; they're like pillars."

One change that Quincy has been assured of is the live sound. He requested Phil Ramone ("the greatest engineer in the world") and the Academy agreed. "We're gonna make some changes in the pit, but I'm limited in size. Mancini told me I wouldn't be able to use all the percussion I'd like."

Quincy has come close to winning Oscars three times, playing bridesmaid in 1967 for the score of *In Cold Blood* as well as the song *The Eyes of Love* from the film *Banning*; and in 1968 for the title song *For Love of Ivy*.

Many people who watch the Oscarcast each year ask how the orchestra can come up with the appropriate theme so quickly after the winner is announced, intimating that the music director must know the contents of those famous envelopes. "No way," said Quincy. "I'm gonna find out the same time the people at home find out. That's why the coordination is so important. There's no room for error. You see, the guys have the parts for

all the nominees on their stands. As soon as the winner is announced I have to communicate immediately—'O.K., number 4!' And it's gotta be perfect!"

Asked if he considers the assignment a great honor, Quincy answered, "Sure I do, even though it's a killer job. But then I'm a masochist anyway."

N.Y. RADIO STATION SPONSORS JAZZ EVENTS

Listener-sponsored radio station WBAI, the New York City outlet for Pacifica Radio, has never featured jazz in large amounts, but quantity has usually been compensated for by quality. Those who recall Elizabeth Van Der Mai and *Sounds of Tomorrow* will remember a lady disk jockey who played Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Albert Ayler and Cecil Taylor before it was customary to program avant-garde jazz on FM radio. Then there was the *Scope of Jazz*, presided over by *down beat* staffers Ira Gitler and Dan Morgenstern (whose Ellingtonia programs were classics of their kind), and Don Schlitten's *Jazz Legends*.

Nowadays, WBAI programs jazz on Friday evenings with Eric Raeburn. Occasionally, at other times through the day and week, they will program jazz in long segments of 75 minutes, usually featuring someone from the modern school. Saturday afternoons still have an occasional two hours of jazz with Jack McKinney or Ruby Richards.

It is, however, in live jazz that WBAI is currently making a major contribution to the New York Jazz scene. Their "Free Music Store," located on the third floor of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre at 425 Lafayette St., features programs every weekend which range from chamber music to underground films to jazz. These programs are often taped for future airplay.

Recent performances have included a mini-jazz festival which featured Karl Berger and Archie Shepp, and a magnificent jam by tenor saxophonist Lew Tabackin, pianist Don Friedman and Bill Rubinstein, guitarist Atilla Zoller, bassist Eddie Gomez and drummer Ray Mosca.

The following week was given over to the Open Sky Trio, featuring tenorist Dave Liebman in a program of modern jazz presented by the Free Life Communication group. There was also a ragtime piano festival, featuring a number of ragtime specialists playing classic rags by Scott Joplin and others. From this was drawn the major portion of a five-hour ragtime extravaganza broadcast on a recent Saturday afternoon.

The WBAI Free Music Store is providing an important need for the New York jazz musician; it's another place to play.
—Joe H Klee

FINAL BAR

Alto saxophonist-clarinetist **Captain John Handy**, 70, died Jan. 12 in Pass Christian, Miss., the town where he was born on June 24, 1900.

Handy originally played drums in the family band led by his violinist father. He switched to clarinet in his teens and moved to New Orleans in 1918, where he worked and toured with Tom (Kid) Albert's band for several years. Throughout the '20s he worked for numerous leaders including Chris Kelly, Kid Rena, and Kid Howard.

From about 1930 on he specialized on alto sax and led his own band, the Louisiana Shakers, at the La Vida Dance Hall for many years.

Handy was among the many New Orleans veterans rediscovered in the 1960s, during which decade he recorded prolifically, toured Europe and Japan, and performed for traditional jazz societies throughout the U.S. During the past few years, he often played with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and appeared with this group at the 1970 Newport Jazz Festival.

Handy played alto in a hot, bouncy style well suited to New Orleans ensemble textures though it also resembled the swing approach of Pete Brown and Louis Jordan. His drive and personality made him a favorite among traditionalists who normally viewed the saxophone with sus-

picion. Among his many records, the albums originally made for the Ikon label and subsequently reissued on GHB, and a date for RCA Victor with swing veterans led by pianist Claude Hopkins may be singled out.

Trumpeter **Fred (Fuzzy) Farrar** died Jan. 6 in Montclair, N.J. of a heart attack. He would have been 78 on Jan. 11.

Born in Freeland, Pa., Farrar was best known for his lead work with some of the best jazz-flavored dance bands of the '20s, including Jean Goldkette and the Dorsey Brothers. In later years, he was active as a radio staff musician in New York City.

POTPOURRI

The 1971 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival will take place April 21 to 24. It will be dedicated to **Louis Armstrong**, who will be on hand with fellow trumpeters **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Bobby Hackett** and **Al Hirt**, plus some 100 local musicians. The opening and closing concerts will take place at the Municipal Auditorium, but the intervening two days' performances will be presented cabaret-style in five-hour concerts at the Jung and Roosevelt hotels. The Heritage Fair, a concomitant presentation, will feature blues, r&b, country and western and bluegrass music along with Dixieland. **George**

Wein is producer, with **Al Belletto** as talent coordinator. The Miller Brewing Co. is the principal underwriter for the festival.

Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra LP was selected as jazz album of the year by Britain's *Melody Maker*.

James Brown and his revue (singers **Vicki Anderson** and **Bobby Byrd**, the James Brown Dancers, and the big band) began a three-week European tour Feb. 26. The show will play Brussels, Frankfurt, Paris, London, Manchester and Copenhagen. Soul Brother No. 1 returned at year's end from a 17-day African tour, and a visit to Central and South America is in the works.

Charlie Barnet, **Joe Williams** and **Bob Crosby** provided the few bright moments for jazz fans in Merv Griffin's 180-minute *Salute to the Big Bands* aired on CBS Jan. 18 and 19. **Les Brown**, **Horace Heidt**, **Helen Forrest**, **Xavier Cugat**, **Lawrence Welk**, and Griffin's old boss **Freddie Martin** were among the other guests, and the show band under **Mort Lindsey** gave yeoman support.

Expatriate tenorman **Hal Singer**, who recently toured Scandinavia, began a month's concert and lecture tour of Africa Jan. 11.

TV SOUNDINGS

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

WHILE THE CONTROVERSY continues to rage concerning jazz and/or black music on television, its availability through the educational channels seems to continue gaining in momentum.

In some areas (such as New York on Channel 13 and Chicago on Channel 11), such stations are part of the regular VHF spectrum. In others (such as Los Angeles on KCET, Channel 28) a UHF channel is the medium. Since an increasing proportion of sets now are capable of picking up UHF, most jazz fans today should have little or no difficulty in finding programs of special interest.

By coincidence, on successive hours during a recent evening, KCET presented *Black Journal* followed by *Soul*.

Black Journal (a National Educational Television production) essentially is a talk show. On this occasion, the program dealt with black women, their role in Afro-American life and their future in society at large. For the most part this hour went over ground that has been covered many times before, without shedding any new light. Whatever platitudes or redundancies may have been uttered, they were worth wading through in order to reach the two segments in which **Lena Horne** was interviewed.

Though she said very little that directly concerned her singing career, Miss Horne's comments were enlighteningly frank. Answering the program's poetess-interviewer, **Nikki Giovanni**, she spoke about her mar-

riage to **Louis Jones** in the 1930s ("I married a black man, but I failed him; I wasn't a big enough woman to help him"), her subsequent marriage to **Lennie Hayton**, and her Hollywood career. Of the latter, she observed that an attempt had been made to project an image to the public of a black **Hedy Lamarr**.

"I'm glad to be free now of the Establishment stereotype," she added. "I always have been what I am inside. I believe that inside every black woman there's an **Aretha** screamin' to come out."

We were not given an opportunity to hear Miss Horne screaming like **Aretha**. The only soul singing on the program was performed by **Roberta Flack**. *Angelitos Negros* (*Black Angels*) was a moving and poignant illustration of her singularly potent way with a lyric—in any language.

The *Soul* session that followed was, as has been pretty much the custom, liberally larded with music to match the title of the show, but on this occasion there was an important and surprising addition in the person of **Alice Coltrane**.

It is a rare occasion when one sees an artist of this caliber on television at all. In Mrs. Coltrane's case the impact was doubled by her striking appearance and quietly impressive personality. She spoke briefly of her husband's legacy ("I try to play along his lines"), then addressed herself to the harp for a characteristically impressionist series of runs in *Blue Nile*.

Instrumentally, Mrs. Coltrane came across more powerfully at the piano, for a quartet excursion with **Archie Shepp**, **Rashied Ali** and **Vishnu Wood**. Here was an all too brief glimpse of a woman whose extraordinary visual beauty, dignity of bearing and highly personalized musical concepts should be more often accessible


to the TV audience.

An event of additional interest during the same hour was the segment featuring **Bobby Hebb**. The singer-guitarist-composer showed the unusual range of his capacities by starting with *Got My Mojo Workin'*, using the most basic of chords and rhythms, before switching abruptly to his best known composition, *Sunny*, which came embellished with tasteful contemporary harmony. Hebb followed this up with *The Arms of Love*, also a fine lyric and melody, to round out a generally impressive performance.

The balance of the program was more conventional and less engrossing, though **Kim Weston** did a competent job of interpreting the Negro National Anthem, *Lift Every Voice and Sing*.

As long as the educational channels continue to bring us such series as *Soul* and *Black Journal*, there would seem to be no need to worry about whether or not an **Alice Coltrane** or a **Bobby Hebb** lands a spot on the **Ed Sullivan Show**, or even the late night gabfests.

For the record, though, it should be noted that one night a couple of months back, when **Bill Cosby** took over as host on NBC's *Tonight* show, he not only brought on the **Miles Davis** combo for an eight-minute stretch of the new Davis sounds, but also extracted some unusually adventurous experimental noises from **Doc Severinsen** and such sidemen as **Arnie Lawrence** and **Ed Shaughnessy**.

I am not familiar with the system by which talent is booked or used on this show, but it seems reasonable to assume that the presence of **Cos** in the driver's seat had a great deal to do with our hearing so much music of a kind that could never get past **Johnny Carson**. 

John Hammond: Man For All Seasons

by John McDonough

JOHN HAMMOND HAS LEFT SO many footprints in the sands of time over the past 40 years that it is difficult to cite a significant jazz record of the prewar years that was not touched either directly or indirectly by his participation or influence. During the 1950s, although overshadowed by the Norman Granz empire in output, he produced for Vanguard a series of jazz LPs that could be considered the ultimate in pure mainstream jazz recording.

From 1958 to the present he has played a significant role at Columbia Records, spanning the most spectacular growth period in the company's history.

Hammond today divides his time between his Manhattan apartment, where he resides Monday through Friday and where his collection of 11,000 78s and several thousand LPs is housed, and Weston, Conn., where he spends his weekends. There, he and his wife live at the foot of a sloping and extremely wooded hill in a moderately large house built in the mid-18th century.

It carries its more than 100 years beautifully. The floor planks that don't quite join, the walls that slant ever so slightly and the antique furnishings all combine to create a picture of modest elegance and venerability. A few LPs are kept in a small cabinet in the living room. They include some Ellingtons, James P. Johnsons, etc. An antique organ sits on one side of the room and a piano on the other, and when Count Basie visits he and Mrs. Hammond often team up.

Among the things we talked about during a get-together late last fall was the state of Columbia Records in 1970.

"Our success has got to be obviously due to the strength of partly Simon and Garfunkel, Chicago, Santana, and Bob Dylan, and I suppose poor, pathetic Janis Joplin. Columbia's hot in almost all departments. Even a guy like Johnny Mathis sells 300,000 albums on an average now. And Barbra Streisand seems to have come back a little bit; not on singles' but her albums do very well," Hammond commented.

"The classical business has not grown," he continued, "but we've kept our share of the market very well, mainly because of Victor's inactivity. We were so relieved when Victor took the Philadelphia Orchestra off our backs. They paid a tremendous price for it too, but we had recorded everything by them and there was no sense in going on. We have great amounts that have yet to be released.

"Some interesting things are going on at Masterworks these days, however. The Flock is recorded by Masterworks, for some strange reason. The swinging head of Columbia Masterworks, John McClure, just wants to be with it. When they recorded *Switched-On Bach*, they decided that this was where the money was. They want very much to get into that and get kids turned on to electronic sounds and the rest. They record three or four hard rock groups that have classical pretensions, including the dreadful New York Rock and Roll Ensemble."

When Hammond came to Columbia in 1958, he began work almost immediately

on the *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* by calling attention to a fact that no one else seemed aware of at Columbia, a fact that was largely responsible for Columbia's ultimate leadership in the jazz reissue field. It seems that when CBS bought the American Record Company in 1939 (and consequently brought into the Columbia catalog all the Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, and Mildred Bailey Brunswick and Vocalions), Columbia also picked up the Scranton Button Company in the deal. Nobody gave a thought to it for 20 years until Hammond pointed out that in addition to making shirt buttons the SBC also had the largest independent record pressing facilities in the U.S. in the late '20s. It did the pressing for countless small labels such as Harmony, Perfect, Banner, etc., and when the depression ended the record boom, one by one they went under. The SBC took over their masters in lieu of payment. The revelation by Hammond that Columbia owned all this material through the ARC purchase was a windfall to Columbia and made possible truly comprehensive treatment of such artists as Jack Teagarden and Fletcher Henderson not to mention the *Jazz Odyssey* series. This went on for several years until jazz activity slacked off at Columbia to almost nothing by the late '60s.

"Two things have happened to revive jazz today. One is *Bitches Brew* by Miles Davis, which has had fantastic sales for a jazz LP—unprecedented for Miles as well—over 320,000. It's five times anything he's ever had before. He was very much in the red until this album, although he was never in serious danger of losing his Columbia affiliation," Hammond said.

"The second thing has been the success of the Bessie Smith LPs, which also is absolutely unprecedented. In the first year of release, we will sell 100,000 albums of Volume I, which is 200,000 records. The second will probably sell more. It's already begun faster, with about 23,000 so far.

"And not only is the Bessie Smith selling, but the second Robert Johnson LP is over 20,000. The Leadbelly is around 12,000. And the Bukka White is respectable, although the slowest of the bunch. Otis Spann is selling, and Lightnin' Hopkins is doing all right. Even the *Story of the Blues* is over 10,000, to my great surprise. So now reissues are completely solid at Columbia. The emphasis is on blues, but I'm also signing jazz artists again for the first time in years. We've just signed Bill Evans, for example, who left Verve.

"The success of the Bessie LPs didn't surprise me, but surprised everybody else. But Columbia felt that if they were going to do it, they might as well prepare for it. So we prepared for it by a lot of advance publicity, which we ordinarily never do. And we also put in more than 400 hours of editing time on the remastering. Chris Albertson did the lion's share. And we had a marvelous engineer, Larry Hiller, who came up with absolutely new techniques in using the Dolby system in one channel (a noise suppressor), and something else to counteract the Dolby in the other channel.

"In the old days, we never dared issue much acoustical material. This was the trouble with the first Bessie Smith series; they concentrated almost entirely on the

electrical things after 1925. The acoustic stuff sounded so terrible in comparison, people sort of overlooked the Armstrong accompaniments and so on.

"And of course we're giving people a fantastic bargain in both the Miles and Bessie LPs, because most stores sell them



for \$3.49 for the two records."

I asked Hammond about the cost-profit relationship in the two-record set GP price line. "With the Miles LP, there are not terribly many selections and he gave us a copyright break. On the Bessie Smith records there are 16 selections per LP, and we pay an average of about 48 cents for each set of two LPs in statutory rates. Some selections are public domain, although very few. Some we can't get rates on. A track like *Aggravatin' Papa* may be one of only two or three things from a publisher, and you can't ask him to go under 2 cents. The selections that list Bessie as composer are almost all published by either Northern, which is part of Decca, or Frank Music, which secured all the copyrights from Bessie's husband, Jack Gee, who is now 79 and happily gets something out of it. Luckily all the stuff is from before 1949, so there are no AFM royalties to pay, and no artist royalties to pay. That's why I insisted to putting eight on a side."

The current *Miles Davis at Fillmore* is also on the GP line and similarly heading for huge sales, although Hammond is personally not enthusiastic about it. "It doesn't knock me out, to be perfectly frank," he said. "But if he can make a buck out of it, that's great. He's got a great drummer in Jack DeJohnette and two great keyboard guys. But what they're putting down really doesn't make that much sense to me. When you throw out tonality and certain disciplines, you're left with not enough. A record supervisor is not really in control of a session like that Miles one, or, to take a recent example from my experience, a Burton Greene session in 1969. You just have to give the musicians their heads. I don't interfere with their concepts. Some artists you can steer and guide, but not Miles—if you're smart and want to keep speaking to him."

At this point my host brought in some apple cider, home-made a few hours before. "The apples are particularly good this year," he observed as he took a sip. He then sunk back into his easy chair in front of the fireplace-and-Dutch-oven combination and brought up the subject of bootlegging.

"The Bessie Smith records were brought onto the market this year after a great deal of bootlegging and illegal copying. Fortunately, the quality has been bad, as a general rule, and any Bessie collector will buy the new ones just for the im-

proved sound. The bootlegging isn't much of a concern to Columbia, because in the case of old jazz records it serves only a few collectors not numerous enough to support a general release. What we've really done with the Bessies is to establish a whole new market—the kids."

Speaking of bootlegging, I mentioned

it's rather like shutting the barn door after horses are out. There are, however, a lot of people who don't want to get caught, and hopefully they'll lay off if enforcement is strict."

I called Hammond's attention to a recent announcement from MGM records to the effect that they were placing a quar-

She never even read the thing, let alone wrote it. The movie will close at the time Billie won the Esquire Award in 1945, which means we can circumvent the drugs and all the rest of the clichés. The theme is really what happened to a black girl in the '30s with too much talent.

"Almost everybody involved is black—



that I had noticed a number of Count Basie radio remotes from 1937 through about 1940 becoming available on various European labels. I mentioned one from the Savoy Ballroom from June, 1937, and another from the Meadowbrook from November of that year.

"They sound like the ones I had made then," Hammond noted. "I had about five or six broadcasts recorded from various spots. In fact, the one from the Savoy had two Billie Holiday vocals on it which I used in the first volume of the Billie Holiday boxed sets. The announcer introduced her as 'Willie' Holiday, although that was not included. I suppose these bootlegs have all the announcements in them too. (They do.)

"When Basie came to New York in early 1937, he had already been signed by Jack Kapp for Decca. It was a terribly unfair deal, because Kapp had offered Basie a flat fee for large numbers of records over a one or two-year period. To Basie at that time, it seemed like all the money in the world, so he signed in haste. Later on I pried some more money out of Kapp, but not really enough. Anyway, after the band came to New York, I decided I was going to do some recording with Basie on my own. So, in early 1937, I got Count, Helen Humes, Lester Young, Buck Clayton and the rhythm section together in a little studio on 46th St., and we recorded about eight or 10 sides.

"I hate to confess this, John—I've never told anybody this—but four of those sides are in the original *Spirituals to Swing* album (Vanguard VRS 8523) as if they had been done live at Carnegie Hall. Let's see: *Blues for Helen*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *Don't Be That Way*, and *Mortgage Stomp*. You may recall that there are several voice tracks on the Vanguard LPs in which I announce those numbers. Actually, they never occurred, but nobody remembered, so I wasn't caught. I did the voice tracks at Vanguard in 1958, and Seymour Solomon, the engineer, put them up a couple of tones to make me sound younger. That's been a well-kept secret for a long time."

Hammond returned to the bootlegging issue to make one additional point.

"What does concern us much more is the bootlegging of currently active artists under contract to Columbia. There's a lot of bootlegging of rock going on that infringes illegally on an active market. Whenever we find it, we prosecute, although

antine on any group that used drugs. I didn't get more than five words out, however.

"That's a phoney," Hammond interrupted. "In the first place, MGM doesn't have 18 groups. In the second place, they're practically out of the record business. . . .

"I don't think anyone could make a reasonable case for the record business having any complicity in the drug thing. God knows I hate drugs. Most of the people at Columbia hate drugs. This doesn't mean there aren't a lot of people who smoke pot around. But I won't sign a group if it's on drugs. I never have. I've signed a couple of artists who later went on drugs, but they've usually seen the light.

"Janis Joplin never came to Columbia as a drug user, you know. She was a lush. I think Janis and drugs were a comparatively recent development. Oh, she might have taken LSD, but nobody thought of her as a heroin user. Her death was a shock to everybody at Columbia who worked with her—a bolt from the blue. Nobody ever gave serious thought to her in relation to drugs. There was always concern, however, just because of the way she abused her voice. We didn't know how much longer the voice would last. The shrieking, you know, had to take its toll. Gospel singers can get away with it, but they have lungs.

We swung back to the subject of jazz and what was next after the Bessie Smith series.

"The next major thing will be the complete Billie Holiday. Of course the two boxed sets and the CL 637 single LP account for all but about 30 of her records between 1933 and '41, but all that was done before we perfected our remastering techniques. So all the Billies will be remastered, too.

"This will pretty well coincide with the movie about her, which Diana Sands will be starring in. I'm the technical consultant for the film, and the soundtrack will use the original Holiday records. I've seen the screenplay, and it's fascinating. We have taperecorded conversations with just about everybody who ever worked with her. We went to Baltimore and found three people who went to school with her, and had a marvelous session with the late Bobby Henderson, who was her first real boyfriend. This is the research upon which the screenplay was based, not the book, *Lady Sings the Blues*. The book was garbage.

the director, the editor, etc. I don't think I will be portrayed in the film, but there will be portrayals of Lester Young, Buck Clayton, Basie, Freddie Green, and all those who were close to her. A couple will portray themselves. Buck Clayton will appear in the picture, and very possibly Roy Eldridge, who looks wonderful.

"It will be absolutely au courant, too. It will reveal many things that have not been hitherto known to the general public about her life and relationships—relationships with both guys and chicks. It will all be there."

Another project close to Hammond's heart is the *Spirituals to Swing* concert held in 1967 at Carnegie Hall. It was recorded but has yet to be released—a point I've often teased him about, since I published a magazine profile on him in November 1967 which culminated in an announcement of the album's release. I asked him about it again.

"I'm so embarrassed, but I'm glad you asked me. We've now finished all editing on that *Spirituals of Swing* set. I knew there was so much material in that concert, and I just didn't know how to cut it, so when I was in Europe, I asked Chris Albertson to do it. I said we had to get it out if only to make John McDonough happy. It won't be a GP, but we'll probably give a little price break.

"Actually there were two reasons I've sat on it so long. First, I had to wait three years for clearance of some Basie things that had been done for ABC Paramount, and I thought it was terribly important to have a big band sound. And second, the market for jazz has been so bad these last few years that I was hoping for a more auspicious time to release it.

"There's so much that's great on it. It has the finest Joe Turner ever recorded. Ray Bryant was at his peak, and Big Mama Thornton has never been recorded so well. And some of George Benson is good. Marion Williams is wonderful, and some of John Handy is quite interesting. The concert also has the last public appearance of Pete Johnson, and some of the last Ed Hall. He was so great. Absolutely my favorite clarinet player. Even Benny, great as he is, there's just something in Ed's impact that really cuts close to the bone."

Hammond also said that a two-LP Louis Armstrong package is in the works. Planned by Bob Altshuler, head of Columbia's Press and Information Services,

and a noted record collector, and with Chris Albertson as producer, the set will bring together the greatest of Armstrong's records from 1925 to 1932.

Hammond dropped a clue as to where the emphasis will fall in the Armstrong collection. I mentioned that some think that Louis' best work was with the Hot

"The key to integration is getting blacks on juries, in the ballot boxes, and in the legislatures as a potent force. Now, today I think you'll find things are changing sharply in the south in this respect. Consequently, there's less enthusiasm for separatism. The Panthers are not strong in the South. Whatever strength they have seems

me about two months to track her down.

"I guess it was her sound that caught my ear. She was a complete original and incredible talent. The first record I made with her had Ray Bryant as musical director, and he played piano on some tracks and she on others. I was convinced that we had to make Aretha as a race artist, a

LEFT TO RIGHT:
LESTER YOUNG-COUNT
BASIE
BESSIE SMITH
BILLIE HOLIDAY
ARETHA FRANKLIN
CHARLIE CHRISTIAN
BOB DYLAN
PETE SEEGER



Fives and Seven, but that to me this is absurd. His true brilliance didn't emerge until 1928 and through the early 30s, I said. Hammond sharply disagreed.

"He played exciting things then, but the best stuff he ever recorded was with the Hot Five and Seven. Absolutely. He was an ensemble musician in those days. Some of the band stuff was good and some of the All Stars were alright, but it was Louis the showman. It wasn't the pure Louis of before. In Edmond Hall, he had a great foil in the mid-50s, but his repertoire had become so set he was unable to react to Ed's great playing. There is no comparison between Hall and, say, Johnny Dodds. Edmond was vastly superior in every way, of course. But in the All Star period Louis had lost his cutting edge. It was Edmond who was great, not Louis. He was a showman, and the idea of being an ensemble musician was lost."

Hammond's views of Coleman Hawkins will similarly surprise many.

"When he left Fletcher Henderson in 1934 and went to England, he too became the soloist. No longer did he really listen to other musicians. When they lose the ensemble sense in jazz, they lose so much, I think."

Our conversation veered away from music and into the current state of racial conflict in America. I reminded him that he had told me several years before, in a similar discussion, that integration was the only rational answer to the race problem.

"I'm as firmly convinced now as I ever was that it's still the only answer. I don't feel any sense of isolation for this feeling, even from my black friends. But I do think the present militance, tension, and impulse for separation constitute a phase that must be passed through. Separation is no answer. It caused the downfall of the American Communist Party in the 1930s, and the black separatists will fare no better today," he answered.

"I was very lucky then. I got to know E. Franklin Frazier extremely well, who was a most brilliant sociologist and author of *Black Bourgeoisie*. I would say he was sort of a Marxist, but not a Communist. He felt black self-determination was a complete misnomer, because separation could only come where there was a separate language, a distinctly separate culture, and he listed three other cardinal points to self-determination. But none of them fitted the American Negro community.

to be in the Midwest, West, big cities. Blacks in the North have always been frustrated because they've been told that there's legal equality, which there is, and implicitly, social equality, which there isn't. But you won't find Panthers very strong in a city like Atlanta, for example, where more and more people like Julian Bond are emerging as militant, non-revolutionary spokesmen.

"It's funny, because I've been in this race thing for so damn long, a lot of the most militant blacks look rather benignly on me because, after all, I stuck my neck out when it wasn't fashionable. They think perhaps I'm misguided now, but I still consider myself a fighter."

Several years ago Hammond resigned from his association with the NAACP because it "got too right-wing for me." I asked where the NAACP was at today.

"I think they've completely lost their hold and have shut themselves off from the ghettos and youth. That was one of the reasons I got out after 30 years on the board. I just felt they were going in the wrong direction. . . ."

Returning to the subject of music, Hammond said he considers his greatest contribution to jazz: to have been his discovery of Charlie Christian, whom Mary Lou Williams had called his attention to in 1939. Christian would be followed very closely by Lester Young, whom he first heard with King Oliver in the early '30s.

"You know, Benny Goodman once said a very interesting thing about Lester. He said Lester was the only person who ever achieved a pure sound from the tenor. Benny always felt that Webster and Hawkins and the rest pushed too hard and got a sound that was not a natural tenor sound. When he heard Lester once at the Black Cat in 1936, he was so knocked out that he presented him with his clarinet—gave it to him outright. Those clarinet solos Lester recorded for Commodore and the rest were done on Benny's clarinet, you know."

If Christian and Young were his proudest achievements of the '30s, what was he proudest of as he looked back over his 12 years at Columbia, I asked.

"Aretha. That was the most exciting thing. A guy called Curtis Lewis brought in a demo disc once of some tunes of his, and one was *Today I Sing the Blues*. I listened, and the singer was fantastic, the best thing I'd heard since Billie. He said she was some girl in Detroit, and it took

soul artist. I guess I wanted to capture the market. We used three or four instrumentalists, but she had to have the support of a rock drummer. She just wasn't comfortable with a jazz drummer.

"We had several 200,000 singles with her in those first records, including *Today I Sing the Blues*. I loved it. Then Columbia saw how well she was selling, and they decided we couldn't go this route any more. She had to be a pop singer, and this was the great mistake Columbia made. After that, my association with her became very much more remote. I didn't record her anymore.

"She herself was so screwed up at this early stage of her career; she really didn't have enough experience to know how she should be recorded. The first person she got to who could really pick material for her was Jerry Wexler at Atlantic. Jerry knew. . . ."

"She went to Atlantic in 1966, and suddenly she caught on. She wanted very much to go to Atlantic. Columbia did everything they could to keep her, including an offer to erase about \$100,000 worth of red ink stemming from a series of slow albums. But she was convinced that Columbia didn't know how to merchandise her, and she was so right. I said at the time she couldn't do wrong by going to Atlantic.

"I was also entirely responsible for bringing Bob Dylan to Columbia. He was 20 and the year was about 1961. I came across him playing harmonica in a session with another artist. I liked him. I liked the way he looked. I liked the way he sounded. He was an original, and once in a while you just have to take a chance.

"There are considerable steps involved in signing an artist and much red tape in the decision-making process. The head of the a&r department has to approve. For example, and in Dylan's case he didn't. So I signed him anyway, and got Goddard Lieberson to back me up. He was president of Columbia Records then, and is now president of the Columbia Group.

"There were special problems involved when I signed Pete Seeger, although he was an established artist. The difficulty was that he was blacklisted by CBS. In this case I went to Lieberson directly and told him that he had to get clearance from upstairs in order to avoid any trouble for himself. I can't tell you who the man was who approved, but he was at (Dr. Frank)

/Continued on page 32

STUDIOS: BREAD,

DOES THERE EXIST A composite of the studio musician? No way! There isn't a computer in our technocracy that can be programmed to feed out such an entity. Studios come in all shapes and sizes; so do those who consider them their second homes: from Tom Scott, in his very early twenties, to Benny Carter in his not-so-early sixties; from Argentina's Lalo Schifrin, to Sicily's Pete Rugolo; from irrepressible comics such as Emil Richards and Shelly Manne to the serious-minded, let's-take-care-of-business types such as Kai Winding and Bob Brookmeyer; from a

Carol Kaye: "Can you imagine—I felt insecure at \$30,000 a year? Aiming for a studio career? Don't get impatient. Don't rush things . . . Sooner or later you'll feel that you have missed something. Get out there and wait for the first 20 years."

giant like Bobby Bryant to a twig like Tommy Vig, etc.

So again I ask: is there such a cat as the Typical Studio Musician? Not in *that* collection of the weird and the wondrous. Is there even a spokesman for such an army of irregulars? Who would give me the most objective answers—Paul Horn and Buster Williams, who headed for Canada and New York, respectively, to escape the lucrative rat race? Or Oliver Nelson and J. J. Johnson, who defected to the west to seek its security? What about Plas Johnson who is deeply concerned about the plight of his brothers and told me, "I think there are plenty of qualified black musicians, but representation is still too low! Or let's say Bud Shank. He opened my eyes to the hard realities of studio demands many years ago in a discussion about Sonny Criss. I asked why my favorite alto player wasn't making the same kind of living as Bud. He simply held up a black bag. I smiled nervously, thinking Shank hadn't understood my question. I repeated it; he repeated the bit with the bag. Then he opened it and took out all types of flutes, a clarinet, a piccolo and endless mouthpieces and bores. "When a contractor calls me for a record date or movie call, he knows I can double on any reed or flute. So I keep getting the calls." End of lesson. And end of efforts to draw that composite.

Instead, let's call on a studio swinger who doesn't fit neatly into any of the above categories and doesn't seem to have any of their common hang-ups—primarily for biological reasons. At the risk of redundancy, she's a chick! Not an ordinary one: rather a chick with a pick—Carol Kaye, one of the most sought-after electric bass players in Hollywood.

She was born in Everett, Washington, 35 years ago. Refreshingly, she makes no bones about her age. Her family left the northwest for Los Angeles when Carol was six. Her father played trombone in a Dixieland combo with the late banjoist, Eddie Peabody; her mother played piano. As Carol recalls, "the only time they didn't fight was when they played together."

No raving beauty, she—at least not while struggling with the metaphysical mysteries of adolescence. "I was buck-toothed; I stuttered all over the place; and I was constantly getting beaten up. I had to do something, so I took up guitar."

Well, she not only took *up* guitar; she took *to* it. Selftaught at the outset, she was teaching the instrument shortly after she began formal lessons herself. With the advent of the pop era, Carol got completely turned on to the new sounds, and each night, following her 9-to-5 gig as a technical typist, she worked or sat in with black musicians in clubs like the Nite Life or the Tiki. Almost without exception, Carol was the only white musician in those clubs.

It was while wailing away thusly, circa 1959-60, that she got her first break: Bumps Blackwell (the man credited with discovering Ray Charles and Sam Cooke) heard her playing and offered her a record date. "I really thought he was kidding, but it turned out to be a session for a soul-rock group called the Pilgrims. After that he got me some Sam Cooke dates."

And after that H. B. Barnum got her a whole mess of dates. "H. B. kept using me and taught me a great deal about funky rhythms. I thought I played so bad, but he kept using me." Carol's confidence might have been low, but her earnings kept climbing. "Can you imagine—I felt insecure at \$30,000 a year?"

Some of that insecurity must have dissipated when Quincy Jones entered the picture and set up Carol's first movie call: *The Slender Thread*, one of "Q's" first collaborations with Sidney Poitier. After that, Quincy kept calling her for his film scores: *The Pawnbroker*, *In The Heat Of The Night*. When she mentioned that last flick, Carol reverted to what must have been her wide-eyed, bop-era enthusiasm: "There I was playing fuzz tones with Roland Kirk sitting right near me puffing away on flute! (Carol's definition of a fuzz tone: 'a bee in heat.') And later I recorded the theme with Ray Charles doing the vocal."

From this point on, Carol Kaye became a fixture in the studios. She was *in*, a member of the elite, among the best readers and most versatile technicians in the industry, many of whom were bona fide members of the jazz fraternity. For the next nine years, Carol's wages and taxes went up; her social life and health went down. Perhaps that's why the chapter in her book devoted to studio work is subtitled *How To Survive*.

Let's try to conjure up a cross-section of studio work—through Carol's eyes, a

few of my own observations, plus some choice comments from some of the studio stalwarts themselves.

To begin with, Miss Kaye shatters a semantic myth with her definition of *studio*: "The word 'studio' legitimately means only the film studios, but I'll use it loosely here to include the recording studios, TV studios and wherever else records, jingles, and TV recording occurs (which includes a few garages)."

Film work is the most demanding. It's usually the earliest (8 a.m.), and since time is of the essence (the "time" that is figured by a budget, not a metronome), you've got to be ready to execute immediately. Food and coffee are not allowed on most scoring stages, which means you and your chops must be functional based on sheer instinct. Of course before you even get to your chair there are a number of traumatic crises to overcome: first, getting to a place like MGM, Fox, Disney, Universal, Warner Bros., Paramount or Goldwyn in spite of rush-hour traffic; and secondly, securing a parking space on those spread-out lots that will put you within radar tracking of the stage. Keep in mind that many musicians do a great deal of doubling, and that means lugging all that conspicuous versatility. *They* keep it in mind: the contract calls for more money on a per-instrument basis. (They also keep the starting time in mind. The union contract *can* hold latecomers liable for overtime costs—band members as well as studio rental—and that could run into hundreds of dollars.)

Then comes the basis of more complaints than any other aspect of studio work: the click track. On film score recording sessions, everyone wears head-

Bud Brisbois: "It sure gets boring at times, like live TV, when you're just sitting there and not playing, but trumpet parts can be pretty difficult—like those fade endings and high sustained notes."



SWEAT & ULCERS by harvey siders

phones that give off an electronically-timed click that coincides with each frame of the film. It is a mathematically-perfect metronome which allows the conductor to synchronize the score with the precise frame of film called for by the composer. (Ever wonder how a 60-piece orchestra manages to make that staccato chord coincide with the door slam or face-slapping on the screen?)

Such is the function of the click track, but no musician likes it—not just because it beats into his consciousness all day with the intimidation of a Communist torture device, but because it tends to inhibit the flow of the swing, especially for a drummer or bassist who is laying down what he thinks is an accurate, swinging line. But even the best can rush—and you can't afford to do that when recording a film score. Even Carol Kaye referred to the click track with uncharacteristic venom—just moments after admitting “when I first started in studio work, I was so nervous and unsure of myself, I'd look at the guy on the podium swinging his arms and mixing salads and I couldn't even find ‘one.’”

Returning to the well-paid drudgery, the union rears its organized head on the hour in the form of a 10-minute break. And there is certainly no typical way of “taking ten.” For some, nature calls with the consistency of a click track. Others do their own calling—usually to their “exchanges,” i.e., answering services, to check on future gigs. And quite often, the next job is a record date that night, shortly after the movie call ends. Some studio musicians—like Ray Brown and Earl Palmer occasionally write to their wives. The double and triple sessions leave them precious little

time for normal social lives.

The movie call is hard, intense and long work, but sometimes the very nature of the symphonic scores can create an absurd situation. Like those musicians (who must remain anonymous) unable to wait 80 or 100 bars just to play one lousy note on a cue. So they simply take the part, put it in their pockets and disappear. If the conductor does miss that one note, he assumes the part was never delivered.

Sometimes there are just plain old-fashioned personality clashes. Like the Phil Spector date where he seemed to be picking on drummer Frank Capp—who had recently begun doubling on vibes. With Spector doubling on vibes, the Capp nervousness reached a crescendo and Frankie simply threw his mallets to the floor and stomped out, muttering “I will not work with that madman!” Capp was back on the date shortly thereafter so you could say there was no mallets aforethought, but it does point up the feeling that jazz dates usually go much smoother than rock sessions.

However, anemic rock material, incompetent a&r men, and short-tempered contractors *do* pose a threat to the sanity of studio musicians. And the same can be said for the other aspects of studio work. Although live TV shows offer a lower scale, that doesn't mean the musician has to be less of a craftsman. But he has to be willing to wait for hours while the show is being “blocked” by the production staff (planning all the camera shots, arranging the best angles, taking care of lighting, etc.) And he has to be willing to “cut shows” in the Las Vegas tradition.

Tommy Vig told me of an incident which seems to typify what can befall a studio musician. He had been playing percussion in Marty Paich's orchestra for the *Glen Campbell Show* on CBS. For one sequence behind the guests—the Fifth Dimension—there was a riser in the form of a pyramid. Five musicians, armed with their instruments, mounted the set: three on the bottom; two on the next tier; and right on the top was Tommy, sporting a tux and “playing” two kettledrums. Actually, the accompaniment for the Fifth Dimension number had been pre-recorded, but when they rolled the video tape the pyramid dwellers were instructed to simulate playing.

Vig complied with *mucho gusto*. “I played like hell and put on quite a show. Actually once I hit the kettledrum by mistake and they had to do the take over again. But the one thought that kept running through my mind was the absurdity of the situation. I had always wanted to be on TV and I had always hoped to reach the top. And there I was: both ambitions had come true in unison!”

“Jingles are short and *sweet*.” The quote is Carol's and the italics are also hers, referring to residual payments for re-use. But the music seldom swings; it's often dumb; and almost always an unsatisfying fragment of music to go along with some

visual nonsense for a detergent, a pharmaceutical, or these days, a feminine hygiene spray. Furthermore, since it requires synchronization of aural and visual elements, the old click track is back.

So why does studio work represent the be-all and end-all of creativity for so many fine jazz men? Well the basic answer is really not so far-fetched: money is the be-all and end-all. And there are more studio musicians than one would imagine clearing \$100,000 annually.

Carol Kaye takes a dim view of the

Bobby Bryant: “. . . contractors usually call the busy guys, figuring that if they're always working, they must be good. Of course there are more white musicians in this town than black musicians. So when a band is assembled you're bound to hear the cry ‘discrimination!’”

status seekers who keep striving for new personal income records. “They must be insecure, or else they have an incurable desire for more money. Sometimes you hear ‘em boasting, ‘I made \$120,000 last year.’ Maybe they don't know any other way to make a living. Maybe it's a need to be wanted, I don't know. But I do know that some have to stay on pills—like I did at one time—just to keep going. Some let their marriages go down the drain. And there have been plenty of guys who worked with me that literally killed themselves because of the grind.”

Regarding advice to youngsters aiming for a studio career, Carol had this to say: “Don't get impatient. Don't rush things. You don't have to aim for the studios right away. Sooner or later you'll feel that you've missed something. Get out there and wait for the first 20 years.”

When I told 22-year-old Tom Scott about Carol's suggestion, he remarked, “Well, 20 years is a long time, but she's right in a way. I just *fell* into studio work. I was hanging around Donte's where Dave Grusin and Sergio Mendes heard me and pretty soon I started to get calls. But I wouldn't want to make a career of just playing in the studios. I'd like to get into film composing or do a lot of concertizing.”

Shorty Sherock claims “it's a beautiful way of making a living and besides it's a challenge never knowing what you'll play from day to day. If you come across lousy writing, so you make the best of it. You have to put up with crap on any job, right? Anyway, I've got my weekends to myself, so I paint and I cook.” When I brought up the occasional stretches of “just sitting there,” Shorty commented, “Occasional? Listen, as one guy told me,

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Benny Golson: “I'm still enroute. Quincy Jones has arrived—he can make waves . . . I've been able to help a few brothers to get certain dates, but I've also run into certain hard-nosed contractors—black and white.”



BERNIE THRASHER

Taylor-made

by Dan Morgenstern

OUT OF THE HOTLY contested race for ratings between the big three of television talk shows, but certainly not out of the running is the increasingly popular *David Frost Show*, always relaxed, often sophisticated, and presided over by its genial and civilized British host.

When it comes to bands (an important ingredient in all talk shows), Frost's show certainly is in a class by itself. While the big three boast large, smooth, well-oiled orchestras mainly made up of studio veterans, the Frost band is smaller (11 pieces), younger, hipper, and admirably well balanced, musically and racially.

By any standard it is a jazz organization, and its leader is Billy Taylor, a man with impeccable jazz credentials. He will celebrate his second anniversary with Frost come July.

"The band is just the right size," says Taylor. "It can sound big but can also get a small-combo feeling. The guys can blast, but they can also play softly." (All three reedmen double flute, and the two trumpets double fluegelhorn.)

The personnel is impressive: Trumpeters Jimmy Owens (one of the most brilliant young brassmen of his generation) and Dick Hurwitz (who is well remembered as the principal soloist on Dick Grove's *Little Bird Suite* LP of some years ago); trombonist Morty Bullman (a big band veteran who earned early jazz spurs on a V-Disc date with Roy Eldridge); reedmen Frank Wess (one of jazzdom's premier flutists and sparkplug of one of the greatest Basie bands), Seldon Powell (a stellar tenorman whose jazz credentials would fill this page), and George Berg (Red Norvo, Benny Goodman, and featured tenor in Buddy Rich's 1947 big band); guitarist Richie Resnicoff (the band's baby, a graduate of Berklee and Buddy Rich); bassist Bob Cranshaw (Eddie Harris, Sonny Rollins, Junior Mance and Lord knows who else); drummer Bob Thomas (the Montgomery Brothers, Billy Taylor Trio), and percussionist Marty Grupp (heir to a famous musical name).

Except for Powell, who was preceded by Hubert Laws and Al Gibbon, and Resnicoff, who took over from Barry Galbraith, the men have been on hand since the band's inception, and the band has a family aura.

"I have to like the people I work with," Taylor explains. "You wind up married to the guys in your musical organization. When I like the guys, I relate to what grooves them and it winds up grooving me. I enjoy the soloists so much that I wind up often not even taking a solo my-

self. . . ."

Grooving, of course, is only a fringe benefit when working in a TV show band. The job is exacting and there isn't much room to stretch out—two minutes and twenty seconds of music is about the maximum time a commercial break with segues front and back allows for. Those breaks are the basic work, but more important is providing appropriate backing for singing and/or playing guests, always with a minimum of rehearsal time.

"We usually don't have any idea of what's happening until we get out there," Taylor says. "Frost works like a jazz musician—he states the melody and goes from there. He doesn't plan his interviews; he has a general idea and then he'll see what happens. He does his homework, though. It's his show. He calls the turns."

The musical guests, however, call the tunes, and it's up to the band to take it from there. "Frequently," Taylor explains, "we get people who bring in arrangements that call for strings or other instruments not in the band. But the beauty of having jazz musicians is that they can take these parts and fill them out. The individual can add much more to what we do than in the usual show band."

High praise from guests like Louis Armstrong, Mel Torme, Peggy Lee and Sammy Davis, Jr. bear out what Taylor says.

"The main ingredient," the leader continues, "is musicianship. Man for man, the band is as good as you can get. Nobody can come in and bring us something that *somebody* hasn't been into. Even when someone tries to throw the band a curve it works out fine. Their jazz background gives the guys the ability to have a complete conception of something very quickly. You don't have to spell it out, and that's what TV is all about. I can say, 'Give me an ending in B-flat,' and it comes out sounding like an arrangement. The things we're able to do come from playing together—being together."

Taylor's remarks yield a significant clue to why the most important roles in almost all TV and studio bands are filled by musicians with a jazz background, and should give pause to those who toss around concepts like "jazz is playing what you feel" and "technique is not important."

The Frost show's studios and facilities are compactly housed in what once was The Little Theater, in the heart of Manhattan's theatrical district. Taking a look behind the scenes was a nostalgic trip for this reporter, who in 1963 co-produced a financially disastrous but otherwise successful jazz concert series on these self-same



premises.

Backstage, things look different now. The band is accommodated on platform raisers at stage right, hidden from audience view behind a system of movable screens during interview portions. The proscenium has been enlarged, and the musicians can neither see nor hear a performer doing his or her thing on the stage apron. Headphones and monitor screens compensate.

A cozy little room backstage allows the visitor to view the proceedings in color in a screening-room atmosphere. Set off from this is an area reserved for last-minute warmup and makeup touches by guest performers. Here, on the day in question, one could see and hear special guest Louis Armstrong playing along softly with the band's musical breaks while main guest Bing Crosby was out front with Frost—and to hear Pops doing *More Than You Know* and *Pennies From Heaven* with a straight mute was worth the trip in itself.

Earlier, in the downstairs dressing rooms, Pops and Bing rehearsed their "surprise" duet. It took them just a few minutes to decide on the tune (*Blueberry Hill*—Louis reminding Bing that they'd done it together on a radio show years ago), the best key, and the routine (arrangement by Mr. Armstrong). They ran through a chorus, gave each other some skin, and nothing further was needed.

Earlier, Louis, Billy Taylor, and trombonist Tyree Glenn (Louis' musical director) just as quickly established that *Blueberry Hill* would be no problem to the band (Glenn was to play obbligato), and that Louis' two other numbers would be *That's My Desire* (with Glenn as "Madame Butterfly", recreating the late Velma Middleton's role in the piece) and *The Boy From New Orleans*, a song with auto-



Frostings

biographical lyrics set to the tune of *The Saints*. Deciding on keys and humming a few bars of melody was all the "rehearsing" required.

The actual performance went down just as smoothly, with no mishaps. The band's small-combo feeling was to the fore, Wess creating clarinet parts appropriate to the Armstrong context, and Glenn giving simple but effective cues.

Having been involved in other television scenes, this writer can say without hesitation that it was the most relaxed, effortless and non-uptight taping he has ever attended—and it would have been even faster and simpler if Frost's plane had not been delayed, requiring a few hours of waiting around. (Considering the company, that was a bonus.)

When it was over, Owens (a great Louis fan) and other members of the band visited with Pops and were promptly promised copies of his latest album. The feeling was warm. A bit later, Louis opined that it was always a ball to do the Frost show and "work with all those fine musicians."

Glenn, too, had a good time. In his honor, the band jammed on his own *How Could You Do a Thing Like That To Me* (alias *Sultry Serenade*) during one of the commercial breaks. Bullman seemed pleased rather than miffed that another trombonist was sitting in—a simple little thing, but indicative of the band's loose spirit and freedom from star eyes. (It is not always thus in televisionland.)

The band has its own recently released LP on Bell Records. Called *O.K., Billy!* it includes excellent arrangements by Johnny Carisi, Garnett Brown, and Wess, with plenty of blowing room for the soloists. Taylor, who says that concert material is being written for the band, would like to see it "become a working unit as well as

a show band" and trusts that opportunities to realize this will arise. Meanwhile, the band was set to perform live for the annual Television Academy banquet on Feb. 21.

Though a schedule of a minimum of five weekly tapings takes much of his time, Taylor has other irons in the fire. "I have to do outside things to keep on an even keel," he explains, and among these are appearances with his trio—he opens at the Top of the Gate in March.

Then there is his favorite project, the Jazzmobile, of which he is a director. "In six years, we've gone from a budget of \$5,000 to one of a quarter million dollars, and from a single summer concert program to three year-round projects. There's nothing like it anywhere in the country. The outdoor concerts are unique; they take the music to people who can't afford to go out, and here they can literally touch the artists. It does so much for young people, especially—it gives them something to aim for other than the pimps and neighborhood hustlers when they see that somebody cares enough about them to come out and play for them. . . .

"Then there are the school lecture-concerts; we had 70 of them last year. And our workshop program: 200 kids, including 15 guitarists! It's something to have musicians of the caliber of Joe Newman, Max Roach or Lee Morgan sit in and do a class with the kids."

This doesn't exhaust Taylor's outside activities. He is currently serving on the Temporary Commission on Cultural Resources of New York State, and has found that there is "a far greater demand for 'culture' in all its forms than most people realize. The demand for neighborhood-oriented cultural projects is phenomenal; people want to get into their own things and are making it happen."

The commission, Taylor explains, is "looking into the short and long range problems of artists and cultural organizations. So many things can be done under the existing system—people just don't realize it."

The N.Y. State Council on the Arts, Taylor points out, "predates the National Endowment for the Arts and has given more money to jazz. It takes a broader view."

In addition, Taylor is much in demand for lectures, commencement addresses (he gave the one at Berklee last year), discussion panels, etc. He tries hard to give of his time to any worthy cause, but admits that it is sometimes difficult to be cast in the role of articulate spokesman

for jazz.

Closest to his heart, aside from playing, is composing. "Essentially," he confesses, "I'm a songwriter. I like to write melodies and lyrics."

His biggest success in this field has been *I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free*, which was included, he proudly notes, in the recently published anthology *Great Songs of the '60s*: "That tune has been everything I wanted to do with a tune, from Operation Breadbasket to Nina Simone and pop recordings to the sixth graders who sang it for me when I visited their school. I'd like to have more time for writing. . . ."

Apparently, Taylor is able to find some of that time, since he recently completed scoring the film *Hitch*, for which he also wrote three songs.

He also misses one area of activity that took up much of his time before he joined the Frost show.

"The one thing I really miss is being on the radio. It took me time to realize that. There were things I was able to do in the community (Taylor was program director of Harlem-based station WLIB and conducted his own jazz show)—I hope to be able to get back into radio when possible," he says.

While he was at WLIB, Taylor at his own expense conducted a series of seminars for jazz musicians dealing mainly with economics and business problems, and it makes him happy that some participants, at least, "got information that put some money in their pockets."

In general, he feels that young musicians today are "much better trained and prepared and are looking into business aspects of jazz. They're joining AGAC, ASCAP and BMI and learning to protect their music. It's a far cry from the days when I used to sell songs for \$25-30 outright."

But then, Billy Taylor today is a far cry from the gifted young pianist struggling to be recognized. "It took me years to live down my reputation as a good accompanist," he recalls. "On 52nd Street, on the Birdland scene, almost every job I was offered was tied to a singer. I even had a row with George Wein at Newport one year about that. I really like to play for singers, but that wasn't all I wanted to do. That was one reason I never made a big effort to get into the studio thing."

If he's in it today, and in a big way, it's because his reputation has grown to the point where the Frost people called him—not he them. Success has not spoiled Billy Taylor.



MEET PAT

WILLIAMS

by harvey siders



BEVERLY BROWN

WHAT'S A PAT WILLIAMS? If you saw him guzzling beer in a fraternity house or rough-housing it in the locker room after the big game, you wouldn't pay him any particular attention. But place a Pat Williams in front of a large orchestra in a Hollywood studio, clamp his ears between headphones, put a baton in his mitt and he suddenly sticks out like a healthy thumb.

Now what's a clean cut, All-American-type doing in a fluorescent setting like this, with all those sun-starved countenances looking up at him? Why should 6'2", 195 pounds worth of blue-eyed eternal youth be locked in a windowless sound factory where Dennis Budimir has to wear cotton in his ears, and Barney Kesel has to be awakened?

Well it's obvious *what* he's doing, and *why* he's doing it, but first let's run the credits so we can establish *who* he is, and also establish the premise that his name should be better known.

For the big screen, Pat Williams scored five films, but his name was affixed to four: *How Sweet It Is*, *A Nice Girl Like Me*, *Don't Drink The Water*, and *Macho*

Callahan. Right after his first scoring assignment, *How Sweet It Is*, Pat did *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*, but there was a flap with the producer, the score was jettisoned, and Dave Grusin re-scored it.

For the little screen, Pat expends most of his efforts for *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *The Andy Griffith Show* and *Dan August*. He has also scored segments of *The Virginian*, *To Catch A Thief*, *Name Of The Game*, *San Francisco International*, *The World Premiere Movie*, and he was music director for the innovative but ill-fated *Music Scene*.

Albums? He started out on Verve, fronting his own band for three LPs; and last spring switched to A&R Records where his longtime friend Phil Ramone produced Pat's debut album for the new label: *Carry On*. It boasts quite a collection of east and west coast studio swingers: Max Bennett, Chuck Berghofer, Larry Bunker, Pete Christlieb, Al Hendrickson, Paul Humphrey, Artie Kane, Mike Melvoin, Bud Shank, and Marvin Stamm. Composer credits run quite a gamut and brings his wife into the picture. "Catherine has her own record collection and introduced me to James Taylor and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young. And if you'll notice, I've used some of their tunes. Some of those pop albums are well-produced, but my own listening habits move in a classical vein—especially the modern composers. I dig Penderecki—and Samuel Barber, and I really enjoy the conducting of Boulez and Giulini."

His studying habits move in the same direction. At present he is delving into 12-tone technique with George Tremblay. (Tremblay must be the Nadia Boulanger of the west coast: anybody who *is* anybody has studied with him.) In the past, Pat has explored the highly mathematical system of composition devised by Joseph Schillinger.

Williams finds it expedient to combine both methods—depending on the nature of the assignment—for a starting point. "The ingenuity of the writer takes over from that point. It's like a score I just did for a *Dan August* episode. For one cue, I made a mode code and charted the whole thing out, going into a 12-tone canon. The brass played a *legato* phrase over a busy rhythmic figure by the cellos and violas. It was for a chase sequence in a junk yard."

"You know, I've just reached the point where I can look at a cue sheet and feel free to open up and compose. In other words I can execute what I hear. I've conquered the mechanical end, mastered the basics. I can write a jazz piece, or a rock piece. I can use 12-tone or go strictly modal. As long as it's valid, any or all of those styles are merely tools for self-expression. But I'll tell you something—it's taken three years to get the chops."

It may look like it in black and white, but take this writer's word, there's no ego trip involved in the self-evaluations of Pat Williams. He has to be one of the least self-centered artists in a town that is literally socked in by an inversion layer of stifling egomania.

He had just returned from Warner Bros., where he had scored that segment

of *Dan August*. He was unwinding—effusively but eloquently—and kept apologizing for "mouthing off." One moment he launched into a highly technical explanation of his mode code; the next, he confessed to having had just one poached egg all day. "I hate to eat when I'm recording."

Pat was born in Bonne Terre, Missouri, 32 years ago, but didn't stay long enough to acquire a "show me" attitude. He spent his early childhood in Connecticut and by the time he was a sixth-grader, his family had moved to New York. From that point on it was strictly a "show them" outlook. He took up clarinet, but his first exposure to Harry James converted Pat to the trumpet.

He studied horn with a member of the New York Philharmonic; organized his own combos while in high school; fronted his own band at Duke University where he earned a BA in history in 1961; then returned to New York to study orchestration and composition at Columbia.

His entry into the New York studio scene came about through the arranging of jingles. Word of his talents reached Joe Guercio, then music director for Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. That led to a long and fruitful collaboration with an entire music complex in itself.



BEVERLY BROWN

"You can go in so many directions with that team: you can write for Steve; write for Eydie; or do charts for Steve and Eydie together. They need material for their night club acts; they do a lot of recording by themselves, and as a pair; and they do stage shows. I did the arrangements for their show, *Golden Rainbow*, which ran for over a year."

While in New York, Pat built up a solid reputation as an arranger, working for Dionne Warwick, Jack Jones, Lainie Kazan, Mel Torme, Diahann Carroll, Leslie Uggams—as well as more commercials. He also got his jazz licks in, doing a jazz version of *What Makes Sammy Run* called *What Makes Sammy Swing*, for 20th Century Fox Records in 1964. "That was a band!", recalls Pat. "It included Phil Woods, Clark Terry, Urbie Green, Mel Lewis, Dave McKenna, Seldon Powell, George Duvivier, and sold three albums."

Shortly after *Golden Rainbow* closed, there was another pot waiting for him out on the west coast: that was the scoring assignment for National General's *How Sweet It Is* in 1968. And how sweet it's

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record REVIEWS

JOHN BISHOP

PLAYS HIS GUITAR—Tangerine TRCS 1513: *Sweet Emma; Wichita Lineman; Come Together; A Time For Us; Your Guess Is As Good As Mine; My Cherie Amour; Bright Lights And You Girl; Never Fall In Love; For Wes; 35 Saint Servon.*

Personnel: Bishop, guitar; unidentified organ, electric bass; drums; strings.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Had I not had the opportunity of hearing Bishop in person on several occasions, this album might have been less disappointing. It fails to conclusively demonstrate that this young man is a brilliant jazz guitarist, mainly because the selection of material and the unimaginative arrangements keep him boxed in most of the time.

What we have here, then, is a skillful musician doing the best he can within imposed limitations. On his own *For Wes* and *Saint Servon*, and on the attractive *Never Fall In Love*, there is some indication of his gifts as an improviser, and here and there we get other glimpses.

Beyond that, we hear his good sound, accomplished technique, and good time (on a jazz romp, he can swing his tail off), but that's unfortunately not enough to make the album a sample of Bishop's best. Nor are the recorded sound and balance flattering, and the drumming is often lousy while the organ is only fair. This young man deserves better, but fanciers of the guitar and/or current pop hits might investigate. —Morgenstern

TIM BUCKLEY

LORCA—Elektra EKS-74074: *Lorca; Anonymous Proposition; I Had a Talk with My Woman; Driftin'; Nobody's Walkin'.*

Personnel: Lee Underwood, electric piano, guitar; Buckley, 12-string guitar, vocals; John Balkin, basses, pipe organ; Carter C. C. Collins, congas.

Rating: ★★☆☆ 1/2

STARSAILOR—Straight 1881: *Come Here Woman; I Woke Up; Monterey; Moulin Rouge; Song to the Siren; Jungle Fire; Starsailor; The Healing Festival; Down by the Borderline.*

Personnel: Buzz Gardner, trumpet, flugelhorn; Bunk Gardner, tenor, alto flute; Lee Underwood, electric piano, pipe organ, guitar; Buckley, 12-string guitar, vocals; John Balkin, basses; Maury Baker, drums, tympani.

Rating: ★★★★★

I never did, and still don't dig "folk": that sort of guitar-strumming/relevance bit, mainly as the music always seemed to me virtually gratuitous, just acoustic licks of little moment to accompany the actual focus in the lyrics. Hyped as the New Poetry, many zealous critics and fans alike sought in such ditties as *Blowin' in the Wind* every metaphysical/political ounce, and now and then even used the

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Larry Ridley, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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tunes as mass panacea for demonstrations—under the assumption that "we shall overcome" if we all sing.

Nevertheless, one cannot deny an entire genre, and so I did listen, even to Dylan (who is by now too big for himself), and one salvation amid the doggerel and pick-in' was Tim Buckley.

Unlike most contemporaries, Buckley (with collaborator Larry Beckett) offered on his first Elektra dates true poetry within evocative musical contexts, and yet, as he progressed a curious reversal happened: where at first his imagery proved more complex and his music simply tasty, gradually (as best indicated on the *Happy Sad* album) his music became more impressionistic and his lyrics mainly tender love songs. Though lyrical, his singing and playing likewise moved with a freer impetus; always unpredictable, always humorous, his voice evolved as more than a mere vehicle for words, although he still retained that characteristic delicate quiver—that sort of magical ethos I often term elfin.

On *Lorca*, the sensitive interplay of Buckley's vocals (both verbal and non-verbal) with pianist Underwood and the drone of the strings bear witness to his new directions: a contrapuntal scheme of drifting ensemble colors, with an ultravibrato temper throughout, and much more sense of musical atmosphere than in the customary leader-with-accompaniment. But *Lorca* is somewhat like an embryo to *Starsailor* (likely cut just prior to Buckley's move from Elektra to Straight), and sounds much less fulfilled: certainly adventuresome, but still formative, not at the point of melodic and rhythmic fruition of *Starsailor*, even though it is moving.

Truly, to witness lovely ballads like his early *Once I Was* and *Morning Glory* and then realize the distance between that style and the moaning, more abstract attitudes on *Starsailor* is quite a shock, especially when one hears the whining, almost laughing scat on *Monterey*. Of course, Buckley has not wholly abandoned his charms as a troubadour, as in the petite chanson *Moulin Rouge* (with savory trumpet accents by Buzz Gardner) or the sighing, self-accompanied *Song to a Siren*, but has indeed expanded upon his own initial sense.

Where at first Buckley offered only a somewhat pleasant high-pitched croon, now he has proven himself a consummate vocal technician, from shimmering coos on *Song to a Siren* to primitive wailing on *Jungle*

Fire to distorted chanting on the title cut—and far too few (if any) pop artists exhibit such expressive control of the resonance and general tone of the voice as does Buckley, though no less limited in range to a ceiling tenor and falsetto than before.

Furthermore, Buckley is lucky to have with him such compatible co-evolutionary creators as Underwood and Balkin, plus the added tastes of Baker and the Gardner brothers—for the success of the album is clearly the mutual propulsion among the players, from erratic jittery tempos through almost formless sound textures and into even the quasi-cutesy *Moulin Rouge*. As ever, I rejoice that such spirit as that of Buckley and his cohorts is available on record.

Finally, at a point at which Elton John and Leon Russell and the other one-dimensionals are being heralded as the new superstar solo performers, *Starsailor* proves Tim Buckley the far greater (and so far less noticed): a sincerely eclectic and compassionate artist who, as the adage speaks, must be heard to be believed.

—Bourne

LARRY CORYELL

SPACES—Vanguard/Apostolic VSD 6558: *Spaces (Infinite); Rene's Theme; Gloria's Step; Wrong is Right; Chris; New Year's Day in Los Angeles.*

Personnel: Coryell, John McLaughlin, guitars; Chick Corea, electric piano; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Billy Cobham, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

I suspect that in an intimate club, the music played on this album would appeal much more, at least sound more tangible, for a sense of immediate energy seems lacking here that would be readily compensated for in a close listening atmosphere. Yet this is no unusual response toward Coryell for me, as I have yet to be very moved by his recordings, although on this current date is by far the most compelling sample of his playing I've witnessed.

Nevertheless, despite his brilliant company on this LP, Coryell still seems somehow never quite *there*—an impossible critical pronouncement, I realize, and yet I do not believe Coryell has ever wholly fulfilled the varied and surely ambitious directions he has attempted.

Of course, I do admire Coryell for what to me seem less than fruitful musical adventures (among the earliest attempts at jazz/rock with the Free Spirits and Chico Hamilton, among the earliest attempts at introducing the guitar to the

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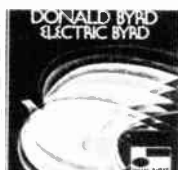
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avant garde with the JCOA), and so I regret that he has so often proven dull for me. Perhaps he lacks the chops (but I doubt it) or the passion. Whatever, I cannot honestly convince myself why I cannot "get into" his music, and sincerely presume the fault is my own.

Otherwise, the tunes on *Spaces* are mostly improvisatory sketches or mood pieces (*Gloria's Step* by Scott La Faro, *Rene's Theme* by Rene Thomas, the others by Larry or Julie Coryell), all especially graced by the rhythmic constancy of Cobham and Vitous, with the latter contributing several lyrical solo and lead moments. Unfortunately, the ensembles generally tend toward monotony as both McLaughlin and Coryell become consistently lick (all those bubbly finger runs) and appear more as if always feeling each other out rather than urging each other forward; but again, the listening involvement is sadly lost trying to grasp the somehow retarded or at least static musical propulsion.

And so I can hear this album and I can enjoy the tasty sounds throughout, but dynamic electric music it is not, and once more I must despair of my inability to conclude precisely where Larry Coryell hits.

—Bourne

CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL

COSMO'S FACTORY—Fantasy 8402: *Ramble Tamble*; *Before You Accuse Me*; *Travelin' Band*; *Ooby Dooby*; *Lookin' Out My Back Door*; *Run Through The Jungle*; *Up Around The Bend*; *My Baby Left Me*; *Who'll Stop The Rain*; *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*; *Long As I Can See The Light*.

Personnel: John Fogerty, lead guitar, lead vocals; Tom Fogerty, rhythm guitar; Stu Cook, electric bass; Doug Clifford, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

PENDULUM—Fantasy 8410: *Pagan Baby*; *Sailor's Lament*; *Chameleon*; *Have You Ever Seen The Rain*; *Hideaway*; *Born To Move*; *Hey Tonight*; *It's Just A Thought*; *Molina*; *Rude Awakening #2*.

Personnel: Same as above, except John Fogerty also plays organ, piano and saxophones.

Rating: ★★ ★★

Cosmo's Factory sounds just like the previous four CCR albums. It's terrific: its rewards are the satisfactions of returning to a meaningful and worthwhile ritual amid the empty rituals other bands recreate out of desperation or fiscal ambition.

Some returns to earlier form: *Ramble* and *Grapevine* are long cuts with plenty guitar space, like *Susie Q*. The latter is out of sight—soul cum misterioso. Fogerty's vocal hits the falsetto phrases right on, every time. His second guitar spot begins with some incredibly beautiful warping, and climaxes with a relentless, symmetrical chord series that keep screaming to be broken off into single-line runs. No way. Fogerty keeps sticking them damn understated chords to you till you'd like to bust.

That's the really fine thing about CCR's first five sessions, incidentally. You can run through the jungle as much as you want without finding a single moment when the integrity of the material is sacrificed to melodrama, histrionics, or ego. Control, logic, and—above all—naturalness.

You'll also dig *Travelin' Band* (a re-

working of *Good Golly Miss Molly* with a soupçon of *Jailhouse Rock*), *Rain*, which is effective medium-tempo melancholia, parts of *Ramble* (though for my taste it's maybe a minute or so too long), and *Back Door*, in which Fogerty demonstrates that he's the only vocalist since Buddy Holly who can get away with singing, "Oh, boy" convincingly.

However. It seems a time of searching for many bands, and CCR is looking for new material and, as their recent publicity extravaganza demonstrates, a wider audience, or more critical approval, or something.

Consequently, the newest album tries to be experimental, but isn't. (*Awakening* is an instrumental featuring mostly organ: lots of distortion and free playing, speeded-up versions of *My Country 'Tis of Thee*. It's very boring.) It tries for a new sound, with Fogerty multi-tracked on sax and organ and guitar, but succeeds only in adding eminently predictable backup sounds to recognizable CCR material. Fogerty's ego seems finally to have broken loose from the group ethos; he's trying so hard to prove something that he appears to have forgotten that the music is where it is.

As a concomitant, for the first time, there isn't one track that makes a new and joyful noise. Oh, *Rain* will sell a trillion, just like their last 79 singles, and most of the songs are nice. But when one remembers *Susie Q*, *I Put A Spell On You*, *Proud Mary*, *Born On The Bayou*, *Bad Moon Rising*, *Lodi*, *Fortunate Son*, *Don't Look Now*, among others, *Pendulum* is pretty pale.

Some good times. After a first section in a very dull straight four, *Pagan* opens up rhythmically and Fogerty begins to cut loose on guitar. *Move* is the best tune on the album, employing varying tempos and Fogerty's only interesting organ work—which, however, is heavily indebted to early-middle Ray Charles. (You want to really hear clichés? Dig on his rock 'n' roll tenor garbage on *Molina*, another Little Richard spinoff—roughly *Tutti Frutti* at a slower tempo.) The second best cut is *Thought*, a minor melody that manages to be both pretty and vaguely troubling (same effect as *Lodi*, though the songs are dissimilar). As for *Rain*, seems like another group did a very analogous tune a while back. I think it was called *Who'll Stop The Rain*.

Well, talent will out, as a rule. Unless ego gets in the way. Ask Big Brother, or Electric Flag, or McCartney. One hopes Fogerty won't finally deserve inclusion in the long list suggested by the names above.

—Heineman

EARL HINES

A MONDAY DATE: 1928—Milestone MLP 2012: *A Monday Date*; *Chicago High Life*; *Stowaway*; *Chimes In Blues*; *Dear Old Southland*; *Motherless Child*; *Panther Rag*; *Just Too Soon*; *Blues In Third*; *Off Time Blues*; *Isabel*; *For The Last Time Call Me Sweetheart*; *Consigne*.

Personnel: Hines, piano (all tracks); on tracks 5, 6, 11, 12, add Lois Deppe, vocals; track 13: Deppe's Serenaders; unknown personnel including Vance Dixon, saxophone.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★★

QUINTESSENTIAL RECORDING SESSION—

Halcyon 101: *My Monday Date*; *Off Time Blues*; *Just Too Soon*; *Chimes In Blues*; *Chicago High Life*; *Blues In Third*; *Stowaway*; *Panther Rag*.
Personnel: Hines, piano.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★★

The neatly simultaneous reissue of Hines' fabled 1928 solo piano performances and release of his 1970 reinvestigation of the same material offers a unique perspective on one of the greatest pianists in jazz.

The 1928 solos rank with the greatest achievements of that rich decade, together with the four solos recorded for Columbia later that year. The eight reissued here were made for the QRS label and received only very limited distribution at first (they were subsequently reissued on 78 by HRS and on 10" LP by Atlantic—in both cases with better sound quality than the Milestone).

Hines, then not quite 23, was the first important pianist to break with the ragtime and Harlem stride traditions and establish a new language for jazz piano. He based his style on the linear playing of jazz horns, due in part to his early training on trumpet, his youthful admiration for trumpeter Joe Smith, and his encounter, in 1926, and subsequent playing experience with Louis Armstrong. Fittingly, Hugues Panassie labeled it "trumpet-style piano."

However, Hines had already mastered the earlier styles, and utilized elements of them to fashion his new approach. His sparkling technique, ear for unusual harmonies, and uncanny mastery of time, combined with a rich musical imagination and highly developed sense of contrast and drama made his impact on the instrument's future role in jazz decisive.

Forty-two years later, these revolutionary solos still sound fresh and vital, and are often startling in their rhythmic freedom and sudden flights of fancy. How they must have struck the tradition-bound ears of his contemporaries is difficult to imagine!

Perhaps the most beautiful of the pieces (all Hines originals, some of them based on standard patterns) is *Blues In Third*, with its lovely melody and relaxed, reflective mood. *Monday Date*, a performance charged with vitality, and *Panther Rag*, an near surrealistic romp through *Tiger Rag* procedures, are also standouts, and none of the other six is far behind—the high level of inspiration is sustained throughout.

Reinvestigating these youthful achievements 42 years later, Hines brings to them a lifetime of musical experience and a pair of hands even nimbler at 64 than at 23. Though he consistently has surrounded himself at every opportunity with bands big and small, with vocalists, and with the trappings of showmanship so dear to him, Hines is and was at his greatest when he works with just a piano and his own boundless imagination.

Thus we must be grateful to Marian McPartland, who produced the date, for coming up with this brilliant idea and realizing it. There can be no doubt that Hines enjoyed the task hugely—among the many solo albums he has cut in the past seven years, none seems as charged with enthusiasm and spirit.

The album abounds with staggering displays of virtuosity. At times, indeed, the

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music threatens to overflow boundaries of form and development and spill over into unrestrained excess, but whenever this is about to happen, Hines pulls in the reins and returns to the structure of the piece, only to take off again.

Since the 1928 solos were restricted to the 3 minutes-plus limit of 78 recording, they have more consistent formal structure. In that sense, and that sense only, they are superior, each seems to stand as the last word on its theme.

The contemporary versions, on the other hand, though not as well thought out or rounded off, enable the pianist to stretch his powers to the limit—and they are awesome powers. If, at times, there are lapses of taste (the introduction of a superficial riff here, of a run for run's sake there) where the older versions were unblemished, the many moments of brilliance and true inspiration more than make up for this, and there is the added spice of freedom to do as he pleases.

Essentially, Hines has remained himself. The most striking change is the much greater independence of the left hand. There are also things here and there that Hines has picked up from others—a Tatum run, a locked-hands passage, a Bud Powell lick, a Garnerism. But all are synthesized into pure Hines, with that remarkable touch and dynamic range that no other hands can duplicate.

The Milestone album contains an added bonus in Hines' very first recorded performances, dating from 1923. Exceedingly rare (and dubbed from originals in less than mint condition) they offer a fascinating glimpse of a 17-year-old on the threshold of genius.

Four are vocal accompaniments, and Lois Deppe's singing, while showing a good voice, is mainly of historic interest (the rolling r's, articulated consonants and "proper" pronunciation are strictly on the 19th century salon tradition). But Hines' solo flashes are delightful, showing how well he had mastered the essentials of the Eubie Blake-Lucky Roberts-James P. Johnson school (one of Johnson's favorite licks shows up several times).

The band side, *Congaine*, is rhythmically spirited but corny (the saxophone work is quaint indeed), but when Hines comes in for his solo chorus, the scene changes.

Not since Louis Armstrong's 1957 remakes of past landmarks has a jazz musician produced such startling evidence in support of the too often overlooked fact that this music is not a neat series of historical progressions but a creative continuum. The music Earl Hines has here—yesterday and today—is music for the ages.

—Morgenstern

CHARLES LLOYD

CHARLES LLOYD IN THE SOVIET UNION
—Atlantic SD 1571: *Days and Nights Waiting*;
Sweet Georgia Bright; *Love Song to a Baby*;
Tribal Dance.

Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett; piano; Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album was taped during the 1967 Tallinn International Jazz Festival in Estonia. This was the 14th year of the festival, but the first time Americans were

invited to perform. (That's what the liner notes say!)

Make no mistake, this is an excellent album. I'm sure that people who buy jazz albums, and especially those whose ears lean slightly toward free music, will appreciate this one. All of the performers involved play brilliantly. All of the melodies are distinctive although *Tribal Dance* sounds very much like something John Coltrane wrote. DeJohnette's accompaniment is right on the button, almost impeccable. He sets a good fire underneath both Lloyd and Jarrett.

Jarrett has become a consistently satisfying pianist. He has a marvelous technique and one can feel the confidence he has in his own musicianship if one listens to his touch. He hits every note precisely and that takes a great knowledge of fingering in combination with one's head. He sometimes plays too many sequential transpositions and imitative motifs which make him sound like Bill Evans. His work on *Sweet Georgia Bright* is one of the really classic things you'll ever hear. He runs through so many periods and, at one point, does a fascinating neo-stride. Along with only a handful of other pianists, he continues to offset my balance which, to me, is a mark of creativity. His *Days and Nights Waiting* is by far the best melodic line here.

My criticism of Lloyd has always been that he sounds like so many other people. If you listen to this record from start to finish, you will hear mostly John Coltrane but also Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins, and (for the first time for me) Wayne Shorter. But where in the hell is Charles Lloyd? Not that the tradition in jazz of learning from one's peers and predecessors has not been positive. But hanging out, being with, talking to, and even sounding like, should lead to being. Lloyd has not arrived at being yet, and it's too bad because he is an exceptional musician. (And that is not a dichotomy!)

In a recent conversation I had with Clifford Thornton, he related his experience in playing with Sun Ra: How Sun Ra was always telling him to "unlearn, unlearn" and "don't play anything familiar". What a tremendous discipline that must be—and also a tremendous challenge. On this album, Lloyd makes attempts at playing free but he's too committed to the circle of fifths. His attempts sound contrived. There seems to be an overwhelming need to hold on to the familiar, to those things which feel comfortable. Freedomland is a hard thing to reach, but one you get there, you're there, and that's it!

Bassist McClure is more than adequate. This is by far the best thing I have heard from Lloyd.

—Cole

WILLIE SMITH

THE BEST OF WILLIE SMITH—GNP Crescendo GNPS 2055: *Uptown Blues*; *I'm Old Fashioned*; *Idaho*; *I Remember You*; *Never On Friday*; *Who Can I Turn To*; *Willie's Blues*.

Personnel: Smith, alto saxophone (all tracks); Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone (tracks 1-3); Tommy Gumina, accordion (tracks 4-7); Jimmy Rowles (tracks 1-3) or Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Irving Ashby, guitar (tracks 4-7); Max Bennett (tracks 1-3) or Paul Ruhland, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

One of the three greatest altoists of classic jazz (alongside Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter), Smith died in March, 1967—some 18 months after this music was recorded. Unfortunately, he was already an ill man, and thus the album's title is a misnomer—one hears a great musician past his prime.

Nevertheless, it is good that the album, a labor of love by Harry Lim (who over the years has produced so much fine music on records) has finally seen the light of day, for it has his expert touch and is well worth hearing.

The supporting cast is not only excellent, but also consists of musicians too rarely heard on record these days. Rowles and Guarneri are superb, both as accompanists and soloists; Perkins' warm tenor work is good to hear, and Levey is still a boss timekeeper. Ashby is a delight, as good as ever. Due to the peculiar character of his instrument, Gumina's presence may not be to every listener's liking, but he blends very well with Smith in ensembles while his solo work, especially when he plays horn-like lines, is musical and tasteful.

Tasteful, in fact, is the word for this relaxed, easy-swinging music. If Smith's characteristically slashing strength is missing, he compensates with expertly turned phrasing, and it is interesting to hear how he conserves his strength and uses (again untypically) under-statement to build to what climaxes he can accomplish.

He is in somewhat better form on the B side (tracks 4-7), and on the two original blues, *Friday* and *Willie's*, at times approximates his healthy self.

The choice of material and the arranging touches are uniformly excellent, and the recording balance and sound quality are among the best I've ever heard. Hopefully, Harry Lim will have more in store for us soon. Lord knows that the jazz scene can use a man of his taste and knowledge today.

—Morgenstern

ROCK BRIEFS

BY MIKE BOURNE

THE MAIN DILEMMA in writing a Briefs column is knowing how to write briefly. To knock in detail albums which will not likely be heard much anyway seems pointless, but then every artist, no matter how wretched, deserves his due—even though the critical service may appear cursory. And otherwise, any rock LP worth praising makes the stars bit, thereby raising the only fair records to relatively better status by comparison to the capsuled dregs. But whatever this rambling portends, herewith some quick shots at losers, with a few select nods to more delightful recent rock dates.

Egg (Deram DES 18039): Among the unique aspects of Egg is the mastery by which the three musicians apply the electricity of their instruments, notably the piano, organ, and tone generator of Dave Stewart; his effects are never gratuitous, but expertly expressed. On the long and mostly amusing *Symphony No. 2*, the

thrust of the improvisation always remains in balance and progressive from trio introspection through cooking, and only reaches volume bombast after a logical rise to that tension. Elsewhere the several original songs (especially the witty *While Growing My Hair* and *I Will Be Absorbed*) showcase the obvious discipline of the players, with intricate rhythms and harmonies, control enough to be both tight and spontaneous, and particularly a sense of musical structure often quite foreign to pop music—the perfect quasi-rock LP for jazz freaks afraid, and justly so, of Top-40.

Bread, *On The Waters* (Elektra EKS-74076): That characteristic union of lush textures and poppy beats which defines the best Top-40 ballads defines this second Bread LP, an album most hard-rock freaks may overlook as it offers neither maniac intensity nor much charisma, only soft pop diversion. The languid hit single *Make It with You* fairly represents the more quiet mood songs, while the band chops more bouncy uptempo: a curious and perhaps overall unstellar record, but at least bubblegum gone good for once. **Ringo Starr**, *Beaucoups Of Blues* (Apple SMAS-3368): Just as his first solo date employed the best arrangers, the second Starr date also features the best of the Nashville studios, and as before, the result is nonetheless abominably bland. Ringo's voice is as lackluster as flat beer, even though it well assumes a plaintive country tone, yet his bushel of corn (not one familiar song, and none likely to be) is still simply blighted, and only saleable by fame: *moins de blues* than one might have expected.

Rod Stewart, *Gasoline Alley* (Mercury SR 61264): Although Stewart, the tubercular wailer extraordinaire, has seldom moved me with either Jeff Beck or Small Faces, or even on his solo debut, *Gasoline Alley* is rather appealing, as his sandpaper tone is well-set in bright acoustic arrangements on dominant ballads, which are truly his special province. Raw screeching, like on *You're My Girl* and *My Way of Giving*, are as incessant and painful to hear as before, yet Dyan's *Only a Hobo*, the original *Jo's Lament*, and the extended country spunker *Cut Across Shortly* are especially adapt to the hoarse whisper of Stewart's voice, and the album is quite a tasty surprise.

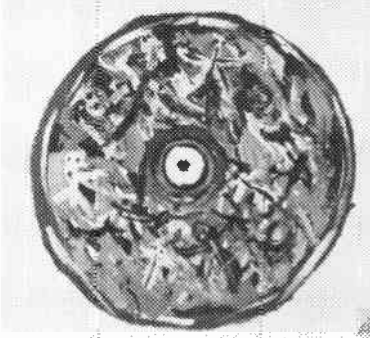
Black Sabbath (Warner Bros. 1871): The ghoulish sound of the title cut well creates an ominous tone for the album, but then everything degenerates into the usual three-man band fare, and what demons might have surfaced are quickly frightened by the noise.

Paul Williams, *Someday Man* (Reprise 6401): I admit an initial apprehension toward this record, for ballad singers, especially those who write their entire repertoire, have seldom been particularly compelling to me—but Paul Williams proves the pleasant exception. His songs, in collaboration with composer Roger Nichols, are clever, with delicate intricacy, and even a bit elfin, made all that much more charming by the mellow quiver in Williams' vocal manner: the perfect album for a spring afternoon, or whenever. [B]

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MARIAN McPARTLAND

by Leonard Feather

Marian McPartland first took the Blindfold Test almost two decades ago. The exact date was April 18, 1952, and it was a double one with her husband. Marian was then not too many years away from being a British war bride; while with a USO unit she met Jimmy in Belgium in 1944. She married him the following year in Germany and came to the U.S. with him in 1946.

Few musicians on the contemporary scene have shown a more consistent desire than Marian to involve themselves in new musical developments, as well as in social and civic activities for the betterment of jazz. Much has changed since that first test. The McPartlands are no longer united either professionally or personally (they remain friendly); Marian has aligned herself unmistakably with modern concepts, and during her many years at the Hickory House associated herself with some of the best rhythm sections ever heard in New York.

Lately her activities have taken on a new aspect with her launching of Halcyon Records in cooperation with Sherman Fairchild and Hank O'Neal. The label's product to date, featuring Marian, Earl Hines and other pianists, indicates that like other independent companies, Halcyon can help to fill the gap created by the calculated negligence of major labels with respect to any form of special interest music.

1. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Us* (from *Consummation*, Blue Note). Jones, composer, arranger; Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; Richard Davis, bass; Dave Spinoza, guitar.

I sort of like it. Like the first part . . . I love the precision of it, it sounds very well rehearsed. I like the writing and the voicing and the blend . . . then it gets into the rock thing. Well, it's just nice, something I'd like to hear if I was going out to dance.

I really don't know who it could be. I think the thing that struck me most was the really good recording, very clean and terribly precise, people knowing what they're doing. For the kind of thing it is, three stars.

2. BILLY TAYLOR. *Don't Go Down South* (from *Billy Taylor Today*, Prestige). Taylor, piano, composer; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

I'm sure that's Billy Taylor and I think it's probably one of his own things. It's funny, he uses his left hand—the chords—in a certain way, not quite like anybody else does. A certain voicing. I guess maybe I notice that, having listened to Billy so much at the Hickory House when I was away from there and he was there.

He gets a really good momentum going on an up tune. That's a good tempo for him. I don't know that tune, it's something I haven't heard before. That's probably Bob Cranshaw or Ben Tucker on bass, and probably Grady Tate on drums, I imagine, by the sound of the little fills and things I hear.

Billy is sounding even better than when he was at the Hickory House. He's one of my favorite players. I'll give that three.

Incidentally, I think it's possible that if Billy hadn't known he was being recorded, he might have been a wee bit more relaxed. Actually I think Billy's best mood is a ballad. He plays some of the most gorgeous ballads I've ever heard.

3. BILL EVANS. *Prelude* (from *Trio with Symphony Orchestra*, Verve). Alexander Scriabin, composer; Claus Ogerman, arranger.

I can't figure that out. It sounds sort of unclear somehow. Could it be the record?

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VALERIE WILMER

It sounded like two pianos, and that rhythmic figure didn't sound right somehow. I got the feeling it was something from the sound track of a movie, and it had Ravel-like qualities. But yet the way it was recorded I never could make up my mind whether the piano was supposed to be in the background—it only came out clearly just once or twice.

It was interesting, but to me it just never quite made it. I don't know what it was. As a matter of fact, I think I would have liked it better without that insistent figure in the background. Therefore, I'll say two stars.

4. JOE MORELLO. *The Sound of Silence* (from *Another Step Forward*, Ovation). Buddy Terry, tenor saxophone. Arranger not credited.

When it started out I thought it was going to be some other kind of treatment of that tune, but when they finally got into it, it seemed to be like it was the drummer's date. That could have been my buddy, Joe Morello. Joe worked with me up until 1956 when he joined Brubeck. He can't keep a job! He's only had the two jobs. This must be something he just did, for Ovation I would say.

I don't know who wrote that. I think that's the guy he likes on saxophone, Buddy Terry. I don't think Joe has lost any of that nice clean way he goes at things. There's a couple of things that he did there that are very hard to play with, and he always used to throw these in knowing they would hang me up.

I must say the arrangement didn't really kill me. It was nice, so I'll give it three. As much as I like that kind of a thing that he does, with not a great long drum solo, but little fills, still I feel that he hasn't done what he's capable of doing with brushes. I think he's one of the best brush players I've ever heard in my life, and there are things he hasn't done yet that he will do . . . all kinds of colors and ideas that I think he will do now that he's got his own group together.

5. ART TATUM. *Humoresque* (from *Piano*

Starts Here, Columbia). Anton Dvorak, composer.

That must be one version of that made live at a concert. I can't remember which one I first heard. I know I did hear it in England, and at that time there were books available about Tatum arrangements. I got them and almost fainted when I took a look at them. I'd love to have those now to take to all the college dates that we play, the stage band clinics. Regretfully, a lot of piano players at those places have missed hearing Art Tatum, unless it happens to be a place where there are records of his in the library.

This is something I started doing, inquiring whether the colleges had a record library, and what did they have in it. One of the things that I do with the kids is send them to the library to listen to a certain record, then come back and tell me what they think about it. I always try to hunt up a Tatum record . . . and this one if I can find it, because if you get kids who are classically trained, they know that piece of music, and then to hear somebody do that with it is really amazing to them.

Of course, I could go on for hours. I have mental images of hearing Art play, for instance, at the Embers, where I felt that people didn't appreciate what he was doing. The last time I heard him play was when I was in Baltimore and he was at another club there, and I'd dash over between sets to hear him. But the best time I ever heard him play was when I was in Cleveland with Jimmy (McPartland) and Ray Brown and John Collins . . . Art came and sat in. Afterward he took us to an after-hours place and he played until about 10 o'clock in the morning. I feel privileged to have heard him under those conditions, where he was happier and more relaxed.

I really don't know what you can say about that record, except that there never was anybody like him. There aren't any number of stars for that . . . the whole galaxy.

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down beat

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Roswell Rudd

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Enrico Rava, trumpet; Rudd, trombone, piano; Norris Jones, bass; Marvin Patillo, drums.

About thrice a year, Roswell Rudd gathers his friends together for a love feast. Most of these events have been held in churches or small halls somewhere that no one can find, but contrary to tradition, the most recent outing was held at the Vanguard. You had to be a friend of Roswell's to be there.

There was little advance publicity, and most of the people who were there had



DON SCHILTEN

heard about it from Rudd or from someone who had heard about it from him.

It began with the few staunch half dozen who always turn up at these underground meetings, but by the time quitting time rolled around, the crowd, if not S.R.O., was at least respectable enough to worry Max Gordon's staff about the logistics of getting them out and herding in the crowd for the evening performance by Roland Kirk.

Economics have pared Rudd's Primordial Jazz Ensemble down to a quartet, but with the backlog of sidemen he has had over the years the problem was not finding three good men but which good men to eliminate.

Drummer Marvin Patillo has been a Rudd standby since I first heard the group in 1967. He is adaptable, dependable and sturdy. He can be leaned on, a necessity in a mostly piano-less group.

The bottom comes from the bassist who calls himself Sirone. In a previous incarnation, his name was Norris Jones and as such he recorded with Marion Brown and Gato Barbieri and played with most of the important members of the new jazz movement. The change in name still leaves him one of the most imaginative bassists in the field today. He was hampered by a mike pick-up that wasn't picking up very well but what got through, particularly in his solo spots, was an intense musicality.

Trumpeter Enrico Rava has worked with Rudd for some time and has the ability to feel the next thing that's going to happen. Some of the brassmen's ensemble work (both charted and improvised) was as close as any two horn men have ever come together. Enrico, the lyrical, moody Italian tenor, unable to escape his

musical heritage and yet unable to play anything but the improvisational modern jazz he loves. Enrico and Roswell talking together in true communication, like Oliver and Louis, like Dizzy and Bird, tuned in to the same inner frequencies.

As for the leader, fresh from winning second place as trombonist in *down beat's* Reader's Poll (virtually first place, because J. J. Johnson always wins), Roswell Rudd is playing, for my money, more trombone than anyone else around today, as well as good piano, which has become his second instrument. He has come up to today from playing traditional jazz in the past, and has studied ethnomusicology, with a heavy emphasis on African and Australian folk musics. He has never rejected a thing he learned. There are elements in what he plays today that go back to Australian Aboriginal music—"as far back as far back goes," he said.

So this is Roswell Rudd's *Survival Music* . . . still surviving. Surviving in such brilliant Rudd originals as *Rossomosis* and *Moselle*. Surviving in Australian ethnic music like *Taxi* and *Sacred Song*. Surviving in Herbie Nichols tunes like *Third World*. Surviving even in Vernon Duke's standard *Autumn In New York*, featuring Rudd's Monkish piano.

If I had to pick a high point, it would probably be a tune of Rudd's called *Inside Job*. It begins with the ensemble horns playing a standard twelve-bar blues with the standard twelve-bar blues changes. But when Rudd starts his trombone solo he begins not on the tonic, but on the subdominant. It's enough to jolt you out of your seat and change your life.

It's enough to make you anxious for Roswell Rudd's next love feast. Very much alive and extremely well in New York City, one of these days Rudd's going to pull up stakes and split for Port Moresby, New Guinea. Til then, *Survival Music* survives.

And Roswell Rudd is driving a cab six days a week so he can make music on the seventh.

—Joe H. Klee

Electric Hot Tuna/Taj Mahal

Fillmore East, New York City

Personnel: Jorma Kaukonen, guitar, vocals; Will Scarlett, harmonica; Papa John Creach, violin; Jack Casady, electric bass; Sammy Piazza, drums. Taj Mahal, guitar, banjo, harmonica, vocals; John Simon, piano; John Hall, guitar; Bill Rich, electric bass; Greg Thomas, drums; Howard Johnson, Earl McIntyre, Joe Daley, Bob Stewart, tubas (doubling trumpet, trombone, and baritone saxophone).

It was a very cold January in New York. Waiting in line on 6th Street for the early show to end and the old audience to be ushered out before the new one could be wrong in rendered you freezing numb.

The first act, which shall be mercifully nameless, didn't help any. They weren't that bad . . . they weren't that good either . . . they were just there doing their thing.

While Taj Mahal has not been able to really make it big on a national scale, he is a strong local favorite and though the cheering for Hot Tuna may have been more demonstrative, the Mahal fans were there in force and he never lacked for audience response or encouragement.

Now that Blood, Sweat&Tears, Chicago, Dreams have brought the horns into rock

for good, I'm certain a lot of groups will be grafting horn sections onto their previous formats. Few will really bother to get a good bunch of horns and integrate them into the structure of the music. Taj Mahal, a New York-born, New England-bred country blues singer has proven the exception. He has taken four horns from Howard Johnson's *Substructure*, a group that was important in New York underground rock and jazz circles and played one of Fillmore East's New Talent Tuesday Night shows before it died in the spring of 1970.

Johnson himself is a baritone saxophonist and tubaist of some repute, having worked with Archie Shepp, Charlie Haden, Roswell Rudd and Gil Evans, among others.

There was not a lot in the way of new material, but the horns blended in nicely with such Taj Mahal standards as *Ain't Gwine Whistle Dixie*, *Diving Duck* and *Going Up The Country*, *Paint My Mailbox Blue*. The group was at its best when using the four-tuba combination to furnish a mellow second voice to Taj's country laments. This Fillmore East shot was the first engagement for the new, improved 1971 Taj Mahal, but a record has been made for Columbia under the sensitive guidance of David Rubinson and should be out shortly.

Hot Tuna can blow hot and cold. I've heard two performances separated by only three days that were as different as the difference between a top-notch group and a bunch of amateurs. One of the problems with Hot Tuna has been that when they come through town with Jefferson Airplane, they end up doing a completely ridiculous number of shows. On their most recent group of appearances at the Fillmore East with the Airplane, they did seven shows in five days. On the seventh of these shows, they (especially Jack and Jorma who play with the Airplane as well) sounded very tired and run down.

On their own, without the parent group to tax their energies, they played four shows in two days, and the fourth sounded magnificent. Their previous solo appearance as the Hot Tuna at Fillmore East was an acoustic duo, which failed. It is not possible to hold a Fillmore East audience without the energy level of electric music—unless you are Laura Nyro. Their return, billed as "Electric Hot Tuna" so as to let everyone know it would be different this time, was another story.

Kaukonen is one of the better guitarists of the San Francisco movement, and if his singing is not as strong as his playing it is at least good enough to get by. Casady is a capable bassist whom I had a tendency to underrate until I heard his fine solo work this weekend. Either the man's improved or he's been hiding his talent under a bushel for too long. Scarlett is an imaginative harmonica player, not as down-home as Taj Mahal, but more in a line with the jazz-inflected harp work of Paul Butterfield and George "Harmonica" Smith. He and violinist Creach played well off each other, as though they were two horns.

My first impression of Creach was that he does not play a very violinistic style

but prefers to make his fiddle sound as much as possible like an alto sax . . . but then didn't Stuff Smith play trumpet fiddle, and doesn't Sugarcane Harris play lead guitar fiddle?

All in all, it was much a typical Hot Tuna program. There were the originals and the San Francisco versions of classics by Rev. Gary Davis (*Candy Man*), Jelly Roll Morton (*Winin' Boy*), Leroy Carr (*How Long*) and such other standard material as *Hang Me*. It is obvious that in terms of material this is a folk/rock group. In performance, they are much more rock than folk.

This impression is further heightened by the use of Piazza on drums. He is a rock 'n' roll drummer of the old get-you-movin' school. For me, at least, it is Piazza's drums that really make the difference between the early Hot Tuna and where they are at now.

With Johnny Winter doing a guest shot on guitar and singing, they played til 5 a.m., much to the disgust of an usher who tried to bribe me to phone in a bomb threat so he could get the theatre emptied and go home and get some sleep. I wasn't about to humor him. I was having too much fun.

—Joe H. Klee

Thelonious Monk Quartet

Both/And Club, San Francisco, Cal.

Personnel: Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Rafael Garrett, bass; Clarence Becton, drums.

This wasn't exemplary Monk. Subdued from a bout of illness and thinned down

in appearance and output, he seemed introspectively-deep in a nirvanic cocoon, occasionally emerging with a message sometimes cryptic but worth waiting for (below par Monk can still shine)—before retreating into detachment until the next call, leaving the tenorist to carry most of the solo lead.

Jeffrey in the tradition of the extrovert foils Monk favors, made the most of the lion's share with a heart-on-sleeve delivery that ran lusty counter to the pianist's sly insinuating tangents. Sound sense was evident in everything he expertly tackled and he was a smoothly running generator of staying power—unwaveringly good tone and potent ideas that didn't become watery over marathon stretches. Hammerlocking interest ran from first to last chorus on his especially long solos on *Blue Monk*, *Pannonica* and *Straight, No Chaser*, all decisive delights.

Though Monk's solos were sparse in comparison to Jeffrey's heroics, his essence came through unimpaired—the absorbing stylist no one comes within miles of emulating. *I Mean You* and *Nutty* were among the best because he was at his least hermetic. On *You* he was out of reverie into a wry, swinging combination of dazzle and puzzle with clean articulate fingering and phrasing and mystical detours with a snatch of atonal incantation. *Nutty* was in a similar but more humorous vein, with elephantine dissonance alternating with and jostling against fleet melodic lines.

Although Monk has gone through the revolutionary-into-respectable-pillar phase,

he's deft with the unexpected and the seismic tilt is still felt on the stand where he can set a bumpy road for his cohorts on occasion.

Many of the numbers, all trusties, touched on a jaunty medium tempo of the likes of *Rhythmaning*. Ballads like *Body and Soul* and *Don't Blame Me* found Monk putting sentiment through a sardonic wringer, and *Pannonica* was romantic, lyrical, and straightforward. A few bars of *Epistrophy* were used to sign off at the end of sets.

Garrett and Becton supplied the pulse of good professionals, slickly pushing the beat along. The bassist was a good match temperamentally for Monk, of similar ilk with tongue in cheek firmly rooted in expert musicianship. His building solo on the theme of *Well You Needn't*, adeptly applied pizzicato and frenzied bowing smacking heavily of the classical.

Not only an engrossing swinger summa cum laude, it's one of Monk's niceties that in using the flatly dissonant and the atonal with gusto he extracts warmth from a milieu often raked into cold ashes by grim avant garde. His whimsy is sometimes a mordant remove from pianistic titans of jazz with humor deeply embedded in their music, and, like others, could be a top soil covering essentially bitter strata. For all that, and though off-form, he pulled a goodly quota of wily quips, subtle pokes and puns throughout the sets, pulling the tails of chords and putting a rueful grimace on runs. Shadowy at times, Monk was still substantial listening.

—Sammy Mitchell

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HAMMOND

(Continued from page 15)

Stanton's right hand. All he wanted to know was could Seeger sell records, and Lieberman said yes, and signed him. This was in 1961, and he continued to remain on the CBS blacklist.

"I think one of the reasons Dylan come with us shortly after was because we had the guts to sign Seeger. Vanguard was trying for Dylan then too. The ironic thing about the whole incident was that we knew Pete was not a Communist. He was an anarchist, which is very fashionable these days. Pete could no more accept the discipline of the American CP than he could vote straight Republican."

I asked Hammond if there was any sort of "generation gap" among the decision makers at Columbia these days.

"There sure is. We're sort of lucky here. Clive Davis, the president, is in his mid-30s and keeps very much in touch. There's not a week that he's not in some dive in the Village listening to new acts. He does more than I do. The head of our a&r department is Jack Gold, who is on the west coast. He's anything but young, but he sort of automatically vetoes anything that I bring in. He's a terribly nice man, but not a musician. (Hammond, however, has played viola for years in a string quartet).

"Benny Goodman made some marvelous records in Europe recently with some English musicians. It's really the first time some of the old arrangements have been recorded properly in stereo with a really swinging band and with Benny playing beautifully. I wanted to release them on Columbia, but Jack turned them down, saying he'd be willing to record Benny with a semi-rock group playing Beatles tunes, which is of course ridiculous. They'll be coming out on London soon, and will sell very well.

Hammond's own titles at Columbia, he says, includes "Director of Talent Acquisition, Executive Producer, and Old Man." At 60, however, his pace and appearance hardly suggest the last. During his usual working day on the 11th floor of "Black Rock" on 52nd street, he is next to impossible to get on the phone, with long distance calls stacked up like airliners over Kennedy. Often the big stereo speakers mounted in his office are booming away to the undulations of a new electronic score or rock band. For a man whose recording career began in 1931 with some of Garland Wilson piano solos, Hammond has proved himself for more than 40 years to be one of the most adaptable yet discriminating arbiters of public taste in the annals of the music business. As the man who has either launched or aided the careers of such as Lionel Hampton, Mildred Bailey, Lester Young, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan and many, many more, it is not surprising that he finds himself at home with contemporary music.

"Rock doesn't upset me in the least, and a lot of it I love," he says. "I'm perfectly comfortable in the music business today."

WILLIAMS

(Continued from page 20)

been since then. And how appreciative Pat Williams has been for the breaks he's gotten. As I said earlier, no prima donna, he. No big head. Big neck and broad shoulders, but his hat is the same size.

"I have to give credit to the late Nathan Van Cleave for helping me make the transition from Williams the arranger to Williams the composer. And I have to thank Stanley Wilson (the late music director at Universal) for getting me started. Stanley would stick his neck out for unknown composers. He'd call and say 'Are you busy?' And I'd try not to sound like I needed a handout. 'Well I got some things cooking.' Then he asked: 'Want to write some more shit?' That was his favorite line. Now if I blew it, I could always go down to Donte's and blow some jazz. For me it was just one assignment. But for Stanley, the studio brass would put a lot of pressure on. His whole career was at stake."

When he first arrived, the Alfred Newman-Victor Young scoring technique appealed to him, but today he's more interested in the "now sounds" and lists Jerry Goldsmith among his favorite composer. However, there's one "old-timer" he'll never forget. "I had just dropped off my last cue for an assignment at Universal. I had used the safest combination in my orchestration to cover every possible sound. As I passed by one of the scoring stages, I heard Bernard Herrmann doing a *Virginian* segment. He was using 30 strings and a bass guitar and I realized how much I had to learn. You know, I was so wiped out I didn't drop into anyone else's date for a year."

Regarding the difference between writing for TV and movies, Pat puts prestige ahead of musical considerations. "If you're associated with a great film—whether it's a quality score or not—you're good for a few more jobs. An Oscar is more meaningful than an Emmy. From a musical standpoint, you can get more deeply involved in a movie score. You work with larger forces and you're given a longer time to create."

No matter which medium he's involved in, Pat is a young man on the way up. He has the talent and energy to sustain that grueling drive to the level where everyone will know precisely what a Pat Williams is. The only question is: will the isolation that accompanies creativity get to him before he becomes a household expression? As he explained, with an expression calculated to feign pain: "You know it's a funny thing. I get up each morning, shower, put on a deodorant and an after-shave lotion, then I carefully pick out which of my six khakis I'll wear, then go in my back room and disappear all day."

How do you reassure a person who's so much bigger than yourself? Maybe he'll read this "open postscript to Pat Williams." All your monastic activity will be worth it, I predict. Wait 'til your first Academy Award nomination. Then you can shower, shave and carefully pick out one of your six tuxedos—and you know the rest. . . .

STUDIOS

(Continued from page 17)

"Studio work is 99% boredom, 1% sheer terror!" By "terror" Sherock was referring to his 8 a.m. calls for the *Red Skelton Show* that started off with a big dance production number. "You just pray your chops will be warmed up."

Joe Howard: "Compromise? Hell, no—just versatility!"

Trombonist Joe Howard figures "the studio is all that's left today—the only real working place. The bands are gone (Howard should know: he's played with Ben Pollack, Will Osborne, Gene Krupa, Woody Herman and Stan Kenton), so are most of the clubs. And when someone complains about the trash we have to play, bear in mind that the reason we do it is to please the people out there. Compromise? Hell no—just versatility!"

The one thing Carol Kaye failed to cover in her book is the racial situation in the studios. No pun intended, but there are various shades to that problem. It's not just black and white, but complicated by politics, deeply-ingrained habits, pressures of getting a job done, interplay between writers and contractors, and of course, the clique track of prejudice.

Bobby Bryant is reluctant to call it "out and out discrimination." He prefers to label it as "apparent—an outgrowth of thoughtlessness. Many contractors, for example, simply don't know how to put a band together. There's more to selecting sidemen than knowing what instrument they play; there are personalities involved. But contractors usually call the busy guys, figuring that if they're always working, they must be good. Of course there are more white musicians in this town than black musicians. So when a band is assembled you're bound to hear the cry 'discrimination!'"

"Mind you, I don't say it doesn't exist. The Black Musicians Association is using the right approach in trying to change conditions in the studios. By protesting and picketing, they'll call attention to the problem. I just hope they concentrate on the producers, 'cause that's where the money is."

"The only problem is that not all the hell-raisers in the BMA are qualified themselves to work in the studios. Some of them are just qualified to raise hell. But by raising some hell, the next time the selection of sidemen is made by certain people, there will be a more conscious effort to correct the situation."

Bryant focuses much of the blame on black writers. "They can determine who they want, but too many of them don't concern themselves with the problem. They forget their responsibility to their music and to the cause of the black musician. Once they get 'in' they simply say to the contractor, 'get me a band.'"

For Benny Golson, the composer-con-

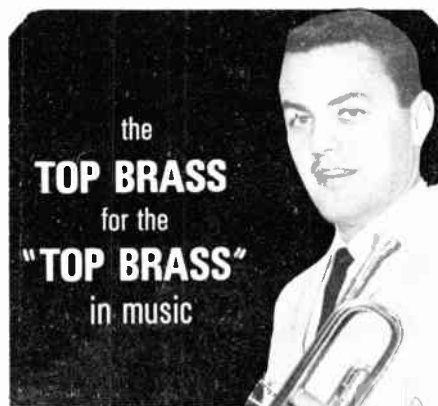
tractor relationship depends to a great extent on the importance of the composer, and to a lesser degree on the studio involved. Benny is a relative newcomer to Hollywood, and although his credits now include *Mod Squad*, *Mission: Impossible*, *The Young Lawyers*, *The Partridge Family* and *Room 222*, he claims "I'm still en-route. Quincy Jones has arrived—he can make waves." Benny's self-evaluation is correct. The credits may look impressive, but it takes a long time before you can feel the security and acceptance of being "in." He's feeling his way through the politics of Smogsville and I agreed not to name names that might jeopardize his budding career.

"I've been able to help a few brothers to get certain dates, but I've also run into certain hard-nosed contractors—black and white. I remember when I started at one studio, I said to the contractor 'Now I'd like to have so and so, so and so and so and so on trumpets; so and so, so and so, so and so, trombones . . . ' and he interrupted me, saying, 'Uh, well we use so and so, etc., on trumpets here, and the trombones are so and so, etc.' After it happened a few times, I met with the music director at the studio, told him of the hassel and he said, 'Look, you don't have to take that from any contractor. Tell him who you want and that's that.' And the situation was remedied."

It's so easy to digress when you open a can of worms. Or have we really digressed? These are the realities of studio work, 1971. It can't be denied, or minimized, or swept under the rug. Of course it can be distorted and exaggerated to the point of hostility. I remember when Mike Barone (one of many studio men who front rehearsal bands in order to hear, write and play the meaningful sounds they cannot get as a steady studio diet) was unjustly attacked for assembling an all-white band. When I asked him about it, he replied, "I tried to get Ray Brown, Bobby Bryant, guys like that. Who wouldn't want them in a band? But you know their schedule—they can't make it. And besides, all of us live in the valley (San Fernando Valley—an affluent section of Los Angeles north of Hollywood) and the other cats I contacted would have a hard time making it out here just for rehearsals. But frankly I wouldn't care if a musician were green, orange or purple!"

From a strictly musical standpoint, Plas Johnson expressed what is on many of his colleagues' minds: "I miss swinging in a club, but I really don't have the energy to make an early call, then hang on 'til 4 a.m. You get tired, your chops get rusty, you cut out the jazz and pretty soon what you play when you finally get the chance sounds pretty dated."

Taking my cue from Plas, I hope that what I've said or quoted in this survey of the studios will soon sound dated. Bobby Bryant feels the situation is improving and "in a couple of years" tokenism will have vanished. I hope he's right. Studio work is hard work, but the rewards make a musician feel he is indeed an artist. Perhaps in time more of the neglected artists will be made to feel that they are indeed human.



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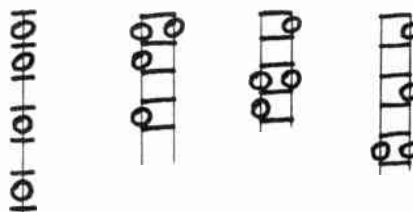
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Guitar Fingerboard Scale Patterns, Part III by William L. Fowler

THERE ARE TWO MORE TYPES OF TETRACHORDS to be studied which have extremities of a perfect fourth (the major and minor have been covered in previous articles).

The Phrygian tetrachord has adjacent notes (half steps) at the bottom and whole steps (two frets) separating the upper three notes. On adjacent strings (except the second and third) it begins and ends on the same fret (perfect fourth). See Figure I.

Figure I



The eight-note scale possibilities utilizing the Phrygian tetrachord are as follows: Lower, Phrygian-upper, Phrygian=Phrygian; Lower, minor-upper, Phrygian=descending melodic minor scale (Aeolian mode).

The natural position of the Phrygian mode is against the Mediant chord (E Phrygian against E minor chord, in key of C Major). The natural position of the descending melodic minor is against the tonic chord downward against the C minor chord in the key of C minor. The natural position of the Aeolian mode is against the submediant chord (A Aeolian against A-minor chord, in key of C major).

The other scale possibilities do not have natural positions. The guitarist should try them against three- (or four) note chords, noting which uses do not cause too much conflict between scale tones and roots and fifths of chords, and keeping in mind the valuable blues effect of minor thirds sounding melodically against major thirds in the accompanying chord:

Lower, Phrygian-upper, minor (extremely blue-sounding)

Lower, Phrygian-upper, Major (contradictory, funky)

Lower, Major-upper, Phrygian (sounds good against dominant seventh in minor key).

The Harmonic minor tetrachord has two sets of adjacent notes: the two inner notes are adjacent to the outer notes, which are on the same fret on adjacent strings (except second and third). There is one very easy fingering, which should always be used (Figure II). This tetrachord has one natural use—the upper tetrachord of the harmonic minor scale: Lower, minor-upper, Harmonic minor=Harmonic minor scale. Use this scale against the tonic triad in minor keys.

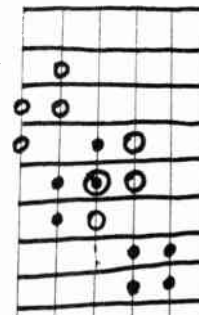
Figure III

O = lower tetrachord
• = upper tetrachord

Figure II



on all adjacent
Strings except 2nd
and 3rd, which
will look like →



The value of this tetrachord is that it sounds exotic, Oriental, even forboding (it is used as the Death Motive in the opera, *Carmen*). Try it in combination with itself and with minor or Phrygian tetrachords. The result will be some exciting scales that all sound as if they are minor in character with an added Oriental flavor. Also, try successions of this tetrachord beginning on ascending scale steps. It is such an ambiguous tetrachord that it can be effectively used in many places where it might not be expected to work. The author's favorite usage is shown in Figure III.

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CHORDS

(Continued from page 8)

that.)

Sure, there is Louis Armstrong in Miles Davis (as he himself and many racist writers including myself have pointed out), and maybe also in Woody Shaw, but the Louis Armstrong of today is Louis Armstrong—there'll never be another. And if you don't think that white listeners have been buying Miles' records and attending his performances, ask Miles. To pick him, of all people, as an example of an ignored black artist!

The Duke Ellington of today, yesterday and tomorrow is Duke Ellington. As for Oliver Nelson, hundreds of "white" college bands have his charts in their books, not to mention professional jazz groups of all hues.

The comments regarding blacks having to record more often than whites are nonsense. Where do you get such ideas? Certainly not from examination of facts.

As one of those who "want to take racism out of jazz" (and is that a bad idea?), I agree wholeheartedly that jazz was indeed originated by blacks (specifically, black Americans) and that its greatest and most original creators have been and are black.

Does it follow from this that every black person who picks up a horn is automatically an "originator", or that any given black jazz player is by birthright superior to any given white jazz player?

In jazz, as in any true art, there are a few geniuses and a host of talented, honorable craftsmen who follow their lead and fashion from it their own personal stories. Among the former, blacks far outnumber whites. Among the latter, there are many levels and degrees of distinction, all of them earned, not innate, for jazz is a language that must be mastered and can be learned.

It is currently fashionable among some cultural bigots, black and white, to claim jazz as the special, narrow and restricted province of a particular ethnic group. Such people do not (or do not want to) realize that jazz is in fact the first and so far the only universal music created by man, and that it is a far greater achievement and honor to have inspired such a music than it is to claim special or exclusive rights to it.

I have expressed certain reservations about some statements and actions by some black musicians, so you conclude that I must be a "white racist." What would I be if I had watched the show, disagreed with the panel, and either kept my mouth shut or assigned someone else to write about it? I'll tell you: a white hypocrite, afraid to treat his black fellow men as equals and thus feel free to disagree with them.

I believe that you misunderstood what I said, or at least my motives for saying it, so I have reasoned with you. I also believe that you are quite young, and that you can still be reasoned with. I hope, at least, that when a real racist comes your way, you'll be able to recognize him—regardless of his ideological mask. —D.M.

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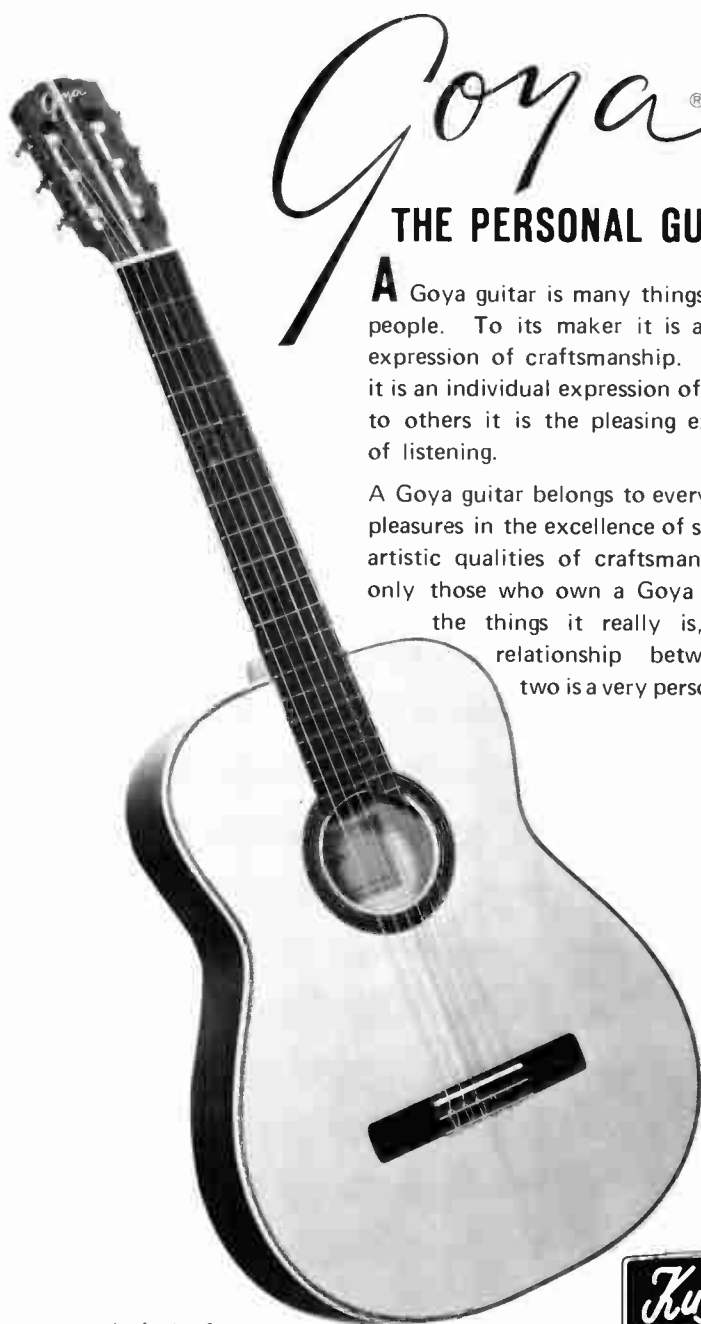
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New York: Charles Mingus, with trumpeter Eddie Preston, tenorist Bobby Jones, and drummer Al Hicks, returned in January from a successful Japanese tour employing a quartet format . . . **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims** swung up a storm at the second *Jazz Adventures* Friday noon session at the Downbeat, ably supported by pianist **Jay Chasin**, bassist **Mike Moore**, and drummer **Jimmy Madison**. After the feature set, this house trio was joined by various sitters-in, including trumpeters **Gene Roland** and **Sonny Rich**; trombonist **Matthew Gee**; tenorists **Russ Andrews** and **George DeLeon**, and singer-bassist **Jack Tafoya**, who presides over the sessions. The following week, Sims departed for a London gig at **Ronnie Scott's** and other European adventures . . . **Cohn** is co-leader and musical director of a new big band, with the somewhat cumbersome handle of **Al Cohn/Willis Conover** and the **New York Band**, which is the heir to the library and spirit of the **Bill Berry-Conover** enterprise which disbanded when the trumpeter moved to California, where he has formed a counterpart of the New York band. Among the sidemen in the latter are trombonists **Joe Ciavardone**, **Quentin Jackson**, and **Bill Watrous**; reedmen **Carmen Leggio**, **Charlie Fowlkes**, **George Dorsey** and **Roger Pemberton**; trumpeters **Danny Stiles** and **Burt Collins** (others to be set); pianist **Dave Frishberg**, bassist **Malcolm Cecil**, and drummer **Ronnie Zito** . . . **Roy Haynes' Hip Ensemble** (**Ron Hampton**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **George Adams**, tenor sax, flute, vocal; **Carl Schroeder**, electric piano; **Teryo Nakamura**, bass; **Larry Kilian**, congas) played opposite the jazz-rock group **Farmer Brown** (**Donald Hahn**, **Allen Fallek**, trumpets; **John Mosca**, trombone; **Howie Leshaw**, **Lou Hoff**, saxophones and flute; **Bob Kaye**, keyboards; **Larry Hutcherson**, guitar; **Ron Gall**, bass; **Ronnie Bennett**, drums; **Lorraine Feather**, **Chris Collins**, vocals) at the Village Gate . . . *Jazz: The Personal Dimension*, a concert series at Carnegie Hall, kicked off Feb. 5 with **Toshiko's** quartet, to be followed by **Gary Burton's** group (March 5); **Buddy Tate** and his band (April 16), and the **Chico Hamilton Four** (May 7) . . . Harpist **Daphne Hellman**, who had been holding forth at **Mary Mary** on 2nd Ave., left Jan. 27 for a tour including Hong Kong, Ceylon, Australia, and Vietnam, with bassist **Jack Lesberg** and a guitarist . . . Pianist **Dave Burrell** is back from Europe, where he recorded for Musidisc and played at the **Chat Qui Peche** in Paris, with **Roscoe Mitchell**, reeds; **Beb Guerin**, bass, and **Don Moye**, drums (**Ron Miller** for **Guerin** on the record date) . . . Vibist **Warren Chiasson** wasn't idle while vacationing in Nova Scotia. He taped four shows for CBC television . . . Tenorist **Bobby Brown** led a quartet at **Jazz Vespers**. Another installment in the **St. Peter's Church** weekly jazz events was a *History of Soul* program presented by trumpeter **Louis Metcalfe**, with guests including **Herb Hall**, clarinet; **Tommy Benford**, drums; and veteran band-leader and piani-

ist **Sam Wooding** . . . Trumpeter **Dick Vance** led the band at the National Urban League's **Beaux Arts Ball** . . . **Jimmy Giuffre** took over for **Zoot Sims** at the Half Note Jan. 21, and also led the **NYU Jazz Ensemble** in a Carnegie Hall concert Feb. 12 opening radio station **WNYC's** American Music Festival . . . **Lee Konitz'** quartet at the Top of the Gate recorded live for Milestone records, with **Sal Mosca**, piano; **Ron Carter**, bass, and **Sonny Brown**, drums . . . **Joe Farrell** was back with **Elvin Jones** at the drummer's Village Vanguard gig, with **Frank Foster** and **Wilbur Little** also on hand. The week before, **Beaver Harris** subbed for **Elvin** at the East in Brooklyn, with **Foster**, trumpeter **Virgil Jones**, and bass-

ist **Vic Gaskin** . . . **Kimako's Casbah**, the newest outlet for jazz in Harlem (2240 7th Ave.), presented the groups of **Norman Connors** (**Woody Shaw**, trumpet; **Kalik**, soprano; **Tyrone Washington**, tenor, flute; **Danny Mixon**, piano; **Stafford James**, bass); **Carlos Garnett** (**Kalik**; **Hakim Jami**, bass; **Connors**); **James Spaulding**, and **Archie Shepp** in January on consecutive weekends . . . **Altoist Noah Howard's** group (**Earl Cross**, trumpet; **Fred Simmons**, piano; **Stafford James**, bass; **Muhammad Ali**, drums) gave a concert Jan. 13 at CCNY and appeared at **Kimako's** Feb. 12-13 . . . **The Little Feat**, a new group comprised of ex-Mothers of Invention **Ray Astrada**, **Lowell George**, **Richard Hayward** and **William Payne**,



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performed at Ungano's . . . **Wild Bill Davison**, who recently celebrated his 65th birthday, was in fine fettle as guest star at **Red Balaban's** Your Father's Mustache session Jan. 17. The wild one also subbed at Jimmy Ryan's for **Roy Eldridge**, who broke his ankle in an icy parking lot, but wasn't out of action long . . . Pianist-singer **Barbara Lynn**, with **Dan Tucci**, bass, and **Ed Balsamo**, drums, is at the Jolly Swagman Inn in Hicksville . . . A Feb. 6 Cami Hall concert marked the debut of **Ijinle Dudu** (Essence of Blackness), an 11-piece group led by **Aiye Niwaju** (Jeff Wood) and including **Roland Alexander**, **Chief Bey**, **Nat Bettis**, **Charles Davis**, **Norman Connor**, **Anthony Wiles** and **Reggie Workman** . . . the **MUSE Combo** (**Curtis Fowlkes**, trombone; **Lester Forte**, tenor; **Harry Constant**, piano; **Alex Blake**, bass; **Vann Parrish**, drums) was heard in concert at the Bedford-Lincoln Neighborhood Museum.

Los Angeles: There's been a sudden upsurge in "classical jazz," thanks to some ambitious works by **Quincy Jones**, **Lalo Schiffrin** and **Les McCann**. Quincy's work, *Black Requiem for Ray Charles and Orchestra*, (subtitled *Soul Suite*) is the culmination of twenty years of talking, planning and waiting by both Quincy and Ray. The idea was mutually conceived, but individual careers became so crowded by success, the project never got off the ground. Finally **Ray Charles** lobbied in earnest and Quincy—despite film scoring commitments and a time-consuming appointment as this year's Academy Awards music director—decided to go and the *Black Requiem* will receive its world premiere Feb. 22-23 at (appropriately enough) Jones Hall, at Prairie View College (Houston, Texas). Mahler-sized forces are called for, as well as Q-type rhythm: Jones will conduct the 110-member Houston Symphony Orchestra and the 80-voice Prairie View College Chorus; infiltrating the orchestra will be **Toots Thielmans**, harmonica and guitar; **Billy Preston**, organ; **Ray Brown**, bass; **Grady Tate**, drums. The collaboration between Jones and Charles marks the first since Quincy played trumpet with Ray's band in Seattle 15 years ago. The work will be performed in other cities following the premiere, and Quincy hopes to record it in Los Angeles with **Zubin Mehta** and the Los Angeles Philharmonic . . . That same orchestra, with Mehta conducting, gave the world premiere of Lalo Schiffrin's "Pulsations," a work that also made use of an 18-piece, jazz-flavored big band. Lalo was up front with Mehta, commanding his "big white spaceship"—a Yamaha Electone EX-42 with an added ring modulator. Behind the Philharmonic were: **Conte Candoli**, **Bobby Bryant**, **Gary Barone**, **Tony Terran**, trumpets; **J.J. Johnson**, **Tom McIntosh**, **Craig Kupka**, **Benny Powell**, trombones; **Bud Shank**, **Tom Scott**, **Don Menza**, **Jack Nimitz**, reeds; **Emil Richards**, vibes; **Howard Roberts**, guitar; **Ray Brown**, bass, and **Larry Bunker**, drums. The work received three performances at the Music Center . . .

Finally, **Les McCann**, shortly after he closed at the Lighthouse, was soloist in his own work, *Beaux J. Poo Boo for Jazz Ensemble and Symphony Orchestra*, given at Compton College by the Compton Civic Symphony.

Chicago: The Sounds of Swing lived up to their name in a recent Sunday concert sponsored by the Jazz Institute of Chicago. Co-led by trumpeter **Norm Murphy** and guitarist **Marty Grosz**, the band also featured trombonist **Harry Graves**, clarinetist **Jerry Fuller**, tenorist **Franz Jackson** (subbing for **Billy Usseltun**), pianist **Joe Johnson**, bassist **Joe Levinson**, and drummer **Bob Cousins**. The series of history-of-jazz concerts also included a bow to the bebop era with **Art Hoyle's** Quintet (Hoyle, trumpet; **Joe Daley**, tenor sax; **John Young**, piano; **Rufus Reid**, bass; **Wilbur Campbell**, drums) . . . **Yusef Lateef** appeared at the North Park Hotel in a Modern Jazz Showcase session that was unusual in that no local musicians appeared. Lateef used his regular personnel: **Kenny Barron**, piano; **Bob Cunningham**, bass, and **Albert Heath**, drums . . . Is Women's Lib taking over Chicago jazz? It looked that way in recent weeks with **Marian McPartland's** Trio at the London House, **Roberta Flack** at Mister Kelly's, **Irene Reid** at Lurlean's, and **Judy Roberts** fronting a quartet at the weekly jazz sessions at the Blackhawk Restaurant . . . **Woody Herman** brought his Herd into The Quiet Knight for a one-nighter. **Sal Nistico** was back on the third tenor book (replacing his replacement, **Steve Marcus**), former **NORAD** bandmen **Gene Smoother** was in on baritone, and former **Buddy Rich** sideman **Rick Stepton** played the trombone jazz. Shortly after a well-deserved two-week vacation, the Herd returned for a Feb. 22 outing at Ruggles . . . Traditional sessions have been resumed at The Big Horn in nearby Ivanhoe. The band includes trumpeter **Al Ramsey**, trombonist **Roy Lang**, clarinetist-bass saxist **Russ Whitman**, pianist **Bob Wright**, and drummer **Larry Kostka**.

Las Vegas: **Raoul Romero** directed the Las Vegas Music Company (a 25-member orchestra composed of local musicians and composers) in a 90-minute jazz concert in the Hotel Tropicana's Blue Room. Highlight of the program was *Meditations on the Zodiac*, a 35-minute composition by poet-composer **Rick Davis**. **Bobby Troup**, a recent headliner at the Blue Room, narrated. Featured soloists at the concert were trumpeter **Bobby Shew**, trombonist **Ed Morgan**, altoist **Charlie McLean**, pianist **Ron Feuer**, and drummer **Santo Savino** . . . The Silver Slipper is featuring pianist-trumpeter **Tommy Deering**, with sidemen **Jerry Goodman**, electric guitar; **Jerry Zapata**, drums, and **Dodie Ruffin**, vocals . . . **Red Norvo** appeared at the new Casino Lounge of the Tropicana with **Monk Montgomery**, electric bass, and **Lloyd Phillips**, guitar . . . Recent attractions at the Hotel Riviera's

Starlite Theatre were Vic Damone and Burt Bacharach . . . Joe Williams was reunited with the Count Basie Orchestra during his stand at the Tropicana. Williams has also taken a disc jockey job with KVOV radio between singing engagements in Las Vegas, his newly-adopted home . . . Jimmy Wallace, musical director of the *Latin Fire '71* show, conducted a concerto of contemporary Latin music at the Continental Hotel featuring arrangements by Louis Bellson, Rick Davis, George Hernandez, Chico O'Farrill and Tito Puente. Among the soloists were trumpeter Louis Valizan, reed man Dick Paladino, and percussionists Luis Kant, Francisco Aquabella, and special guest Walfredo de Los Reyes, Jr. . . . The Buck Monari combo opened at the Desert Inn Lounge for an indefinite run . . . Ella Fitzgerald headlined at the Flamingo Hotel while Peggy Lee was ensconced at the Desert Inn.

San Francisco: Shelly Manne's Sextet (Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor sax; John Morell, guitar; Mike Wolford, piano; Henry Franklin, bass) played El Matador Jan. 12-17 after the Cal Tjader Quintet's three-week gig. Carmen McRae followed Jan. 21-30 . . . The Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson group (Mike Howell, guitar; Harold Land, Jr., piano; James Leary, bass; Ed Marshall, drums; Leon Couey, conga) shared the bill at the Both/And with pianist George Duke and the Ente Sisters Jan. 15-16 . . . The Bach Dancing & Dynamite Society at Half Moon Bay had bassist Don Prell's Quartet (Vince Wallace, tenor sax; Larry Vuchovich, piano; Benny Barth, drums) on Jan. 31 . . . A recent Italian night at Mark Teel's Club Francisco featured Conte Giovanni Bompio (sometimes known as John Rae), vibes; Mike Di Fillipi, guitar; Mario Suraci, bass; Vince Lateano, drums. Uniform was black shirts, white ties . . . Bill Napier's Frisco Jazz Band has been doing so well at the new Bundox club that extra sessions have been added on weekends . . . Stan Kenton's orchestra launched the Hotel Claremont's big band parade Jan. 29-30, followed by Count Basie Feb. 12-13. Woody Herman's Herd comes in March 4-14 . . . The recently formed Ted Curson & Co. (Curson, trumpet, piccolo trumpet; Lee Schipper, vibes; Peter Marshall, bass; Jim Zimmerman, drums) played its first concerts in mid-January at the Univ. of California at Santa Cruz . . . Organist Jimmy Smith, with guitarist Leo Blevins and drummer Leon Petties, played the Showcase in Oakland in mid-January with the Les McCann Trio set to follow.

Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh jazz circles were saddened by the sudden death of vocalist Lamese "Lum" Sams on Christmas Day. She had been relatively inactive in recent years but was a highspot of local jazz performances when she gigged with pianist Dodo Marmarosa and others . . . Former Hal MacIntyre pianist Reid

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Jaynes left the Crow's Nest after a year's stay to team with vocalist **Walt Maddox**. The new team's first gig was at the Pilot House along the Monongahela River Wharf. Sidemen are **Ron Fudoli**, bass, and **Tom Soisson**, drums . . . Talk of the town is the interesting jazz duo of pianist **Joe Kennedy III** and vocalist **Frank Lavelle** who are packing them in at Timmy's Paddock Club downtown. Amateurs are encouraged to participate in the vocalizing . . . Trombonist **Harold Betters** and combo recently worked the popular Cosmopolitan Country Club, which opens its door to the public for Sunday evening jazz concerts . . . Business is reportedly good at **Walt Harper's Jazz Attic** club. The popular pianist-leader is planning to open another jazz spot downtown . . . Jazz guitarist **Joe Negri**, music director of WTAE-TV, turned up a surprising good jazz piano talent in **John Patterson, Jr.**, on his weekly high school talent TV show . . . The top celebration of National George Washington Carver Week was at Pittsburgh's Webster Hall Hotel where jazz artists entertained at the Gulf Oil reception. They were **Carl Arter**, piano; **Jack Waite**, guitar, and **Willis Moody**, drums, vocals.

St. Louis: Drummer **Tommy Widdicombe**, formerly of the Dorsey and Miller ghost bands and more recently the house drummer with trumpeter **Joe Bozzi's** Group at the Playboy Club, has decided to split for the west coast. His replacement with Bozzi is **Pat Hanley** . . . **Helen's Black Eagle** continues to bring in weekend jazz attractions, the latest being **Stanley Turrentine** and **Gene Ammons** . . . Pianist **Herb Drury's** Trio (**Jerry Cherry**, bass; **Art Heagle**, drums) continues at the Rodeway Inn on weekends . . . The current trend in local entertainment seems to be jazz-rock oriented groups. One of the better and probably the most together group locally is **The Rumors** . . . The Missouri Athletic Club presented the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** at their annual dance concert . . . One of the finer area clarinetists, **Sammy Gardner**, continues to swing with his **Mound City Six**. Personnel: **Dennis Matuzzi**, trumpet; **Skip Dierringer**, trombone; **Charlie Ford**, piano; **Pat Murphy**, bass, and **Ralph Land**, drums . . . After a stint on the road with the big bands of **Woody Herman** and **Ray Charles**, trumpeter **David Hines** has returned to the area and is fronting a young, swinging jazz group that is getting a lot of attention around town. Personnel. **Lionel Greene**, tenor sax; **Vincent Martin**, guitar; **Mitch Wadley**, bass, and **Glen Wright**, drums.

Washington, D.C.: Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and his group are about to take to the road for six weeks after playing nightly at the new **Black Circus**. Pianist **Ray Bryant** is slated to replace Byrd while he is on the road . . . Pianist **John Eaton** fronts a trio currently at **Blues Alley**. Augmenting the trio is guitarist

Steve Jordan. Sunday night patrons are entertained by the **Dixieland All Stars** at the small Georgetown club . . . Pianist **Art Monroe** leads a trio at the **Stables Restaurant** backing singer **Beryl Middleton** . . . **Lloyd McNeill** who left Washington last year to further his academic pursuits, returned to the city with flute in hand to headline a concert at Georgetown University which also featured the **African Heritage Dancers and Drummers**. This free concert was presented under the auspices of the Black Students of Georgetown Association . . . Vibist **Tommy Gwaltney**, who once owned **Blues Alley**, opened recently at the newly established **Poppy's Room** in the **Sheraton Park Hotel**. Gwaltney's quartet includes pianist **John Phillips**, bassist **Van Perry**, and drummer **Skip Tomlinson**.

London: Top jazz and rock stars joined forces at **Ronnie Scott's** to raise funds for ailing saxophonist-flutist **Harold McNair**. The Jamaica-born musician, who played with the **Quincy Jones** big band for a spell and is a respected figure on the London jazz scene and as musical director for **Donovan**, is suffering from cancer. Those on hand at Scott's to enable McNair to spend the winter in the sun included **Georgie Fame**, **Jon Hendricks**, **Stan Tracey**, **Keith Tippett**, **Julie Felix**, **Blue Mink**, and saxophonist-emcee-host **Ronnie Scott**. Featured at the club in January were **Blossom Dearie** and **Phil Woods' European Rhythm Machine** . . . The **Country Club** was the scene of an incredible bash by the **Louis Moholo Big Band**. Drummer **Moholo** led what was essentially the **Brotherhood of Breath** without pianist **Chris McGregor**, and drummer **Barry Altschul** sat in for one set. A week later, on Dec. 27, Moholo appeared again with **Spear**, the combo he co-leads with alto saxophonist **Dudu Pukwana**, and the next attraction was the **Alan Skidmore Quintet** . . . The year ended with a private showing of an important sociological document, **Blues Like Showers of Rain**, a film made by **John Jeremy** from photographs and recordings done by **Paul Oliver** in the U.S. The voices of **Sunnyland Slim**, **Little Brother Montgomery**, **St. Louis Jimmy**, **Lightnin' Hopkins**, **Butch Cage** and others were heard, and the musical standout was a song by the late **J. B. Lenoir** . . . Another interesting documentary was put together by **Charles Fox** and the BBC's **Geoff Haydon** for BBC-TV. Entitled **The Three Faces Of Jazz**, it included film clips from New Orleans, **Duke Ellington** at the **Cotton Club** in 1929, the **ODJB**, and the only known footage of **Charlie Parker** . . . Back in London after nine years in Ghana, the U.S. and Nigeria was pianist-singer-drummer **Cab Kaye**, whose children (guitarist-pianist **Caleb Quay** and singer-conga drummer **Terri Quay**) will be touring the U.S. this year. Caleb will be appearing with his own group, **Hookfoot**, and as featured soloist with **Elton John** . . . Also scheduled for the U.S. in '71 is the dynamic Afro-rock combo **Osibisa**, which toured Scandinavia in January.

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