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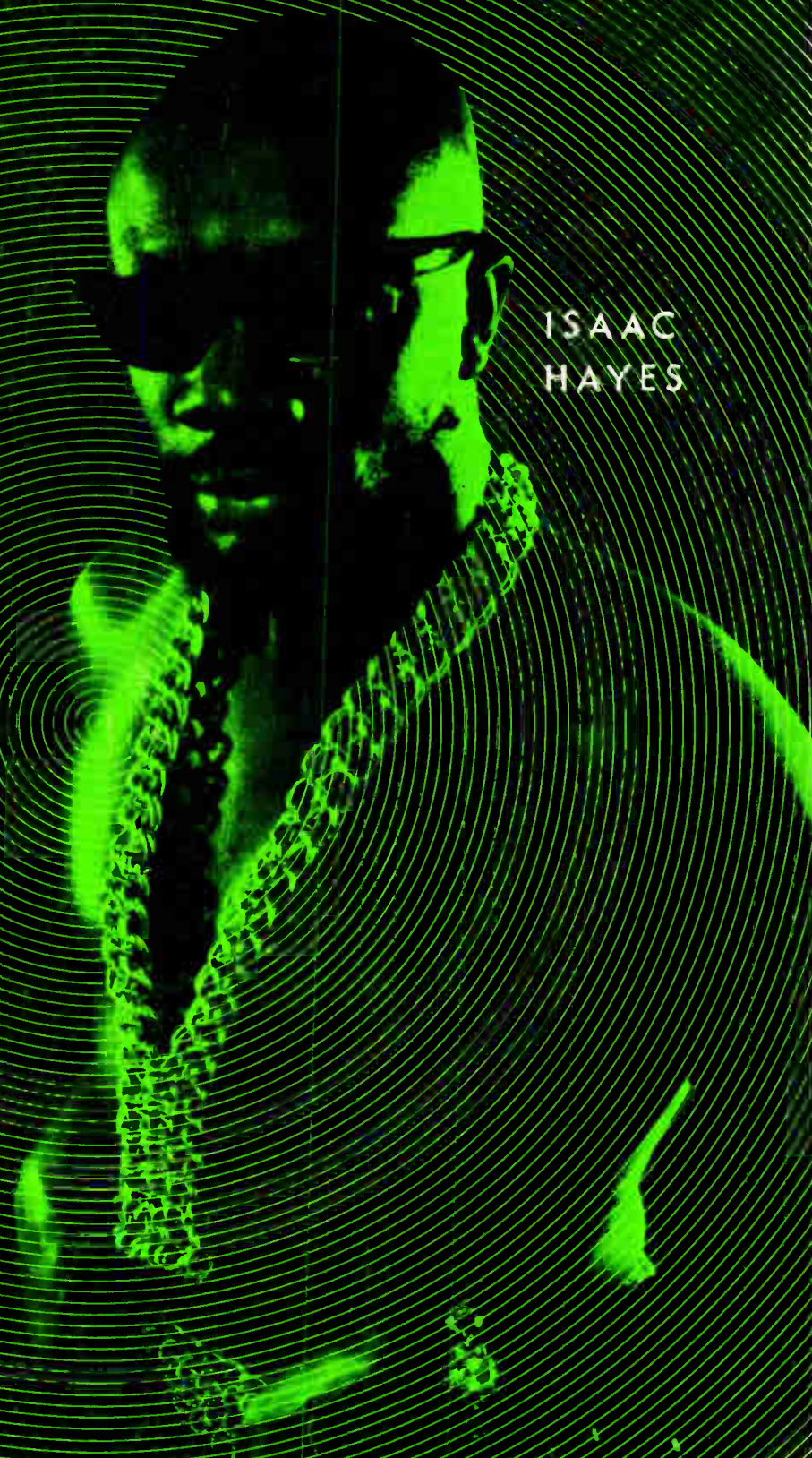
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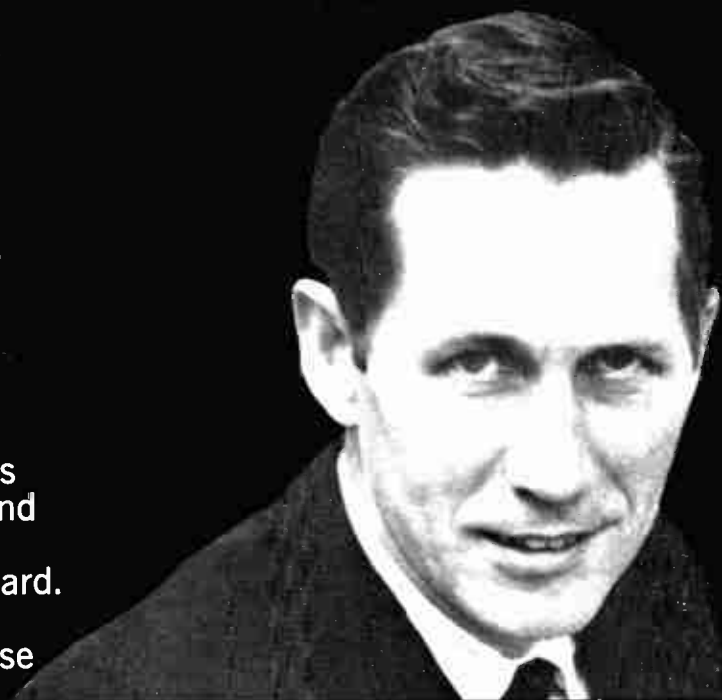
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the first chorus

By CHARLES SUBER

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to get to all 77 school jazz festivals scheduled from January to May, but I try to get to enough places to get a feeling about what is happening. Here are some observations based on what I recently saw and heard at three festivals.

The first festival (in time sequence) was the 14th Annual Southern West Virginia Stage Band Festival held at Charleston and hosted by Morris Harvey College, the West Virginia Bandmasters Association, and Gorby's Music store. This was a one-day straight competition event: 40 high school bands (including 12 junior highs) from 8 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. No clinics, one (excellent) guest performance: Urbie Green with the West Virginia Trombone Ensemble. *Comments:* Too many bands for one set of judges (after the 25th band, everything came over in D comma sharp) . . . suggest two listening areas, groups divided by school size—or go to two days . . . important to add learning experience other than listening to each other . . . level of performance generally good in spite of lack of funds throughout West Virginia for school music . . . level above most groups from East Coast states.

The next weekend was spent at the first festival held by Wichita State University (Kansas). This too was a one day affair but strictly a festival, no competition. Each of the three clinicians—David Baker, Jamey Aebersold, and Dan Haerle—worked with six high school bands for at least 15 minutes after each band played a half-hour set. Three separate performance areas were used. The same clinicians, plus Dan Swaim (bassist and organizer of the event) and J. C. Combs (drums) gave a hour-and-a-half improvisation clinic. I gave a materials clinic for the directors and held "open house" during the day for questions and comments. Swaim's lab band and the Baker/Aebersold/Haerle group played at an evening performance. *Comments:* Certainly the best first-year festival I ever attended . . . level of performance equal to anything in the midwest . . . concentration on learning experience resulted in more enjoyment from all participants . . . should lead to more involvement by the university.

Then came Jefferson, Iowa, sponsored by the Jaycees and the high school. Eighteen high school bands competed. Three bands played off at the night performance which featured Clark Terry playing with the Jefferson High School band. *Comments:* This is Jack Oatts' tenth festival and it's great. Operating from Jefferson (population 4,739), Oatts exerts more influence on school jazz throughout the Iowa area than anyone with the possible exception of Jim Coffin at the University of Northern Iowa (Cedar Falls) . . . Clark Terry is the number one Pied Piper. He gets young musicians playing better than the law allows and does a job for jazz that merits a salute from all of us . . . Performance level of bands equal to anything in the country despite lack of live or recorded jazz activity. Winning high school, Odeboldt-Arthur, has a total enrollment of 260; the town has a population of 1,200, and is 70 miles from the nearest Urban area (Sioux City). The key is band director Gary Selecta, who came to Odeboldt six years ago from Morningside College and Drake University with a strong background in stage band and arranging . . . Ideal example of how the "second generation" of jazz-oriented educators carry the message.

Next issue: the role of the small ensemble in school jazz programs. 

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chords and discords

Huzzahs For Harvey

Congratulations to Harvey Siders for his excellent record review of Oscar Peterson's *Easy Walker* album (db, Feb. 18, 1971). It was an interesting and incisive reporting job on the trio.

Siders displays knowledge, sensitivity and insight with his description of the album and as impressed as I am with "Big Pete," Ray Brown, and the superb Ed Thigpen, I am even more impressed with Harvey Siders.

Five stars to the album, and five stars to Siders.

Bob Tilles
Assistant Prof. of Music
DePaul University

Chicago, Ill.

Blood, Sweat&Cheers

It is unfortunate that Mike Bourne gives so little constructive criticism in his unfavorable review of *Blood, Sweat&Tears 3*, (db, Feb. 4) winner of Best Rock Album of 1970 and second best jazz album. Perhaps it has become vogue in the rock critics' circles to consider the "conservatory-bred ideals" of any musical unit stiff and unfeeling (and indeed, this seems to be Bourne's major gripe), but these "ideals" are BS&T's prime

contribution to rock.

Good arrangements for good rock songs are rare these days, and wherever they come from they offer fresh interpretations of those songs.

BS&T's arrangements give pieces direction. The Stone's *Devil*, although a well-written song, is monotonous in *Beggar's Banquet*, and running in circles in *Ya-Ya's*. The counterpoint of themes in *Headmen*, which Bourne calls "pointless", gives the song a solid form, an order that isn't there in Traffic's record.

Bourne does see the quality of musicians that makes BS&T. The group doesn't base itself in a driving rhythm section (funk?); its music never gets sloppy, yet the solos are never, never stiff. To me, it is always refreshing to hear BS&T's music, and never dull.

Washington, D.C.

John Tkacik

Stan, The Man . . .

In the Jan. 21 issue you gave Stan Kenton's *Live at Redlands University* Creative World album five well-deserved stars. Now something *must* be said for the man himself.

We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Kenton, but being avid Kenton fans, over the past 20 years we have traveled many miles many times to see and hear Stan Kenton and his Orchestra.

On Feb. 18, we were privileged to attend a performance by Kenton in concert at Rend Lake Junior College, a very small community in Southern Illinois.

Before the concert, a young man, 15 years old, gave Kenton a piece of music he had composed, hoping he might sometime glance at it.

Kenton did a remarkable thing: not only did he look at the music, but that very evening, he recognized the young man for his talents and asked him to come forward during the concert to be introduced. Never having seen the music until just a few minutes before the concert, he had his orchestra play the composition on the spot.

What do you say about a man like this? He gave his time and talent, not only of himself, but of his great musicians to encourage and inspire a young man, not to mention giving him one of the greatest thrills of his life.

After the concert, one of the members of the band said: "Mr. Kenton is such a great guy . . . you can never tell what he will do . . . He is always doing something nice for someone."

We certainly do believe this, because the young man was our son, and we would like to give Stan Kenton, the man, our personal "five stars".

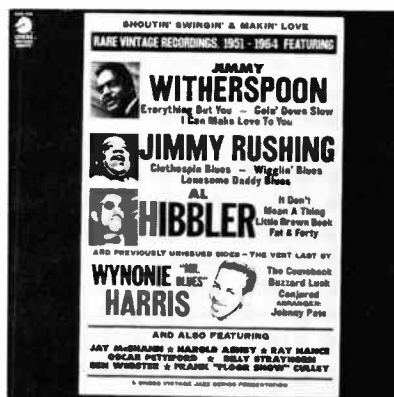
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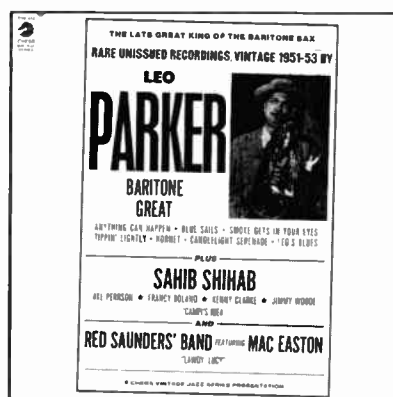
These are the first four Super/Jazz L.P.'s, part of a continuing series of great vintage moments revisited.



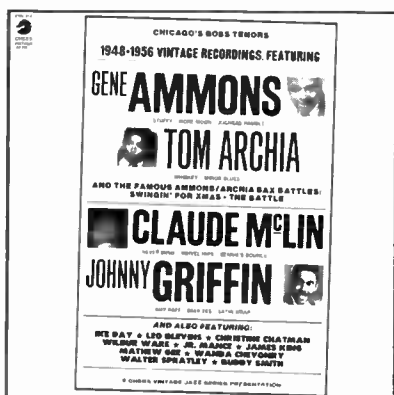
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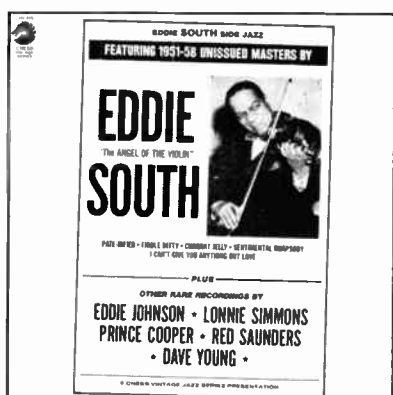
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down beat NEWS

JAZZ TV SHOW FOR L.A. HAS ECKSTINE, FEATHER

A unique all-jazz television series, launched by a network station, got under way March 27 when KNBC, Los Angeles, presented *The Jazz Show*.

Produced by Leonard Feather and hosted by Billy Eckstine, the programs will be seen on the last Saturday of each month, from 11:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. on the local NBC outlet. The shows will be available for possible showing on NBC owned-and-operated stations in other cities, and for syndication and screening overseas. Ten shows have been scheduled, the last to be aired Christmas Day.

According to Feather, "this is a no-compromise, straight-ahead jazz series. It will give television exposure to many groups, particularly groups in the black Los Angeles community, that have had very few if any TV breaks. But we'll also be using national names."

Eckstine will adjust his touring schedule so that he can be present for every taping session.

Seen on the first program were the Harold Land-Bobby Hutcherson Quintet and the Willie Bobo Octet. Guitarist Joe Pass is being used to play bridge music under Eckstine's narration. Guest singers are also being featured; on the initial segment Maxine Weldon was introduced.

Eckstine will sing on some but not all of the shows, and will occasionally take part as an instrumentalist (he plays trumpet, valve trombone and guitar).

Calvin E. Burton, Programs Administrator at KNBC, was instrumental in bringing about the show. Familiar with the efforts of the Jazz&People's Moment, he reported them to the executives at the station. Feather also conducts a jazz radio show over station KCBA from 1 to 3 p.m. on Sundays.

TOURING PROGRAM SET BY N.Y. HOT JAZZ SOC.

The New York Hot Jazz Society has initiated a Jazz Touring Program available to colleges, schools, community organizations, museums, private groups, etc.

The program, designed to take up some two hours, consists of a brief outline of jazz history, the showing of rare jazz films, and a live performance of music, followed by a discussion period with the participating musicians.

The Society can draw on a stable of artists including Sonny Greer, Tiny Grimes, Budd Johnson, Marian and Jimmy McPartland, Ray Nance, Charlie Shavers, and Maxine Sullivan.

Participating lecturers include Rudi

Blesh, Stanley Dance, Nat Hentoff, Fr. Norman O'Connor, Martin Williams, and Dan Morgenstern. The films are from the famous collection of Ernest Smith.

For details, contact the Society at 250 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

DOWN BEAT ANNOUNCES SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Tenor saxophonist-arranger Charles McCarthy of the 686th U.S. Air Force Band and bass trombonist Phil Herring of San Leandro, Cal. are the top winners of the 1971 down beat Hall of Fame Scholarship competition. Each will receive a \$1,000 scholarship to the Berklee College of Music.

Those receiving \$500 partial scholarships to Berklee are: trumpeter Keith Maynard of Middlesex, England; pianists Juerg Sommer of Wettingen, Switzerland, and Daniel Wall Jr. of Atlanta, Ga.; guitarists Mike McWilliams of Cambridge, Ohio and Frank Fabio of Pittsburgh, Pa., and arranger Aubrey Tucker of Virginia Beach, Va.

Awarded \$250 partial scholarships to Berklee are trumpeters David A. Scott of Kirksville, Mo. and Broderick Gittens, Burlington, N.J.; trombonists Sal Randazzo of Lindenhurst, N.Y. and Paul Brewer, Moore, Okla.; pianist O. Robinson Swenson, Vancouver, Wash., and drummer Sherman E. Ferguson of Philadelphia, Pa.

FRANCE BARS THORNTON AS PANTHER "SUSPECT"

On Feb. 17, trumpeter Clifford Thornton arrived at Orly Airport near Paris, about to begin his fifth visit to France. He was booked to play a concert that night, to be followed by five others plus a record date.

Thornton had just claimed his baggage and was about to hail a taxi when he was approached by two men who identified themselves as inspectors of the frontier police (an international airport is frontier territory).

They led Thornton to a first-floor office where he was informed, after a long wait, that he would not be granted permission to enter France. He was shown a letter from the Minister of the Interior, dated Dec. 8, 1970, which proscribed his entry because of his "suspected membership in the Black Panther Party."

Thornton, astonished and vexed, requested permission to phone the U.S. Embassy. This was denied on the grounds that he was not technically on French soil and therefore had no legal right to make such a call.

Six hours after his arrival, Thornton was put on a plane to New York, after Air France had attempted to collect an additional surcharge from him, claiming he had not stayed long enough to qualify for the excursion rate.

Behind this demonstration of the rights



Shortly after returning from a successful Japanese tour of over 50 concerts, his 12th in that many years, Art Blakey brought his Jazz Messengers to Harlem's top jazz spot, the Club Baron. With the drummer, as in Japan, were legendary tenorist Don Byas, trumpeter Bill Hardman (r), and bassist Hal Dodson. Also in the group: Ramon Morris, tenor, and Donald Smith, an alumnus of the University of Illinois Jazz Band, piano and vocals. Prior to the Baron gig, Blakey&Co. were feted at a welcome home party at the East Village "In". The drummer's autobiography is due for late spring publication by Tashone Publishing Co.

of the individual in a free society, lies an incident which occurred during Thornton's last visit to France. He was in that country from Oct. 10 through Nov. 21. On Nov. 2, he appeared, with numerous other American and French artists, at a benefit concert sponsored by the Paris Committee for Solidarity with the Black Panther Party, playing his music and also speaking briefly from the stage.

He was not approached by French authorities during his remaining 19 days in the country, nor was he subsequently informed of being on any list of political undesirables.

Thornton has several lawyers working on a redress of his grievances, both here and in France. "I don't care what they think of me personally," he said, "but I think I have a right to work where I can."

He described the action against him as "summary judgment, a punitive measure without substantiation," and said he wants the opportunity to answer the vague charges, admittedly based on mere suspicion.

Thornton, it might be added, has been

working with greater frequency in Europe than at home during the last few years. Thus, there is more at stake than a simple matter of human rights—though that would be enough.

POTPOURRI

Sarah Vaughan, who hasn't recorded for far too long, is at work on an album for A&M with **Quincy Jones**, a frequent collaborator in the past. Miss Vaughan's recent stint on the *Pearl Bailey Show* found her in peak form.

Stan Getz' new quartet (**Eddy Louiss**, organ; **Rene Thomas**, guitar; **Bernard Lubat**, drums) is gathering laurels wherever it performs. The group made its debut in Paris (*Caught in the Act*, April 1), was the hit of the Mexican Jazz Festival in February, played to SRO houses at Ronnie Scott's Club in London during March, and was set to follow with a return engagement in Paris and gigs in Portugal. Hope-

fully the quartet, which Getz considers his best group in years, will be heard by U.S. audiences come summer festival time.

This year's Grammy Award winners, widely publicized through the first live TV showing of the award ceremonies (ABC, March 16), included **Miles Davis** (*Bitches Brew*) and **Bill Evans** (*Alone*) in the large and small group jazz categories; veteran bluesman **T-Bone Walker** (*Good Feelin'*) in the new ethnic or traditional category; **B.B. King** (*The Thrill is Gone*) and **Aretha Franklin** (*Don't Play That Song*) for best male and female r&b vocals; **Simon & Garfunkel** in a host of pop categories; **Chris Albertson** (*Bessie Smith: The World's Greatest Blues Singer*) for best album notes, and Albertson, **John Hammond**, and engineer **Larry Hiller**, who shared a special NARAS trustees' award for Columbia's great Bessie Smith reissue series.

Don Ellis and his Orchestra are cur-



AT HOME AND ABROAD

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

THE FOLLOWING INTELLIGENCE reached me not long ago from Jenny Armstrong, a correspondent in Copenhagen:

"In the middle of December, Richard Boone returned to the U.S. after a very successful tour in Europe as a singer. The European public was well aware of his name because of his tours with Count Basie's band, but after getting a chance to hear him exclusively as a singer, they feel that this is his 'bag' here from now on.

"After he opened at Le Chat Qui Pêche in Paris with George Arvanitis' Trio, the word spread, and in a few days he was lined up for various engagements. He went to Ronnie Scott's in London, then to Barcelona to do a television show, to Campi's Cafe in Cologne, where he did some swinging sets with Johnny Griffin and Art Taylor, to Pol's Club in Brussels, and then for a two-week engagement at the Montmartre in Copenhagen, where Kenny Drew and Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen gave him the opportunity to show all sides of his talent. The Danish radio recorded this and also wanted him to do a date with their big band.

"From Denmark Boone went to Gothenburg, Sweden, then did a concert in Switzerland and finished the tour at Club Domicile, Munich. The demands for his services were so great that a new tour is scheduled for 1971."

Now what is remarkable about all this

is that in order to construct an approximate equivalent within the Continental U.S., Boone would have had to do, say, clubs in New York and Detroit, a live television show in Cincinnati, a club in Denver, live radio with the house band (!) in Columbus, O.; a club in Pittsburgh, a concert in Philadelphia and finally a club in Buffalo.

That, as they say, will be the day. At this writing Richard Boone is in Hollywood, not working. If audiences in Cincinnati or Buffalo are aware of his name because of his tours with Basie, they offer no evidence of it, or have no suitable club in which to book him. There is no demand whatever on home ground for his services in live radio (which to all intents is nonexistent in this country) nor on television.

It's not news that American jazzmen are prophets without honor; yet the details of what a man like Boone can accomplish, simply by leaving the country and trying his luck elsewhere, are seldom spelled out as graphically as in the three paragraphs from my correspondent.

The contrast between the jazz situation here and overseas becomes even more startling when you receive, as I do regularly, the Japanese magazine *Swing Journal*. Artists who scuffle to make ends meet in New York are the subject of full-color whole-page photos and lengthy critical analyses. Every jazz idiom, from the most primitive New Orleans style to the utmost in avant garde, can find some sort of audience in Japan and is dealt with in a publication that usually runs anywhere from 300 to 450 pages per issue.

Given the extra-musical crises—crime, civil disorder, economic doldrums along with ecological disasters—what incentive is there for a jazz musician who wishes to practice his profession to remain here? Simply, one would assume, that this is his homeland, that he has a family here, speaks the language, and is reluctant to tear up his roots.


Reluctant or not, more and more of our finest home-grown talents have made the move during the past decade. Some went for a couple of weeks and wound up staying indefinitely.

Jon Hendricks is a typical case in point. The last time we met, in late 1968 in Berlin, he said: "I'll see you in California in February. I'm really coming home this time for sure."

I haven't heard a word from him since. He has brought his family to live with him in London; his wife and children have been added to the act. He works more regularly than he could ever reasonably expect to if he returned to the U.S. The longer he stays away, of course, the slimmer his chances of recapturing, on returning home, the considerable level of success he struggled to achieve, back in the dear dead late 1950s and early '60s.

The drift of jazzmen away from the Big Apple, and from the few other domestic cores, has reached alarming proportions. Many who did not go overseas have moved to Hollywood to be swallowed up in the studios. Others have become teachers; many more of courage, have simply given up hope and sold out to the pop scene.

Since there is not enough money in jazz for the big booking agents to concern themselves about saving it, we now desperately need a nation-wide network of organizations such as Jazz Interactions; of small, non-greedy record companies like Halcyon, Nocturne and Revelation; of established name musicians who can afford and are willing to work a jazz club at a fraction of their usual price, thus enabling it to stay alive to book and build new name groups.

It won't happen, of course, in this Barnum-and-Bailey world, this grab-the-bread-and-run society. I foresee many more Richard Boones in the years ahead, and with them, more disillusionment, more despair and less jazz. Please, somebody, prove to me I'm wrong! 

rently on an extensive tour of the U.S. which began March 7 in Seattle, Wash., and ends May 8 in Mansfield, Pa. The revamped 21-piece band led by the trumpeter includes a classical string quartet, a woodwind quartet and a brass quintet, all incorporated within the big band format. Ellis has prepared a complete new library for the tour. "We have taken the more or less traditional instrumentation of the big band about as far as one can go," he says. "I felt it was time for something new."

April 19 is the kickoff date for a three-week 12-concert tour of France by the recently reunited team of **Slim Gaillard** and **Slam Stewart**. The two old masters of vout and oreenie will be joined by organist **Milt Buckner** and drummer **Jo Jones**. Other European gigs, including a TV show in Copenhagen, are also on the agenda.

The Past Recaptured

There have recently been reports in down beat of the activities of the long-established New Amsterdam Musical Association. On George Washington's Birthday, there was another get-together of the members at the club on 130th Street in New York.

By the time the writer arrived, most of them—old, not-so-old, and their children—were in the basement, where fish was frying and other preparations for a general muncheon were in progress. After a while, some of the older members drifted upstairs and began showing photographer Duncan Butler and myself the ancient pictures that are among the club's proud possessions. Besides those of the Clef Club's all-black symphony orchestra (very distinguished and professional in appearance), they have many of small groups that belong to the pre-jazz past, or rather to the period before the history of jazz as most of us know it. Five or six pieces were the general rule in these—piano, bass, drums, guitar, banjo, invariably a violin, and sometimes a saxophone. Veterans like the club's secretary, Casco "Scobie" Williams, who played in the Arthur Gibbs band, were busily identifying their comrades of yesterday when a later picture of the Gibbs band was produced. I thought the alto saxophonist looked like Edgar Sampson, but this was disputed, so a young fellow, trombonist Dickie Wells, was called over to give his opinion. Fortunately for my reputation, he agreed with me!

Wells had meanwhile been organizing a group of musicians to participate in a jam session. They were Al Jarvis on organ; Rip Harwood, later succeeded by Lloyd Cooper, on drums; Charlie Frazier, alto saxophone and flute; William Pyatt and Warner Seals on tenor saxophones. Wells acted as leader and the four horns were soon producing a satisfying ensemble sound on *Perdido*, which had settled into a comfortable groove long before it ended. After that, they played the blues, everybody taking solos in turn, with Wells outstanding, and Jarvis warming up and digging in on the organ.

Well's control and big, full tone im-

pressed everyone, but when I asked him where he had been practicing, he said he hadn't touched the horn for a month. He has, of course, a day job on Wall Street, but it seemed sad and strange that opportunities to hear the man, who is quite possibly the greatest living jazz trombonist, should now be so few.

The senior member of the group, who had played his part in the session with both dignity and enthusiasm, was Warner Seals, a name to be found on page 128 of Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography* in the personnel of a 1927 Victor session by Richard M. Jones and His Jazz Wizards.

Seals was born in Huntington, West Va., but moved as a youngster to Columbus, Ohio, where his sister was working. In due course he joined Marlow Hardy's Alabamians, with whom he progressed to New York via Cincinnati, Cleveland and Chicago. The band, which recorded for Columbia in 1929, included trumpeter Eddie Mallory and reedman Artie Starks. Published personnel either omit a tenor



Warner Seals (l) and Rip Harwood

saxophonist or list him as unknown, but he was Seals. Before this, in 1928 he thinks, M.C.A. had put the Hardy band with Jelly Roll Morton, who added to it a trumpet, a trombone, Ikey Robinson on banjo, and Sidney Bechet.

This was a page of jazz history new to me, but Seals' memory seemed perfectly clear. The band went out from Chicago on a tour which included Valley Dale and Columbus, and ended up in Canada. Booked into Crystal Beach, Ontario, for two weeks, they proved so successful they stayed a month. Seals not only remembered Hardy's Columbia session, but also another at which Morton and the Alabamians recorded *King Porter Stomp*, *Milneberg Joys* and *The Pearls*. He knew Morton was under contract to Victor at the time, and is under the impression that it was for this company they recorded, but the discographies do not have details of

Thud!

Drummer Clifford Jarvis was mistakenly identified as Clifford Jones in the Various Artists *Caught In The Act* in the April 15, 1971 issue. Sorry.

such a session. (Bechet borrowed Seals' soprano on the date, went off to Europe with it, and never returned it.)

The Alabamians were an organized group with a distinctive book and special vocal features. They wanted to retain their identity, so Morton had to put another band together for his next tour, this time using Chicago musicians. Seals remembered that M.C.A. had complaints from customers who had expected to hear Hardy's singing specialties again. When Cab Calloway, who had also been playing the M.C.A. circuit, joined up with the Alabamians, primarily as emcee, they went to New York and played the Savoy. Most of the arrangements in the band's book were by Starks and one Bob Sylvester (not a playing member of the band). When Hardy eventually gave up and went to work in the post office, this book was unfortunately and somewhat mysteriously lost.

One of the last engagements Seals himself remembers playing before he, too, joined the day people was at the Riviera in New York with violinist Eddie South. South had come from Chicago with Bill Smith (piano), Everett Barksdale (guitar) and Milt Hinton (bass), and he augmented this group with Local 802 musicians who included Seals, George Windfield (trumpet) and Tommy Benford (drums).

An encounter like this is a reminder of how much jazz history has already slipped into limbo, and of how much could still be secured. Capable researchers exist, nearly always in penury. Surely this is an area ripe for foundation grants. If made, there should be one proviso: that the material be published, not stuffed in inaccessible archives and institutes.

—Stanley Dance

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Ray Nance brought his violin, cornet, vocals and vibrant personality to Weston's, a restaurant and supper club on E. 54th between Park and Lexington Aves., supported by Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass, and Ray Mosca, drums. Others entertain on Wednesdays, and Sunday is dark night . . . McCoy Tyner's group at the Village Vanguard had Woody Shaw, trumpet; Sonny Fortune, alto sax; Herbie Lewis, bass; Eric Gravatt, drums. They were followed by Pharoah Sanders (Lonnie Liston Smith, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums; Lawrence Kilian, congas); Rahsaan Roland Kirk, (who also did the Fillmore East) and Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers*, each for a week through April 4. Sunday afternoon sessions at the club have been featuring a new group, *Jazz Contemporaries*, on a bi-weekly schedule. French hornist Julius Watkins, tenorists George Coleman and Clifford Jordan; pianist Harold Mabern, bassist Larry Ridley, and drummer Keno Duke comprise the group. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band featuring singer DeDe Bridgewater (who as DeDe Garrett sang with the U. of Illinois Jazz Band), continues to pack the Vanguard on Monday

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LESTER BOWIE: Extending The Tradition

by Valerie Wilmer

THE SMALL, GRAY bus slid quietly to a halt outside the Vieux-Colombier, and a handful of musical gypsies tumbled out. They stretched their limbs and surveyed the indifferent Parisian afternoon—Malachi Favors, serious, with heavy features; Roscoe Mitchell, small, compact; and Joseph Jarman, impish, with eyes atwinkle.

"AACM—Great Black Music" ran the legend on the side of the bus that had been bringing the Chicago musicians to the theater every Monday from their rented house outside the French capital. Favors carefully carried his bass through the courtyard beside the crumbling old theater while the others started unloading the rest of the instruments.

A slim, bespectacled young man, Lester Bowie, stood to one side, watching and talking to his wife and two children. He chewed on his fat cigar butt and grinned. The others were sweating under the weight of case after case of the instruments that take them almost two hours to set up. Trumpet players have it easy. Or comparatively easy.

Bowie's unique musical conception can be heard on an unaccompanied trumpet piece, *Jazz Death?* on a Roscoe Mitchell album, *Congluptious*, on the Nessa label, and it would seem to indicate a virtuoso at work. The trumpeter, however, denies such claims.

"I really don't have fantastic chops," Bowie said. "Actually, I'm one of the weakest trumpet players around, but I've learned a lot from being weak. Because my chops aren't inherently strong, anything I play that the sound is strong is because of something I've had to learn. Some cats can just go—wow!—but not me. I really have to learn how to produce sounds."

Bowie's tonal spectrum embraces the story of jazz. The wide vibrato that echoes New Orleans will follow hard on the spattering, snarling note-clusters. Squeezed half-halves nudge at carefully constructed lines. The phutt-phutt of a motor-cycle mocks the pretentiousness of other musicians. There is hokum aplenty, humor, anger, sorrow. But above all, irony. Bowie is perhaps unique today in his strong sense of tradition.

Sitting in a cramped dressing room backstage at the Vieux-Colombier, Bowie commented, "I feel that I do have a unique way with the horn, but I don't feel that that's anything extraordinary, because everybody has their own unique way. I have mine, though, and the approach is hard to explain. I've played a long time, you know, and I've played a lot of different kind of ways, and so my personal feeling about music is that I like to approach it from as many angles as I can. My approach has always been flexibility in being able to play as much of everything as I can play. I mean I may not play as much in one area, but I may try to play more of more areas than anyone else—to try to sound good here and to try to sound good there, to try to have an unusually strong sound upstairs and an unusually strong sound downstairs. But I have to practice.

Bowie dislikes the idea of being limited

to any particular sound or approach. The 28-year-old musician has depth, whichever way you slice it.

"I don't like to limit myself to playing soft all the time or to playing loud," he explained. "Nor do I want to play fast all the time or slow all the time. I like to mix it up. And I don't like to restrict myself to the normal tonalities of the instrument. I like to see what else I can do because you can do *more stuff* when you don't stick to conventions."

Bowie, who was born in Frederick, Md., the son of a trumpet player and music teacher, grew up in St. Louis. He started playing at the age of 5 and four years later made his first public appearance. Although his father taught in "that educational area kind of far removed from the jazz thing," there was no opposition to his

see more and more musicians playing this way, they'll realize what's happening. This is a wave that is just beginning. I've seen guys playing this music that you never would have expected to see, and I guess *they* would have never expected it a couple of years ago."

The sooner the barriers are down, the better for Bowie and the other members of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Their music is full of influences as diverse as rock 'n' roll and John Cage, and it does, in fact, quite defy classification.

"It's all coming together, you see, and everyone is seeing what's happening," Bowie continued. "And they see what's happening when they realize that more and more different kinds of musicians are involved. When musicians get put into



VALERIE WILMER

involvement with jazz.

"Jazz?" said Lester. "Oh, that was the intention! The system has taught a lot of people that trying to get away from the black music heritage is the way it should be, but my parents are quite a lot different from that. I mean my father was a professional musician, and so when I started playing music at that early age, he would have been alarmed if I'd gotten into anything other than music!"

Of his chosen instrument, Bowie said: "An instrument like the trumpet is set up kind of weird. You've got the certain notes that you can play and a whole set of rules involved about playing ways other than, say, the normal scale. You can play the same thing all in between the notes of the scale, and it's another whole world.

"The critics always say 'you shouldn't play that way'—they've always done that—but really there is no other way to go. Just as they learned to like what they like now, they will come 'round to it eventually. It just takes time, and as they

these categories, their expectations are limited. They say, 'Well, okay, free jazz—ham! That means this! Traditional jazz—that means that.' So they can break it down easily. But music is not really like that."

The trumpeter comes to the New Music from a funky and otherwise varied background. The bulk of his musical experience before he settled in Chicago in 1965 he gained on the road with r&b bands led by Jerry Butler, Gene Chandler, Jackie Wilson, and Joe Tex, and he even toured with a couple of carnivals. In Dallas, Tex., he played afterhours jazz with saxophonists James Clay and David Newman, and in St. Louis he played bebop with alto saxophonists Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake, pianist John Chapman, and drummer Philip Wilson.

"I've always played a lot of music, but I never played in New York except when working at the Apollo," he said.

Bowie studied for a time at North Texas

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ISAAC HAYES: HIS OWN STORY

JUST A FEW years ago, Isaac Hayes was known to people in the music business as a successful songwriter (in partnership with David Porter) and an equally successful producer (for Stax Records of Memphis, Tenn.). And a few knowledgeable soul music fans might have known his debut album, *Presenting Isaac Hayes*.

Today, it's a different story. Starting with the phenomenal success of *Hot Buttered Soul*, Hayes has earned three gold albums. In personal appearances throughout the U.S., he plays to sold-out auditoriums, his tall, imposing frame dressed in unique, specially designed clothes and topped by a shining, clean-shaven dome. Jet Magazine, in a recent cover story, called him "The Moses of Black Music."

Hayes, who sings, plays piano and organ, and arranges his own music, has developed his trademark, introductory "rap" to a fine art. In this interview, held in New York City on a warm February afternoon, a relaxed Hayes rapped freely about his career, aims and outlook.

All my life I've been singing from time to time, and when I graduated from high school I wanted to be a performer. But at that time, in Memphis, there was no market for the kind of music I wanted to do—you see, I wanted to sing pop. Nat Cole was my idol. But the only thing I could do in a local club was to maybe sing one or two songs like that a night—the rest would have to me r&b and blues.

I won several scholarships, but I couldn't go on because of marital obligations, so I got a job with a packing house—the money I could earn in clubs wasn't enough to make a decent living. But I always wanted to sing. I recorded a pop single in 1962, but it didn't do a thing. That was a big disappointment, so I said to myself, well, I guess I'll just try to play. I wasn't playing much piano then, just teaching myself how, but I learned from necessity, because I wanted to stay in music and let the packing house thing go.

So I took a gig in a local joint, and soon found that the other musicians couldn't play any better than me, so I wasn't under much pressure. I went on learning and studying, and one day one of the cats I was playing behind had to go in the studio, and that's where I really got into arranging for horns. I had no formal training, but in high school I'd been arranging backgrounds for several vocal groups I'd assembled; that's how I got started instrumentally.

After I'd changed bands a couple of times, I was playing with Floyd Newman, who was a staff musician at Stax. He had to cut an instrumental, and that's how I got into Stax. Booker T. (of the MGs) was going off to school at the time, so they needed a staff pianist-organist, and Jim Stewart offered me the job. I accepted; the first session I played on was an Otis Redding album session.

I stayed on call, and sometimes I'd come in and there'd be nothing happening and I'd mess around with the piano. That's how I met David Porter, and we got together and started writing—basically, he'd handle lyrics while I'd take the music. The first few tunes didn't do so well. Then

we began to get some hits . . . we did some things for Carla Thomas, and then we started writing for Sam&Dave, and the Sam&Dave tunes was where we began to get some recognition as writers.

All the while, I was working on instrumentals and things like that, and studying and getting myself together. From time to time, I'd ask if I could record, and the answer always was: "Well, I don't know . . . your voice is too pretty." At that time, most people in charge of record companies were thinking that in order to sell and be commercial a black artist had to have a rough voice and scream, things like that. So they didn't feel there'd be an instant market for me.

So I continued to write and arrange and so forth. Then Al Bell came to the company—he was in charge of promotion—and one day we had an office party. It was somebody's birthday, and we were drinking champagne in the afternoon. By evening, I was smashed. Duck Dunn, the bass player with the MGs (Booker was back from school by then) was there, and Al Jackson, the group's drummer. So we

he says, "Yeah, man—whatever you want to do. Just give me the LP."

So we got into the studio—Al was producing, but I had all the freedom I wanted. I had selected the tunes because I liked them—two originals, but the rest were covers. They were good tunes, I could get into them, they were hits, and I had to do them differently, do them my way. I had to sell myself; my own ideas, so I cut *Walk On By* and *Phoenix*.

I'd been doing *Phoenix* in a local club—David and I would sometimes go to the club where the Shortcuts, a rock group, were playing and sit in. But the first time I did *Phoenix* was at another club, where the Bar-Kays were working. You know, when you go up to the stand sometimes, people are sitting at the tables, drinking and talking, so I decided I was going to get their attention. I was impressed by *Phoenix* the first time I heard it—the story just hit me and really knocked me out. I saw what was happening, because the song showed how deeply a man could get hung up if he really and truly loved a woman; all the changes he'd go through,



Isaac Hayes and David Porter (r).

were drinking and stuff, and Al Bell said: "Come on in the studio, I want to cut something on you." I didn't take him seriously, but I said OK, so we went back there and he turned on the machine and I just started going through some things—we hadn't rehearsed or anything—and out of that came the first LP.

It didn't knock me out, because I knew I could have done better. I didn't think he really was serious and would put it out. But if you listen to it, you can see where I was coming from in relation to what I'm doing now: I was doing a free-type thing, no restrictions or definite patterns whatever. Some people dug it, but in a sense I think it was ahead of itself. . . .

So that was a disappointment, but not a big one, since I knew I didn't really get into it like I could have. Some three years later, in January, 1969, Al Bell came to me and said: "We have a sales meeting in May, and the quota is 27 LPs, and I need one from you." So I said: "Wait a minute, man. You need an LP. Can I cut it like I want to cut it?" And

and how he'd feel after he had left. So I just got the cats to hang up on a chord and started rapping.

And the people—at first they were talking but then they stopped. I hadn't planned anything; I just began with the rap thing. And then, when I hit the top of the song, the response was beautiful. They really sat there and appreciated the tune. When I went to the other club, I did it the same way, and I noticed that some of the females out there were beginning to cry and carry on. Now, I didn't do it to make them cry, but the effect it had made some of the cats say, "Why don't you record that," and I said, "Ah, go on. . . ."

But when the opportunity came to record, this was one of the tunes that came to mind. In the studio, I cut it in just one take; went right through it. I sang it live, didn't overdub, just sat at the organ and played and sang. We had a little trouble mixing it down because a bleed was coming through the vocal mike from the organ, but we went right ahead, through 18 minutes and 40 seconds of it.

Then we cut the rhythm for *Walk On*

By and *Hyperbolic*, a thing Al Bell and I wrote, and I cut a funky rhythm track, and after I'd done my vocal tracks I took the tapes to Dell Warren and that's when we really got into it and added the strings. I gave him the lines I wanted and he wrote them out and then we went in the studio and put the strings on. Then I gave a copy of it to Pat Lewis and she did the vocal overdubs, the backgrounds, and I contributed a few things—in fact, I sang on the background to *One Woman*—and that's how I got my background group. They came right in. She'd been working with Aretha, but they got with me then.

After we'd finished it and mixed it all down, everybody said: "Hey man, that's great, that's different, that's out of sight—but it won't sell. First of all, look at the lengths of your tracks; they're too long, and it's kind of heavy, I don't think the people are ready for it."

But I didn't care. Actually, it was kind of selfish of me, but I said, there are 26 other LPs, so if mine doesn't make it, hell, you won't even see it. And at least I was afforded the chance to do something I wanted to do, with my own arrangements and my own self involved in it, and I'm satisfied, even if it doesn't sell.

Fortunately, it caught on, and that's how it came about. I wasn't really prepared for what happened after that—the traveling and so on. My first gig was in Detroit, and it was sold out two weeks in advance. I got the musicians together—my first band—and we rehearsed for three days. And the people were knocked out.

What I found in that first gig is that for me, being informal is the best thing in the world for relating to people and getting them involved in what I'm doing. Before I went on, I asked the emcee: "Man, do you really think the people will dig me?" And he said: "Man, you can do no wrong. You see, they're here for you, and whatever you do, they're with you."

So I went out there and hit the first note, and the fear left because of the response. And I'd noticed my musicians were uptight too, but they began to relax and come on. So after I got into it, I forgot about formality, because I got wrapped up in what I was doing. I realized I was doing things one doesn't normally do on stage, and so I started to think and did a few little things just to see how people would react, and they dug it.

So now, when I get on stage, sometimes I'll get up and move a mike, or say this and that, or ask the band to tune me. I might talk about anything to the people, and get them involved. I feel if you come out there straight and methodical you shut them out, but if you come out there relaxed, let the people see you can make mistakes, too, that you are human, that you are just like them, then the communication is beautiful.

... In my audience, there's everything from teenagers to elderly people. The fellows tease me a lot because sometimes there'll be real elderly ladies at my gigs. I guess that came from the rap thing. I involve them in my songs. I try to touch everything ... like, at the beginning of the rap on *I Stand Accused*—basically, I usually relate to myself and my past ex-

periences—was rapping to this chick, and OK, I was trying to make it, but in doing so, I mention my past and my mother and how she tried to raise the family and took us to church and so on, and when I did that I immediately—without purposely doing so—involved the older people, and that's why they come out to the gig. And then they begin to listen to the tunes.

I find that rapping is effective in setting up a tune and getting people to actually listen to the song. Ministers, and people like that, they're there. I was surprised to see that, but perhaps what I do is, in a way, like preaching. My grandmother, when I was a kid out in the country and the minister would come to the house for dinner, used to say: "That boy's gonna be a preacher!" I didn't take it seriously, but now my grandmother says, "Well, you're almost preaching there." Not in the scriptural sense, but you really get into it and get involved and you can move people. ...

Some people recognize me as one who has put polish on soul music, put it on another level, which I reluctantly accede to, because true soul music is raw, and that's the way it should be. But if I can do that and still have my identity, that's well and good, too, because it shows how flexible a type of music can be. One writer stated that I'm talking and being dramatic and trying to sell. I'm not trying to sell records. I'm sensitive in one way and not sensitive in another.

The thrill is gone now out of the gold records. Most people would be taking ego trips and be knocked out. It doesn't knock me out, really. It doesn't even seem to me as if I'm a big star. That doesn't touch me. What touches me is to see a piece of work that's completed, that is good, that people dig. So the rap bag: I only do this to get people to think and look at a particular situation, and really feel.

People like to feel. They like to feel hurts, they like to feel joys, all the different emotions, and it's up to the entertainer to get them to feel these things. If the sun shines all the time, you wouldn't appreciate it. You have to have some rainy days. So why not take a person through these changes to let them really know and feel life—of course, they feel it in actual experience, but the music will make them aware.

What I try to bring out in my music is to make people relate to different experiences. Nowadays, you can do your one thing and use your own facilities and resources ... like, I've got crickets out there in the background, and some say, "Man, he's gone crazy," but women can actually feel these things, and if they hear crickets and then me saying "Sorry I'm late", then right away they know it's a rendezvous and evidently we have to sneak, and it's outdoors somewhere ... and then I begin to say, "Your parents," and well, OK, most of the time parents object—it could have been a racial bag where the girl was white, or it could be that the girl's parents have money; she's a have and he's a have-not.

So as I run down the story I'm setting up the song. ... In a lot of my raps there are grammatical errors which I don't

care to change. A long time ago, one of my music teachers told me that music is the one language grammatical errors are accepted in; also, when I become involved I automatically take on that type of thing and speak in that way; I don't even think about trying to speak correctly. The main thing is acceptance, and sharing something with somebody. I get a lot of fan letters saying that if it wasn't for my raps and my music they wouldn't make it from day to day, because they're going through a similar situation; thank you for sharing yourself with the world, and so on. So when a cat reviews me (and says I'm in it just for the money) I shouldn't even be defending myself. ...

There's some kind of gap between me and the white market. I don't know if it comes from airplay—if there are any real reasons, one of them might be that I relate more to the black market. I'm getting more exposure out of this last LP than ever before.

At one time, the black entertainer had to sell big in r&b and then he was accepted and went on to the white market and abandoned the thing that got him to the point where he could be accepted by the white market. Personally, it doesn't bother me if I don't break into the white market, because as long as I'm accepted, especially by black people, who can really appreciate what I'm doing, then it's cool. A lot of black entertainers lose their black identity because they have to go where the system is ...

But I'm gonna keep my thing, and if I'm accepted, that's good, and if not, I'm still going to do it. It'll still be me. Nowadays, the accent is on blackness, like it's a new thing, but it has been here all the time. You can merchandise it now, which is why it's being exploited.

I have the feeling that I haven't broken the white market because nobody has been able to duplicate me at this point. Once I'm duplicated, OK, they can pick somebody to put up there and sell, and then I'm accepted, but my span of existence is short, because they're going to promote the one that's duplicating my bag, and then he'll excel me, and I'm out. So I feel that when I can be duplicated, then I'll be accepted. It might not be true, things change every day, but that's the way I see it now.

A lot of black entertainers have tried things with that rap on it, but it isn't saying anything because it's a money thing. But Isaac Hayes is honest and it comes from here—so the money and whatever is fringe benefits. The true thing is being accepted, and until they realize that there won't be any successes made out of it ...

In almost 90 minutes of relaxed conversation, Hayes said enough to fill many pages. He spoke of his plans for a major project involving a big apparatus of talent ("It's going to take at least a three-pocket LP to do it right") and touching on the area of religious music ("The picture I'm trying to paint would be all black and it would be beautiful—a tribute ... I like to do the unexpected"). He told of the problems thus far in getting television exposure ("We've gotten negative responses ... we've gone to reputable

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BUDDY TATE: *Still Keeping Up...*

by Helen McNamara

IT IS ONE OF THE ironies of the music world today that the record Buddy Tate considers the best he ever made was recorded not in his native land but in France. It was there, in 1969, that the Texas-born tenor saxophonist won the Prix du Jazz for the best record of the year.

Without hesitation, Tate, who has been on the jazz scene since the 1920s, says: "I think it's the best record I made in my life."

Tate, a tall, quiet-spoken man of 57 years, credits his colleagues on that record, organist Milt Buckner and drummer Wallace Bishop, for a large part of its success. When he is gently reminded that his 18 years as leader of the celebrated Celebrity Club Band might have helped, too, particularly in the selection of tunes, he has to accede that maybe it's so.

The album, titled *When I'm Blue*, was produced by Jean-Marie Monestier, a Bordeaux booker and director of the Black & Blue label, which in the past few years has been recording numerous American jazz and blues musicians in France. Ironically, it had been six or seven years since Buddy had made an album of his own (*Groovin' With Tate* on Prestige) in the United States.

In Europe, it was a different story. When Tate's Celebrity Club band visited France, Switzerland, and Spain, two albums were recorded in Bordeaux and released on Black & Blue. (Monestier was recently in the U.S. attempting to make a distribution deal for his label.)

If recording contracts are not as readily available as they used to be back home, Buddy Tate is not complaining. A professional musician since he was a teenager, he retains a remarkably enthusiastic attitude. A career that included stints with such historic midwest bands as those of Troy Floyd and T. Holder and later Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy, followed by a ten-year sojourn with the Count Basie orchestra, has given him a sense of history. When that golden era ended, Buddy moved on to other bands, notably Lucky Millinder and Hot Lips Page, and for a short time, Jimmy Rushing's memorable little band of the early 1950s, but eventually he settled at the Celebrity Club where his band has become a magnet for visiting Europeans.

Buddy Tate is one of those rare creatures who away from music evokes a completely contrasting image. On the band stand, his stance is dignified, but his music is by turns fiery and sensitive—a musician who moves with the mood of the moment. At home, he becomes the perfect example of the family man, married for 36 years, the father of six children and the grandfather of another half-dozen.

When he's on the road, and that could be most months of a year, either in the United States or Canada or abroad, he looks forward to his return to Amityville, New York, a small town 35 miles from New York City.

Sixteen years ago, anxious to get out of the city, he and his wife bought the estate of actor Fred Stone. In this age of rapidly accelerating real estate values, it was a wise investment, but for a long time Buddy wondered if he had done the right thing.

"I was working at the Savoy at the

time," he said. "After buying all that property I used to get mad at my wife but she reassured me. Now I'm so glad we did. I can't wait to get home. When I get there I do all kinds of little odd jobs, bits of painting and above all, visiting. Most of our children live around there so I can see them often.

"But," he added, "My biggest interest, I guess, my biggest hobby, is playing my horn."

Today, Buddy Tate could well be the logical successor to such giants as Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster. For anyone who digs the virile sound of the tenor saxophone, played in the grand style of the late Hawkins or the sensuous manner of Webster, it suffices to hear a few notes by Buddy Tate. He retains all the vigor and lustiness, the joy and the sensitivity of his distinguished predecessors.

"The first thing my school tried to do was to get a good sound," said Buddy. "In later years a lot of fellows went Lester's way, that soft, cool sound, but most tenors tried to get as big a sound as they could. Now Stan and Zoot, they get a beautiful sound, but it's in a different area.

"Ballads," he went on, "are hard to play. To play a show tune without the right intonation is hard to do. A faster tune, with a lot of running up and down, is a lot easier done. I prefer ballads, taken at a medium tempo, or blues."

If this were the case could it be a reflection of his quiet temperament? "Well, you know, I'm easily hurt," Buddy chuckled. "My wife says 'don't say that to him, he'll start crying.' But if somebody's mistreated or can't help themselves, I'm upset. I've always been for the underdog. Even as a child if I had a few extra pennies, some change that I had not spent, I'd give it to kids who didn't have any money."

Buddy started out life as George Holmes Tate on February 2, 1914, in Sherman, Texas, where he lived until he began touring with the bands that flourished in the area. At 16 he made his record debut with Troy Floyd, while he was holding down a job with T. Holder's band, originally known as the Clouds of Joy. When Holder left the band for a while, for personal reasons of his own, the remaining members voted for its sousaphone player to take over the leadership. "That was Andy Kirk," said Buddy. "He took the name when he took over the band." Buddy played in the Kirk band for a couple years, until he returned to Holder who by then had organized his third or fourth orchestra. "I guess I was with him altogether five or six years," said Buddy.

"My career had started at 13 when I began playing in a family band consisting mostly of cousins," he went on. "It started out with five pieces and gradually expanded.

"It was the same little band that played for Lonnie Johnson, who came through in 1926. My aunt had a ballroom halfway between Sherman and Dallas and he was booked to play there. His band didn't turn up in time and he was wondering where he could get some musicians good enough to back him. He asked my auntie if she knew of anyone and she said that,

well, she had some nephews and cousins who did a lot of playing around the district. So that satisfied Lonnie and she called us. We got in our car right away and drove about 20 or 30 miles to the ballroom and we were real nervous. Lonnie Johnson was very big then. A big man with hit records. When we got there, there was a line a block long waiting to get in.

"Our band was called Roy McCloud's Night Owls, led by my cousin. No one was over 16 years old and some were very good. We started out with five: banjo, trumpet, tenor, drums and piano. Hazel Jones, my cousin, who was on piano, used to teach us chords. She could have been another Dorothy Donegan. Mel Wright, the father of Leo Wright, the alto player, was in that band, and in later years, Booker Ervin, Sr., played trombone for awhile with us. He was born in Dennison, Texas, just about six or seven miles away.

"It was a good little band and we did a lot of playing but that night we were worried, though everything turned out fine. Lonnie came out twice, played for a half hour or so and sang all his record hits and some blues. Afterwards he came over and gave me \$50. I was thinking of how I was going to split that six ways and he said 'that's fifty dollars each.'

"I guess that's what decided my career," said Buddy, with a laugh. "That's when I said to myself 'this is my business.' That convinced me I should go into music full time."

In his formative years, Buddy's favorite bands were the Blue Devils, led by the late Walter Page, a famous territory band that at one time featured Jimmy Rushing and Count Basie. Another was the Alphonse Trent orchestra, a Dallas aggregation that was to assume legendary qualities.

"I listened to those bands long before I listened to records," said Buddy. "My aunt had a big hotel in Dallas where musicians often stayed and rehearsed. That was a swinging town. And the Trent band was the one everyone was afraid of. It was the first Negro band to play at the Adolphus Hotel, which was a white hotel. It used to broadcast from there every night. When that band went out on the road it closed up all the other places.

"In Buffalo one time it was so bad that the musicians in both the white and black locals were mad at it. Somehow or other Trent was fined \$2,000. I forget what it was for but he fixed it up. His father wired him \$5,000 and the first thing Trent did was go out and buy new uniforms, besides paying the fine. The union couldn't do a thing about it. They had to take the money."

Buddy remembered the first time he met Earl Bostic. "I was with T. Holder's band in Seminole, Oklahoma. We were in need of an alto sax player and someone had heard of this cat. He makes snakes, they used to say. That meant he could play fast. "I asked him if he'd join the band and he was kind of hesitant, saying he'd never played in a big band. Anyway we introduced him to Holder and we started to rehearse.

"We picked King Oliver's *Louisiana Bo-bo*. Something that had some teeth in it.



We let Earl stomp it off. We usually played it fast but the tempo he started was something else. It was so fast one cat after another fell out. Only Earl and the drummer were left and finally the drummer had to quit. The funny thing was that we thought at first maybe Earl couldn't read. But actually he was a well-versed musician. He studied at Xavier University in New Orleans. In the winter he'd take time off and teach school. Altogether he stayed with us six or seven years."

Perhaps the most influential musician in Buddy's life, though he did not know it at the time, was Herschel Evans, another tenor star of the Basie band. "I loved the guy," said Buddy. "We were friends for so many years. He was from Texas, too, born in Denton, about six years before I was. I first met him in 1925."

"He was immaculate, always looked as though he had stepped out of a bandbox... even in the depression when the rest of us were looking scruffy. He always wore expensive shoes and he had the first black silk suit I had ever seen. He was with Troy Floyd's band and at first I found him very quiet. That was until you got to know him. Then he was the most humorous man you could imagine."

"He loved Coleman Hawkins and bought all his records, but I think Prince Robinson had a greater influence on him. We all listened to Prince in those days. He was with McKinney's Cotton Pickers and he was very under-rated. He should have been rated with Coleman. Hersch and I listened to him for years. One time McKinney's band was playing in San Antonio where we were rooming. Prince happened to be staying at the same place Hersch was. All of a sudden in the middle of the night, Hersch came running into my place... in his pajamas and saying, 'Our man is here!'"

"When Herschel died, Basie wanted someone who would fit in with the band. Others wanted the job but Basie seemed to think I would fit in. Herschel and I always did sound alike."

"I was with Nat Towles' band at the time. This was after I had worked with

Andy Kirk and for a short time with Basie. The Towles band was a good one. It had Sir Charles Thompson, Charlie Christian and Henry Coker in it. Well, I got a letter from Basie asking me to meet him in Kansas City and I didn't know what to do. I was so happy with Nat but the boys got together at intermission and said, 'We think you should go with Basie. Don't turn it down.' So I went and stayed for ten years."

When Buddy left the Basie orchestra in 1949 he played for three months in Lucky Millinder's band, went on to a combo led by Hot Lips Page, then to Jimmy Rushing's group, until its leader had decided that he had had enough of conducting. "After that I played at the Savannah Club for awhile until somebody asked me over to the Celebrity Club. That was about a year after I left Basie and that's the way it has been ever since."

By 1950 Buddy had emerged into a new way of life. For ten years he had known economic security ("that band put my kids through school"), he had acquired invaluable experience with a prestige band and a first-class employer ("Basie," he says, "is a very beautiful person"). Along with it all, he gained a poised attitude that is one of his outstanding characteristics today. He exudes authority.

For nearly two decades Buddy has kept working, even though it's not always jazz that he's playing. At the Celebrity Club, located on East 125th St., decorated southern style with palm trees and in Buddy's words "kinda cozy," the club's two ballrooms can hold a capacity of 800 to 900 people. "For the most part it's rented out to clubs and we do most of our business Thursday to Sunday," said Buddy.

When the leader is on an out-of-town assignment, his trombonist Eli Robinson takes over, heading a personnel that includes Pat Jenkins, trumpet; Eddie Durham, trombone and guitar; Ben Richardson, saxophones and clarinet; George Baker, guitar; Thomas Barney, electric bass; Jimmy Harwood, Jr., drums.

The club is so well known abroad that

Buddy often finds European visitors on the doorstep. "The first thing they want to do when they arrive in New York is come to the club," said Buddy. "Sometimes the cabbies won't take them. They tell them it's a jungle there in Harlem, but then some places downtown are just as bad."

Last year, Louis Panassie, son of his longtime friend, the venerable French critic Hugues Panassie, arrived to film the Celebrity Club band (along with Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and several Dixieland bands in the city) for a forthcoming movie.

The band's repertoire is divided between jazz and rhythm and blues. "I've always had a dance band," said Buddy. "Jazz, though, is a dance music for older people. The steps the kids are doing now don't fit jazz. When I play jazz at the club the kids look at me as though I were crazy, but the minute I get into a James Brown tune they run out on the floor."

"If you can get a rhythm going you can play jazz for the kids. They just don't realize you're playing jazz licks to their rhythms."

In order to survive, Tate has evidently found the proper combination. His audiences, he finds, are pretty well divided; half adults, half teenagers. He manages to satisfy both. Yet, outside the Celebrity Club, it is evident that his most enthusiastic fans are in Europe. When he was awarded the Prix du Jazz by the Academie du Disque Francais, the presentation was made by Madame Edgar Faure, wife of the Minister of Education. Both are avid Tate fans, Buddy was to learn. "He later told me how much he dug the record," said Buddy.

Long ago there was another ardent Tate fan. Smiling, Buddy recalls the day he arrived in Kansas City to join Basie's band. "The first person I met was Lester Young," he says, remembering Prez, whom he had long admired and who never failed to amuse him with his odd and unconventional mannerisms.

"Lester, you know, had this effeminate way about him, although he certainly wasn't effeminate. It was just his manner. Anyway, the first thing he said was 'Hello, Lady Tate. It's so nice to see you. Let's have dinner.'"

"So right away he led me to a restaurant where he ordered red beans and rice and insisted I have the same. Then he started questioning me. 'Have you been keeping up on your instrument?' he said. 'Cause you know others, including Lady Berry, want that job.'"

"That night I realized what he meant. We were playing at Kansas University and it was packed to the doors. All night the crowd kept asking for Herschel's tune, *Blue and Sentimental*. Basie didn't want to do it but finally he had to give in and he told me to go ahead and play it. When I got up it looked as though the microphone was a mile and half away. But I played it through and then suddenly everybody was cheering and all the guys in the band were standing up and saying 'he's the one.' Pres just winked at me. 'Lady Tate,' he smiled, 'You been keepin' up.'"

Some thirty years later, if Pres were still around, he could be saying the same thing.

Guide To Summer Jazz Clinics, Camps, and Schools

The following listing of 100-plus summer music camps, clinics, and schools is arranged alphabetically by state (and alphabetically by location within states). The details are as complete as school sources were able to provide at presstime.

Key to abbreviations: Dir: director. Curr: curriculum. F: faculty. bb: big band. C: combo. im: improvisation. th: theory. ar: arranging. CCH: course credit hours. unk.: unknown. Numbers following curriculum items indicate number of hours per week devoted per subject.

ALABAMA: Univ. of Alabama (Dept. of Music, Box 2886, University, Ala., 35486); May 31-June 11. Dir: Emily Nash. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

ALASKA: Anchorage, 99501 (Alaska Festival of Music, King's Lake Fine Arts Camp, P.O. Box 325); June 13-July 10. Dir: Frank W. Pinkerton. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

ARKANSAS: Brinkley, 72021 (Dixie Music Camp, P.O. Box 360); June 13-26. Dir: Jon Barabotto. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Fayetteville, 72701 (Univ. of Arkansas, Band Office); July 18-30. Dir: Robert Bright. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

CALIFORNIA: Arrowbear Lake, 92308 (Arrowbear Music Camp); June 20-Aug. 29. Dir: Fred Ohlendorf. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Carlsbad, 92008 (Camp Pacific); June 27-Aug. 7. Dir: W. C. Atkinson Jr. F: Al Polhamus (bb). Al Davis: Curr: bb/5, c/5, im/5, th/r ar/5. CCH: none. Since 1943.

Cazadero, 95421 (Cazadero Music Camp); Senior Camp—July 26-Aug. 7. Dir: Terry Summa. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Idyllwild, 92349 (Univ. of So. California, Idyllwild School of Music and the Arts); June 20-Sept. 5. Dir: Joseph Saetveit. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Stockton, 95204 (Univ. of the Pacific Music Camp); Senior Camp—June 21-July 18. Dir: David Goedecke. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

COLORADO: Boulder, 80302 (Univ. of Colorado College of Music); July 28-Aug. 8. Dir: Alden McKinley. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Fort Collins, 80521 (Colorado State Univ. Music Dept.); July 25-31. Dir: Otto Werner. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

CONNECTICUT: Winsted, 06098 (Laurel Music Camp, RFD 2); June 26-July 2. Dir: Betty Sonier. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Since 1962.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, D.C. 20016 (American Univ. Dept. of Music); Academy National College Orch.—June 28-Aug. 21. Dir: Alex Schneider. Isler Solomon. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

FLORIDA: Coral Gables, 33124 (Univ. of Miami Summer Band & Orchestra Camp); June 13-July 17. Dir: Fred McCall. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Since 1949.

Gainesville, 32601 (Gatorland Music Clinic); July 18-24. Dir: Richard W. Bowles. F: Bowles, Will Thomas, John O'Reilly, Joe Johnson, Mark Zumbro. Curr: bb/5, im/5, th/5. CCH: 3 for certified teachers. Since 1960.

Tallahassee, 32306 (Florida State Univ. Summer Music Camp); June 28-July 23. Dir: R. T. Braunagel. F: unk. Curr: bb, im. CCH: unk. Since 1960.

GEORGIA: Athens, 30601 (Georgia High School Music Workshop—write Dept. of Music, Univ. of Georgia); June 13-25. Dir: J. Kimball Hariman. F: Larry McClure, James McKillip, Jean Gressang, Mrs. Christina Koch, Tom Wallace, Philip Jameson, Karrell Johnson. Curr: bb/5, im/4, th/4. CCH: none. Since 1961.

IDAHO: Moscow, 83843 (Univ. of Idaho Summer Music Camp); June 13-26. Dir: Norman R. Logan. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: none. Since 1947.

ILLINOIS: Charleston, 61920 (Eastern Illinois Univ. Stage Band Techniques); June 27-July 3. Dir: Peter Vivona. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Bloomington, 61701 (Illinois Wesleyan Univ. School of Music); June 20-July 3. Dir: Maurice Wills. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

DeKalb, 60115 (Music For Youth Camp, No. Illinois Univ.); July 11-23. Dir: Gordon W. Bird. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

DuQuoin, 62832 (Egyptian Music Camp); June 6-July 2. Dir: A. T. Atwood. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Evanston, 60201 (Northwestern Univ. School of Music); June 27-July 17. Dir: Fred L. Hemke. F: unk. Curr: bb, im, ar. CCH: unk. Since 1964.

Carbondale, 62901 (Southern Illinois Univ. School of Music); July 4-17. Dir: Melvin Weiner. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Normal, (National Stage Band Camp—write P.O. Box 221, South Bend, Ind. 46624); Aug.

15-21. Dir: Herb Patnoe. F: Joe Morello, Lou Marini Jr., Rich Mattoon, Jack Petersen, Phil Wilson, John LaPorta, Jamey Aebersold, Wes Hensel, Dom Spera, Jim Starkey, Everett Longstrech. Guest performers: Clark Terry, Marian McPartland. Curr: bb, im, ar, techniques of jazz-rock, electronic modulators and synthesizers. CCH: unk. Since 1959.

Urbana, 61801 (Univ. of Illinois Summer Youth Music Camp—write 608 S. Mathews, Urbana); Senior jazz bands, July 4-16. Dir: Dale Kimp-ton. F: unk. Curr: unk. CCH: unk.

INDIANA: Evansville, 47701 (Univ. of Evansville Tri-State Music Camp); June 20-27. Dir: James Bennett. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Lafayette, 47907 (Jazz Workshop—write Purdue Univ. Bands); July 5-9. Dir: Maxine Lefever. F: James Chandler, Walter Anslinger, Marvin Hicks, others. Curr: bb/20, c/5, im/10, th/10, ar/5, materials/5, others formed by student request. CCH: none. Since 1970.

Muncie, 47306 (Mid-America Music Camp, Ball State Univ. School of Music); Aug. 1-7. Co-ordinator: Dean R. DePoy. F: James Noble, Tom Gustin, Robert Miller, Arthur Hill Jr., Robert Rockbrand, Larry Boye. Curr: bb, c, im/9, th/5, ar/5, materials, 5, percussion ensemble. CCH: none. Since 1959.

Terre Haute, 47809 (Indiana State Univ. Music Extension); Concert band workshop—July 26-Aug. 6. Dir: George Graesch. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

IOWA: Cedar Falls, 50613 (Univ. of Northern Iowa); Aug. 2-13. Dir: Myron E. Russell. F: James Coffin. Curr: bb, c, im, th, ar—total 5 hours per day. CCH: 2. Since 1966.

Decorah, 52101 (Luther College, Dorian Music Camp); senior camp, guitar workshop—June 20-26. Dir: unk. CCH: unk.

Iowa City, 52240 (Univ. of Iowa All State Music Camp); June 20-July 2. Dir: Frank Piersol. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Since 1956.

KANSAS: Hays, 67601 (High Plains Band Camp, Fort Hays Kansas State College); Aug. 1-7. Dir: H. G. Palmer. F: unk. Curr: bb/8 (4 bands), im/5. CCH: unk. Since 1947.

Manhattan, 66502 (Kansas State Univ.); June 6-13. Dir: Paul Shull. F: unk. Curr: bb.

KENTUCKY: Morehead, 40351 (Daniel Boone Forest Music Camp, Morehead State Univ.); July 11-24. Dir: Robert Hawkins. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

LOUISIANA: Monroe, 71201 (Northeastern Louisiana Univ. Summer Music Camp); July 11-23. Dir: Richard Worthington. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Natchitoches, 71457 (Northwestern State Univ. of Louisiana Summer Music Camp); July 5-17. Dir: J. R. Smith. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Ruston, 71270 (Summer Music Camp, P.O. Box 5316, Tech Station); June 20-July 2. Dir: Joe G. Sheppard. F: Jim Giodman, Dan Devaney, John Ford. Curr: bb, ar. CCH: none. Since 1965.

MAINE: Oakland, 04963 (New England Music Camp, RFD 1, Pond Rd.); June 28-Aug. 23. Dir: James N. Holton. F: Porter Eidom, Damon D. Holton. Curr: bb, c, im, th, ar. CCH: none. Since 1938.

MARYLAND: Benson, 21018 (Maryland Regional Center for the Arts); June 23-Aug. 21. Dir: Chester J. Petranek. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, 02215 (Berklee College of Music); June 28-Aug. 14. Dir: Robert Share. F: Herb Pomeroy, John LaPorta, Phil Wilson, Andy McGhee, Charlie Mariano. Curr: bb/6, c/1, im/2, th/2, ar/2, rock workshop, materials/1. CCH: none. Since 1950.

MICHIGAN: East Lansing, 48823 (Michigan State Univ. Youth Music); June 27-July 10. Dir: Robert Sidnell. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Holland, 49423 (Hope College); Aug. 8-14. Dir: Robert Ritsema. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Kalamazoo, 49006 (All-American Student Jazz band & Chorus); June 13-July 14. Dir: unk. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Mt. Pleasant, 48858 (Central Michigan Univ. High School Music Camp); June 20-July 3. Dir: Floyd A. Heydenburg. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Twin Lake, 49457 (Blue Lake Fine Arts Camp); June 28-Aug. 22. Dir: Fritz Stansell. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

MINNESOTA: Barnum, 55707 (Arrowhead Stage Band Camp); June 27-July 3. Dir: Ruben Haugen. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Bemidji, 55601 (Summer Music Clinic, Bemidji State College); Aug. 1-13. Dir: Theodore Thorson. F: Ken Kalina. Curr: bb/8, c & im—in-formal, th/separate course. CCH: none.

Winona, 55987 (Winona State College Music Clinic); Aug. 2-6. Dir: Donald Moely. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

MISSISSIPPI: Hattiesburg, 39401 (Univ. of Southern Mississippi School of Fine Arts); high school honors program—June 21-July 31. Dir: Raymond Mannoni. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

MISSOURI: Columbia, 65201 (Univ. of Mis-souri All State Music Camp); June 21-July 3.

Dir: David W. Sloan. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Maryville, 64468 (Northwest Mo. State Music Camp); junior camp—June 6-11; senior camp—June 13-18. Dir: Ward Rounds. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

MONTANA: Missoula, 59801 (Univ. of Mon-tana School of Fine Arts); date unk. Dir: Donald A. Carey. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. **NEBRASKA:** Chadron, 69337 (Chadron State College, Summer Music Week); May 30-June 5. Dir: Harry E. Holmberg. F: unk. Curr: bb/10, th/6, percussion ensembles. CCH: none. Since 1958.

NEVADA: Las Vegas, (Famous Arrangers Clin-ic, Univ. of Nevada—write P.O. Box 221, South Bend, Ind. 46624); June 20-July 3. Dir: Marty Paich. F: Billy Byers, Dan Haerle, Wes Hen-sel, Keith Moon, others. Guest instructors (each for one-day clinics only, depending on avail-ability): Dee Barton, Louis Bellson, Ray Coniff, Don Ellis, Quincy Jones, Henry Mancini, Billy May, Oliver Nelson, Mel Torme, others. Curr: ar. CCH: unk. Since 1969.

Reno, 89507 (Summer Jazz Clinics, Univ. of Nevada—Reno); July 25-July 30. Dir: John Carrico. F: Gene Isaef, Eddy Evans, Lile Cruse, John Martin, Jerry Moore, Carrico. Curr: bb/10, c/10, im/10, th/10, ar/10. CCH: 1 sem. hr. Since 1963. Third International Per-cussion Symposium, Western Div., July 18-24. Large professional staff.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Durham, 03824 (Univ. of New Hampshire 1971 Summer Youth Music School); Aug. 15-29. Dir: J. Alan Whiston. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

NEW JERSEY: Glassboro, 08028 (Glassboro State College Summer Music Camp); Aug. 1-21. Dir: John H. Thyhaen. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

NEW MEXICO: Las Vegas, 87701 (Highlands Music Camp, Highlands Univ.); June 6-12. Dir: Champ Tyrone. F: Richard Boland. Curr: bb/6. CCH: one quarter hr. Since 1945.

Portales, 88130 (Eastern New Mexico Sunshine Music Camp); June 6-19. Dir: Paul Sturb. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

NEW YORK: Fredonia, 14063 (State Univ. Col-lege); Educational use of rock music (teachers only) July 6-10. Dir: Donald H. Hartman. F: Thomas MacChuskey. CCH: unk.

New York, 10027 (Manhattan School of Music, Summer Session); June 7-Aug. 2. Dir: Stephen Maxym. F: unk. Curr: im (for teachers). CCH: unk.

New York, 10021 (Dalcroze School of Music, 161 E. 73 st.); July 6-Aug. 16. Dir: Hilda Schuster. F: unk. Curr: bb, piano-im. CCH: unk.

Oneonta, 13820 (Hartwick College, N.Y. State Music Camp); July 4-Aug. 14. Dir: F.F. Swift. F: unk. Curr: bb, th. CCH: unk.

Potsdam, 13676 (State Univ. College, Star Lake String Workshop); Aug. 20-28. Dir: Harry Kobialka. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Purchase, 10577 (Manhattanville College); June 14-July 15. Dir: Peguy Lyder. F: unk. Curr: bb, im. CCH: unk.

NORTH CAROLINA: Boone, 28607 (Appala-chian State Univ. Cannon Music Camp); July 18-Aug. 15. Dir: Kirby Rogers. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Greenville, 27534 (ECU Summer Instrumental Music Camp, Box 2517, East Carolina Univ.); July 19-30. Dir: Herbert L. Carter. F: Joe Hambrick. Curr: bb/10, th/3, ar/3, materials/5, percussion ensemble. CCH: 8 quarter hrs.

NORTH DAKOTA: Dunseith, 58329 (Inter-national Music Camp); June 13-Aug. 1. Dir: Merton Utgaard. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

OHIO: Berea, 44017 (Baldwin-Wallace College, Summer Music Clinic); July 15-28. Dir: Richard Worthing. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Cincinnati, 45221 (Univ. of Cincinnati College, Music/Humanities Workshop); Aug. 16-20. Dir: S.V. Anderson. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Columbus, 43209 (Capital Univ. Conservatory of Music); June 21-26. Dir: Marceau Myers. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

OKLAHOMA: Norman (National Stage Band Camp, Univ. of Oklahoma); May 30-June 5. See Normal, Ill. listing for address, and all details.

Weatherford, 73096 (Southwestern State Col-lege, Band Camp); July 4-10. Dir: Jeff Doughten. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

OREGON: Portland, 97219 (Lewis & Clark Col-lege, Music Dept.); June 21-July 3. Dir: Keith Eide. F: unk. Curr: bb, im. CCH: unk.

Portland State University (National Stage Band Camp); Aug. 22-28. See Normal, Ill. listing for address and all details.

PENNSYLVANIA: Mansfield, 16933 (Mansfield State College Summer Music Camp); June 28-Aug. 6. Dir: John H. Baynes. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.

Selinsgrove, 17870 (Susquehanna Univ. Camp de Musique International); June 27-Aug. 8. Dir: James Steffy. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. West Chester, 19380 (West Chester State College High School Music Workshop); July 5-29. Dir:

/Continued on page 34

record REVIEWS

CHICAGO

CHICAGO III—Columbia C2 30110: *Sing a Mean Tune Kid*; *Loneliness is Just a Word*; *What Else Can I Say*; *I Don't Want Your Money*; *Travel Suite (Flight 602)*; *Motorboat to Mars*; *Free*; *Free Country*; *At the Sunrise*; *Happy 'Cause I'm Going Home*; *Mother*; *Lowdown*; *An Hour in the Shower (A Hard Risin' Morning Without Breakfast)*; *Off to Work*; *Fallin' Out*; *Dreamin' Home*; *Morning Blues Again*; *Elegy (When All the Laughter Dies in Sorrow)*; *Canon*; *Once Upon a Time . . .*; *Progress*; *The Approaching Storm*; *Man vs. Man = The End*.

Personnel: unidentified.

Rating: ★★

Listening to *Chicago III* recalls for me a classic "Little Rascals" scene in which Stymie peels an artichoke: the more he peels the more he is bewildered. Not only is the peel itself inedible, but once he has peeled all the way, he is "stymied" to discover nothing.

Chicago plays pretty, but a pretty peel is seldom enough. Certainly the musicians are excellent, but expertise is likewise hardly enough without a greater musical stuff. Somehow the sound of Chicago has assumed a tiresome formula of sorts: familiar sweet brass voicings over tasty yet often dispassionate rhythms. In retrospect, *Chicago III* is poor compared to *Chicago II*, which was poor compared to *Chicago I*, the latter one of the finest rock LPs recorded. And just as all three are musically ultra-similar, all three furthermore contain too much flotsam amid the better moments. Neither *Sing a Mean Tune Kid* nor *I Don't Want Your Money* would be missed: the first is an okay jam, but rather redundant and not that special, the second an indifferent blues coming on too much like a bad John Mayall parody, strangled voice included.

Quite like the first two double-discs, *Chicago III* might have been a dynamite single album, but is much less interesting in the mix of good and not so over two records. Even worse, perhaps, is that Chicago seems to imitate others as well as themselves; I defy anyone to hear *Flight 602* blind without prior knowledge and not guess CSN&Y, so alike are the soft falsetto blendings.

I admit *Chicago III* is in several instances far better than the competition, but more and more those competing "big band" rock groups are adapting to better advantage the very characteristics of Chicago that Chicago itself cannot energize, particularly *Dreams*. And so my thumbs-down is fondly merciless because I normally enjoy Chicago and know "they can do better"—cliche-ridden quasi-bubblegum rock simply cannot be tolerated from such exceptional artists as Chicago appears to be.

The wondrous spots are few: the orchestral colors throughout the *Elegy* suite (although not the jive integration of technology noises on *Progress*); the always

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Bill Cole, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, Joe H. Klee, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, 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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sharp guitar leads and comping (I presume by Terry Kath); two good cooks, *Free* and *Mother*; plus occasional flashes of harmony or sparkling beats or a mellow solo. Yet again, offering these meager delights amid so much vapidity is a handicap to fans who must pay double-album price for much less than a double album's worth of music.

And so, overall and in perspective, I can only respond as did Stymie: "It may choke Artie, but it won't choke me!"

—Bourne

BOB CROSBY'S BOB CATS

MARDI GRAS PARADE—Monmouth-Evergreen 7026: *Mardi Gras Parade #1*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Lazy River*; *South*; *C-Jam Blues*; *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None Of My Jelly Roll*; *Smile*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *Mardi Gras Parade #2*.

Personnel: Yank Lawson, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Marty Matlock, clarinet; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Don Lamond, drums; Crosby, vocal (track 3).

Rating: ★★★★★

The Bob Cats' 1966 gig at the Rainbow Grill was the second stage in the gestation of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, and in many ways it was a more musically satisfying organization than the WGJB. Just a few of the Good Ol' Boys having a congenial toot, with a touch better material than on the preceding volume (M-E 6815). No charts, and six of the tunes are over four minutes. Bob gets on and off in a hurry with a chorus of *River*, and leaves the gentlemen of the ensemble to their own devices.

Pretty good devices, too. Lawson and McGarity were still a magnificent brass team, and all hands display the comfort that comes from long and close association (need I remind that Yank, Matty, Eddie and Haggart have been together for nearly 40 years?). Sutton and Lamond make a heavy—in either sense—rhythm team, with a surfeit of crash and rumble that generally precludes any chance of the lilting swing that we know these hornmen are capable of (cool it, Don—you don't have to be constantly tearing everything up). There are a couple of other drummers I would have preferred to hear, but that's beside the point, isn't it?

Everyone knows these names and these tunes, and they'll sell the record, and it deserves to sell. Playing time is a fairly generous 42:37. There's a laugh in the composer credits, too—I'll leave that for the students to find.

—Jones

MAYNARD FERGUSON

M.F. HORN—Columbia C30566: *Eli's Comin'*; *Ballad To Max*; *MacArthur Park*; *Chala Nata*; *If I Thought You'd Ever Change Your Mind*; *L-Dopa*.

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, fluegelhorn,

valve trombone; Alan Downey, Martin Dover, John Huckdrige, John Donnelly, trumpets; Billy Graham, Chris Pyne, Albert Wood, trombones; Pete King, Danny Moss, Brian Smith, Bob Watson, saxophones; Pete Jackson, piano; George Kish, guitar; Dave Lynanne, acoustic and electric bass; Randy Jones, drums; Frank Ricotti, congas. Track 4: Vermu Mukunda, veena; Mohana Lakshmiathy, tambora.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Sometimes an LP is like a smorgasbord—one or two dishes make the meal worth the price. And sometimes a smorgasbord is like an LP—half the selections have no immediate appeal.

To unravel, side one is a gas, side two rounds out the album. The first three tunes listed above are eminently satisfying. *Eli's Comin'* is a pulsating, straight-forward big band performance with Maynard effective on both valve trombone and trumpet. *Ballad To Max* is a composition of exquisite beauty and one does not know who to praise first—composer Kenny Wheeler or Maynard, who displays his exquisite ballad style on fluegelhorn. Tenorist Moss also impresses on *Max* with a vigorous, inventive solo.

MacArthur Park (though a bit too long and involved) is, among other things, a splendid showcase for Ferguson's singing upper register. He's always been more than a screamer, he plays good jazz—much better jazz than he's ever been given credit for—but when he screams here, he screams pretty. That takes control. Control, taste, soul, and whatever else it takes to be Maynard Ferguson. Whenever trumpet playing is discussed, Maynard has to come out on top. To his comrades in brass he's a Tatumesque figure—ask any trumpet player.

Also heard to advantage on *Park* is altoist King, a somewhat derivative soloist (he's got the Phil Woods strut down) but still a fine musician. Good sound and swing—right there he's miles ahead of many others. May he go on sounding like Phil Woods. There's never been enough of that to go around.

Side two isn't bad, really—it's just that nothing demands a second hearing. The so-so charts (only *Mind* evokes that special flavor Maynard's U.S. bands always had) get into funk, exoticism and lukewarm jazz-rock, but nothing really makes it over the top. And there's not enough Maynard on this side to salvage it.

This is an English band. Maynard's been residing in London and has apparently been working with the nucleus of this crew. It's a competent outfit with good soloists. In addition to King, tenorists Moss (Webster-influenced) and Smith (mainstream 1971) add solo punch and Jackson is a tasty pianist.

In summation, this is a welcome offering and one must commend Columbia for bringing Ferguson back into the U.S. mar-

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ket. Taken as a whole—material, solos, and overall excitement, *M.F. Horn* doesn't measure up to the brilliance of Ferguson's U.S. band LPs. You can't go home again but you can have fun trying. If that's a left-handed recommendation for this album, heed it and pick it up. With either hand.

—Szantor

DIZZY GILLESPIE

THE DIZZY GILLESPIE ORCHESTRA AT SALLE PLEYEL; PARIS, FRANCE—Prestige 7818: *Oop Pop A Da*; *'Round Midnight*; *Algo Bueno (Woody'n You)*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Two Bass Hit*; *Good Bait*; *Afro Cuban Suite*; *Ool Ya Koo*; *Things To Come*.

Personnel: Gillespie, Benny Bailey, Dave Burns, Lamar Wright, Jr., Elmon Wright, trumpets; Ted Kelly, Bill Shepherd, trombones; Howard Johnson, John Brown, alto saxophone; Joe Gales, George (Big Nick) Nicholas, tenor saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Chano Pozo, conga drums; Kenny (Pancho) Hagood, vocal. Recorded Feb. 28, 1948.

Rating: ★★★★★

It's entirely likely this will be the best big band record of the year, despite its having been recorded in 1948. As a matter of fact, it's one of the best big band records of all the years since. In terms of fire, drive, power, humor, and the simple joy of playing music, Gillespie's band was without equal and, to these ears, still is.

Exciting as the band's studio recordings were, they're far surpassed by this concert performance in Paris. The fidelity is low, but only the most hardened audiophile will let the scratches come between him and the music. This is the first U.S. release of this recording, and after 23 years it's about time. Dizzy's playing was inspired; brilliant ideas flowed, and the execution was unfettered. His solos on *Woody'n, Midnight*, and *Started* are among his best on record. His duet with Pozo in the suite is electrifying . . . a pairing of giants. "Hey Birks, go Birks," someone shouts during Gillespie's solo on *Hit*, and he goes like a house on fire.

For the most part the contributions of the other soloists are negligible, but young John Lewis's firm, gentle, piano work on *Midnight* is worth mentioning, and there's a fine alto passage by Howard Johnson in the same piece. Aside from Gillespie's features, this band's stock in trade was power and time, and the men were so attuned to one another that it didn't matter much when they weren't in tune because spirit and swing carried the performance. The sections played with total commitment; on this record every man gives his all through every bar of ensemble. The rhythm section is superb, with Clarke demonstrating everywhere his primacy among bop drummers. His magnificent cymbal work stands as a model for big band percussionists, and *Bait* is one of his best efforts.

Oop Pop and *Ool Ya* are delightful examples of bop vocalizing in which Dizzy scats circles around Hagood.

Things is taken at a murderous tempo. Diz sounds a bit worn at the end of a grueling concert, but the band is magnificent. Before the final ensemble there's a free and very funny interlude that looks ahead more than a decade to the New Things to come.

If the economy really is on the upswing,

let's hope it swings up far enough to allow Dizzy Gillespie and his listeners the luxury of a big band again. It's unlikely there will ever be another one like the 1948 edition, but we can dream.

—Ramsey

JOE HENDERSON

JOE HENDERSON QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Milestone MSP 9028: *Caribbean Fire Dance*; *'Round Midnight*; *Mode for Joe*; *If You're Not Part of the Solution, You're Part of the Problem*; *Blue Bossa*.

Personnel: Woody Shaw, trumpet, flugelhorn; Joe Henderson, tenor sax; George Cables, electric piano; Ron McClure, acoustic and electric bass; Lenny White, drums; Tony Waters, conga drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Joe Henderson is undoubtedly a musician of exceptional ability and his cohorts here are, if not all in the same category, certainly players of good repute.

All the more reason for the comparatively low rating. Our expectations are of greater things. Lenny White is the surprise bonus and does as much, if not more, than the leader to create what excitement there is. He is sharp and crisp, tasteful and controlled; all prerequisites for excellence in the art of jazz drumming. He is also that rare drummer with the ability to stimulate and support at one and the same time; and a challenging and sometimes daring soloist.

For the others, very little can be said. Woody Shaw can be heard to greater advantage elsewhere. His single most glaring shortcoming is his seeming determination to stand on the crutches of Freddie Hubbardisms. George Cables, a really fine pianist, is reduced to the role of "hip, cocktail lounge, electric keyboard man." The much-touted bassist, Ron McClure, scuffles with the time (maybe because he insists on walking) during the one piece that approaches a straight-ahead feeling—*Mode for Joe*.

The same thing happens during the brighter passages of *'Round Midnight*, which is a beautiful performance despite that, because the feeling is just as full when the mood is placid.

We do have the pleasant sensation of being transported through a myriad of shifting moods, colors and feelings from piece to piece. But the pieces themselves hold so little interest because their style, content and form are so worn and predictable that one wishes this band could have been challenged with something more meaningful to play. That is part of the problem, and the solution has not been met. Where they make sincere attempts, the band burns but the reference to "hip cocktail lounges" was no accident; this date was recorded in one and the band was required to entertain at least as much as it was expected to PLAY.

No value judgments are intended, but it is true that we expect our exceptional people to inspire and raise us, and we feel cheated when such persons are obliged to merely entertain us. Moreover, these kinds of attitudes retard the natural and progressive evolution of our art forms since they encourage complacency and all that is prostituted and cliché.

This record, then, is entertaining and good; it makes the perfect background for

drinking and talking, which is exactly the environment which produced it. If you find also that your attention wanders while listening, that too is part of the problem. Well, as Eldridge Cleaver said, "You are either part of the problem or part of its solution." To that, we say Right On! Dig it?!
—Cole

GEORGE RUSSELL

OTHELLO BALLET SUITE AND ELECTRONIC ORGAN SONATA NO. 1—Flying Dutchman FDS-122.

Personnel: Side One: Large orchestra including Rolf Ericson, trumpet; Arne Domnerus, alto saxophone; Bernt Rosengren, Jan Garbarek, tenor saxophones; Jon Christensen, drums. Side Two: Russell, organ.

Rating: ★★★★★

Way back when I was in my last year of college, I used to earn a few dollars drinking money doing research for a local disc jockey in Chicago by the name of Dave Garroway. One of the wise things that man told me was that if you are rating things on a scale of ★ to ★★★★★, like we must do in down beat, there will be very few ★ and even fewer ★★★★★. Bearing this in mind before I give a record the top rating, I stack it up against my memories of Ellington Victors, Columbias, and Brunswicks . . . Bix Okehs . . . Goodman Columbias and Victors and Miles Davis Capitols. When a record can measure up to those standards, it has earned five stars. This is one of the few.

As one who has been digging George Russell ever since the days of Dizzy Gillespie's recording of his *Cubana Be/Cubana Bop*, I must admit that I find the technicalities of his "Lydian Chromatic Concept" a bit much to understand with my limited formal musical training, yet the music produced is always exhilarating, forward-looking and enjoyable. So often a modern writer will be so busy astounding his audience with new sounds that he is likely to forget that music is for enjoyment of the listener.

Othello is a ballet in every sense of the word. It is danceable, with rhythms and polyrhythms playing against each other. Rather than being programmatic, Russell lets the dancers tell the story. His music is pure music that will stand alone, devoid of any associations with Shakespeare's tragic hero. The jazz players involved would seem to have been left free to improvise (if their parts are written out, so much more credit to Russell for writing them to sound like believable improvisation). Most of the Scandinavian jazzmen involved are not new to American listeners, having been heard on records released here, and, in the case of Ericson, having played in the U.S. at length. Of those you might not have heard before, listen particularly to Norwegian tenorist Jan Garbarek, a complete gas.

The organ sonata is Russell's first attempt in the field of electronic music. The piece was first improvised by the composer at the organ and then brought to the electronic music studio of Radio Sweden, where it was altered with the assistance of engineer Göte Nilsson. It is an impressive first work in the idiom. When a composer finds a new tool, his early work with it is often like a child trying out a new electric


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something that was a
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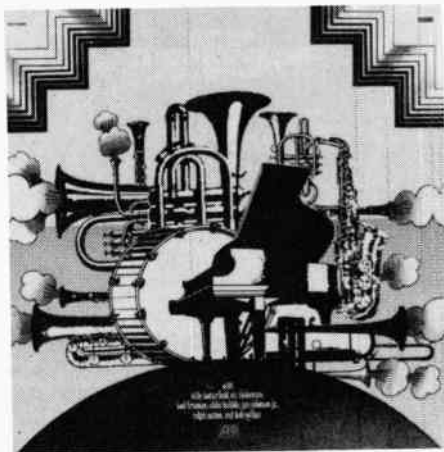
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train. Not to take away from *Electric Organ Sonata No. 1*, but I do feel it is the work of a composer in transition. Years from now, when Russell is fully communicating within the electronic idiom, he (and we) will probably look back on this early work as a promising beginning of another facet of George Russell's genius.

—Klee

REX STEWART

MEMORIAL ALBUM—Prestige 7728: *Red Ribbon; One Hour (If I Could Be With You); Rasputin; Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone; Four or Five Times; You Can Depend On Me; Sam; I Would Do Anything For You; Tell Me; Nagasaki.*

Personnel: Stewart, cornet, kazoo, vocals; John Dengler, bass saxophone, kazoo, washboard; Wilbert Kirk, harmonica, tambourine; Jerome Darr, Chauncey Westbrook, guitars; Benny Moten, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

REX STEWART/WINGY MANONE

TRUMPET JIVE!—Prestige 7812: Stewart: *Three Horn Parlay; Dreamer's Blues; Big Chief Pawnee; Shady Side of the Street; Manone: That Glory Day; Bread and Gravy; O Sole Mio; Shake the Blues Away; That's A Gasser; Georgia Gal; Mr. Boogie Man; Where Can I Find A Cherry?*

Personnel: Stewart, cornet; Tyree Glenn, trombone, vibraphone; Earl Bostic, alto saxophone; Cecil Scott, tenor and baritone saxophones; Dave Rivera, piano; Brick Fleagle, guitar; Junior Raglin, bass; J.C. Heard, drums (Tracks 1-4); Manone, trumpet, vocals; Frank Orchard, valve trombone; Joe Marsala, clarinet; Conrad Lanoue, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Irv Lang, bass; George Wettling, drums (Tracks 5-8); Manone; Ward Silloway, trombone; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Nick Caiazza, tenor saxophone; Dave Bowman, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Wettling, drums (tracks 9-13).

Rating: ★★★★★

HENRY "RED" ALLEN

MEMORIAL ALBUM—Prestige 7755: *There's A House In Harlem For Sale; St. Louis Blues; I Ain't Got Nobody; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Just In Time; Biffy Blues; Cherry; Sleepy Time Gal.*

Personnel: Allen, trumpet; vocals; Lannie Scott, piano; Franklin Skette, bass; Jerry Potter, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The common denominator of these three recent reissues is the influence of Louis Armstrong. Rex, Red and Wingy were all Louis men in their youth, and used his style as a point of departure for their own development. Red and Rex became great individual stylists creating, eventually, personal voices uniquely their own, while Wingy, with the least physical equipment of the three, remained closest to Armstrong—his playing set and static over the years.

Neither Red nor Rex's albums would I choose for a memorial, though both deserve to remain in circulation. Rex's session (recorded March 18, 1960) is odd, and I've always wondered how it came to be made, especially at that time, when strange instrumental combinations were not, as now, an everyday occurrence. Stewart was past his prime (though hardly ready for pasture), and his pinched tone sounds more constricted than ever, much like the kazoos he and Dengler kid with. Dengler had worked with Stewart from time to time in the past, and their affinity for each other helps immensely in the album's success. (Dengler is proficient on the cornet, valve trombone, clarinet and tuba as well as the crochety bass sax, and his occasional use of them on these tunes

would doubtless have spiced up the session even more.)

Kirk was then drummer with the De-Paris Brothers' band; young Chuck Lampkin was shortly to join Dizzy Gillespie. Using two guitars was a splendid idea, with Westbrook playing acoustic rhythm and Darr, a student of Teddy Bunn, taking the amplified solos. It's a difficult session to describe musically, and I suggest you hear it for yourself—*twice*, before making up your mind.

Allen's date was June 5, 1962. I had heard him and the trio (with Sam Price on piano) just four months previous for the first time, and it was truly a stunning experience. The missing fifth star is Price's, for Scott's work, good as it is in a sort of Red Garlandish way, was somehow not as appropriate for Red as would have been Price's or a half-dozen others I could name (though if Red were to come back and disagree with me, I wouldn't argue with him; what do I know what he liked?). Any tune Red chose was right for him, and it's heartwarming to have him working over a couple from, then, 30 years and more ago, *House* and *Biffy*. *Nobody* and *Cherry* have the vocal lessons for those whose book on jazz singing doesn't include Red Allen yet.

The pairing of Stewart and Manone, just to put 12 sides together, is not entirely



copasetic, considering the material. Rex's group bristles, swinging heavily but blithely; Wingy's sides, compared to the earlier Vocalions and even the Bluebirds, are desultory and dead. The fault is partly attributable to the noisy pressings (I have a mint set of the 78s and they sound like a sanding machine) used for mastering, the low fidelity and brightness, and the hum-drum material Wingy had chosen, or was given, to try to keep working and selling records. Despite the high credentials of all the sidemen, their best solos seem sandbagged by the nothingness of the tunes themselves.

This is not to say that they played poorly—Marsala, Silloway, and Caiazza do well in short spots, and Bowman's Stacey-like piano on the second date is an improvement over Lanoue. Chuck Wayne gets in a chorus that shows he had something else in mind. Probably thanks to Bowman, Wettling sounds comparatively interested on the second date (about six months after the first, on July 3, 1945) but Wettlingers beware—there are no drum solos of any length on any of the eight sides!

Manone sticks in as many of his patented intros, interludes and endings as he can (the *Maryland* bit had worn pretty thin by 1936), and gets through creditably, but he must have known in his heart that he was handling trash.

Still, for all of this, there's plenty of valuable music here, and Rex's four tracks (cut for Parlophone, July 30, 1945, and never issued in the U.S.) alone are worth the price. Wingy's were for the Joe Davis label, an *el cheapo* operation that didn't do a hell of a lot of good for anybody,

but at least they let him have seven pieces. Buy 'em all, but they rechanneled the last one. Insensibility rules. —Jones

VARIOUS ARTISTS

MASTER JAZZ PIANO—Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8105: *Blues for Betty C.*; *Fifty-seventh Street Blues*; *Friday Strut*; *Memphis Blues*; *Feelin' Blues*; *I Got Rhythm*; *I Want a Little Girl*; *Anything For You*; *Squeeze Me*; *Lady Be Good*.

Personnel: Sonny White (tracks 1, 7); Claude Hopkins, (tracks 2, 8); Jay McShann (tracks 3, 10); Cliff Jackson, (tracks 4, 9); Earl Hines (tracks 5, 6), piano.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is another fine addition to the distinguished and growing jazz catalog of record producer Bill Weilbacher, whose excellent taste is happily matched by a determination to see it realized in a series of records on a label of his own, although its an extra curricular activity for him (he works in a major New York advertising agency).

Although this record has many moments of brilliance, it also has its relatively lackluster side. It's purely an album of solo piano. Each of the five pianists did a blues and a standard. The blues selections occupy side one; the standards, side two.

Solo piano of true substance requires a great deal of a musician. He must possess creative resources that are completely self-sufficient. The solo pianist can not draw melodic inspiration from interaction with another player or in response to ensemble proddings. He cannot lean on a rhythm section to sustain or provide momentum. Solo pianists are the true rugged individualists of jazz.

All of the musicians here are no less than fine talents, but not all are true solo pianists. The late Cliff Jackson, for example, appears as a rather unadventurous player, reluctant to stray very far from the basic melody lines. Sonny White, a veteran who's been seen and heard in recent years with Jonah Jones, plays in a rippling Teddy Wilsonish manner but never really grabs the listener with solid playing, though he comes off somewhat better in the pop (*Little Girl*) than the blues side (*Betty C.*). (I don't wish to dismiss the blues form as a valid vehicle, but I think most listeners of a mainstream orientation would agree that most swing and post-swing era soloists are better at standard pop song material.)

The album's strengths are titanic, however, and largely overcome its faults. On both *Feelin' Fine* and *Rhythm*, Earl Hines moves through many moods—contemplative in one chorus, jaunty in the next, and utterly jarring in another. His ability to sustain an inner rhythm is remarkable, and his invention is no less than dazzling. His transitions in mood often come unexpectedly.

One of the delights of the LP is Jay McShann, who nearly steals the show from Hines with a swinging, wallowing, lusty version of *Lady Be Good*. It's a charging solo all the way with some rocking riffs in the third chorus. His blues track (*Friday*) is also outstanding, played with great bite and enthusiasm but never heavy handedly.

Claude Hopkins contributes three fine, straight-forward choruses of his big one, *Anything For You*, offering some pleasantly puckish bridges. —McDonough

FRANK ZAPPA

CHUNGA'S REVENGE—Bizarre/Reprise 2030: *Transylvania Boogie*; *Road Ladies*; *Twenty Small Cigars*; *The Nancy & Mary Music*; *Tell Me You Love Me*; *Would You Go All the Way?*; *Chunga's Revenge*; *The Clap*; *Rudy Wants to Buy Yez a Drink*; *Sharleena*.

Personnel: Frank Zappa, guitar, harpsichord, Condor, percussion, vocals; Ian Underwood, tenor, alto, keyboards, guitar; George Duke, trombone, keyboards, scat vocal; Sugar Cane Harris, organ (track 7); Jeff Simmons, bass, vocals, or Max Bennett, bass; Aynsley Dunbar, or John Guerin (track 3) drums; The Phlorescent Leech & Eddie, vocals; Eddie, guitar (track 9).

Rating: ★★★★★

Zappa's least interesting record so far, *Chunga's Revenge* is nonetheless typically good. Perhaps I am only disappointed by the several dull moments, or at least by the poorer quality of recording than normally. Whatever, the date is the first recording of the new Mothers and overall is fine Zappa.

More rock-'n'-rolly than ever before, *Tell Me You Love Me* is the height of "heavy" genre cookers, in one sense a parody of the noisome Led Zeppelin style, yet a dynamite tune as well. But *Transylvania Boogie* and the title cut spot the Zappa wah-wah far better, as his performing on both tends more toward straight-ahead jamming than pursuit of bizarre melodic and rhythmic directions, as on many of his previous instrumental forays.

The two patter songs, *Would You Go All the Way?* and *Rudy Wants to Buy Yez a Drink*, are amusing as comedy, if not always musically engaging, although both feature quite superb funny vocals by the Phlorescent Leech & Eddie (Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman) with the always witty Zappa compositional quirks. However, *Road Ladies* is tiresome blues despite all the humor; just as the long improvisation, *The Nancy & Mary Music*, may have moved live (especially George Duke's joyful scats), but sounds comparatively less appealing on record.

Finally, *Twenty Small Cigars* and *Sharleena* are my favorites, the first a delicate waltz featuring Zappa guitar and harpsichord, the latter a sensual quasi-r&b ballad that becomes for once both rooty and contemporary, unlike the usual Ruben and the Jets sort of '50s r&b camp.

Chunga's Revenge is, as always, excellent music by Frank Zappa, in spite of my few crabblings. —Bourne

blues 'n' folk

John Lee Hooker, *Moanin' and Stompin' Blues* (King 1085)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lee Hooker, *Alone* (Specialty 2125)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lee Hooker, *Goin' Down Highway 51* (Specialty 2127)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lee Hooker-Canned Heat, *Hooker 'n' Heat* (Liberty 35002)

Rating: ★★★★★

John Lee Hooker is deservedly considered one of the very greatest of postwar blues artists, but there hasn't been a great number of his vintage performances available on LP for some time. Despite occasional fine performances on a few albums over the last decade, it is on his early

recordings that his reputation inevitably will rest.

Now, all of a sudden, we have been presented with three sets of magnificent early performances by this great singer-guitarist: the King is a reissue of a long unavailable LP that contains some of Hooker's greatest music ever, and the two Specialty sets offer 28 superb 1948-51 recordings, all new to LP (though a few sides had been issued on Bernie Besman's long-defunct Sensation label; it was he who first recorded Hooker in the late 1940s). The Liberty is a two-LP set of recent recordings in which Hooker, joined on about half of the cuts by members of the blues band Canned Heat, attempts to recreate the sound and spirit of those early recordings.

The first three sets—the early recordings—reaffirm Hooker's claim to greatness. The music is raw and powerful, Hooker's dark, brooding, intense voice perfectly underscored with one of the most driving, hypnotic guitar styles in all the blues. Most of the performances feature Hooker alone—just the passionate, compelling voice and that brutal, unrelenting guitar, his loud tapping foot adding immeasurably to the music's rhythmic thrust.

The music is superficially simple; much of it is so harmonically "naive" that it doesn't even allude to the typical I-IV-V harmonic scheme used in most 12-bar blues, centering instead around four- or five-note scalar patterns and drones—yet the astonishing interaction of voice and guitar, the stunning, subtle use of rhythm, and the great emotion which suffuses his music all give the lie to this "simple" view of Hooker's highly distinctive and complex approach to blues.

While obviously based in the older modally-organized country blues of his native Mississippi (Hooker learned much from the brilliant Tony Hollins, a transplanted Mississippi singer-guitarist who recorded a handful of sides in Chicago in the early '40s), his music is stamped totally with his own genius, his own highly personal handling of blues' conventions.

"In these recordings," the late Al Wilson described the Specialty sides, "... Hooker superimposes on a basic country blues style the new sound of hotly amplified guitar, a revved-up shuffle rhythm, and a uniquely individual approach in which spontaneity is all-important. ... His chanting voice, inventive guitar and insistent foot-tapping make for a one-man orchestra which is hard to beat. Hooker's music merits the oft-abused adjective 'free.' Within his modal framework of relatively few pitches and nearly total lack of chord changes, he constructs strong statements which are full of surprises." Just so.

The quality of all three LPs is extraordinarily high, but I'd give the edge to the King, which contains a dozen of the most perfect distillations of Hooker's haunting, tortured music ever recorded. They are as near apocalyptic as any blues recorded in the postwar period, rivaling Robert Johnson in burning intensity and near-nightmarish ferocity. Magnificent, eerie, powerful music, and not a weak performance among them.

The Specialty-Besman recordings are

only slightly less effective, Hooker's voice somber and passionate, his guitar droning powerful undertows of rhythm or spitting out savage machinegun bursts of notes. There is a certain monotony to the two albums, however, the inevitable result of the limited instrumentation and Hooker's narrow-ranging song materials. Still, they're remarkable perhaps because those very limitations show what his genius can wrest from such narrow means. No well-rounded blues collection can be without the King album, and Hooker fans will want the two Specialty sets as well.

It's difficult to imagine *who* might want the Hooker-Canned Heat set. It proceeds from an honorable premise: having the singer-guitarist attempt the recreation of his early records so as to have some decently recorded samples of his music on the market, and to have the recordings offered to a wide audience of young listeners through the sponsorship of a popular blues band. Educational, in other words.

For my money, however, it just doesn't make it, despite manful attempts to simulate the raucous sound of his early records—these include searching for an amplifier sufficiently distorted to produce *that* sound, the construction of a plywood platform to give his foot-tapping the proper echoey percussive sound, and other such delusive blind-alleys.

The big problem is Hooker himself: years of over-recording have taken their toll and he simply is unable to animate this umpteenth rehash with the same searing, unselfconscious conviction and power that stamped the originals as classics. Hooker is just not the same he was then, which proves you can't go home again.

The most effective performances feature Hooker alone; somewhat less so are those that add Al Wilson's harmonica. But the tracks with the full Canned Heat instrumental complement are desultory, the rhythms plodding and the music woefully pedestrian (one has but to compare the rhythmic sweep of the solo performances with the band sides to have the sluggishness of the latter revealed). Hooker's powerful, hypnotic, surgingly rhythmic boogies are turned into veritable Teutonic marches through the band's participation; ironically, the very qualities of Hooker's music Canned Heat wanted to turn its followers on to are obscured and eradicated. Hopefully, however, listeners will be able to appreciate the real thing in the solo tracks.

These two LPs might have reduced to a single attractive disc by eliminating the band tracks and the pointless spoken studio exchanges that bridge the musical performances; these strike the ear as self-indulgent and totally specious twaddle. They add nothing to the music and actually get in the way of its proper enjoyment. Too much Heat and not enough tough Hooker make *Hooker 'n' Heat* a dull album, particularly in view of the suddenly available King and Specialty LPs. I do not wish to impugn Canned Heat's intentions in making this album: their sincerity is as obvious as their being totally outclassed—but, then, few other musicians, black or white, have been able to get it on behind Hooker's brilliant, eccentric music. —Pete Welding

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SUITE FROM BLACK AMERICA (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax (as I dbl. ss); 5 tp; 4 tb; tu, p,el-b,d. Work extracted from "Black America" by Baker, a cantata written on the death of Dr. Martin Luther King. In two sections: (I) an ostinato in the brass over which ss & ts solo on a mode; (II) blues type featuring tp & p (quasi-rock) el-b. Piece was acclaimed by down beat as the best composition of the 1970 National CJF. (PT 10') MW 100 . . . \$14/\$9.33

TWO FACES OF THE BLACK FRONTIER (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax (1 fl + 1 cl dbl.); 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. Two section piece features flute theme statement unaccompanied—2nd section quasi-Spanish brass band Really exciting. Theme and excerpts from NET series: "Black Frontier" (PT 7'-15') MW 147 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

VORTEX (A) by David Baker. 18: 5 sax; 5 tp; 4 tb; tu; p,b,d. Swing tune lush harmonies, bitonality, difficult changes—chorus structures and backgrounds comprise a palindrome. (PT 6') MW 148 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

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THEORY & TECHNIQUE BOOKS

ARRANGING & COMPOSING (for the Small Ensemble: jazz/r&b/jazz-rock) by David Baker, foreword by Quincy Jones. Chicago: 1970, 184 pp. (110 music plates), 8 1/2 x 11, spiral bound. MW 2 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

JAZZ IMPROVISATION (A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players) by David Baker, (foreword by Gunther Schuller, Chicago: 1969, (3rd printing 1970, 184 pp. 104 music plates), 8 1/2 x 11, spiral bound. MW 1 . . . \$12.50/\$8.33

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blindfold test | pete robinson

by Leonard Feather

In February of 1951 the first interview was conducted for a down beat Blindfold Test. (The subject was Terry Gibbs; the test appeared in db 3/23/51.)

In the spring of 1971 the logical way to celebrate the anniversary, it seemed to me, would be a test with somebody who, like the series itself, was 20 years old. Pete Robinson happened to fit the bill perfectly, since he is a fast-rising jazzman with strong, eclectic tastes and the ability to offer articulate, honest comments.

Born in Chicago, Robinson later lived in Vancouver, B.C. and San Francisco. He studied with private teachers but was self-taught as a jazzman. His father is a professor of urban and regional planning at USC, where Robinson is presently studying.

His background includes two years with Don Ellis (starting when he was 16), several months with Shelly Manne, and gigs with Willie Bobo, John Klemmer and Ernie Watts. He has recorded with Gil Melle and Howard Roberts. He now has his own group, Contraband, due to make its record debut shortly.

Robinson was told nothing about the records except that they would span most of his lifetime.



1. THELONIOUS MONK. *Well You Needn't* (from *Genius of Modern Music*, Blue Note.). Monk, piano, composer; Gene Ramey, bass; Art Blakey, drums. Recorded 1951.

I hope that was Monk . . . at least it was a Monk tune, *Well You Needn't*. I haven't listened to a lot of old Monk; the only tracks I've heard of him were with Bird. I would have no idea when it was made. I would guess maybe 1950, 1951.

It's really interesting because his style never really changes, even though the sidemen keep going along. I heard him at Shelly's with Leon Chancellor. He was playing very modern, but yet playing his funny things.

L.F.: Was he ever an influence on you?

P.R.: I don't think I'd say he was an influence; his influences were—like I hear Tatum, of course, Teddy Wilson. I used to listen to Tatum a lot, and I have some old 78s of Teddy Wilson. Monk is so individual that I guess he was an influence on me . . . he doesn't play a piano like a piano, it's rather an extension of himself. His influence on me isn't in terms of the style that I'm playing, just that I listen to him a lot and I dig him. Monk is beautiful.

Maybe it's because of the rhythm section and the way it was recorded then, but I've heard more inspired Monk. It's interesting to notice that because of the recording technique, I hear Monk playing much less bombastically on this than I would if I heard it recorded now.

2. CHICO HAMILTON. *Free Form* (from *Chico Hamilton Quintet*, Pacific Jazz). Buddy Collette, flute, clarinet, tenor & alto saxes; Jim Hall, guitar; Fred Katz, cello; Carson Smith, bass; Hamilton, drums. Recorded 1955.

I'm going to take a guess and say that was that old Chico Hamilton group with Fred Katz on cello. That was a very interesting record, because you keep hearing the modal thing reoccurring in each decade. In the '50s with Chico's and other groups, then later on with Trane, they would do it with more of a jazz feeling. Now, with the rock thing . . . Miles came along and recorded *Bitches Brew*, the modal thing has come back.

The record is very strange, in that I would hear certain freer sections that sounded very nice, but they would return to a jazz rhythm, like a Charleston rhythm, that doesn't seem to fit with what everything else is doing. Of course, at that time, it was experimental; not in terms of what

classical music had been doing during that period of time.

3. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Lady Mac* (from *Such Sweet Thunder*, Columbia). Ellington, composer, piano; Clark Terry, trumpet. Recorded 1957.

That was really nice. I think it was Duke Ellington. It's interesting listening to that piano, then referring back to the Monk track. You hear how much Ellington influenced Monk in terms of the very broken runs.

You know, I was thinking how much, in the last couple of years, all of my music has been revolving around eclectic things, and listening to this, you find out how beautiful and sincere it was. And then you see what's happening in the music business, with the a&r men who really don't know anything about music forcing musicians to play music that they have no business doing; either for themselves or the product they're pushing. The parking lot attendants are controlling the music business now!

4. ORNETTE COLEMAN. *The Circle with a Hole in the Middle* (from *The Art of the Improvisers*, Atlantic). Coleman, composer, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, cornet. Recorded 1959.

Ornette makes me feel so happy. It doesn't matter that his intonation is off, or that some of the things he plays don't make it; his spirit is just so strong when he's playing with Don that it just seems to transcend all of that. When I listen to some of his later records, his intonation is together, it's stronger, but it doesn't have the spirit that it had with those old dates.

He really tries to make every note, every phrase count. He tries to make everything an event. He's my favorite alto player. I said I wasn't going to rate anything, but for that one a million stars.

5. DAVE BRUBECK. *Far More Blue* (from *Time Further out*, Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano, composer; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums. Recorded 1961.

That was Dave Brubeck, Paul Desmond and, I guess, Joe Morello. That I didn't like too much. I sang a couple of pieces from his Oratorio that I liked. Again, getting back to having to transcend the idiom in which you're working, the fact that it's in 5/4 doesn't mean anything to the music. If anything it seems to hold them back because he has to play the same ostinato pattern all the way through. They're not doing anything harmonically, it's basically 2-5-1 changes. And Joe is

playing very strict time, and it's right on the beat, it's plodding. Certainly great things can be done with the time signature, for example, Bartok. Even though I respect Dave a lot as a writer, and he has good facilities as a pianist, I don't find his music goes anywhere for me.

6. HAMPTON HAWES. *Vierd Blues* (from *The Green Leaves of Summer*, Contemporary). Hawes, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Steve Ellington, drums; Miles Davis, composer.

An F blues has been played for so long, and to listen to it again something really has to be happening to warrant playing that many choruses. I'm not sure who it is; it may be Phineas Newborn, who I really like. But with the drummer playing that hi-hat on two and four, then going into that stomp-type beat, for a piano player it can be very disconcerting.

All music has to have some kind of form; even if you're playing free, that can be a type of form. But if you don't transcend that, if you make the form the music, then it doesn't mean anything.

I'm not sure who that rhythm section was; there are a lot of drummers who play that way.

7. DON ELLIS. (from *Live In 3 2/3 4 Time*, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, trumpet, composer; Ira Schulman, clarinet; Steve Bohannon, drums. Recorded 1967.

That was my old employer, Don Ellis. I guess that was Ira Schulman on clarinet. I've had a very interesting relationship with Don. Even though we're almost diametrically opposed musically, when I first joined the band I found I could work with him because of his sincerity. As the thing progressed, I found the more the a&r men got to Don, and the more he started getting pressured into this star identity rather than an artist, the further I found myself drifting from him. I guess the apex of that was when I recorded the *Don Ellis Underground* album, in which he had to do rock . . . and he can't write rock; he shouldn't be writing rock. The album was just abominable. Right after that I left the band—under very strained circumstances. But we've always remained good friends. . . .

Getting back to this piece, again I'm really against this thing of hammering in the time signature. If you're going to do that kind of time—I think it was 11—you do it like Bartok, where it keeps shifting. Steve Bohannon sounded really good. **db**

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caught in the act

Lalo Schifrin

World Premiere: "Pulsations For Electronic Keyboard, Jazz Band and Orchestra." Music Center, Los Angeles.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Bobby Bryant, Gary Barone, Tony Terran, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Benny Powell, Tom McIntosh, Craig Kupo, trombones; Bud Shank, Tom Scott, Don Menza, Tony Ortega, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Schifrin, Electone EX-42; Emil Richards, vibes; Howard Roberts, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Larry Bunker, drums. Los Angeles Philharmonic, Zubin Mehta, conductor.

You can usually judge a composer by the company he keeps. In his most recent foray into the hyphenated world of symphonic jazz, Schifrin was not only surrounded by the best of both possible worlds—an 18-piece studio jazz band plus the legitimate swingers of the Los Angeles Philharmonic—but climaxed a program that grew progressively more modern: Bizet's *Symphony in C*; Hindemith's

mentarily possessed. Scott contributed a first-rate alto solo over legato strings which turned into a rhythmically satisfying jazz waltz.

Intensity increased with added solo comments; then Bunker and Roberts laid down a funky rock cushion for Lalo's organ solo. The full Philharmonic entered, the rock persisted, and the marriage was consummated. A final Yamaha cadenza, the EX-42 sputtering like a delinquent outboard motor, and the first movement ended.

The second movement was an unabashed tribute to the blues, in feeling and in fact. It began with a quiet blues-tinged organ theme filtered through a maze of stops. Then Ray Brown took over. When the bassist takes over, it's more than just a solo; it's a master class on how to turn an

The finale opened at a hard-driving pace, with Bunker the flashy pace-setter. There were occasional organ utterances as well as *pizzicato* string comments, and both orchestras grew in intensity—goosed by Bunker to a way-up self-contained Schifrin solo in which he provided his own bass line with the left hand. The band returned with some biting, concise explosions but not long enough. Nimitz had a brief say on baritone and again it just wasn't enough of a good thing. The band reached its concerted peak as Bunker literally propelled them.

Not to be outdone in terms of a musical sense of the absurd, a number of Philharmonic members contributed their own ideas of quotes: above the intense swing, fragments of Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel*, Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* and Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* pierced the huge auditorium.

Those in the know laughed out loud or applauded their approval. Those who missed the interpolations still heard a two-headed explosion with one final eruption from Bunker.

Louder still were the cries of *Bravo!* and the composer was called back repeatedly. It was a personal and a collective triumph. For three quarters of an hour, polarization of idioms was eloquently shoved aside. I don't think *Pulsations* will find its way into the Philharmonic's repertoire. It is an "opportunity" type of composition that requires careful selection of sidemen as well as a Schifrin up front to pull it off. As everything he writes, the work is well-constructed: the symphonic passages do not sound forced; the jazz portions swing convincingly. If any criticism can be leveled, I think *Pulsations* is *underwritten*. Free form is so dominant that a recording would be practically useless—like trying to freeze a frame of psychedelic film.

However, Schifrin never disappoints, due to his consummate taste. Better that a work of this nature should be underexposed than overblown. These were pulsations; not pretensions. They were honest pulsations and what came from both sides of the musical fence was linked up by a common denominator: artistry. —Harvey Siders



Lalo Schifrin (l) and conductor Zubin Mehta

Cello Concerto No. 2; Schifrin's *Pulsations*.

And you can usually judge a new work best when it's not pristine. Which is why this deliberate procrastinator waited for the third of three performances of *Pulsations*, a highly improvisatory piece that successfully welds individual solos, big band swing, and the symphonic resources into a cohesive whole. Under such circumstances, a certain amount of "getting it together" is necessary. So I waited, read some unflattering reviews, went to hear for myself, and am happy to report that the musicians, the audience and I had a ball.

With Schifrin seated at his "big white spaceship" (his own description of the futuristic-looking Yamaha Electone EX-42 with added ring modulator), his 17 swinging colleagues deployed behind the Philharmonic, *Pulsations* began with a very effective juxtaposition): a nervous string figure over a widely-voiced band cluster.

Free solo statements—free in tonality and tempo—filled the air, while the fiddles phrased freely and a few angry rumblings emerged from the bowels of the Yamaha. Trombonist Craig Kupka took an excellent solo which developed into a dialogue with the Yamaha, then one of the legit tuba players suddenly caught fire—as if mo-

upright bass into a full orchestra, with melody (impeccably intoned), double stops, asides to fill his self-created gaps, plus a musical sense of humor that compels him to quote from other tunes. All these elements were present within the framework of the 12-bar blues, and with help from Bunker's brushes, Brown's solo grew organically into a deliciously dirty blues and triggered the only spontaneous ovation within the three movements. (Even if there had been no spontaneous outburst, the transfixed reaction of the entire Philharmonic bass complement would have been sufficient reward for the wondrous walker.)

Following a brief impressionistic flute passage over shimmering strings, the composer entered with a nostalgic bit of honky-tonk right out of the Meade Lux Lewis bag. This led to a "free-for-all" dynamically controlled by Mehta. Richards' vibes issued some calls and the Yamaha responded; Roberts sent out the next message and again the Yamaha sent back the answer. Brown pushed the rhythm section into a hard-edged jam session groove, and finally the whole band joined in with a Basie feel. As the band faded, so did a final Yamaha statement—and with it, the middle movement.

Marian McPartland/Phil Wilson

White Plains High School,
White Plains, N.Y.

Personnel: McPartland Trio: Marian McPartland, piano, electric piano; Jay Leonhart, acoustic and electric bass; Jimmy Madison, drums. The Westchester Symphony Orchestra, Anton Coppola, conductor; Phil Wilson, guest conductor: Howie Collins, guitar soloist.

Having been burned more than once in a rather lengthy career of covering music performances, I get very nervous when someone comes at me about amateurs. You know: "Do come. You'll love the way Amy Porter plays *Flight of the Bumblebee* on her recorder." Amy may be a wild and nubile chick and I might enjoy watching her in her low-cut evening gown, but amateur musicians as a class invariably drive me up the wall.

Happily, on this particular occasion, I was able to remain in my seat. Symphony is not my bag, but I recognize a together



Marian McPartland:
"Always the charmer . . ."

outfit when I hear it, and the Westchester Symphony is obviously well-rehearsed and competent, with a conductor who has been able to produce performances at a level that one has come to expect from full-time players. The strings have tone and sonority, the brass is adequate if a bit thin in spots, and the percussion is out of sight. One need make no polite concessions about this group.

Mrs. McPartland is of course at her best before the concert hall audience. Always the charmer, always the lady, impeccably attired in a paisley crepe pants suit, she had the audience knocked out before she played a note. When she got into her own *Ambiance*, the second number on the program (which opened with a brief piece for brass by Alan Shulman), she was completely in charge. Phil Wilson did the arrangement, and with all that action going on in the sections, I was reminded, just fleetingly, of the *Focus* thing that Eddie Sauter did for Stan Getz with strings some years ago. Wilson also conducted and the work came off very well, with none of the straining between the readers and the improviser that so frequently mars encounters between jazz people and straight players.

Marian's trio was featured for the remainder of the opening segment of the concert. Jay Leonhart, a new name to me, was outstanding on *Funny Valentine*. Using a standard amplified bass, he employed glissandi extensively. Next was Marian's *Twilight World* in a bossa nova groove, followed by a bright *Close Your Eyes* with the pianist trading lively fours with Madison.

Leonhart took the first few bars of *I Want to Be Happy*, plucking the melody, piano and drums soloed, bass and piano did fours, and Leonhart concluded the tune as he had opened it.

Just before intermission, Marian offered a *Salute to Duke Ellington*, segueing through *Cotton Tail*, *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart*, *I Got It Bad*, *It Don't Mean a Thing* and, naturally, *Satin Doll*. The audience loved being able to identify the music, although I imagine there was some hesitation about *Cotton Tail*.

The symphony opened the second portion of the program with Handel's *Water Music*, then the trio came back to do *Nina Never Knew*, arranged for the entire orchestra by Wilson and another successful melding of the two mediums.

The trio then romped through *What Is This Thing Called Love?* in what sounded like 5/4 to me, then Marian switched sides and went into *Come Together* on electronic piano with Leonhart on electric bass. Backstage I mentioned that there was some distortion in the amplifier. "It's quite possible," Marian conceded. "I haven't been working with the instrument too long and I have to learn how to control it, but it's added a whole new dimension to my playing."

After the Beatles thing, the pianist made one of her appealing little speeches, in which she announced that her next piece would be in free improvisational form and she wasn't too sure how it would work out.

It worked out fine. Madison, particularly, seems to have a lock on this sort of thing and when you're playing outside, a drummer can really mess you up. Leonhart broke up the entire scene by closing the piece with a blast on an ancient brass-and-rubber Paris taxi horn, exactly the right touch at that point.

Phil Wilson mounted the podium again to conduct the premiere of his *The Left and the Right—Transmutation of An Elegant Witch*. Wilson had been driving down several times from Berklee College to rehearse the piece and it was worth it. It's a fun piece of music. About three or four minutes into the work, the brass blows the theme from *Rockin' In Rhythm* and knocks you right out of your chair, it's so unexpected. Wilson has written a definite Oriental and Indian flavor into the music, and there is a lot of syncopated interplay between the jazz drummer and the tympani.

We can't mention all the members of the Westchester group, but tympanist Peter Smith made this one go, particularly in the final measures when he had to set up a very close rhythmic contact with Madison, or the piece would have fallen flat on its face. (There was a J. Arthur Rank Chinese gong involved too.)

All in all, a pretty interesting piece of work. Wilson writes a tough chart and I think some of the brass men were hitting notes they didn't know existed before he came along. But they rose to the occasion.

Howie Collins soloed briefly on the Wilson opus but didn't have nearly enough to do, at least not for my taste. He's one of those great jazz people who exist in prosperous anonymity in the studio world of New York. You get to hear him blow once or twice a year, but in between he's pretty much neglected.

Later on, Jimmy McPartland observed: "This is the sort of thing Marian should do more often—getting the best out of her classical training and her jazz feeling." I agree. It was the first time I had heard jazz and classical come together successfully.

I hope someone records the Wilson piece, maybe the Berklee Stage Band. Between Alan Dawson and John LaPorta and Wilson something *has* to happen. How about calling in the Boston Pops? —Al Fisher

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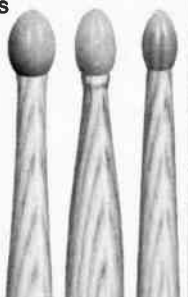
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BOWIE

(Continued from page 13)

State—"that's kind of like a jazz school"—
and then returned to St. Louis, where he
worked with blues bands led by Albert
King and Oliver Sain. It was while he was
with the latter that he met the band singer
who was to become his wife, Fontella
Bass. It is because of his blues-drenched
background that Bowie is skeptical of the
so-called progressive rock groups that re-
ceive so much acclaim in the music press.

Of their music he said succinctly: "I
don't listen to it much, but when I hear
it—and you can't help but hear it—I find
it all derivative. I could actually run down
a whole lot of stuff about that, but I'm
never really impressed by the musician-
ship.

"See now, I don't want you to think that
I'm saying this about rock musicians in
general because I come from that school
myself. Bands like Joe Tex and them are
some dynamite rock bands—and I mean
dynamite! And they are also the cats who
play this music we play. When they get
off work, they play—you know—free mu-
sic. But the musicianship is on so much
higher a level that it's hard for me to
appreciate the white rock groups because
it's all a combination of, like, the blues
and free jazz. But it all boils down to the
same thing—even contemporary music—
everything is moving together in this way."

Bowie's association with the AACM
started after the group was established in
May, 1965, by Richard Abrams, Jodie
Christian, Malachi Favors, and Phil Coh-
ran. "I came, just like many others came,
from all over the country," he said. "We
saw what the AACM was doing, and we
joined."

A strong esthetic bond unites the many
members in their exploration of all areas
of Great Black Music, as they stipulate it
be known, and Bowie, like his fellow mu-
sicians in the organization, makes no dis-
tinction among the various units with
which he appears. He said he knows no
musician in the AACM whose music he
could say he doesn't like. "But then I look
at it from the point of view as all the new
music from out of Memphis, and all the
new music from out of Fort Worth, too,"
he said. "There's a lot of sounds."

Bowie stabbed at the air with his cigar
and elaborated. "It's that I like so many
trumpet players I don't even know where
to start. I mean, you know Don Cherry
and Miles. . . . There are so many cats
like Leo Smith, and Marcus Belgrave in
Detroit. There's Johnny Coles, but Mar-
cus is really—whew! And cats all over—
Willie Teapitt in Dallas and Florida Floyd,
Joe Stewart in St. Louis, Billy Broomfield
in Chicago and John Jackson. And all the
established cats I really dig, I idolize."

He disagreed with the popular notion
that paying one's dues in New York City
is a prerequisite to acceptance in the jazz
fraternity on the one hand and an under-
standing of the course of the New Music
on the other.

"New York musicians tend to be into
their own thing," he said, "because New
York is a center and always has been, just
like Chicago was a center before and

then St. Louis and New Orleans before
that. The musicians who live in these towns
naturally are concerned about what goes
on there, and it was always assumed that
you had to go to New York to play. And
that you weren't playing unless you were in
New York.

"But all the time I would read these
things I would be, you know, traveling,
and I would be meeting cats, and I would
say, 'What d'you mean?' I mean here's Joe
Smith or somebody you never heard of,
and he's just *ferocious!* So that's why I
never had any thing for going to New
York. There's so much talent everywhere."

In the last couple of years, critical and
listener acclaim has grown rapidly where
the potent Chicagoans are concerned, espe-
cially after the European sojourn of sev-
eral of the AACM's principals. The re-
action of New York musicians toward their
music has been mixed, however.

"Some of them dig us but some of 'em
don't," Bowie said. "But most that we've
met, the personal relationship has been
good. Some of them view us as a threat,
but really they shouldn't, because we're not
a threat to their existence. Our music is an
expansion; it's meant to really lift every-
one."

The Chicagoans tend to practice the
spirituality they talk about, and Bowie said
he thinks that the spiritual thing in jazz
today, instead of being a little overdone,
"actually is a little *underdone*—in terms
of it actually happening, that is. It's a
little overdone in terms of it being *said*.
It has to be *done*, and if all that is said
is done, like, it would be cool. . . .

"Practice what you preach—that's what
I believe. If you practice being humble and
spiritual, your whole life should be that
way. You shouldn't get in a fight with
somebody, you shouldn't have to hassle
with somebody, you just relax and do your
thing. But when things start off like that
—you know how commercialism is—the
next thing you know, everyone and every-
thing is spiritual! But this is good because
out of this will come true spirituality.
Like, now it might not be practiced by the
cats that say it, but the young cats will
hear what they're saying and heed it.
They'll live by that and in 10, 20 years,
it'll be cool."

By his comments Bowie displayed the
self-reliance that characterizes the AACM
and its individual members.

"Our approach to music," he said, "is
that if we play the music and be truthful
to the music and live up to the spiritual
things we advocate, everything will be all
right. And everything has always been all
right. We might not have money, but we
always seem to make it. I have my family
with me, and we enjoy good health and
so everyone's reasonably happy by just
being truthful to the music. Play as well as
you can all the time, and if you're truthful
to your thing, you'll succeed."

Bowie's earnestness is as appealing as
his sense of tradition in music. Among the
gang of bright young trumpeters today few
if any equal Bowie's originality, drive, and
inventiveness. Above all, he is a blues
musician, in whose playing surges the in-
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(Continued from page 34)

businesses for sponsorship for specials and somewhere along the line it was blocked . . . this year, we'll make an all-out effort, so we'll see if there actually is a barricade or not").

Hayes spoke of a gig in the Hollywood Bowl last summer where he shared the bill with pianist Lorrin Hollander, performing to a subscription audience of "stiffnecks who listen to Bach and all those people in addition to being white and not knowing where I'm coming from" and how he won them over with a rap about the universality of music ("You might say I love you in one way and I might say it in another; I even demonstrated it. I played a beautiful major seventh chord with an added ninth and said: 'Darling, I love you'; then I played a dominant seventh, a real funky thing, and said: 'I might say, Ooh baby, I love you,' but the feeling is the same . . . my music is like a sponge and I'm just now squeezing myself. All these years I've absorbed country blues, a little classics, jazz, pop. It all came in and now I'm letting it out"). He broke it up.

And he spoke quietly and sincerely of his newest project, the Isaac Hayes Foundation, established in Memphis for the purpose of constructing high-rise apartment dwellings for the elderly. The idea took shape when Hayes bought a house for his grandmother, who had raised his sister and himself and "generations of kids", and saw how happy this made her. "Most people overlook the elderly . . . you see people in county institutions where they freeze in winter and almost burn up in summer, and get almost no attention . . . I'm not trying to play God, but I can do what I can do." His share of the proceeds of and April 3 concert with the Memphis Symphony was the beginning, and Hayes hopes to obtain federal funding and local business aid in taking care of the 2,000 or so needy aging black people in the country, including Memphis. Then he wound up his revealing rap:

. . . This year, I shall really pursue my career as an artist. I've been successful as a songwriter, a producer (he retains his position as Senior Vice President in charge of a&r and/or production at Stax, a close-knit, almost family-like operation that has grown from a modest beginning without losing its very southern quality of graciousness), and a performer, and now I'm really ambitious about a motion picture thing, because that's a beautiful way of my getting involved and expressing myself. I might not even have the talent to do it, but at least I'll have my piece of mind knowing that I've tried. Then I can always do a cycle thing and go back to writing and producing. So that's where I'm at . . .

Chances are, though, that Isaac Hayes won't be able to return from the limelight to the studio confines. His audience won't let him go that easily. Besides, his charisma, given the chance, might well be as convincing in the movies as it is on the concert stage. He's made it the hard way—his own way.



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Exercises Toward Control On The Trombone

By Phil Wilson

IN ORDER TO PLAY JAZZ or for that matter to be able to function on any instrument, no matter what your bag, you must be able to play what you think. This takes control in the full sense of the word. The best known way toward that end is through legitimate practice.

I was originally a piano player and am reminded of Oscar Peterson practicing Mozart seven or eight hours a day in order to gain control—and what control! Doc Severinsen is a known practicer and my colleague at the Berklee College of Music, trumpeter Lennie Johnson, to this day relates how Clary Terry used to bug everybody on Quincy Jones' Band, particularly trumpet players, by his incessant practicing.

But then there is the argument from budding jazz players that as you master your instrument, you lose soul through cleanliness. They argue that the great jazz masters, such as Louis Armstrong, lack this legitimate control, so why should they have it? Articulations such as shakes, falloffs, glissandos actually come from incorrect playing of the jazz masters. Of course, the emotional meaning of these jazz articulations is the reason for their great value. And if you learn to play what you think, you can play these articulations with the intended meanings at will, as well as any other bag that might strike your fancy. Be sure that once you've got control that your ideas are worth listening to.

Play the following exercises as much as possible—a minimum of three hours a day (one-half hour in the morning, afternoon and evening). In the morning, when you first start them out, they're liable to sound awful, particularly if your chops are tight from a hard job the evening before. Ignore the sound and go straight ahead, noticing as you get into the exercises that the sound improves as your chops loosen up.

The following exercises, then, are designed to start a potential player on the road to control.

1. Tonguing Up



Start slow (quarter note = 40, or even sixteenth note = 100).

Tongue this as cleanly as possible, going up chromatically as high as you can and as loudly as you can *without pressure*. This allows your chops to vibrate in the mouthpiece as freely as possible. As soon as you start to use pressure, stop and play the next example.

2. Triads Using the Fake Tones and Pedals



This exercise is a chop loosener which includes the fake tones:



and their corresponding pedal tones:



These notes are generally played one position lower than usual. There is some argument here but the fact remains that you can get some semblance of all the above notes in any position as long as your chops have the right setting. The majority of players, including myself, seem to find that the above positions are where the horn helps you most.

It should be noted that these exercises are primarily for the tenor trombone, but are also most effective on the bass trombone and other "F-attachment" horns if played without the trigger.

Playing fake tones causes a vibrator-like sensation in the chops which loosens and increases circulation, hence restoring them, particularly after a great deal of hard, loud and high playing. Also, playing fake tones is 80 per cent the player's accurate setting and only about 20 per cent horn. Hence, not only does this develop a sense of "settings" for notes all over the horn, but tones in the normal register become easier to produce.

It is essential to good control that the player use the same basic embouchure placement throughout his entire range, at least down to pedal G. From pedal G down to double pedal A-flat or so, some players find that if you shove your mouthpiece up to your nose, with the bottom rim still touching the bottom lip, and you kind of "flab" the top lip into the mouthpiece, you will produce these notes. Playing these notes is not particularly musical. It's a chop loosener, however, and a way to develop your low range, which is the foundation of the instrument.

3. Tonguing Down



Same recommended speed as exercise one. Play chromatically down to double pedal A-flat. Remember to play *loudly* with no pressure.

This is played in the same manner as exercise 1, but in reverse. In order to develop a feel for them, use all your alternate positions coming down. Use four attacks on each position, as exemplified in the above. Below is a chart of alternate positions.



4. Long Tones



In playing long tones, the initial attack should be a good, clean tongue at about *ppp*, with a crescendo to *fff*, then back to *ppp*—maintaining the same even quality of sound throughout. Play this exercise up chromatically as high as you can without *pressure*. As soon as pressure starts, go back to exercise 2 to loosen up.

The next project, greater control, slurring and flexibility exercises, will appear in a forthcoming issue.

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SUMMER MUSIC

(Continued from page 18)

Frederick C. Pfieger. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
RHODE ISLAND: Kingston, 02881 (Univ. of Rhode Island); July 25-Aug. 6. Dir: Joseph Herne. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
SOUTH DAKOTA: Brookings, 57006 (All-State Music Camp, South Dakota State Univ.) June 6-13. Dir: John F. Colson. F: Ray Torns, Paul Royer. Curr: bb/6, th/6, percussion ensemble. CCH: none. Since 1968.
Spearfish, 57783 (Black Hills State College Music Camp); June 20-26. Dir: Victor Weidensee. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Vermillion, 57069 (Univ. of South Dakota Upper Midwest Music Camp); June 13-20. Dir: Ray DeVilbiss. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
TENNESSEE: Clarksville, 37040 (Austin Peay State Univ., P.O. Box 4627); July 18-24. Dir: unk. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
TEXAS: Beaumont, 77705 (Lamar State College Summer Band Camp); July 4-10. Dir: C.A. Wiley. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Canyon, 79015 (West Texas State Univ. Music Camp); June 20-26. Dir: George Umberson. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Dallas 75222 (Southern Methodist Univ.—Big D Music Camp); June 13-26. Dir: Howard Dunn. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk. Stage Band Workshop, June 28-July 3. Dir: Paul Guerrero.
Lubbock, 79409 (Texas Tech Univ. Band Camp); July 11-23. Dir: Dean Killion. F: unk. Curr: bb. im. CCH: unk.
Nacogdoches, 75961 (Lumberjack Band Camp, P.O. Box 3043, SFA Station, Stephen F. Austin State Univ.); June 27-July 2. Dir: Mel Montgomery. F: Pete Rodriguez. Curr: bb/7½, percussion ensemble 4. CCH: none. Since 1952.
Waco, 76703 (Baylor Univ.); June 5-14. Dir: Bernard Smith. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
UTAH: Logan, 84321 (Utah State Univ.); July 5-17. Dir: Alvin Wardle. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Provo, 84601 (Brigham Young Univ., Summer Music Clinic); July 26-Aug. 7. Dir: Grant Elkington. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Salt Lake City, 84112 (Univ. of Utah); Aug. 9-13. Dir: Loel Hepworth. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
VERMONT: Burlington, 05401 (Univ. of Vermont Summer Music Session for High School Students); June 27-Aug. 8. Dir: Herbert Schultz. F: unk. Curr: bb, ar. CCH: unk.
VIRGINIA: Williamsburg, 23185 (College of William & Mary Summer Band School); June 20-July 17. Dir: C.R. Varner. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
WASHINGTON: Cheney, 99004 (High School Creative Arts Summer Series, Eastern Washington State College); June 20-July 3. Dir: George Lotzenhiser. F: James Albert, Martin Zyzkowski, Ralph Manzo. Curr: bb/5, th/5, ar/5, materials/5. CCH: none. Since 1960.
Pullman, 99163 (Washington State Univ.); June 20-July 10. Dir: Randall Spicer. F: unk. Curr: bb/ ar, guitar. CCH: none.
Tacoma, 98447 (Pacific Lutheran Univ. NW Summer Music Camp); July 18-25. Dir: Larry Meyer. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
WEST VIRGINIA: Athens, 24712 (Concord College Summer Music Camp); June 20-July 17. Dir: Clayton El Heath. F: unk. Curr: bb, swing choir CCH: unk.
Morgantown, 26505 (West Virginia Fine Arts Music Camp); July 18-Aug. 7. Dir: Donald Portnoy. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
West Liberty, 26074 (Summer Music Camp for high school students, Hall of Fine Arts, West Liberty State College); June 13-19. Dir: Edward C. Wolf. F: Albert DeVaul, Charles Bogress, Harald Wlesner, Wolf. Curr: bb/10, c/6, th/6. CCH: none.
WISCONSIN: Madison, 53706 (Univ. of Wisconsin; senior music clinic—July 4-17; junior music clinic—June 27-July 3. Dir: Richard Wolf. F: unk. Curr: bb, rock band ensemble, swing choir. CCH: unk.
Platteville, 53818 (Wisconsin State Univ. Pioneer Summer Band Camp); June 6-12. Dir: William B. Tietze. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
Stevens Point, 54481 (Point Music Camp, Wisconsin State Univ.); junior high camp—June 6-12; senior camp—June 13-26. Dir: Donald H. Ripplinger. F: James Duggan, Neil Weight, William Schmid. Curr: bb/6; th/12, ar/4. CCH: none.
Whitewater, 53190 (Wisconsin State Univ.); June 20-July 2. Dir: Robert K. Webb. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
WYOMING: Laramie, 82070 (Univ. of Wyoming Summer Music Camp); June 13-25. Dir: Ronald J. Kuhn. F: unk. Curr: bb. CCH: unk.
CANADA: Vancouver, B.C. (Symposium of Music and Life); June 16-22; June 23-29. Dir: Paul Horn. F: Horn. Curr: woodwinds, im, th, c, rhythm section workshop. U.S. residents write 3682¼ Fredonia Dr. Hollywood, Cal. 90028; Canadian residents write P.O. Box 5240, Postal Station b, Victoria, B.C.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

nights. The band also appeared at the March 11 Town Hall benefit concert for Phoenix House, with Joe Farrell subbing for regular tenorist Billy Harper and Joe Temperley in for Pepper Adams. Also on the bill were Frank Foster's quintet (Charles McGhee, trumpet; Roland Hanna, piano; Gene Perla, bass; Ray Appleton, drums) and Kenny Burrell's quartet (Richard Wyands, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Lennie McBrowne, drums) . . . Gil Evans, who'll be going to Europe later in the year, rehearsed works in progress with members of the Jazz Composers Orchestra Assoc. March 8 in the JCOA's ongoing open workshop series at the Public Theater. Musicians included trumpeters Johnny Coles, Mike Lawrence and Louis Mucci; Oxford Kitchengs, French horn; Jack Jeffers, bass trombone; Howard Johnson, tuba, baritone sax; Tyrone Washington, tenor; Becky Friend, flutes; Joe Beck, guitar; Don Preston, synthesizer; Herb Bushler, bass; Lenny White, drums; Sue Evans, percussion . . . Gene Ammons, who went from the Club Baron to gigs in Newark and Buffalo, returned to Manhattan March 22 for a week at the East Village "In" following Leon Thomas' weekend stint and a week by Roy Ayers' Ubiquity. Trumpeter Cal Massey, with a group including pianist Dave Burrell and Archie Shepp, was set to follow Jug. The lower East Side club also featured a group led by Steve Getz (drummer son of Stan) March 16-17, with Fly McClard, alto, soprano; Andrew Woolfolk, tenor; Lonnie Meurer, electric piano; Rick Stefens, bass . . . At nearby Pee Wee's, Walter Davis, Jr., piano; Scotty Holt, bass, and Philly Joe Jones, drums have been holding forth Fridays and Saturdays, while drummer George Scott presides on Sunday and Monday nights . . . Blues giants Bukka White and Muddy Waters were among the March attractions at the Gaslight . . . Several jazz organizations joined forces in presenting Franz Jackson and his Chicagoans at a Sunday afternoon benefit session for Jazz Adventures at the Downbeat. Jackson, playing clarinet and soprano sax, led Leon Scott, trumpet; Preston Jackson, trombone; Little Brother Montgomery, piano, vocals; Ike Robinson, banjo, vocals; Bill Oldham, tuba; Tommy Benford, drums, and singer Jeanne Carroll. Also on hand was the Jazz Adventures house trio (Hal Galper, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Jimmy Madison, drums), and sitters-in Tony Parenti, clarinet; Red Richards, piano; Milt Hinton and Frank Skeete, bass, and Natalie Lamb, vocal. The non-playing guests included Buck Clayton, Dickie Wells, Hayes Alvis, Wilbur DeParis, Clyde Bernhardt, and Victoria Spivey. The sponsors, the New York Hot Jazz Society and the Connecticut Traditional Jazz Club (for whom Jackson & Co. had played concerts earlier in the week), were assisted by Jazz Interactions, the Duke Ellington Society, and the Overseas Press Jazz Club. Jazz Adventures' Jack Tafoya packed the house at the Friday noon event featuring

Billy Taylor's big band, following up with Jim Hall and Chico Hamilton (the latter replacing Elvin Jones) . . . Taylor's trio gig at Top of the Gate was followed by a March 30-April 4 stand by vibist Vera Auer's quartet (Hugh Brodie, tenor sax; Bob Cunningham, bass; Walter Perkins, drums), which also did a March 3 concert at Coutee Cullen Library . . . The Wings Club admission-free presentations of big band rehearsals at the Hotel Biltmore have become regular Sunday happenings, taking place from 3 to 7 p.m. An 18-piece Local 802 workshop band, directed by Julius Schwartz and Jerry Kail, Lew Anderson's swing band, and a Gene Roland group have been featured, and Pat Rizzo's 15-piecer is up April 18 . . . Ahmad Jamal's Trio, Tyrone Washington's Quartet, an ensemble co-led by Jackie and Rene McLean (father and son), and Hakim Ali's Universal Messengers were presented by the Mosque of Islamic Brotherhood and the Student's Afro-American Society March 14 at Wollman Auditorium, Columbia University . . . Grachan Moncur III is musical director of the Community Thing Project, teaching neighborhood children in the Harlem community. Pianist Dave Burrell assists . . . Yusef Lateef, Joe Lee Wilson Plus Five. McCoy Tyner and others played a March 29 benefit for the Harlem Prep School . . . Pianist Ron Burton, bassist Hakim Jami, and drummer Michael Shepherd have been holding Sunday afternoon jams at Diggs' Den. The same trio, known as The Chalice of Golden Thought, performs with guest artists Monday nights from 10 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. at C&B Studios, 737 St. Nicholas Ave. Reedman Roland Alexander (March 15) was the first guest, followed by Kiane Zawadi, trombone and euphonium. Others scheduled include Billy Harper, Carlos Ward, Gary Chandler, and Charles McGhee . . . Carlos Garnett's Black Universal Force gave a March 18 concert at Manhattan Community College, with Zawadi, Burton, Jami, and drummer Norman Connors . . . At Kimano's, Gary Bartz' NTU Troop, Joe Lee Wilson Plus Five, and Gleen Brooks' Black Dance Company did a Saturday festival . . . Singer Wilson also appeared at the Id in Brooklyn . . . Pianist Peter Mendelsohn, with Teddy Kotick, bass, and Al Levitt, drums, played at 74 Trinity Place March 19 . . . Trumpeter Ted Curson's Quintet (Charlie Klaif, piano; Mel Nussbaum, guitar; Jimmy Garrett; bass; Al Mouzon, drums) gave a free concert April 14 at Hamilton Fish Library . . . The Rashied Ali Quartet was at the East in Brooklyn . . . Bronx Community College will hold a May 2 mini-festival featuring styles from Dixieland to contemporary. Call 292-1144 for details, not available at presstime . . . The Sunday sessions at Your Father's Mustache run by bassist-vocalist Red Balaban have been featuring regulars Ed Polcer, trumpet; Herb Gardner, Ed Hubble, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet, soprano; Dill Jones, Chuck Folds, piano, and Marcus Foster, drums, with recent guests including Roswell Rudd (who also played tuba and showed he'd not at all forgotten his traditional beginnings), Max Kaminsky, and Conrad Janis. Balaban also runs Saturday night sessions at the

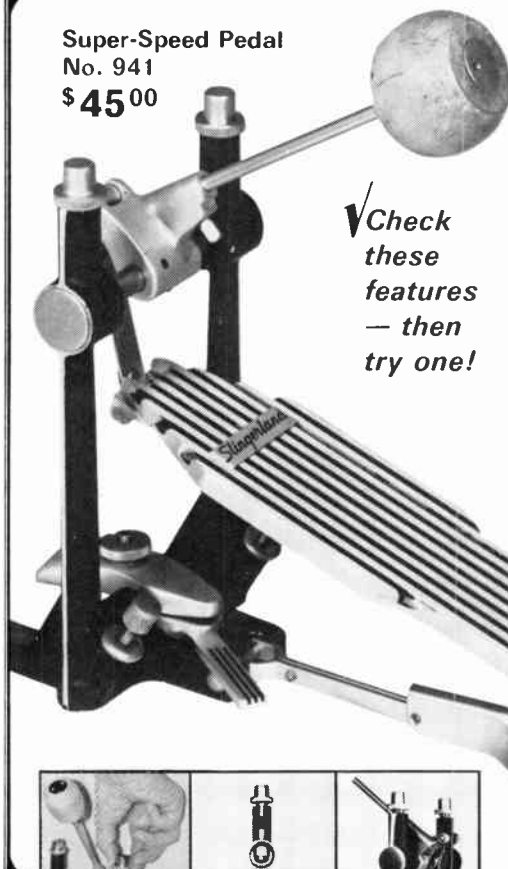
Town House in East Rutherford, New Jersey . . . Guitarist Charlie Brown was at Bradley's in the Village with Bill Takas, bass, and Tom McFaul, drums . . . Dada, a British group described as "the first rock Lambert, Hendricks & Ross," began its U.S. debut tour March 10, including stints at Ungano's and Fillmore East. Elkie Brooks and Robert Palmer are the singers, and trombonist John Lee, reedmen-flutists Barry Duggan and Malcolm Capewell, keyboarder Don Shinn, guitarist-leader Peter Gage, bassist Steve York, and drummer Martyn Harryman round out the personnel . . . CTI Records have started a jazz singles line. First releases include Freddie Hubbard, Hubert Laws, and Stanley Turrentine pieces, all culled

from LPs . . . During his Rainbow Grill stint, Louis Prima celebrated the 35th anniversary of his opening at the Famous Door on 52nd St. With Prima at the Grill were such standbys as tenorist Sam Butera and drummer Jimmy Vincent, plus flashy young pianist-organist Richie Yarrowalla, guitarist Ronnie James, bassist Rollie Dee, and others.

Los Angeles: At the risk of redundancy, Shelly Manne was the recipient of "A Salute to Shelly Manne," by the organization he has belonged to for over ten years: The American Civil Liberties Union. The ACLU fund-raiser was held at the Marina del Rey Hotel in Marina

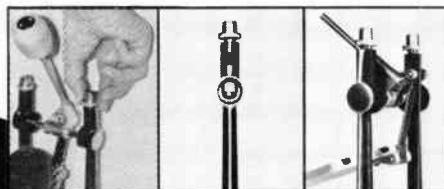
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del Rey and those appearing included: Cat Anderson, Cannonball Adderley, Willie Bobo, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Larry Bunker, Victor Feldman, Dave Grusin, Irene Kral, Benny Powell, Ruth Price, Bud Shank, Gabor Szabo, and Cal Tjader. As for Shelly's own Manne-Hole, Young-Holt Unlimited followed Eddie Harris into the club. Shelly's own combo still gigs on weekends, and the 12-piece jazz-rock group, Transfusion, is still there on Mondays . . . Out at the beach, Hermosa Beach, a slightly different approach has to be taken. The Lighthouse is closed Mondays, ladies are admitted free on Wednesdays, and students pay half-price for admission. Cal Tjader followed Lee Morgan there . . . Cannonball Adderley seems to be over his "transition blues" brought on by the departure of Joe Zawinul. He tried one pianist briefly; even added the frantic guitar of Sonny Sharrock. But during his recent Hong Kong bar gig, the permanent Cannonball quintet emerged: George Duke is the new pianist (as reported in db April 15) and Sharrock has been unplugged. Coming attractions to the HKB include Ramsey Lewis, The Four Freshmen, and Charlie Byrd . . . The cup and the bandstand continue to runneth over at Donte's, despite the "repertory swingers" who show up in each other's combos. Guitar Night featured the Joe Pass Quartet, with Terry Trotter, piano; Jim Hughart, bass; Frank Severino, drums. Herb Ellis fronted a quintet that included Bill Berry, Frank Strazzeri, Chuck Domanico and Jake Hanna . . . Jack Sheldon brought in his "Roving Band" and they turned out to be Bill Berry, Jake Hanna, Frank Strazzeri, Benny Powell, Richie Kamuca, and Gene Cherico . . . Ollie Mitchell fronted a crew he dubbed The Good Stuff. They included Tom Bahler, John Bahler, Chuck Findley, Larry Carlton, Dick Hyde, Tom Scott, Max Bennett and John Guerin . . . Scott and Guerin, along with Chuck Domanico made up the Victor Feldman Quartet that played Donte's for three nights. Jack Nimitz and Richie Kamuca co-led a quintet with Jimmy Rowles, Leroy Vinnegar and Jimmy Smith supplying the rhythm . . . Among the big bands to work Donte's during March were Dick Grove and Dee Barton . . . The big band of Don Ellis played a one-nighter in Seattle at the Steak Out . . . The John Carter-Bobby Bradford Quintet played at the Surfrider, in Santa Monica, in Chuck Niles, continuing series of Sunday matinee gigs. Personnel: Carter, reeds; Bradford, trumpet; Nate Morgan, piano; Tom Williamson, bass, and Bruz Freeman, drums . . . Another group recently featured at the Surfrider, and also in the modern vein, was fronted by John Klemmer. Personnel: Oscar Brashear, trumpet; Klemmer, tenor sax; Mike Lang, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; John Dentz, drums. Klemmer is continuing on his writing spurt, adding two charts to Don Ellis' book and one for Bobby Bryant's next album . . . Dave Mackay and Ted Hughart look like a permanent fixture at the Samoa House in Encino. Ted is Jim Hughart's brother, and also a bassist. Reed man Ira Schulman has sat in with

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the duo. In a sense, so did **Carmen McRae**. Carmen actually displaced Mackay at the keyboard and accompanied herself. Mackay recently married singer **Melissa Stafford**. She works on the *Dean Martin Show* and tours with **Burt Bacharach**. Also to her credit is the one-time title "Miss Vermont." . . . **Frank Rosolino** was guest soloist at a special concert by The Jazz/Rock Coalition under the direction of trombonist **Stewart Underm**. The concert was held at the Inglewood Church of Religious Science . . . **Nelson Riddle** and his orchestra were featured at Disneyland for a recent Sunday Afternoon Musicale . . . A two-night orgy of nostalgia at the Wilshire-Ebell Theater featured **Eubie Blake**—88, and still doing his Ragtime thing—in a show called *Where It Was* . . . **Barney Kessel** is getting his kicks lately with a pair of soft rockers, **Spencer Davis** and **Pete Jameson**. He recorded with them for their first album, and joined them for their gig at the Troubadour . . . **Helena Ferguson** will follow **Green Banks** (**Ralph Green-Ernie Banks**) into the Parisian Room. Dates for Green Banks: April 20-May 30; Miss Ferguson opens June 1 and stays through July 11 . . . One of the most ambitious stage bands in the state, the Corona Senior High School Jazz Ensemble (also one of the largest—24 sidemen, count 'em 24) just undertook its second annual tour, playing in Arroyo Grande, Monterey, San Leandro, Diablo, Sacramento and Reno, Nevada in a six-day period. Director **Roger Rickson** keeps the book filled with difficult charts. Among the arrangers: **Bill Holman**, **Dave Grusin**, **Dick Grove**, **Dee Barton**, **Ralph Carmichael**, **Willie Maiden**, **Johnny Richards** and **Hank Levy**. During February, charts by **Bill Fritz**, **John Prince** and **Don Rader** were commissioned . . . And a note from **Dale Frank** (he has done a lot of arranging for **Bobby Bryant**, and was music director for **Esther Phillips** at Monterey '70) reveals that he left the rat race for the peace of mind of Denver, Colo. Frank intends to put a completely original book together for a big band and he's giving himself a year in which to do it. He's working in the construction field by day and writing by night and on weekends. Bryant takes a dim view of the sabbatical. He feels that any young arranger should be where the action is . . . Drummer **Carl Lott** will be out of sight permanently in a little while. Presently in **Bobby Bryant's** combo, Lott has decided to pull up roots and head back home to Houston. He intends to teach there, open his own club and do some architectural designing.

Chicago: Mister Kelly's, which has undergone a change in policy in recent months (more youth-oriented acts—the under-40 set was staying away in droves and the tired-and-true cabaret acts, comics and singers, just weren't pulling crowds) inaugurated a new Sunday jazz brunch policy on March 21 with music supplied by the **Franz Jackson-Norm Murphy Quintet**. With Jackson on tenor sax and Murphy on trumpet were pianist **Bob Wright**, guitarist **Marty Grosz**, and drum-

mer **Bob Cousins**. **Cy Touff's Quartet** followed March 28. The brunch begins at 11, the music starts at 1 and lasts until 4 . . . **Pepper Adams** and **Sonny Stitt** did a Modern Jazz Showcase session at the North Park Hotel March 14 . . . Trumpeter **Leo Smith** led his **New Delta Double Orchestra** (13 pieces in each group) in a recent Sunday concert at the Free Theater on North Wells Street . . . Following **Roy Eldridge's** three-weeker at the London House was **Don Lewis**, the Mod Man of the Hammond. But **George Shearing** comes in April 14 for three weeks . . . **Black Sabbath** and **Dreams** were the last two attractions at the Syndrome. The old Coliseum failed to meet stress standards and was closed by the Building Commissioner . . . **Pepper's**, local blues haven of repute, has moved from its longtime southside location to the old Club Tejar at 1321 S. Michigan Ave. **Johnny Pepper**, owner of the club, said the move was due to "disintegration, the tearing down of the old neighborhood, and the hassling of mixed couples." Nightly blues sessions run under a no-cover or minimum policy, but name attractions on weekends (**Howlin' Wolf** played March 19-21; **Muddy Waters**, **Junior Wells**, and **James Cotton** are set to follow) have a \$2 cover charge . . . The **Salty Dogs** did a concert at the Big Horn in nearby Ivanhoe. Personnel: **Lew Green**, cornet, leader; **Tom Bartlett**, trombone; **Kim Cusack**, clarinet; **John Cooper**, piano; **Jack Kunel**, banjo; **Mike Walbridge**, tuba, and **Wayne Jones**, drums. Bassist **Rail Wilson** sat in with the Big Horn's regular band on a recent Saturday night . . . **Art Hodes' Sunday** afternoon gigs at the Pickle Barrel in the Park Forest Shopping Center have been extended indefinitely . . . **Gallery Musical Ensemble**, in addition to its regular Friday evening stints at the South Side Community Art Center Coffee House, did a Saturday evening concert at the Museum of Modern Art. The group also journeyed to St. Louis, Mo. to play at the **BAG** (**Black Artists Group**).

Baltimore: **Johnny Hartman**, backed by the **Fuzzy Kane Trio**, played the Royal Roost in February . . . **James Moody**, with organist **Mickey Tucker**, drummer **Roy Brooks**, and singer **Eddie Jefferson**, appeared at the Famous Ballroom for the Left Bank Jazz Society Feb. 7. The following weekend, the **LBJS** brought in **Les McCann** . . . Also on the 14th, the **Bee Gees** and the **Staple Singers** played two SRO shows at Painters Mill for Tree Frog Productions, which has been booking rock groups at the suburban theater-in-the-round since the downtown Civic Center imposed a ban on rock shows several months ago . . . On Feb. 21, the area's music fans could choose among the **New Orleans Preservation Hall Jazz Band** at Goucher College, **Bill Russo** and the **Rock Theater** at Peabody Conservatory, **Duke Ellington** at the Left Bank, and three rock groups, including **Mylon**, a gospel-blues outfit from Atlanta, and **Edgar Winter** at Painters Mill . . . The Russo concert, repeated the following Tuesday, consisted of *The Eng-*

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New Jersey: Richard's Lounge, 1038 Rt. 9, Lakewood, brought back Elvin Jones (with Joe Farrell, Frank Foster and Gene Perla) for an Easter stint April 8-11. The famous drummer initiated a jazz policy at the club last December, and there has been live music since then, on Wednesdays through Saturday nights and Sunday afternoon. The original house trio (Palmer Jenkins, reeds; Sammy Pugh, organ; owner Dick Stein, drums) is still around, but on Friday and Saturday, trumpeter Ralph Abel replaces Jenkins and Art Major takes over the drums. For two weekends in March, the New Cambridge Trio (Art Bressler, alto, tenor, flute; Steve Lusardi, organ; Ron Scavron, drums) was featured, and on Feb. 28, trumpeter Lee Morgan and tenorist Billy Mitchell were special guest stars. Mondays may bring anything from chamber music to poetry readings. All this 60 miles south of New York . . . Organist Charlie Earland, at Newark's Key Club, had Gary Chandler, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Vass, reeds, flute; Maynard Parker, guitar, and Jesse Kilpatrick, drums . . . The Barry Miles Trio filled the house at Gulliver's in Patterson March 5 and 6, and did three concerts at Princeton the following weekend. The young pianist had Larry Kit on bass and Ron Glick on drums . . . Jerry Dodgion, with wife Dotty Dodgion

on drums plus John Coates, piano, and Bob Cranshaw, bass, did a Sunday service at Ridgewood Unitarian Church . . . The Town House, 125 Park Ave., East Rutherford, is the scene of Saturday night traditional sessions organized by Red Balaban. Among the many musicians who've participated are trumpeters Ed Polcer, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky; trombonists Dick Rath, Ed Hubble, Conrad Janis; clarinetists Herb Hall, Kenny Davern, Sal Pace, Bob Wilber; banjoist Gim Burton, and drummers Marcus Foster and Buzzy Drootin.

Cleveland: Jack McDuff came into the Brougham Lounge and was followed by Stanley Turrentine for a week . . . Bill Gidney and Chink Stephenson continue to hold forth at Night Town on Wednesdays and Thursday, while Duke Jenkins has moved his trio for a lengthy stay at Sim's Other Place to the new Inner Circle at La Place . . . Kent State's Bill Dobbins has been leading his own combo, Omnibus, at various jazz concerts including one at Karamu House . . . Pianist Bobby Few, reunited with Ray Ferris and Civera Jeffries (the old East Jazz Trio) is back at the Casablanca Lounge, apparently for an indefinite stay . . . Pianist Dick Moné remains at the Cleveland Play House . . . Eddie Bacens' Trio worked a recent Sunday gig at the new Casino Royale . . . The Tom Clair Trio (Noel McClure, bass; John Jay, drums) continues to keep westsiders happy at the Silverthorne Room of the Westlake Hotel . . . Jazz on the air in Cleveland is still doing well. Dave Hawthorne can still be heard on WJW from midnight to 5 on the AM dial, now competing with Otis White on WJMO. Meanwhile, WCUY, the only jazz FM station, has expanded its coverage recently, extending their stereo broadcast to a 24-hour, seven-night schedule. Jazz history is featured daily at 1 p.m. with John Richmond and a live interview show, *Let's Talk About Jazz*, is heard at 7 p.m. with down beat correspondent Chris Colombi. Recent guests on the show: Herbie Mann, and local musicians Bill Gidney, Joe de Jarnette, and Tony Lovano (currently appearing at the Gaslight) . . . Buddy Rich played Painesville recently and will return to The Other Place in April. The big bands of Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich were featured there on Monday nights in March.

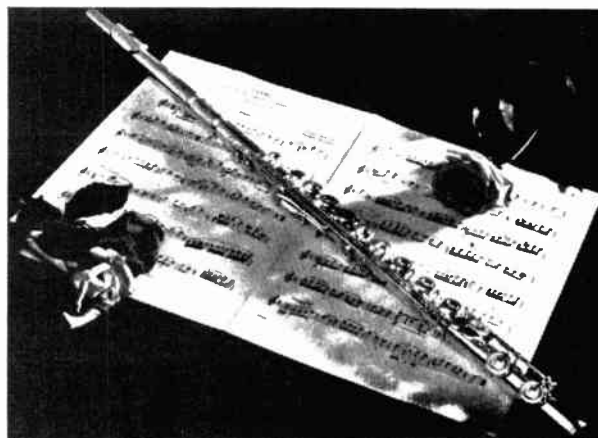
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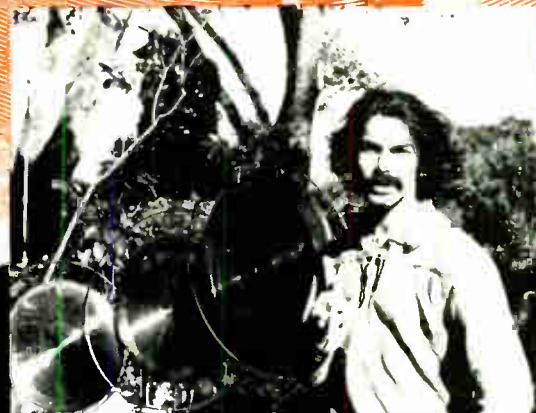
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