

JULY 20, 1972

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38th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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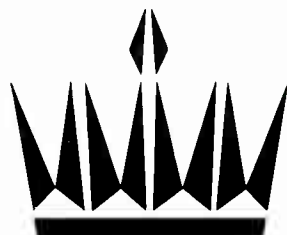
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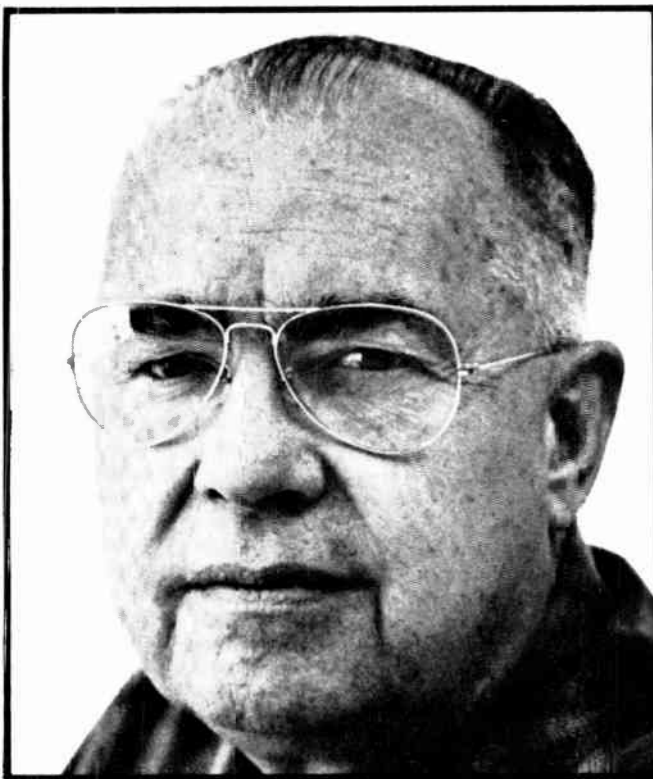
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the first chorus

By Charles Suber

It has been a tradition for down beat's publisher to wax historical on the occasion of this magazine's anniversary. I'd rather skip the tradition this year, if you don't mind—not because it isn't a prideful thing to reflect on 38 years of consecutive publication with paid circulation at an all-time high of over 90,000 copies per issue (got that in anyway)—because there are other things going on now to which we should pay mindful attention.

Let's start—not at any particular beginning—but with an observation that is becoming more clear as the days wear on. Too many "adults" are playing games with the lives of younger people.

Remember the Ladd McIntosh affair? Well, it's settled. The students lost.

McIntosh's contract has not been renewed. Bill Fowler, the former head of the University of Utah's jazz major program is taking a sabbatical. The music faculty who booted McIntosh out (for succeeding all too well) is going to run an emasculated jazz program by committee—eight sweaty hands trying to grip one baton. The university administration, though so sorely tempted, has decided to maintain decorum and protocol and not take over direct jurisdiction of the music department. The replacement of both the Dean of the School of Fine Arts (who is also embroiled in an almost identical situation in the art department) and the chairman of the music department will be accelerated because of their disregard of the student's welfare, but not in time—not in time. The soonest that anything good could happen at U.U. would be 1974. It will take that long for new administrators to come in and then convince jazz educators of the caliber of McIntosh and Fowler that the coast is indeed clear. (The present "search" committee is only empowered to offer a visiting instructorship that does not offer tenure.) Applicants beware.

Most of the out-of-stage jazz majors will go elsewhere next term. The Utah students are trapped unless they can come up with out-of-state tuition or change their major to animal husbandry. And why? Because eight men and women on the music faculty fear and hate—yes, hate—what jazz stands for. They're jealous of the kind of beautiful freedom and musicianship demonstrated by McIntosh, Fowler, and the students. They hate those who raise a fuss and talk about a student's right to an education of his choice. They hate what they sense about themselves and what they have become. And, I dare say, they hate the young for being young. Secure in their own tenure, they act out the charades of position papers and committee studies but the results are meaningless because it's all one big GAME: a game that some people play with other people's lives.

The "Chicago problem" is much bigger in terms of the number of persons involved (600,000 public school students) and in the GAME plan (all music, art, and physical education removed from the 1972-73 budget) but is really more to simple to correct if you understand that it is easier to change a person's vote than his heart. That is, a person will change his vote if he feels responsibility to something or somebody regardless of what his heart keeps saying. I don't believe for one minute that any member of the Chicago Board of Education who voted to remove music from a child's school experience has had a change of heart even though he/she has changed his/her vote. (The Board has now voted to restore the excluded programs IF the Illinois legislature votes more funds.) The change of vote came as a result of the people in Chicago coming to life and packing the public hearing of the Board and demanding that music, etc. remain as part of their children's education. What the Board of Education did—and some version of this is happening or is contemplated in your city—was to hold the public school students as hostages for ransom payable by the legislature. The action—if not the actual dialog—went something like this:

We're short of money as usual. Let's cut out the frills and see what happens but let's not tell anyone. If no one notices, we've saved some money and we can look like fiscal friendlies. If the cuts are spotted we'll say that we meant to include money for those important things but the mean old legislators won't come across with any extra funds (music is always an extra). If the legislature says no, our consciences are clear. If they say yes, we're heroes.

But now the people to whom the board members and the legislators are responsible are saying: STOP THE GAMES. Stop playing with my kids. Find the money for a complete education or else! (The details of the "else" have been elaborated on to some degree by certain quiet-voiced Chicago citizens in private, not-for-publication sessions.)

Please, let's keep the GAMES non-lethal. No more Chicken or Russian Roulette or any other forms of brinksmanship. Tell them that the damn thing is loaded and we could all get hurt.

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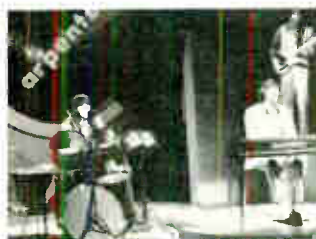
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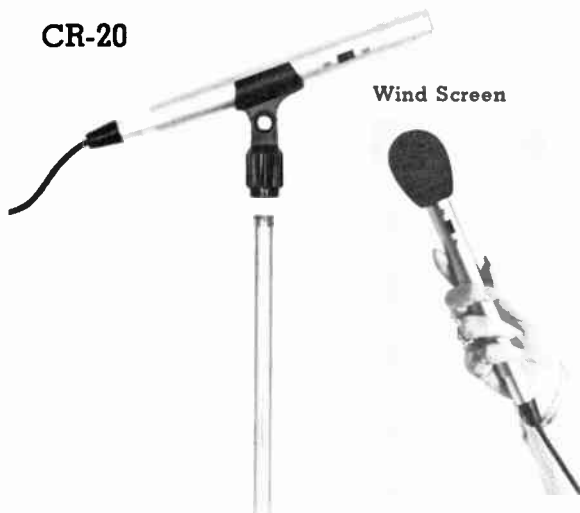
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chords and discords

Quality Control

In awarding four-and-a-half stars to Johnny Coles' Katumbo LP, did reviewer Will Smith downgrade the LP for (1) the too-frequent casual intonation of the horn ensemble, (2) the gross lack of bass response on the LP or (3) the lack of quality control (assuming I wasn't sold bootleg copies) that resulted in various pops, scratches and skips as well as a warp that rendered the opening cuts of both sides virtually unplayable?

Producer Bobby Shad's past and present contributions to the general jazz welfare have been substantial. And reviews that emphasize the positive do more overall good than the ungenerous variety.

But the constant battle for jazz exposure is difficult enough without the added and unnecessary burden of technical deficiencies which the idiom's competitors nowadays take great pains to eliminate.

Substance admittedly should take priority over the trappings, but not to such an unbalanced extent... if we're to succeed in opening up the ears of the sound-quality-wise young.

Dave Blume

Red River Productions

New York, N.Y.

Bass Backlash

Please publish more articles like the one entitled Double Take: Ron Carter and Richard Davis (db, May 11). The following statements by Ron Carter were most informative:

1: "White society makes the black artist scuffle for his bread and his recognition."

2: "Everybody who plays any music but jazz has a contract."

3: "I'd like to take a year off and just go study the bass, learn all I can. But I can't. They won't let me. I have to conclude it's because I'm black." (My italics.)

Ron's observations and conclusions are very interesting and informative. (Maybe it's because I'm white; the meaning is clear.)

Fred Gruman

Syracuse, N.Y.

P.S.: I know several white musicians who have no contract. I'm sure Ron could tell them where to go.

Porcino Piece Pleases

William Whitworth's story on Al Porcino (db, April 27) made it for me.

I, too, have enjoyed listening to and playing next to lead trumpet players in different bands, and I agree Al has to be next to or right on top of the lead man heap.

A good, really good, lead man has to be the heart of a big band. It must be frustrating for musicians like Al to stumble about in the quagmire of the music business, never attaining the heights of glory they should be basking in.

I want to thank down beat and Whitworth for at least giving a guy like Al a pat on the back and a small commercial plug.

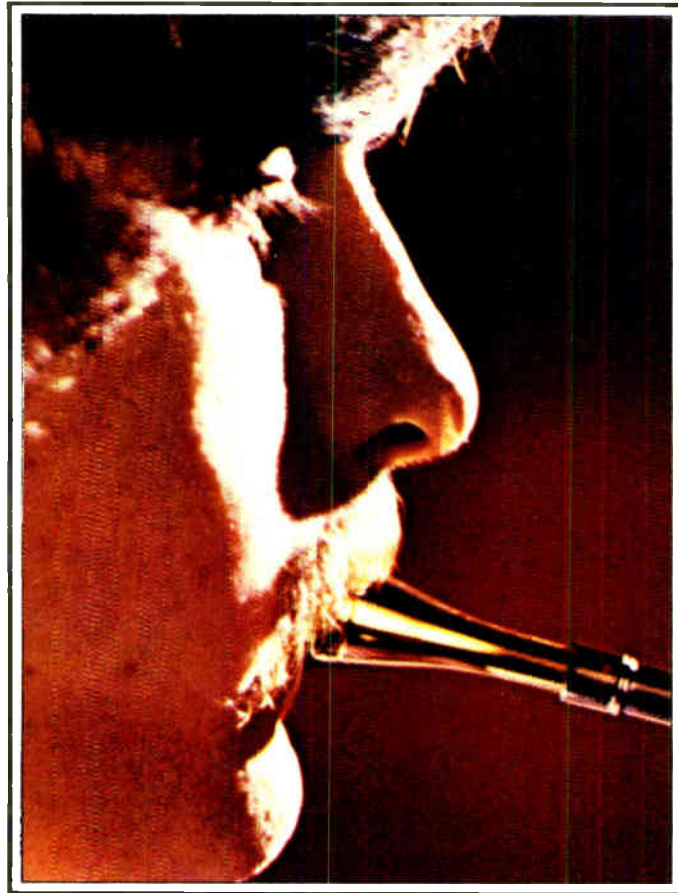
Don Blankenburg

Everett, Wash.

Correction

In my review of the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival (db, May 25), I erroneously identified the bassist in Children at Play as Chip Jackson. The name is Chris Amberger. Sorry.

--morgenstern



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down beat NEWS

UNUSUAL RECORD DATE JOINS EVANS, RUSSELL

It has been quite some time—more than 12 years, to be exact—since the remarkable talents of pianist Bill Evans and composer George Russell last interacted synergistically in a recording studio.

In mid-May, the association that produced such gems as *Concerto For Billy the Kid*, *Jazz in the Space Age*, and *Chromatic Universe* was revived in Columbia Records' 30th St. studios in New York, with results that are sure to be memorable.

With producer Helen Keane (Evans' manager) in the control booth, Russell presided over a lineup that reads like the proverbial dream band.

On trumpets were Snooky Young, Ernie Royal, Richard Williams and a sensational young Boston discovery of Russell's, Stanton Davis. Dave Baker and Garnett Brown played trombones, while Dave Bargeron (of Blood, Sweat & Tears and Gil Evans) divided his time between trombone and tuba. Howard Johnson tripled on tuba, fluegelhorn and bass clarinet, and the brasses were augmented by John Clark on French horn.

The reed section boasted Jimmy Giuffre, Joe Henderson and Sam Rivers, whose doubles and triples would take too long to list. Ron Carter, Stan Clark and Herb Bushler played bass, joined on occasion by guitarist Sam Brown, doubling bass guitar.

Ted Saunders and Webster Lewis (the latter another young man from Boston with fresh ideas), manned organ, electric piano and clavichord. All this was pushed by the drums of Tony Williams and the percussion of Mac Belair.

Set apart from this dream band physically, but close as could be musically, was the Bill Evans Trio, with Eddie Gomez, bass, and Marty Morrell, drums.

The undivided and enthusiastic attention of all this talent was focused on the creative challenge of recording Russell's *Living Time*, a major work in eight sections described by the composer as "music with layers of rhythmic action going on." (Part of this rhythmic action was generated by Russell himself, pulling a chain of beads across a set of tuned drums also played more conventionally by Williams with mallets.)

When the task was completed after several days of sessions, the warm vibrations in the studio were a happy reflection of the pride and satisfaction that comes from having been involved in a genuine creative effort.

Living Time is scheduled for July release.

—joe h. klee

FINAL CHANGES FOR BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS

The photo we published of the new Blood, Sweat & Tears in our May 11 issue has already become a historical artifact.

After some hectic weeks of reshuffling, the

real new BS&T was happily recording its new album for Columbia in late May, with the following lineup:

Lew Soloff, Chuck Winfield, trumpets; Dave Bargeron, trombone; Lou Marini, reeds; Larry Willis, keyboards; George Wadenius, Steve Katz, guitars; Jim Fielder, bass; Bobby Colomby, drums; Jerry Fischer, vocal.

Joe Henderson is out, replaced by Marini, a graduate of North Texas State College who has worked with Woody Herman and other heavies and is also writing for the group. Dick Halligan is out, replaced by Willis, a brilliant young pianist who's led his own groups and worked with many jazz names, most recently Joe Newman. And Bobby Doyle is out, replaced by Fischer, reportedly a fine singer who also is a trained musician (he plays piano).

We're waiting for a new photo.

B.G. GOES TO BAT FOR CHICAGO SCHOOL MUSIC

Benny Goodman made a special trip to his hometown of Chicago in mid-May to testify at

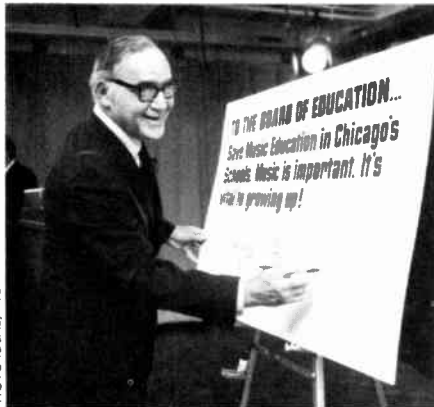


PHOTO IDEAS, INC.

the public hearing of the Chicago Board of Education on the proposed elimination of music (and art and physical education) from the city's elementary and high schools.

The petition shown in the photograph was signed by Goodman at a press conference the morning of the hearings. Goodman, who received his early musical training at Hull House and Harrison High School in Chicago, told the board members that it would be "tragic to eliminate music from the lives of children" and that such a move would "work a special hardship on families in the inner city and the ghetto who could not flee to the suburbs in search of a more complete education."

Goodman's appearance was arranged by SOME (Save Our Music Education), a citizen's committee organized to inform teachers, students and parents of the budget cuts which had never been released to the public. At press time, the school board has stated that the programs and 4,200 teaching positions will be restored to the budget in September IF additional monies are forthcoming from the Illinois State Legislature. The fight continues.

JAZZ MUSEUM OPENS IN N.Y., SETS WIDE SCOPE

The New York Jazz Museum, the country's only museum devoted to the entire jazz scene, opened its doors to the public June 16 at a converted carriage house at 125 West 55th St. in midtown Manhattan with a special exhibit dedicated to Louis Armstrong.

The museum will display photos, instruments and other jazz memorabilia, have daily showings of rare jazz films and of *Jazz Panorama*, a slide-and-tape presentation, and is open daily except Mondays from 12 to 8 p.m. Admission is free.

The museum, founded by the New York Hot Jazz Society, was made possible by a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts. Attorney Howard Fischer is executive director, and photographer-writer Jack Bradley managing director. In order to raise additional operating funds (contributions are welcomed) the museum will run a "jazz store" selling new and used records, books and periodicals, photos, posters and jazz novelties. A mail-order catalog is available. There is also a jazz information center listing all N.Y. area jazz events on the premises.

A pre-opening party was held June 15 with live music by Tyree Glenn and his combo. The museum's board of trustees includes Mrs. Louis Armstrong, Billy Taylor, Milt Hinton, Clark Terry, John Hammond, Jr., Norman O'Connor, George Wein and Nat Hentoff.

CBA CONFERENCE SEEKS UNITY OF BLACK ARTISTS

The Collective Black Artists is an organization of creative artists in all fields which for the past two years has been active in the New York area. The C.B.A. has produced concerts and other public events and publishes its own newspaper. Recently, the organization sponsored its own most ambitious effort to date.

The C.B.A.'s First Annual Symposium was held at the Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation building in the heart of Bed-Stuy in Brooklyn, N.Y. on April 28, 29 and 30.

The first evening was devoted to registration, orientation, and a jam session. Registration included filling out two elaborate questionnaires concerning the needs, desires, goals and welfare of those attending the symposium.

Following that, a panel led a discussion of the general problems facing the creative musician in his profession. The panel included musicians Robert Williams, Jimmy Owens, Genghis Nor and Reggie Workman, plus George Bookhard, a member of the Bedford-Stuyvesant community interested in restoration and renaissance, and Dr. Leonard Goines, musician and educator.

It was pointed out that while creative music has been and is a high art, it is also a lucrative pursuit which unfortunately has been ex-

ploited, economically and creatively, by those in control, who also have relegated it to second-class citizenship. Robert Williams called for the placement of the creative musician on an equal footing in the spectrum of the academic, social and economic fields.

The discussion was then opened to members of the audience and many unpleasant truths about the controlling social attitudes and their effects on the creative musician were reiterated. The evening concluded with a jam session.

On the second day, sandwiched between a Young People's Workshop in the morning and a later Workshop on Musical Improvisation, there was a panel conducted by Jimmy Owens on the Business Aspect of the Music Industry. Taking part in the discussion were musicians Dizzy Gillespie and Chris White and Prof. Joe Clair of Howard University and Ed Howard, both lawyers in the field of creative arts.

Dizzy led off with several examples of how the industry takes over the artist's product to the point where he may no longer see or desire the advantages of personal control. He pointed out that by establishing a divisive pecking order of stardom, by singling out individual musicians for particular elevation, musicians themselves have often played into the hands of a destructive competitive attitude instead of realizing that there is a bond between all creative musicians.

Again, as during the entire symposium, the discussion got around to the central issue: control of the artist's product. It was pointed out, again and again, that in order to gain control, three major factors must be brought together in harmony: expertise, unity and initiative. Black artists must come together in a spirit of nationhood to cope with and meet problems on a unified basis in all areas. Black people must see themselves as a viable and effective force, but this force can only lobby effectively through rank and file unity. But even with proper analysis of the problem, creative musicians will still not be able to effectively determine their destinies unless individual initiative is channeled into group action. (To put it another way, you don't win battles sitting on your big fat rusty dusty.)

It was the feeling of the assembly that the power and potential exist—that this is no longer the question. The goal now should be to get the system to work, through unity, initiative and expertise, for the creative musician so that he will achieve, through leverage and power, a restructuring of the economic division of the pie.

The C.B.A. obviously feels that the key to making the organization effective is education. In terms of the panel, this aim was realized when many participants in the audience stopped questioning the panelist's analysis of the problem and began to speak to the point of organizing, educating, and unifying towards the goal of effecting change.

It is the feeling of this observer that the time has come, or is fast approaching, when effective realization of these goals can be accomplished.

The third and last day included two afternoon panels. The first, led by Genghis Nor, included Dr. Leonard Goines, Dr. Ronald Wiggins, and Donald Byrd. Dr. Goines spoke about the African retention in American music. He outlined and gave examples of traceable characteristics of rhythmic complexity, improvisation, call and response pat-

terns, vocal and percussive approaches, etc., and pointed out that African retentions were present in much music of the Americas, particularly in those areas where they were least repressed, such as cult music.

Dr. Wiggins, from the University of Massachusetts, addressed himself to the need for an educational system that is content-oriented. He felt that education should move from a generally useless fact orientation to a process of offering options for expansion of the students' minds, thus expanding their world. To this, Byrd added that education has largely been a vehicle for the propagation of discriminatory moralistic and educational assumptions used in an attempt to Westernize people and orient them toward a single Western cultural concept.

After a short break, the final panel of the symposium met to discuss the ethics of the mass media. It included musicians Owens (the moderator), Byrd, Nor, and Workman and media men Gil Noble, Tom Skinner and Ed Williams.

Noble, a newscaster for ABC-TV, said that the entire television industry is controlled by non-blacks, and is set up to promote, justify and legitimize the controlling powers. Noble went on to say that although, as Skinner had mentioned, less than 2% of all people employed in television (including porters) were black, the profit margin of many giant sponsoring companies is often dependent on the black dollar market. Through selective black buying campaigns, he suggested, unified



muscle could be applied to bring about meaningful black programming sponsored and financed by such companies.

At this point, audience restlessness with the whys and wherefores of the situation spilled over in a call for less talk and a move toward effecting change. Suggestions ranged from trying to purchase a network to the more realistic idea of sponsoring, through C.B.A., television programs about and for the creative black artist, and then syndicating them for showing in various colleges and schools and to interested organizations.

At this point, a general call went out for the parties to use the C.B.A. as a clearing house and coordinating agency in bringing together expertise and support for the purpose of changing the status quo.

Through the three days, this observer was highly impressed with the seriousness of purpose, sense of direction, selflessness, and willingness to help exhibited by C.B.A.'s staff.

It is obvious that there has been and is a great need for change and effective action in dealing with and modifying America's social, economic and cultural power system. It is also obvious that the "establishment" will only recognize the voice of reason when it feels the impact of its muscle.

The C.B.A. clearly has the potential — what it now needs is unified support. Organizations or individuals interested in knowing more about C.B.A. may contact the organization by writing to P.O. Box 94, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10036. —robert d. rusch

FINAL BAR

Singer-guitarist Rev. Gary Davis, 76, died May 5 after suffering a heart attack on the New Jersey Turnpike on his way to a concert engagement.

Davis was born on a small farm in Laurens County, S.C. and was blinded in his youth. After playing with country blues bands he was ordained as a minister in 1933.

Two years later, he came to New York and recorded (as Blind Gary) for Perfect, also accompanying Blind Boy Fuller. He settled in New York in the early '40s, working as a street preacher and singer.

Rediscovered during the blues revival of the mid-'50s, Davis made a number of LPs for Prestige, Folk Lyric, and Vanguard and appeared at the Newport Folk Festival.

Davis, who played 12 and 6-string guitar and harmonica, specialized in religious material to which he brought a strong blues feeling. He also occasionally performed secular songs and ragtime-flavored instrumentals. A brilliant guitarist, he became quite active as a teacher with many private students in later years. Among his records, *Rev. Gary Davis at Newport* (Vanguard) can be singled out as a representative cross-section of his art.

Funeral services were held May 11 at Union Grove Baptist Church in the Bronx.

Saxophonist Marty Flax (Martin Flachsenhaar), 48, died May 3 in Las Vegas of throat cancer.

Flax had played baritone sax with Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie (including the 1956 Middle-East tour), Louis Jordan, Raymond Scott, Luck Millinder, Perez Prado, Les Elgart, Claude Thornhill, and Buddy Rich (circa 1966). For the past few years, he worked in Las Vegas hotel and lounge bands. His last job took place New Year's Eve backing Billy Eckstine at the Fremont.

potpourri

Latest entry in the booming mail-order record sweepstakes: **Hank Jones**. The pianist has issued, on his own Jazz Impact label, an album recorded at one of the 85 school concerts he has done with his group for the New Jersey Cultural Council. Called *Jazz Impact: A Musical Journey Through the Rich History of Jazz*, it features **Harold Lieberman**, trumpet, narrator; **Tom Newsom**, clarinet, tenor sax; **Mickey Gravine**, trombone; **Milt Hinton**, bass; **Ron Traxler**, drums, and Jones on piano and organ.

Count Basie and his band initiates a new summer policy at the St. Regis Roof of the Hotel St. Regis in New York July 6-26. The Roof, once a favorite spot for society dancing, has been closed for several years. **Buddy Rich** comes in July 27-Aug. 16, and **Woody Herman** follows Aug. 17-30. **Willard Alexander** is the man responsible for this welcome news for big band fanciers and dancers.

MGM Records (including the invaluable Verve catalog) has been acquired by Polygram, which already owns Mercury and Polydor Records. **Mike Curb**, president of MGM

Records, will head the new division, which will retain its autonomy within the Polygram operation.

Following up on the success of the recent New England college tour for several of its artists, Impulse Records took Alice Coltrane, John Klemmer and Michael White on an eight-date tour of Northwestern school May 11-20. The tour concluded with a May 21 concert at the Santa Monica (Calif.) Civic Auditorium. Archie Shepp replaced White at the May 20 concert in Berkeley.

John Lewis has again been appointed musical director of the Monterey Jazz Festival. This year's event, the 15th, is set for Sept. 15-17, with three evening and two afternoon concerts. The program is yet to be announced, but season tickets are now on sale. For information, write P.O. Box Jazz, Monterey, Calif. 93940.

The Harlem Cultural Music Festival will present a tribute to Mahalia Jackson July 9, beginning with a sunrise service at a church to be designated, and concluding with an afternoon concert at Mt. Morris Park, with Alex Bradford, James Cleveland, Cleophus Robinson and the Rev. C. L. Franklin among the performers. The tribute is sponsored by Columbia Records, and John Hammond will present the first Mahalia Jackson Gospel Music Award at the concert.

The Flying Dutchman group of labels has formed an in-house booking agency for several of its artists. The agency, Old Reliable Movers, takes no commissions for its services.

Art D'Lugoff marked the 15th anniversary of his Village Gate by holding a benefit for his famous New York landmark and himself, stating that he'd "gotten involved in a couple of ventures that didn't turn out well." Some 400 persons attended the \$25-a-hand affair, including Shirley MacLaine, Paddy Chayefsky, Paul Desmond, Jules Feiffer, Viveca Lindfors, Brock Peters, Pete Hamill, Teresa Brewer, Murray Kempton, Bob Thiele, and other notables. Music was made by Dave Amram, Elvin Jones, Junior Mance, Gene Perla and Ruth Brisbane, among others.

The 4th annual *World Series of Jazz* was held May 27 in San Antonio, pitting the local sponsors, Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band, against the World's Greatest Jazz Band in friendly battle. Bobby Hackett was a very special guest.

On June 30—the eve of the Newport Festival in New York—CTI Records will present a concert at Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum featuring Freddie Hubbard, Hank Crawford, Joe Farrell, Stanley Turrentine, Grover Washington, Jr., Hubert Laws, Johnny Hammond, George Benson, Bob James, Airto, Ron Carter, Jack De Johnette and Esther Phillips. The timing, and the fact that none of the artists are appearing at Newport, may or may not be coincidental.

The Duke Ellington Society presented its 12 □ down beat

annual New York concert May 21 at the New School, featuring Sy Oliver's augmented orchestra in a program of Ellingtonia arranged by Oliver. No less than 29 works were performed by Oliver, Francis Williams, trumpets; Al Cobbs, Candy Ross, trombones; Chris Woods, Heywood Henry, Mike Gerych, reeds; Cliff Smalls, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Don Lamond, drums and singers Lil Clark, Terry Swope and Buddy Smith.

European Doings: The 4th International Music Forum Karnten will take place July 15-23 at Klagenfurt, Austria, featuring concerts, seminars, lectures, workshops, jam sessions and two planning symposiums for a 1973 International jazz competition. In Holland, an International Jazz Festival will be held at Loosdrecht near Hilversum Aug. 8-12, with Max Roach, the Jimmy Owens-James Moody Quintet, Charles Tolliver Quartet, trombonists J.J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Urbie Green, Slide Hampton and Ake Persson, a CTI All-Star package, and various Dutch combos, sponsored by the Netherlands Broadcasting Foundation. A correction has arrived for the jazz festival set for the Munich Olympics announced in our last issue: In place of the CTI All Stars on Aug. 20, it will be Phil Woods' Rhythm Machine, the Terje Rypdal Group, and Association P.C. Ambush, the recently formed quartet of expatriates based in Belgium, has replaced trombonist Nick Evans with American cellist-bassist Peter Warren and toured Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Yugoslavia in the spring. The other ambuscaders: Charlie Mariano, Barre Phillips, Stu Martin.

The Waldorf-Astoria booked a jazz group for the first time into Peacock Alley, a pleasant restaurant-bar with a dance floor cleared for the occasion. Ruby Braff's International Jazz Quartet (Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Dottie Dodgion, drums) made the music, opening May 23, the gig coincided with Tony Bennett's stint at the hotel's Empire Room, and the singer gave Braff a hefty plug after each set. Bennett's 32-piece backup orchestra, conducted by pianist John Bunch, included Garnett Brown, Frank Wess, Al Cohn, Ron Carter, Grady Tate and Candido.

A benefit for the family of Tony Parenti will be held June 25 at Your Father's Mustache.

strictly ad lib

New York: Dizzy Gillespie was honored by the N.Y. chapter of NARAS with a party June 5 at A&R Studios . . . A rare visitor, Jimmy Raney (with Linc Millman, bass) is at the Guitar Tues.-Sat through July 1. Kenny Burrell comes in July 4-7 . . . Free Life Communication at Space, 344 W. 36 St., presented the Dave Liebman Quartet May 26 (Liebman, reeds and flute; Steve Grossman, reeds; Gene Perla, bass; Don Alias, drums) and Stardrive. (Trevor Koehler, reeds; Carlos Hernandez, guitar; Bob Mason, synthesizer; John Miller, bass; Bruce Ditmas, drums). Liebman returned to Space June 3 as part of Ictus (Randy Brecker, trumpet; Richard Bei-

rach, piano; Frank Tusa, bass; Bob Moses, drums), sharing the bill with the Gary Campbell Trio (Campbell, reeds; Michael Moore, bass; Jeff Williams, drums) . . . Marian McPartland returned to the Cookery June 9 and will stay through July 29, spelled on Sundays by Dick Hyman . . . Pianist Jill McManus brought her duo (Skip Crumby-Bey, bass) to Your Place, 1683 First Ave., Fridays and Saturdays, and another lady pianist, Barbara Carroll, was featured at the Overseas Press Club's Jazz Club with Wilbur Ware, bass, and Don Lamond, drums May 22 . . . Pianist Duke Jordan and bassist Major Holley were at Bradleys the week of May 15 and moved to the Cellar, 70 W. 95 St., the following week. Mike Abene, piano, and Lyn Christie, bass, took over at Bradleys. Holley was on hand at Jimmy Ryan's May 23 to welcome Roy Eldridge back from a successful European tour. John Bunch, Tony Bennett's talented music director-pianist also sat in, for the second night in a row, and was really cooking. Roy's chops were in great shape—it's good to have him back. Zutty Singleton, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie Ruff, comedian Larry Storch (who can sing some mean blues), and Mike and Judy Canterino (owners of the Half Note) were in the appreciative audience . . . The Village Vanguard presented the M.J.Q. May 30-June 4. Rahsaan Roland Kirk June 6-11, and Thelonious Monk June 13-18 . . . The Horn Blowers (Curtis Fuller, trombone; George Coleman, tenor sax; John Hicks, piano; Juney Booth, bass, Roland Jackson, drums) were at Diggs' Den, 320 W. 145 St., for two weekends, May 19-21 and 26-28, joined by Joe Henderson on the latter. On June 2-4, the Cecil Payne Quartet was featured, with the leader on alto & baritone saxes and flute; Linda Williams, piano; Paul West, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums. Payne's Quartet was also at Restoration Theater in Brooklyn May 18, with guest vocalist Babs Gonzalez, and on May 25 was joined by Aubrey Welch, violin. The theater's busy schedule included Olatunji's drummers and dancers on May 20 & 21, organist Billy Paul May 26, The Soul Groovers and the Billy Taylor Trio May 27, and trumpeter Bill Hardman May 28 . . . Mongo Santamaria and his group came into the Rainbow Grill June 26-July 8, followed by Lionel Hampton through July 29 . . . The Johns-Manville Corp., sponsors of the JPJ Quartet's *New Communications in Jazz* school concert/lecture series, were the recipients of the *Business in the Arts* award jointly sponsored by *Esquire* magazine and the Business Committee for the Arts, awarded at a luncheon June 16 in Cincinnati, Ohio. The JPJ continues its program in the N.Y.C. public schools . . . The Sam Jacobs Afro-Jazz-Rock Septet (Donald McIntosh, trumpet; Jacobs, alto sax, flute, drums; Charlie Brown, tenor sax; Billy Smith, guitar; Judy Sussman, organ; Ron Anderson, bass; Norman Pride, drums) continued their jazz demonstration programs with performances in May at Hewlett J.H.S., L.I., Highland J.H.S., White Plains, and Hillcrest H.S., Queens. Jacobs was the recipient of the J.F.K. Library for Minorities first annual Arturo Toscanini Award at the J.F.K. Memorial concert at Lincoln Center May 28 . . . The Jimmy Giuffre 3 (Kiyoshi Tokinaga, bass; Randy Kaye, percussion) began a concert/seminar course at the New School June 12. The course consists of four consecutive

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CHRISTIAN FAUCHARD/NADJA PICTURES

It was the summer of 1966, and the new music had begun to emerge from the lofts and coffee houses. Rehearsal bands were being formed by the younger musicians, people like saxophonist Joe Henderson and pianist Andrew Hill, and Elisabeth van der Mei, then a vital force in stimulating interest in the new music being played around the city, took me to hear the unit Henderson was co-leading with a trumpeter from another era, Kenny Dorham.

On St. Mark's Place, we ran into saxophonists Benny Maupin and Robin Kenyatta, who were talking enthusiastically about their involvement with Henderson's big band. Ken-

rather than the political situation. "It's sort of like a movement that was swept out, you know? A movement of musicians that never got a chance to develop. They just washed it away. They didn't want to hear from it, and so mostly all of the musicians from that period who played that kind of music . . . things have gotten so bad and people have dropped out.

"I guess it's a tired thing. After a while you get tired and you say, 'Wow, I've got to live like other people; I've got a wife and kids, I've got to take care of them in some way.' And you usually wind up using your other talents."

Kenyatta was introduced into the move-

of all these places, then it's a fairly decent living."

Kenyatta was making a brief trip to London when we got together for this interview, but up to now he has spent most of his time in Paris, which seems at times to house the entire American new music movement. It seems impossible that a European city should be able to support such a vast population of foreign artists for any length of time, yet Kenyatta claims that there is always work to be found there. "It's not the best work," he pointed out. "I mean it doesn't always pay the best money, but you can work, and that means a musician can mature. He can keep on maturing even if the money is very little—there's still a possibility, still an outlet for his music."

Moncks Corner, S.C. was the birthplace 29 years ago of Prince Robert Haynes—"very traditional." Haynes changed his name at the age of 13, around the time Jomo Kenyatta was leading the revolution in Kenya. "South Carolina means a lot to me because every summer I used to go back home," said the saxophonist. "Plus my parents being from there, it just rubbed off on me, I guess. I never went to any nightclubs there but I always heard people singing. There's always people singing, playing the blues—everybody plays instruments. And I've got a lot of cousins who play instruments, so I was always hearing music, but I just never conceived of myself as playing one day."

Kenyatta's blues heritage continued when he worked with blues bands in Harlem, and between his two most recent trips to Europe, he kept body and soul together by playing with the Isley Brothers. "This was the first band of that status that I played with," he said. "There's a lot of discipline; there's no freedom at all—you just do their thing. If you're fortunate you might be able to slip your thing into it, but you know . . . in terms of economics it was okay. It filled in the gaps and I learned a lot from that period.

The saxophonist has been fortunate to lead his own groups off and on between commercial gigs, and has always been received well by audiences. "I've been very successful in communicating with people, it's never a problem," he said. Apart from the alto sax, he plays the flute and, occasionally, the tenor. And inevitably he uses hand percussion, something he has always done. "Now, it's an everyday thing," he smiled. "When I was first doing it, everybody was saying like, that's not hip—now everybody's doing it.

"I had conga and bongo players and timbales, trying to fuse this with the regular trap drums. That was the (African) effect I was trying to get by using all these instruments, but at that time trap drummers didn't know how to approach it because they were so used to being free and playing by themselves. A lot of drummers hated to play with conga drums and timbales or whatever, but that establishes another groove right there, adds another thing to the music, and now all drummers—most drummers—accept it that way. They couldn't groove with it before, but it's just a matter of changing your swing. It still swings, but it's another swing."

Kenyatta was lucky to make four albums for Vortex, the late subsidiary of Atlantic, relatively early in his career. One of these was entitled *Sonny Stitt Introduces Robin Kenyatta*, a producer's brainstorm that featured

Robin Kenyatta and the Gypsy Life

by Valerie Wilmer

yatta, playing lead alto at the Sunday matinees at the Dom, was new on the scene, he later explained. A Harlemit from the age of 4 till the Army took him at 19, he had only been around for a couple of years. "I hadn't been playing professionally that long, I might have seemed like it was my first time in New York," he smiled. "I was green."

The enthusiasm that sparked both that conversation and the afternoon's music seems to have abated somewhat in the fact of the harsh fact that jazz is the real "underground" music, and as such not commercially viable. As Kenyatta sees it, today's musicians are more aggressive and less spiritual than at the time of the October Revolution of 1965 which catapulted him into that circle of musicians. "There was solidarity there," he recalled. "It was a good movement, a lot of beautiful people, but the musicians have changed. Times have changed and the situation has changed. Living conditions for the people who are playing that way are very hard, so it never stays the same."

Kenyatta is one of the musicians from the new movement who have chosen or been forced to seek employment in Europe to subsidize meager earnings in their homeland. He agrees that his contemporaries no longer seem as totally involved in music-making as they were and blamed this on the economic crisis

ment stemming from the October Revolution by trumpeter-composer Bill Dixon, who had caught him during a year-long stay with Pacho and the Latin Soul Brothers. "He came a couple of nights and I didn't know who he was, so he had to come back three nights before I would talk to him. I saw all this *beard* and I said 'Who's this weird cat?' Archie (Shepp) wasn't with him then."

The saxophonist, who joined Pacho straight from the Army, had his introduction to Europe when stationed in West Germany. In 1969, he decided to return for a tour of that country, and festivals in France and Italy. In 1970, he again crossed the Atlantic and, with the exception of a couple of brief visits home, has been based in Europe ever since. "I don't feel like I'm living in any one place," he commented. "I just feel like a gypsy right now. I will start living in London, I'll keep on living in Paris, and keep on living in the United States—keep on moving, keep on groovin'!"

"The change is okay by me because it's a matter of economics. I've just settled to make that kind of move in my life, to keep on moving like that—I mean I can't stay here (in London) and make enough money to support myself or a family, and I can't stay in Paris to do it, that alone won't do it, and the States alone won't do it. So if I have a combination

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THE SOPRANO SAXOPHONE:

from Bechet



mouthpiece) colored by growls, smears, glissandi, slurs, and trills. Held notes were given a vibrato of great amplitude. These elements, along with Bechet's assuredly swinging solo and ensemble lines, meshed with the existing jazz tradition.

Just as Armstrong became the trumpeter of early jazz, Bechet became its soprano sax idol, albeit his acceptance came later. Having found a new voice within the traditional trumpet-trombone-clarinet front line and having overcome the soprano's objectionable out-of-tuneness through his violent expressionism, Bechet watched the swing, bop, and post-bop years pass without a real challenge to his soprano superiority.

The popularity the soprano earned as a result of Bechet's innovative efforts was obscured when the saxophone section (initially alto-alto-tenor) was developed to smooth the rough edges of early jazz and when the clarinet emerged as a major solo voice in big band jazz. Johnny Hodges' soprano was heard occasionally and impressively with the Duke Ellington band, but Hodges gave up the instrument in 1940 to concentrate on alto. His soprano style

to Coltrane

The soprano saxophone has an unusual history as a jazz horn. No other instrument has weathered decades of virtual neglect and returned so prominently to today's scene.

The history of the soprano sax is largely the story of three of jazz's most creative saxophonists. The first, Sidney Bechet, dominated the soprano for 40 years until his death in 1959. The second, John Coltrane, re-energized the soprano in 1961, and in the six remaining years of his life sparked more soprano careers than during Bechet's entire reign. One of Trane's musical progeny, Wayne Shorter, took up the soprano in 1969, and his overwhelming victory in *down beat's* 1971 Reader's Poll is testimony to his role in further popularizing the instrument.

Throughout the history of jazz, the soprano's acceptance has been governed by three factors: (1) the horn's intrinsic intonation problems, (2) the kinds of ensembles incumbent in the vanguard of jazz, and (3) the stylistic dominance of certain soloists. How each major stylist met the challenge of these factors at a particular time in jazz history provides unique continuity to the use of the soprano saxophone.

Bechet, Coltrane, and Shorter solved the instrument's tonal eccentricity (its basic overtones are out-of-tune) by tempering their music accordingly. Jazz instruments characteristically have been played in unorthodox ways and the soprano's out-of-tuneness becomes an asset in some settings. Bechet achieved a wide range of expression through the use of vocal elements in his playing. Trane discovered the nasal, Eastern qualities of the soprano. Shorter continues to explore the horn's tonal palette as he plasticizes Coltrane's linear heritage.

Soprano saxophones such as the straight model Sidney Bechet first encountered in 1919 were mechanically inferior to today's models. That he was able to subdue the beast was, in itself, an accomplishment, but that his playing became a brilliant transmutation of Louis Armstrong's trumpet style is a tribute to his resourcefulness. Bechet rose to prominence in small jazz ensembles. He played both clarinet and soprano sax in a sweepingly grand, extroverted manner. His sax gave forth a broad, brassy sound (due to his use of a large-bore

14 □ down beat



LARS AASTROM

to Shorter



JAN PERSSON

was a refinement of Bechet's approach. Hodges contemplated taking up the soprano again in 1970, but death intervened. His refinements became a harbinger for Bob Wilber's initially Bechet-influenced soprano, currently featured with the World's Greatest Jazz Band, and for Budd Johnson's recent soprano outings.

Due to several factors during the swing era, the soprano sax failed to attain the popularity of the clarinet, though the sound and range of the two instruments are similar. The soprano's mechanical deficiencies precluded mastery in the manner of skilled clarinetists. Additionally, its smoother tone and difficult-to-control upper register were less effective devices for "getting hot." Finally, Bechet's definitive playing welded style, form, and instrument into a seemingly unbreakable entity. In a sense, the clarinet reached the apex of development during the swing years while the dormant (except for Bechet, Don Redman, Charlie Barnett, and a few others) soprano waited for John Coltrane's recrudescence activity.

Bop evolved in reaction to the size and commercialism of the big bands. Primarily a soloist's music, it excluded the soprano sax from its experiments because the instrument's sound was alien to the new blends. Also, the soprano's association with another age of jazz rendered it passe in the minds of many boppers. The "moldy fig-versus-bopper" flap probably didn't enhance the instrument's status either despite the still kingly presence of Bechet and the various revival efforts.

The soprano reached the nadir of its decline during the '50s. Only Steve Lacy made it his principal horn, and musicians who doubled on soprano were rare. The post-bop "cool" strain couldn't use the soprano's sound and traditional image either.

At the time John Coltrane approached the soprano sax, jazz was in a state of transition. Trane was to chart its new course by his innovative improvisational genius and by his revival of the soprano in a modern jazz context. Jazz, during the '50s, began to throw off the harmonic strictures of bop. Tenor saxophonist Coltrane participated in the recording session which produced Miles Davis' *Kind of Blue*, an album containing a jazz first: modally constructed tunes. Alto saxist Ornette Coleman posited the heretofore heretical idea of "free" jazz. Gradually, new avenues of improvisation were opened which demanded new ensemble textures.

Trane's chordal credentials earned him a respectability that was not accorded Coleman when the two arrived at the same "free" jazz destination in the early '60s. Trane's 1961 recording of *My Favorite Things* marked his official soprano debut. Having taken up the instrument (reportedly to extend his sonic range above that of the tenor, and because he sought a more lyrical voice), Trane simultaneously extended the improvisational base of jazz and stereotyped most of his subsequent soprano performances.

Like Bechet, Coltrane used the horn's peculiar qualities advantageously, but there is little similarity in the playing of these two musicians. Both used trills frequently, but Trane preferred a pinched, nasal, oboe-like tone to Bechet's more breathy sonority. An Indian-like, Eastern feeling based on drones and semi-tones was created by Trane as his serpentine linear improvisations searched for new vocal expressions. The horn strained and "cried" as high notes were "split" and low notes purposely overblown to create the illusion of two notes being played at once. Coltrane's mastery of "false fingerings" further enabled him to play non-Western intervals. Not only did Trane inspire a soprano revival, he also inspired at least one oboe emulator (Yusef Lateef) and several bagpipists.

This new jazz vocabulary was employed most often on lilting, waltz-like tunes in which Trane's soprano statements developed from simple, lyrical lines into multi-noted cascades. Harmony was reduced to tonal centers which minimally anchored Trane's thrashing improvisations. If the tune *My Favorite Things* stereotyped Trane's soprano offerings (e.g., *The Promise*, *Air-Blue*, and *The Inch Worm*), it nevertheless launched the second major stylist on the horn and returned a "new" old voice to the vanguard of jazz.

Trane's soprano first appeared in a quartet setting. As more saxophonists became attracted to the horn during the '60s, arrangers began to explore the ensemble possibilities afforded by this fresh influence. Gil Evans, Hall Overton, Charles Mingus, Gerald Wilson, Carla

Bley, Oliver Nelson, Gary McFarland, Bob Haggart, Quincy Jones, Bob Wilber, and Thad Jones wrote charts which called for soprano sax parts, and the ubiquitous horn of Jerome Richardson became a prominent solo and ensemble voice in the studio. Richardson's lead soprano and alto were heard regularly with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra until recently, and his solo style is a very personal synthesis of Charlie Parker's bop phraseology and Trane's nasal tone.

One of Richardson's best soprano solos on record is on the Charles Mingus LP, *The Black Saint And The Sinner Lady*.

Another musician who discovered the soprano as a result of Coltrane's reinstatement of the horn is band leader Woody Herman, but Herman recalls Hodges more than he touches upon Trane. When he solos on one of his big band's contemporary charts, Herman speaks with all the fire and sophistication which characterize his finely-honed clarinet playing.

Basically, the use of the soprano in a big band context during the past decade has been for musical color. No big band features a sopranoist as its principal soloist (Herman comes closest, featuring himself variously on soprano, clarinet, and alto sax), and Coltrane's legacy is carried on mainly in combos which permit soloists maximum freedom to develop the linear and sonic textures posited by this influential jazzman.

In 1970, after nearly a decade of "Trane-ing" during which many saxophonists took up the soprano in earnest—Oliver Nelson, Earl Turrentin, Pharoah Sanders, John Surman, Roland Kirk (playing manzello, a soprano mutation), Lucky Thompson, Cannonball Adderley, Steve Grossman, Tom Scott, Curtis Amy, Steve Marcus, Joe Farrell, Roscoe Mitchell, Gary Bartz, and Sam Rivers, to name a few—jazz was again in a nebulous state.

No satisfactory jazz-oriented amalgamation of jazz and rock had taken place, despite certain rock groups' experimentation with Coltrane's Eastern language and despite the commercial success of pianist Joe Zawinul's funky *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. It remained for Miles Davis to put it all together on the most influential album since *Kind of Blue*—*down beat's* 1970 jazz album of the year, *Bitches Brew*. Wayne Shorter, Davis' then incumbent tenor saxophonist, had only been playing soprano for a few months, but drawing strength from Coltrane's melodic modes and from Miles' rhythmic spacing, he quickly became the second modern stylist on the horn.

It is fitting that both Trane and Shorter have been influenced by Miles, because the trumpeter is surely jazz's charismatic symbol of the '60s and '70s, and he was brilliantly forecasting the future when *Kind of Blue* appeared in 1959. The "every-tub-on-its-own bottom" approach to group playing by Davis' combos permitted Trane and Shorter to work out their improvisational styles in an empathetic setting, but both saxophonists had developmental ideas which also bore fruit after termination of their tenures with the trumpeter.

Shorter discovered a lyricism that was missing from Coltrane's "fourthy" (melodic interval of a fourth) soprano statements. He carefully bends Trane's melodic modes so as to return them to the blues (albeit a convoluted blues) and he reinterprets Trane's rhythmic thrust. By judicious use of open space and by a wonderfully poised sense of irony he balances long, swirling phrases, short jabs, and beautiful, held notes. Tone is controlled so that oboe-like nasality and blues-inflated sensuous-

ness prevail. In essence, Shorter learned phraseology and sensuous lyricism from Miles which he applied to Coltrane's sinuous, energetic melodicism. On Shorter's Blue Note LP, *The Odyssey of Iska*, the soprano saxist is concerned with a purity of sound reminiscent of Miles' balladic sonority.

Another facet of Shorter's soprano is its "human" quality. As Miles Davis experimented with electronic sounds in *Bitches Brew* and beyond, the warm sound of Shorter's soprano became the focal "human" force in the group. This facet also applies to Weather Report, the combo which Shorter and Joe Zawinul now co-lead. When there are rockish rhythms (on *Bitches Brew* and on the LP *Weather Report*), Shorter's dancingly deft flurries bounce off the rhythms, stretch them, and lead them in a new direction. The ensemble textures on *Weather Report* revisit early New Orleans jazz with its "everybody-solo, nobody-solo" interweavings. Shorter's soprano emerges from the fray in earthy slides and poignant asides to the electronic—and electric—atmosphere. Tonal color is as important as improvisational linearity.

What distinguishes Shorter from other post-Coltrane sopranoists—besides his artistry—is his exposure, first with Miles Davis and now with Weather Report. Columbia Records' widespread promotion of these jazz groups focuses international attention on Shorter, and many young listeners are hearing the soprano sax for the first time. Shorter is an ideal popularizer because he is an original and forward-looking stylist and because he is well-respected by musicians, critics, and fans alike. Also, Shorter seems to have adopted the smaller horn as his principal instrument.

What lies ahead for the soprano? Still in the revival wrought by John Coltrane, it continues to earn instrumental prestige and is being employed more on recording sessions, soundtracks, and in public performances. Its rarity in the hinterlands is decreasing as local jazzmen become attracted to its flexibility, tonal individuality, sonic range, and ensemble sonority.

Something should be said here about the already-demonstrated tonal variety of the soprano. Bechet played with a wide-open tone and used "dirty" effects creatively. Trane eschewed Bechet's large-bore, expansive tone; found a small-bore, metal mouthpiece; and intoned double-reed-like nasality. Shorter returned a sensuousness to the soprano tone that is neither fully oboe nor purely saxophone. His low register emits bassoon-like sounds sometimes. Bob Wilber's soprano tone is perhaps the purest classic saxophone sonority extant today, while Woody Herman brings a clarinetist's "edge" to the sax. Other available tones range from classical purity to "foghorn" fatness. The soprano's out-of-tuneness can be controlled to fit Western music's temper (e.g., Bob Wilber), or it can be exploited to pursue Afro-Indian musical concepts. The horn can lead a traditional saxophone soli in dance-band style, it can pierce the stratosphere soulfully in a lone "cry," or it can sing in hauntingly gorgeous tones.

The Bechet tradition (perpetuated today by Wilber, Budd Johnson, Woody Herman, Kenny Davern, et al.) gains strength as a result of Coltrane's soprano renaissance, and Trane's legacy is being extended by Wayne Shorter and others to meet the requirements of future jazz. Hopefully, the soprano saxophone is here to stay and there will be no more arid periods in its development.

Bob Palmer: How did you get from the Haden family to what you are playing today?

Charlie Haden: My father started traveling around the midwest, hitchhiking with another musician in the 1920s with a guitar and a harmonica, going to big radio stations. Radio at that time was very big and a lot of the stations in the south and midwest were 50,000 watts and covered vast areas. They used to get bags of mail from all over the country and sometimes from out of the country. After my mother married my father, she joined the group; my father played the harmonica and sang; my mother sang, and the musician they were with at the time, Ernest Harvey, played guitar and sang. As the other children in the family were born, we were eventually added to the group and then it was just the family, the Haden family.

I have three brothers and two sisters. We all began singing harmony parts by ear. I was added to the show when I was 2 years old, at radio station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa. My father recently sent me some tapes of two of our radio shows from 1940. It was really funny to listen to myself singing. We stayed on radio, and later television, until I was 15.

While I was in grade school, one of my brothers was interested in jazz. He had some jazz albums and 78s of Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson; he had a couple of Charlie Parker's records and Stan Kenton's *Artistry in Rhythm*. I used to listen to his albums and really loved the music. I started seriously thinking about playing jazz when I was in high school, and then I saved enough money to go to LA and try to go to school, and dropped out of school and started playing in clubs.

B.P.: Who were some of the people you played with?

C.H.: The first person you would know was Art Pepper, and then Hampton Hawes; also Paul Bley. He had a job at the Hillcrest Club in the black section of Los Angeles and we stayed in the place for two-and-a-half years—1956, '57, '58. We went to San Francisco to play and then we went to Vancouver and Denver; the same group, with Lennie McBrowne, drums, and Dave Pike, vibes.

Different musicians came to the Hillcrest to play at various times. For instance, once Paul was in the hospital for about a week and Elmo Hope was in town with Chet Baker's band, and I got to play with Elmo for a couple of weeks; he was really a fantastic musician. And Lawrence Marable, a beautiful drummer; Frank Butler, also a beautiful drummer; there were a lot of musicians in LA whom you never heard about. Pianists Amos Trice and Carl Perkins; alto saxophonist George Newman; Frank Morgan, another alto player. Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, and Dexter Gordon were in California at the time too. It was a learning experience for me.

I met Ornette while at the Hillcrest. Lenny McBrowne brought him in one day. We also had early morning sessions on Sundays, and a lot of days were spent going to after-hours sessions and staying up for weeks at a time and just playing. I was 19 years old, and that was what I wanted to do, just play all the music I could play. I met Ornette and went to his house and saw the music that he was playing and writing. We played together and the first thing I knew . . . well, we were playing during the week, rehearsing with Don Cherry and Billy Higgins. I had met Don and Billy before I met Ornette; I met them while I was still going to school and played some gigs with them. Then Paul Bley hired Ornette, Don, and Billy at the

Hillcrest. From the beginning of that job the reason the manager kept us there was we had the place packed every night, every night was big business. Then the crowd started dropping off and finally they let the whole band go.

B.P.: What were you playing, what was Paul playing before Ornette joined the group?

C.H.: He was playing standards, and originals by different people. Then we did a thing that was unaccompanied free improvisation sometimes, but it was nothing like what Ornette was into.

B.P.: Was free playing in the air there, in the late '50s?

C.H.: No, most everybody was still into playing bebop. There was a whole underground of jazz musicians who played in places where you'd never think there would be clubs. I

are mostly for local studio musicians who don't have a chance to play jazz. But in 1956-59 it was really a beautiful feeling, especially with Ornette there, because Ornette was an inspiration for a lot of musicians, though many were completely puzzled by him. They didn't understand what he was doing. It was the same when we first came to New York. People thought that we didn't know how to play our instruments, didn't know anything about music, and all of that.

B.P.: It's funny the musicians couldn't hear it—it sounds like classical music today.

C.H.: Yeah . . . I know the first time we played at Ornette's house, the music startled me; I'd never heard anything like it before. Lenny McBrowne had prepared me for it. He said, "You won't hear anybody play like that, but he's playing fantastic music." Technically speaking, it was a constant modulation in the improvising that was taken from the direction of the composition, and from the direction inside the musician, and from listening to each other. I learned more about listening playing with Ornette than I ever learned in my life from anyone, because to play with him you have to listen completely to everything he plays, every note he plays; sometimes he modulates from two and three keys at a time to other keys.

B.P.: Was Ed Blackwell out there at that time?

C.H.: Blackwell was there right before and had to go back to New Orleans. Ornette and Blackwell were playing together and when he had to go back to New Orleans, Billy Higgins began playing. I was 19, Billy was 20, Cherry was 20 and Ornette was 27 or 28. And some beautiful music happened from the time we first started playing.

We all were looking forward very much to going to New York. The first night we opened at the Five Spot, in September 1959, I guess every jazz musician in town was there, and most everybody came back. We were there for several months, and we travelled for awhile and came back. I don't remember the club ever being empty; it was almost full every night. And Ornette was always writing new tunes, as he has from the time I first met him. Coltrane used to come hear us every night. He would grab Ornette by the arm soon as we got off and they would go off into the night talking about music. I guess everybody—even classical composers; Leonard Bernstein was there—anyone who was involved in music in New York in any kind of dedicated way came to hear us play.

B.P.: Do you think Ornette was an influence on Coltrane?

C.H.: Yes; I don't know to what degree he influenced his playing, but I know he influenced John's thinking about his own direction. I heard Coltrane with Miles in 1957 and he was playing different from other people. Whenever he soloed you knew that he wasn't where everybody else was, that he was someplace where he wanted to go, still involved with playing changes and yet going into a completely unique individuality that kept getting stronger. It was a very natural thing for Coltrane and Ornette to help each other, to find out things from each other about each other's playing and thinking and feelings and everything. I wish I could have been in on some of their conversations; that would have been nice. I was always somewhere else, though.

B.P.: It strikes me that Ornette is always very close to the blues . . . I guess he grew up with it, in Texas . . . and Cherry is from Oklahoma, Blackwell is from New Orleans; those are all

charlie haden's creed

by Bob Palmer

mean, when you think of Los Angeles, you wouldn't even think of jazz, right? And of course, now it's almost like that, there's not much jazz there at all . . . but then there were some really playing dedicated musicians there, just like there were in New York. There was a club in East LA called The Diggers that had after hours sessions. That's where I worked with Art Pepper. Then there were two clubs on Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood, one was called Jazz City, and across the street was another club. Groups came in from New York and played there; the MJQ, Miles with John Coltrane.

There was a good feeling in LA then. I go there with Ornette now and the feeling is completely changed. The musicians there now are mostly in the studios, and the clubs

rich blues areas; and your country music background is pretty close to the blues. Do you ever think of the movement of the music as a cycle, or coming back around to the blues roots?

C.H.: Well, I was thinking the other day about something I never really thought about before, and it was this: I tried very hard to imagine what it was like in the beginnings of jazz playing and I tried to compare it with an art form actually being born, you know, a music being born or a language being born . . . the very first time in life and it never happened before. It was really something to think about the reality of it, where a musical expression and language evolved from life or from an experience of a people, like the black people. And as that evolved, the beautiful thing, I thought, was young people all of a sudden finding themselves with a need inside to be a part of that new language. It's really a beautiful thing when you think about it for the first time, a musician being one of the first artists to want to express themselves in that art, and when you think about that in terms of other arts, you can go back thousands of years. And it actually happened right here in our own—if you want to call it our own—country. I have a feeling as far as I myself am concerned and my own dedication to playing creative music, as also being a part of the first people to have dedicated their lives to this art form, because from 1972 it goes back how many years? Not that many.

B.P.: There are still people living who were there for the beginning.

C.H.: That's right, and to think about that really takes your breath away because it's being a part of something that's so beautiful. And if people in this country could realize the importance of that art form, then jazz musicians wouldn't be starving and would be respected as artists, and maybe we wouldn't have a bad feeling using the word "jazz," because to me now the word is being so misused, and detrimental to the respect of the artists who play the music.

B.P.: Do you feel that the places you play are unsuited to playing the music as it is now?

C.H.: Well, some of the places I have played in have been terrible, but I never really started thinking about it or become aware of it as much as I have recently. I guess it depends on the place you're playing, and the people who run the place where you're playing, the feeling that they have about music; whether they just have music in their club in order to make bread or whether they have music in their club because they are interested in more people hearing it and appreciating it. So there's many things that contribute to the bad feeling that you get when you play in a night club. The whole thing about drinking and people coming to a club to be entertained, to be seen by other people, or just to be going out to a club. Whereas when you have a concert, mostly people really want to come and hear you. If I had my way, which I never will, there wouldn't be any money charged for people to hear music, because creative music in its true sense is supposed to be given to people and communicated to people, and having to pay money somehow takes away from that in all of its aspects, from the club owner taking his piece out of it and the promoter taking his piece out of it, the concert booker taking his piece out of it. The profit motivation isn't conducive to creativity.

B.P.: One thing I came up against while playing in the Insect Trust was the number of middlemen, and they have a monopoly. It's like they're standing at the door, and the musicians are in one room and the audience is in the

other, and they're standing at the only door . . . they've got it fixed so there aren't any more doors. But you still get back to the problem of how the musician is going to live.

C.H.: Well, that's why I said, "If I had my way." We were talking before about the word "jazz"; I have the language of jazz inside me and I hear different musicians say it isn't jazz any more, it's just creative music and I understand completely what they mean when they say that. People are conditioned to believe, through the advertising and entertainment media, that jazz is low-life music. They are conditioned to pattern their lives after Johnny Carson. They are taught that Dean Martin and his daughter are great singers. Most people have never even heard of Billie Holiday or Charlie Parker. In fact, most people probably have never heard "jazz" on television. Every white middle-class generation in this country has had a racist conditioning which includes not only being against the black man and any other race except their own white race, but being against anything that's meaningful or that's beautiful or that's creative; it's all the same. So the only way creative music is going to be recognized and appreciated is when people start knowing about creativity . . . it's a very involved thing.

B.P.: I guess that's where the political involvement intersects with the music; it's essentially extramusical things that keep the musicians from reaching the people. People tell me I'm crazy, that middle America WANTS to hear crap, but . . . don't you think that beyond all the conditioning, they could hear the music?

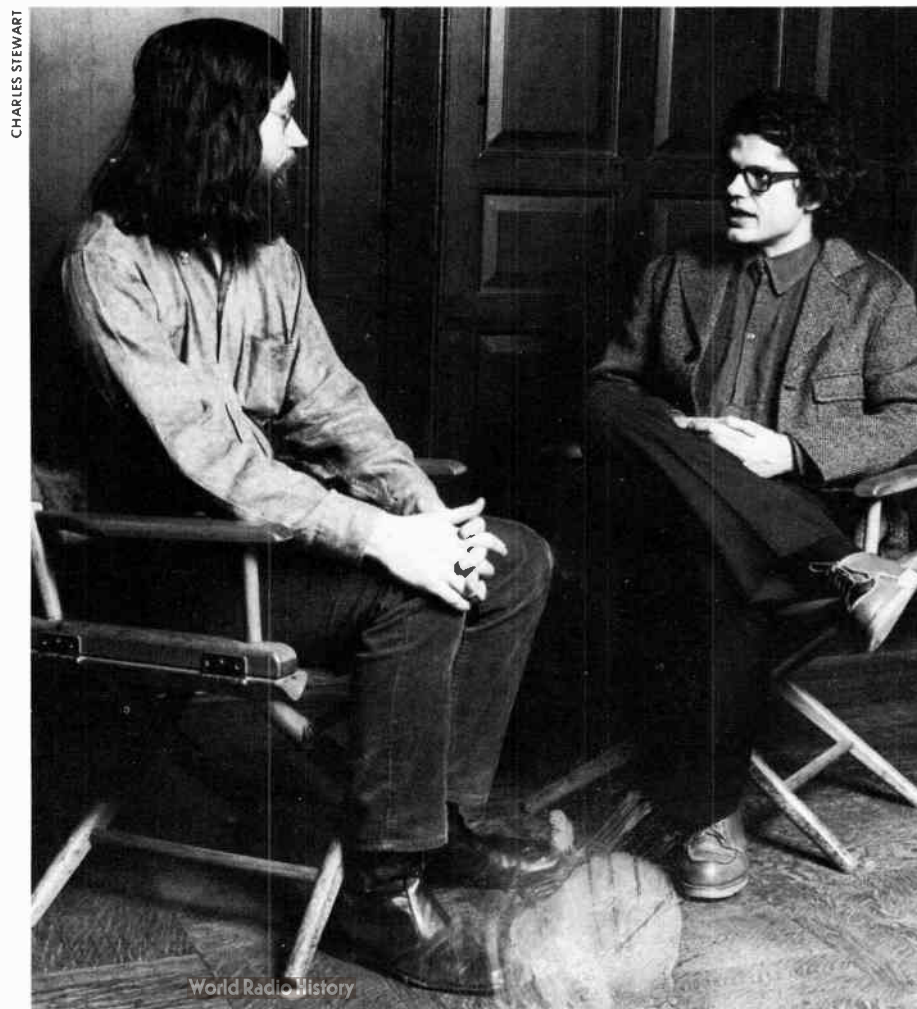
C.H.: It'll take years of reconditioning, and teaching people, starting when they're babies, about the importance of life and of creative art, creative human beings, creative dedication. It's going to have to be that kind of condition-

ing, it's going to take a long time. The whole thing that stems from racism, from men thinking about money and material gain, the governments wanting more territories, more wealth in other countries, more people under their thumb, world resources . . . all that stifles creativity and that's why when we were talking about money awhile ago, the ideal situation . . . we should be able to play for people, we should be able to make recordings and give them away. A person should be able to go and study music for free, and everything else—education, medicine; everybody's supposed to have a good place to live, everyone's supposed to have good food to eat, there's not supposed to be any poverty, malnutrition. And I think when that begins to happen, there will be an intelligence and an awareness in human beings that's going to start developing, and more and more people will be developing themselves to their full potential, and then they will appreciate everything that comes natural to appreciate, which includes the art forms in this country and everything will be the way it should be.

B.P.: But it looks like there's some really violent stuff between us and that, and I'm wondering what the role of music would be in a real revolutionary situation.

C.H.: Well, since I started thinking about playing and writing music about the reality that's happening around us, I wanted to meet other musicians and other artists who had the same feeling. There've been artists and musicians from all over the world throughout history who have done that, playing or writing or dancing or painting about political movements or about political realities or starvation or whatever, and I have in the last five years or so met a few people in this country and people

Palmer (l) and Haden



in other countries who are doing that now. I feel that I can't write or play music about joy and love and closeness as long as there is racism and starvation and men who are causing starvation and perpetuating racism and conditioning it in other human beings. I feel that I have to make people aware that that's what's happening, and hope that they see it for what it is and try and do something about it. I've never been one to join any kind of movement or political organization. I feel that I have my own organization inside me, just like I have my own philosophy and direction inside me. So, I have to say what I say in my music, and I feel right now that I have no choice, I have to play and write about this reality in very powerful way that's going to have an impact on someone.

B.P.: What do you think about groups like the AACM who are doing their own presentations? On the one hand, they're getting it out there under their own control, without middlemen, but, on the other hand, they're still able to reach only a very small audience comparatively . . . what do you think about that as a political direction for musicians?

C.H.: Well, it's definitely a political direction. I hope eventually that this will happen with more musicians . . . you know, it's very difficult for artists to organize any kind of togetherness thing, 'cause they're just not like that. I know I'm not like that. The Jazz Composers Orchestra is also doing their own presentations. They are getting grants from foundations to record their own records, to commission composers, and to pay musicians for performing at concerts to which there is free admission.

B.P.: AACM's situation is very communal in front.

C.H.: I think that's one of the reasons why it is working. Something has to be done on all levels to free the artist. So many people could benefit from the beauty that's here in American art, but whenever you think about that happening it always goes back to the same thing; doing something about the people who are stopping it from happening. That's what has to be done. So you have a choice of either going ahead and playing when you can play, or trying to do something about it at the same time in your music and any other ways you can think of. I'm going to do another album that's going to be about what's happening right now, the Black Panthers, the Young Lords . . . Vietnam.

B.P.: You're going to do one of Elaine Brown's songs?

C.H.: I hope to do one of her songs, but we haven't discussed it yet. After I talk to someone like Elaine Brown, I feel that I'm not really contributing anything. When I look at the little piddling music I'm trying to play and write, as compared to what she has dedicated her life to out of the survival of her people . . . she's really a brave person, as are all the Panthers; I mean they're laying their lives out for their beliefs knowing that they can be killed at any moment.

I think the way Elaine Brown records, the whole concept, out of that same survival, of life and death of her people, is also why she records for a label that turns back all the proceeds of the album to the Panthers, which is really the way it should be. I know when I first recorded my album (*Liberation Music Orchestra*, Impulse) I had to make a decision whether or not to record for a large label. And I really went through a whole hassle inside myself trying to make this decision. When a person records for a large record corporation he is

actually aiding and abetting the very system that is stifling creativity. I thought recording for a large corporation would completely destroy the meaning of the album, but then I had to think about getting the album out to where people would be able to know about it and to hear it; I was almost forced to record for a label with distribution. Distribution is controlled by large record companies. We should make records to give to people; in Cuba they have no copyright laws. The music belongs to the people, the music is played for the people, and that's the way it should be. The peoples' minds here are not ready for that at all.

B.P.: In the Insect Trust, when we had cut our first album, we would send to the company for boxes of our record, they'd bill us and we'd throw away the bills and either sell the records ourselves or trade them for food and stuff.

C.H.: Right, right. I hope that most rock groups will soon be able to see what's happening to them. I'm thinking of the rock groups I've read about being taken over and completely used by the profit system. It's really a very sad thing. Another sad thing is that at the same time black



peoples' music is being directly imitated by most of the white rock groups. That happened partly because young people needed a music for their world, and so they created rock music almost overnight, and since most rock musicians did not have their own direction and identity, they derived their music from the black people—which was rhythm and blues at the time, and on back to the earliest blues. And for years and years, black people didn't make any money or gain any recognition whatsoever from that music, and now the white musicians are all making a lot of money from it, and being recognized as the innovators of the music, which is really sad, and that almost turns me off from listening to rock.

Also, because rock is appreciated by millions of young people, rock groups could be communicating the importance of life and the importance of creativity and creative intelligence to these people. But I think it's almost too late—they're going in the opposite directions, the very direction the capitalist system wants them to go in. I read in the *Sunday Times* an article about Jefferson Airplane; I've heard their music and thought that they were one of

the rock groups contributing some originality, and they're all apparently thinking about how much money they can make and buying expensive cars. One of the musicians was quoted as saying, "The kind of car a man drives is as indicative of his personality as the very clothes he wears." The first thought that came into my mind as soon as I read that was, if you don't have enough money to buy a car, then that means you don't have much of a personality. That must be where their heads are at. And it's really a shame, because they could be thinking in very important ways, completely away from that materialism and wealth kind of thinking they've become involved in.

B.P.: Rock is a wealth music, though; a poor man can't afford a bank of amplifiers, so in order to play that kind of music, you have to have money. We got a \$20,000 advance from Atlantic, and at the time we got it we were living in \$25-a month railroad flats, we had no transportation to get to the gigs—if there were any—we had tiny little amps that didn't work half the time—and that money was spent on a truck and on equipment. To play on that circuit you have to have it, and people to get it around and set it up and take it down . . . so we played second billing at the Fillmore East (this was a seven-piece band) and for two nights we got \$750. Figure dividing that between seven musicians and two equipment managers, and subtracting transportation and what we still owed on the equipment; people came out with less than \$50—for a weekend. A lot of times it was less. A more successful band can afford more, but the more successful they are the bigger places they have to play and the more equipment they have to buy. It's just a vicious circle.

C.H.: The thing I was talking about was more the superstar groups, who ask exorbitant prices for a concert. I don't know them and I don't know their managers; I've never talked to any of the rock musicians who are "famous". But just from what I see and observe and read it's really a waste, when you think of it in terms of meaningful contributions to our lives. They're thinking about how much money they can get for a concert, how much money they're going to charge for people to get in, how many records they're going to sell—which is different from what you were talking about. There have to be exceptions to everything like that. I don't believe in putting anybody down, in setting myself up as a judge, but there are some people who are very sincere and honest in what they're doing and then again there are people who are thinking about music in terms of completely commercial values. Whether they're doing it on their own or whether they're forced into it is another thing. And the other thing that turns me off is the false black inflection in the singing. I've seen rock groups and some individual white singers who put on a black accent in their songs—I mean, it isn't a white southern accent, it's a black accent—and when they finish singing and begin talking, they speak with their normal white pronunciation. Really, I don't understand that. It's almost as if they were singing in blackface, the way Al Jolson used to do.

B.P.: Well, some white kids do grow up hearing mostly black music. When I was growing up in the South, I played in rock and roll bands, and the repertoire was about 50% Ray Charles and 50% Hank Williams for the roadhouses where we played. Maybe you have to make a distinction between people who are just rehashing what black artist have already done,

Continued on page 45

new orleans jazz & heritage festival '72

by dan morgenstern and paul lentz

Billed as the third annual New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, the four-day event held in April was actually the fifth festival in the Crescent City—the first two, however, were produced under different auspices and didn't include the "heritage" portion.

This was the do-or-die year for the festival, and it came through with flying colors, even though a rainstorm drowned out the first day of the Heritage Fair. After some years of trial and error, the festival seems to have arrived at a workable formula emphasizing local talent and taking advantage of the city's particular attractions within the fair concept.

In the beginning, big names were brought in en masse for big concerts—in the established festival manner.

Now, the big events have been scaled down to one final concert utilizing imported stars. The opening boatride, always a success, has been retained. Between these key events are sandwiched two evenings of music by New Orleans artists, with a few guest stars, held at hotel ballrooms accommodating about 1000 persons comfortably. And during the daytime, there is the Heritage Fair, staged this year for the first time in the city's spacious fairgrounds and offering continuous music of all sorts, a variety of foods, displays of Louisiana handicrafts, and such special trimmings as a marching band and a colorful dance troupe.

New Orleans is a unique city, and we invariably enjoy our visits here. The French Quarter has an atmosphere quite its own, and Bourbon Street, honky-tonk trappings and all, offers more live music per square foot than any other street in America.

The music, of course, is mainly traditional. It ranges from deliberately archaic (Preservation Hall) to smooth and polished (Pete Fountain's 10-piece band, heard twice nightly at his exceptionally well-run and successful club), with waystations in between.

For the more modern-minded, there is Al Belletto's hip little group at the Playboy Club, and, beyond the French Quarter, the sounds of contemporary black groups like Porgy Jones' and Willie Tee's. For blues, there are Cousin Joe and Clarence (Frogman) Henry.

A cross-section of all this was presented at the festival along with the imports, and yours truly and Paul Lentz offer their individual impressions below.

Wednesday

Traditionally the New Orleans festival begins with a Mississippi River cruise aboard the S.S. *President*, a side-wheeler flying the flag of the Streckfus Lines which played an important part in the spread of jazz up-river.

This year, the World's Greatest Jazz Band was brought in to play opposite Papa French's Original Tuxedo Orchestra, and it was a fine night of music, helped in a large part by the vastly improved sound system.

The WGJB came to town at the end of a month-long road tour, but seemed none the worse for wear.

Things got off to a flying start with *At The Jazz Band Ball*, Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield swapping trumpet fours and eights, followed by an inspired trombone duo by Vic Dickenson and Ed Hubble. Bud Freeman and Bob Wilber wrapped it up with an exciting tenor-clarinet chase.

Savoy Blues opened with Ralph Sutton stating the theme, then the two trombones provided a unison background for Lawson and Butterfield. Hubble contributed some

tailgate passages executed with great precision and beautiful tone, and then it was Dickenson's turn to provide his own brand of personal and incisive wit—the Mark Twain of the trombone.

Ralph Sutton took *California Here I Come* in stride, though the piano seemed ready for plasma, saline solution and a whiff of oxygen. Billy Butterfield, in good form all evening, played fluegelhorn on *She's Funny That Way*, lyrically lovely in medium-slow pace.

Big Noise from Winnetka was heard in a slightly different interpretation spotlighting drummer Cliff Leeman, who was substituting ably for ailing Gus Johnson.

Chicago, with Wilber on his curved soprano and an exuberant Bud Freeman, pleased the crowd immensely. A great, jumping blues—dedicated to another club, Raleigh's Frog and Nightgown—provided a pedal trombone background a la Woody Herman's *Blue Flame* that was an ideal foil for Yank Lawson's searing plunger work. Butterfield provided the intelligent and emotionally building second horn part, which is so seldom pulled-off successfully in a two-trumpet front line.

The Original Tuxedo Orchestra began their

it left the audience clamoring for more, and Ms. Thomas roared into *Bill Bailey*, the band blowing soft riffs behind her.

Reedman Joe Gordon stepped forward to render a curved soprano solo which came off very well and also perplexed Bob Wilber, who was in the audience digging the set and wondering if Gordon was using the rather rare horn which has become his trademark. (Gordon wasn't; the horn came right out of a Rampart Street hock shop.) Blanche Thomas finished the number to an explosive audience response. *The Saints* concluded the Tuxedo set with a fine vocal by Papa French, excellent trombone by Homer Eugene, clarinet by Cornbread Thomas and a march around the dance floor which acquired a large and good-humored second line.

The World's Greatest returned with a dynamite rendition of *Panama* and followed with the Dickenson specialty *Walk Him Up The Stairs*.

The Lawson-Butterfield trumpet-fluegelhorn approach to *St. James Infirmary* was hauntingly moving. In a *Sentimental Mood*, another Dickenson showcase, was followed by a Crescent City special, *Come Back Sweet Papa*, with a nice Sutton



Wallace Davenport: Has everything

set with *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*—the band a little more ragged and fragmented, but with an easier swing, than the WGJB. Added to the line-up was trumpeter Dave Bartholomew, a player who can blow walls down, coupled with Jack Willis, the excellent regular trumpet with the band.

Stardust featured Bartholomew, and the composer of several of Fats Domino's biggest hits soared into the stratosphere with ear-splitting velocity. The band was excellent throughout, with some particularly impressive bass work by Placide Adams.

Blanche Thomas came on to sing, opening with *Darktown Strutters Ball*. Ms. Thomas, for some reason, hasn't achieved the acclaim of a few other local singers, which is a pity—she is exceptional. With her deep, resonant and throaty voice and great stage presence, she rightfully made a big hit with the audience. *You Gotta See Mama Every Night* was another crowd pleaser. It also featured pianist Jeannette Kimball, who has chops as strong as tempered steel.

Just a Closer Walk was masterful; Blanche Thomas reaching the gospel roots of the blues. With Willis providing beautiful, nearly boppish trumpet fills which fit surprisingly well and were executed with a gorgeous tone,

piano and fine plunger work by Yank Lawson. It was a charming conclusion to a very fine set.

—p.l.

Thursday

The "International Jazz Cabaret" at the Fairmont Roosevelt Hotel offered a revealing panorama of traditional music in New Orleans today.

It must be said that only a few great musicians remain in the city. As students of jazz history well know, many of the best players left during the '20s, and few returned. The glories of the past have not been recaptured. When a band of New Orleanians was formed for the rediscovered Bunk Johnson in the '40s, he called them "emergency musicians"—a definition as accurate as it was unkind.

The "emergency" music, of course, eventually became a cult, with George Lewis as its saint and symbol. There is no room to argue the point at length here, but while much of the music played in New Orleans (and, under the banner of Preservation Hall, throughout the world) today is genuine, touching and sweet, its remaining veteran practitioners are, with notable exceptions, musicians whose limitations are not merely due to advanced age.

One of those exceptions is Danny Barker,

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featured with the first group on this bill. Barker returned here a few years ago after an illustrious career of more than three decades away from home. A marvelous banjo player (he rarely uses guitar these days), great singer-entertainer and very wise man, he will soon be the subject of a feature article in these pages.

Barker sparked a set by the George Finola Sextet, a working (and hard-working) Bourbon St. band led by a young Chicago cornetist whose romance with New Orleans began when he ran away from home at 17. Finola, the band's other asset, has a conception touched by Red Allen and Bix Beiderbecke, and keeps growing and developing within his chosen stylistic area.

The band did *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Dixieland One-Step*, *Fidgety Feet*, an original, *641 Blues*, and, as an encore, *Hardhearted Hannah*, featuring a funny Barker vocal (he also sang on *St. Louis*). There were some nice, sincere clarinet solos by Manuel Crusto, and gutbucket trombone by Showboy Thomas, while Frank Moliere got off a piano solo with modern harmonic touches on *One Step*. The band has good ensemble punch and knows the routines.

Roosevelt Sykes, the well-known blues pianist-singer, was not at his best in a solo set. He opened with, of all things, *Sunny Side of the Street*, apparently to prove that he is not just a blues musician. It was, for lack of a better term, an avant garde interpretation with a fine disregard for the changes and some Hinesian flourishes. Without the vocal, few would have guessed what tune he was playing. On more familiar territory, he came up with some pleasant blues and boogie woogie.

The incumbent Preservation Hall Band was next. The two touring PH groups, led by Billie and DeDe Pierce and Kid Thomas respectively, have siphoned off the best players. Leader-trumpeter Percy Humphrey is a dignified old gent with a precise, correct conception of lead playing but very weak chops. Trombonist Clement Tervalon has lung power, lots of showmanship, and an elementary style. Clarinetist Paul Barnes, whose main instrument once was the tenor sax, still reveals musicianship a notch above his front-line colleagues, but unless he plays right on mike, it's hard to hear him. Pianist Sing Miller got very little solo work, but comped ably. Banjoist-singer Narvin Kimball is an effective soloist. Bassist Chester Zardis, well into his 70s, is the tower of strength in the band, snapping and slapping the strings in the Pops Foster manner and generating plenty of robust swing. Drummer Dave Oxley, a pleasant but over-featured singer, is rhythmically weak.

The band knows how to get maximum mileage from vocals and showmanship. (Every New Orleans musician, it seems, has his little "thing"—a step, a smile, a way of acknowledging applause, etc.) The repertoire is a treasure trove of chestnuts—*Somebody Else Is Taking My Place*, *Birth of the Blues*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, *High Society*, *Oh How I Miss You Tonight*, *Georgia, Eh La Bas*, *Somebody Stole My Gal*—and the set was much too long, especially since the band was to play again the following night. But the public loved it—the older and frailer a musician is, the better, it seems.

Next, two of the city's most interesting individualists, clarinetist Raymond Burke and pianist Armand Hug, joined forces in a set that looked promising but failed to deliver

much, due to the presence of drummer Oxley.

As if we hadn't heard enough of his singing, he was featured in yet another brace of vocals, and his work in the section was an effective prevention of swing. The group would have been better off without a drummer, since bassist Chink Martin, the 85-year-old veteran of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, still can get it on. But so it goes.

Burke, a maverick who sometimes reminds of Pee Wee Russell in his self-deprecatory stance, was at his best in his own pretty song, *City Of a Million Dreams*.

The high point of the set was a solo interlude by Hug which included two little-known Jelly Roll Morton tunes from the composer's late period. *Why and If You Knew*, charming melodies gracefully played.

The most impressive musician of the evening was trumpeter Wallace Davenport. (For a more detailed impression of this gifted player, see my review of his first LP in the record review section.) Davenport has everything: tone, range, conception, execution. He ap-



Kai Winding and Sonny Stitt

peared with his Bourbon Street band, which includes clarinetist Jimmy Neihaus, the Swedish pianist Lars Edegran (leader of the N.O. Ragtime Orchestra), bassist Curtis Mitchell and drummer Ernest Elly.

The band is little more than adequate, and as far as the drumming is concerned, not even that (Elly is an r&b musician with not the foggiest notion of how to play this kind of jazz), but Davenport has the power to pull it together. *Melancholy* was too fast, *Shimme-Sha-Wobble* too slow, but things got together on *Down By the Riverside*, with effective singing and crowd-energizing by Davenport. He sang *If I Had My Life To Live Over* (old tavern songs are popular hereabouts), did a rousing *Tiger Rag* a la '30s Armstrong, complete with *Pagliacci* quote, also using a fan hat for ensemble effects, and then broke it up with his superb arrangement of *Closer Walk With Thee*, his unaccompanied, soft solo chorus enchanting the hushed crowd. Then he topped off the set with *The Saints*, marching off the stage to lead an impromptu "second line" graced by his pretty teenaged daughter. Quite a performance. Davenport is an absolute professional and could be the hit of any festival.

The closing set, by the Storyville Jazz Band, would have been anticlimactic if not for the interesting fact that it is a band made up of young black musicians playing traditional jazz.

Led by electric bassist-vocalist George French, with his brother, Bob, on drums (they are sons of banjoist-band leader Papa Albert French); Teddy Riley, trumpet; Fred Lonzo, trombone; Otis Bazoon, clarinet (the only white boy in the band); Ralph Johnson, tenor sax; and Ellis Marsalis, piano, this is a well-knit and perhaps a little unadventurous ensemble working regularly on Bourbon St.

It opened with *South Rampart St. Parade*, a traditionalist cliché if ever there was one, played with routine competence. *Tin Roof Blues* featured nice ensemble dynamics and a well-wrought clarinet solo.

Maryland, My Maryland, a marching band favorite, was played with all the strains intact. Trumpeter Riley, I was told, did not have a good night, but he did the corn on *Sugar Blues* nicely enough and indicated, in a somewhat wild, Al Hirt-like solo on *Wolverine Blues*, that he is the band's most interesting soloist.

A departure from tradition was an overly long medley featuring the leader's pleasant but uninspired singing.

Only in New Orleans, I'd venture to say, could you find young black players practicing this brand of music, but before traditionalists become too heartened, I must state my conviction that they are in it mainly because it offers steady employment. Nothing in the band's approach indicated that they considered the form a living mold still capable of stimulating creative expansion. They grew up with this music and have learned to play it for a living. That they do it with zest and skill is perhaps enough. In New Orleans, this music is, after all, a way of life. —d.m.

Friday

A single word, TASTE, could best describe Friday's Jazz at the Jung Hotel Ballroom. From start to finish, there wasn't a single lapse. The evening was dedicated to Sharkey Bonano, whose widow was a guest of honor.

Louis Cottrell's group opened with a few bars of *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, languidly soft and easy, before doing a fine job on *That's A Plenty* which featured one of Louis Barbarin's silken drum solos. Pianist Walter Lewis vocalizing on *I Miss You So* was a pleaser, and then the band played an enchanting *Lara's Theme*. Cottrell's clarinet provided the opening for *Just a Closer Walk*, followed by Placide Adams' vocal, an Armstrong tribute which was a faithful impression rather than a parody. Alvin Alcorn's muted trumpet was, as always, a pleasure to hear. A medium-up *Hindustan* was the closer and featured some fine plungered trombone by Waldron "Frog" Joseph, followed by Mr. Taste himself, drummer Louis Barbarin. A lovely set.

Murphy Campo began with *South Rampart Street Parade*, which came off very well and was in nice contrast to Cottrell's group. Paying closer attention to dynamics and choice of material than last year added to the total impact of the band, which was considerable. *Wolverine Blues* was a blockbuster and trumpeter Campo displayed a powerful set of chops. *Fools Rush In* featured some fine baritone playing by Oscar David, the band's multi-reed man. A sparkling *South* was followed

Continued on page 49

guide to new york jazz clubs

If you plan to attend the Newport in New York Festival and still have the stamina to take in more sounds after the concerts end, here's a handy guide to Manhattan jazz spots, plain and fancy, big and small.

Precise information concerning attractions during the festival period was generally not available at presstime. Where artists are listed, please keep in mind that the bookings are tentative and subject to change. Price policies, etc. are also unstable. It is suggested that readers consult the listings in *New York* and *The New Yorker* magazines for last-minute details.

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. South, 989-9011. The city's oldest jazz spot. Admission charge, but no cover or minimum. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra plus guests and jam sessions. No food, good vibes.

Village Gate, Bleecker & Thompson Sts., 475-5120. Two clubs: Top of the Gate, more intimate, and downstairs, the largest jazz room in town. Billy Taylor upstairs, Sonny Rollins downstairs (both definite) and probably, jamming to the wee hours. Good food upstairs, no cover or minimum, and usually no door charge. Admission and minimum downstairs.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (between Aves. B&C), 677-9727. Pretty far east and a bit murky, but pleasantly informal. Usually a door charge and two-drink minimum. Music mostly in the modern manner.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., 255-9752. Postively one of the nicest jazz spots in town, with excellent Italian food. Zoot Sims is the most likely incumbent. Admission charge and minimum.

The Cookery, 8th St. & University Place, 674-4450. A restaurant with piano-and-bass music. Marian McPartland (Dick Hyman on Sundays) makes the good sounds. No admission, cover or minimum; reasonable prices, drinks plain and exotic. The music stops at 1 a.m.

Bradley's, 70 University Place 228-6440. A typical (and pleasant) Village bar, with name piano-bass duos. Also a restaurant, with good food.

Musart, 149 Spring St., 226-8965. In conjunction with the festival, there will be nightly sessions here, featuring many modern names. Organic food, coffee, beer or wine is served, and owner George Braith is himself a musician.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., 254-5920. Right next to Village Gate. Piano-bass duos, freshly popped pop corn, unadorned environment. Lance Hayward and Lyn Christie, with Jimmy Young soloing on Tuesday.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St. 243-0245, a nice soulfood restaurant with name piano-bass duos.

Miscellaneous: Rock and/or folk at the **Gaslight** and **Bitter End**, both on Bleecker St. just east of Village Gate. Dixieland at **Arthur's Tavern**, 57 Grove St., 242-9468, Monday night; at **Your Father's Mustache**, 7th Ave. South & 10th St., 675-4630, Sundays 6-11 p.m.

WEST SIDE

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St., 265-9505. The last remnant of 52nd St. Roy Eldridge leads the band; no admission, cover, or minimum, convenient location. No food.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 757-8970. High above Manhattan, sumptuous view and ditto dining and wining. A bit expensive (\$5 cover charge; \$6 Fri.-Sat.). Late shows

(1 a.m.) on weekend nights, dark Sunday. Mongo Santamaria makes the music; dancing before shows to canned sound. Best bet for a fancy night out.

The Guitar, 753 10th Ave. at 51st St., 265-9334. Like it says. Guitarists are it here. Jimmy Raney through July 1; Kenny Burrell, July 4-7; Bucky Pizzarelli and Bill Matthews start July 8. Soulfood, pleasant atmosphere, quiet neighborhood.

The Cellar, 70 W. 95th St., 866-1200. Another piano and bass place, with food. Nat Davis and Skinny Borgan, Sun.-Weds., weekend group not known.

Stryker's Pub, 103 West 86th St., 874-8754. Frank Wess Trio, Fri.-Sat.; a blues guitarist Thurs., no music rest of week.

The Needle's Eye, 7 Ninth Ave., 243-9297. Cozy old spot, soulfood, piano-and-bass duos, guests on Mondays. Pretty far west, but not hard to get to.

West Boondocks, 114 Tenth Ave., 242-5279. At the corner of 17th St. Piano-and-bass, soulfood, soft lights. Usually, Nat Jones-Michael Fleming, Mon.-Weds., others Thurs.-Sun.

EAST SIDE

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. & 51st St., 753-4500. This famous big-band spot re-opens for the summer July 6 with Count Basie's crew. Dancing, of course. Check out the tariff first.

Jimmy Weston's, 131 E. 54th St., 355-3640. The swinging side of the East Side. Tyree Glenn's quartet after 9, a house trio earlier in the evening. Food and drink, not inexpensive.

Fiddlestix, 1487 1st Ave. (near 77th St.), 724-9777. One of the city's newest spots for jazz. Major names are featured, Italian food is served. Door charge and minimum.

Ali Baba, 400 E. 59th St., 688-4710. The house band at this cocktail lounge is "Adventures of the Soul" a quartet led by bassist Tito Russo.

Duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St., 838-6154. Another piano and bass spot. Bill Halsey and Leonard Gaskin; Mike Longo solo on Sunday.

My House, 1160 1st Ave. (near 63rd St.), 832-9410. Pianist Neil Wolfe's trio holds forth here.

Lost&Found, 329 Lexington Ave., 889-5599. Still another piano-and-bass lounge.

Playboy Club, 5 East 59th St., 752-3100. Jazz Adventures sessions, Friday at noon in the Playroom. Admission and service charge. At presstime, it was possible that noontime jazz might be served up daily during the festival period.

HARLEM

Club Baron, 132nd St. & Lenox Ave., 283-7554. Harlem's major jazz spot will have the great Gene Ammons and his group plus Gloria Coleman's organ trio. Admission charge and minimum, both reasonable.

The Blue Book, 710 St. Nicholas Ave. (near 145th St.), 234-9986. In this cozy little room, Della Griffin, a lady drummer, leads a trio with George Clarke on sax.

Wells', 132nd St. & 7th Ave., 283-8244. One of Harlem's oldest music spots. Usually, a piano trio, sometimes also a singer. The chicken and waffles are a gas.

Digg's Den, 320 W. 145th 283-8244. This small down-home bar often features piano trios and Monday night jams.

Salaam No. 7, 115 Lenox Ave. This spotless restaurant, part of a Black Muslim mosque, has dinner jazz by top musicians Fri. through Sun., 4-10 p.m. No alcohol, and smoking not allowed. Good food.



newport in new york

schedule of events



Saturday, July 1

Schlitz Salute to Jazz 1: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Giants of Jazz (Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Al McKibbin, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Stitt, Kai Winding) plus guest Giants J. J. Johnson and Max Roach. **Schlitz Salute to Jazz 2: Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.** Stan Getz Quartet with guest Gary Burton, The Modern Jazz Quartet, Pharoah Sanders Quintet.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 7:45 P.M. (In the same building as Carnegie Hall.) Written and performed by Glory Van Scott, directed and choreographed by Louis Johnson with a jazz group led by Lloyd McNeill.

Sunday, July 2

Connoisseur Concert A: Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

[P] Quartet, Cecil Taylor solo piano, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Mary Lou Williams Trio. **Jones-Lewis & TV Jazz: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.**

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, Bobby Rosengarden and the Dick Cavett Show Orchestra, Billy Taylor and the David Frost Show Orchestra.

Swing Lives: Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Count Basie and his Orchestra with guests Joe Williams, others; Benny Carter with the Swing Masters: Harry Edison, Taft Jordan, Snooky Young, Tyree Glenn, Quentin Jackson, Benny Morton, Dickie Wells, Heywood Henry, Budd Johnson, Howard Johnson, Buddy Tate, Earl Warren, Bernard Addison, Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, Jo Jones, Maxine Sullivan.

Midnight Dance: Commodore Hotel

Count Basie and Sy Oliver and their orchestras; The Commodores. Dress—informal.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 7:45 P.M. (See July 1)

Monday, July 3

Seminar: Lincoln Center, 10:30 A.M.

John Hammond Presentation of the Institute of Jazz Studies award. "Bootlegging and the Recording Industry." Arnie Caplin, Bob Porter, Howard Beldock. (All seminars are organized by the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies and will take place at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. at 65 St.)

Connoisseur Concert B: Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

Ruth Brisbane and the Legacy of Bessie Smith, Charlie Haden and the Liberation Orchestra, Bennie

22 □ down beat

Green Quartet, Lee Konitz Quartet, and the Don Burrows Quintet from Australia.

Stan & Woody: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Woody Herman and his Orchestra with alumni Al Cohn, Stan Getz, Chubby Jackson, Red Norvo, Flip Phillips and Zoot Sims. Stan Kenton and his Orchestra with June Christy.

Chase, Bill & Elvin: Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Chase, Bill Evans Trio, Elvin Jones Quintet.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 7:45 (See July 1)

Schlitz Midnight Jam Session: Radio City Music Hall, Midnight.

Kenny Burrell, Richard Davis, Vic Dickenson, Harry Edison, Roy Eldridge, Bud Freeman, Dizzy Gillespie, Dexter Gordon, Stan Getz, Bennie Green, Bobby Hackett, Jim Hall, Roy Haynes, Percy Heath, Woody Herman, Milt Jackson, Thad Jones, Rhasaan Roland Kirk, Gene Krupa, Herbie Mann, James Moody, Gerry Mulligan, Red Norvo, Larry Ridley, Max Roach, Bobby Rosengarden, Zoot Sims, McCoy Tyner, Chuck Wayne, Tony Williams, Mary Lou Williams, Teddy Wilson, Kai Winding. (Program subject to change.)

Swing Era Musicians Reminiscences (no details available).

Connoisseur Concert C: Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

Gato Barbieri Quartet, Eubie Blake, Kenny Burrell Trio, Herbie Hancock.

American Airlines Tribute to Lionel: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Lionel Hampton and his Orchestra with guests Cat Anderson, Milt Buckner, Roy Eldridge, Dexter Gordon, Illinois Jacquet, Gene Krupa, Joe Newman, and Teddy Wilson, plus the Charlie Byrd Trio.

Eddie & the Gang: Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Eddie Condon with Barney Bigard, Wild Bill Davison, Buzzy Drootin, Larry Ridley, J.C. Higginbotham, Dick Hyman, Max Kaminsky, Benny Morton, Joe Thomas, Lee Wiley with Bobby Hackett, Bucky Pizzarelli, George Duvivier, Don Lamond. The World's Greatest Jazz Band.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 7:45 P.M. (See July 1)

Thursday, July 6

Seminar: Lincoln Center, 10:30 A.M. (See July 3 for exact location.)

"Jazz and Sociology." James Patrick, Gideon Vidgerhaus, Phillip Hughes, David Cayer.

Sacred Concert, Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

Dizzy Gillespie and John Motley and the New York Choir.

An Evening of New Orleans Jazz: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Kid Thomas' Preservation Hall Band with Albert Burbank, Joseph Butler, Charles Hamilton, Louis Nelson, Emanuel Paul, Alonzo Stewart, and others. The Olympia Brass Band with Harold Dejan, Milton Batiste, Lionel Ferbos, Booker T. Glass, Fats Houston, Andrew Jefferson, Kid Sheik and others. Sweet Emma Barrett; George Brunis; Raymond Burke; Papa Albert French; Roosevelt Sykes; Robert Pete Williams.

Oscar, Cannonball & Mahavishnu: Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Cannonball Adderley Quintet, Mahavishnu Orchestra with John McLaughlin; Oscar Peterson, solo piano.

Midnight Jam Session 2: Radio City Music Hall, midnight.

Cannonball Adderley, Cat Anderson, Art Blakey, Milt Buckner, Gary Burton, Jaki Byard, Alan Dawson, Tyree Glenn, Urbie Green, Lionel Hampton, Roland Hanna, Joe Henderson, Milt Hinton, Chubby Jackson, Illinois Jacquet, Keith Jarrett, Budd Johnson, Elvin Jones, Howard McGhee, John McLaughlin, Charles Mingus, Joe Newman, Jimmy Owens, Flip Phillips, Jimmy Smith, Sonny Stitt, Buddy Tate, Clark Terry. (Program subject to change.)

Friday, July 7

Seminar: Lincoln Center, 10:30 A.M. (See July 3 for exact location.)

"Contemporary Jazz Recording." Don Schlitten, Orrin Keepnews, George Butler, Dan Morgenstern, Billy Taylor, Freddie Hubbard.

Interesting Directions: Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

Ruth Brown, Roy Haynes Quintet, Archie Shepp Quintet, Tony Williams Lifetime, Weather Report.

Yankee Stadium: 7 P.M.

Ray Charles and his Orchestra, Nina Simone, B.B. King, Dave Brubeck Trio with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond, Jimmy Smith Jam Session with Kenny Burrell, Roy Haynes, Illinois Jacquet, Joe Newman, Zoot Sims, and Clark Terry.

Saturday, July 8

Seminar: Lincoln Center, 10:30 A.M. (See July 3 for exact location.)

"Jazz Educators." Dave Baker, Bill Fowler, Clem DeRosa, Alan Dawson, Gary Burton, Charles Suber.

Connoisseur Concert D: Carnegie Hall, 1 P.M.

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra with alumni Barney Bigard, Ray Nance. Added attraction: Bobby Short in a tribute to Ivie Anderson. Terumasa Hino Quintet from Japan.

Yankee Stadium: 7 P.M.

Roberta Flack, Lou Rawls, Herbie Mann Quintet, Les McCann, Giants of Jazz.

Sunday, July 9

Gospel Concert: Radio City Music Hall, 9 A.M.

Gospel concert with Dorothy Love Coates, The Consolers, Jessy Dixon and the Dixon Singers, R.H. Harris and the Gospel Paraders, the Dixie Hummingbirds, Willie Mae Ford Smith, Marion Williams.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 3:30 P.M. (See July 1)

Spiritual Concert: St. Peter's Lutheran Church (Lexington Ave. & East 54 St.), 7:30 P.M.

Max Roach and the J.C. White Singers in a program of spirituals.

Note: Program details are as received from the producers at presstime and subject to change.

Tuesday, July 4

Hudson River Boatripe: Staten Island Ferry, 10:30 A.M., 1 P.M., 3:30 P.M.

Kid Thomas Preservation Hall Band and Papa French and the Original Tuxedo Jazz Band from New Orleans. (Tickets must be purchased in advance. No tickets available at ferry landing. The 3:30 boatripe will not return in time for the 5 P.M. concert.)

Ornette & Mingus: Philharmonic Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Ornette Coleman Quartet, Charles Mingus and his Orchestra.

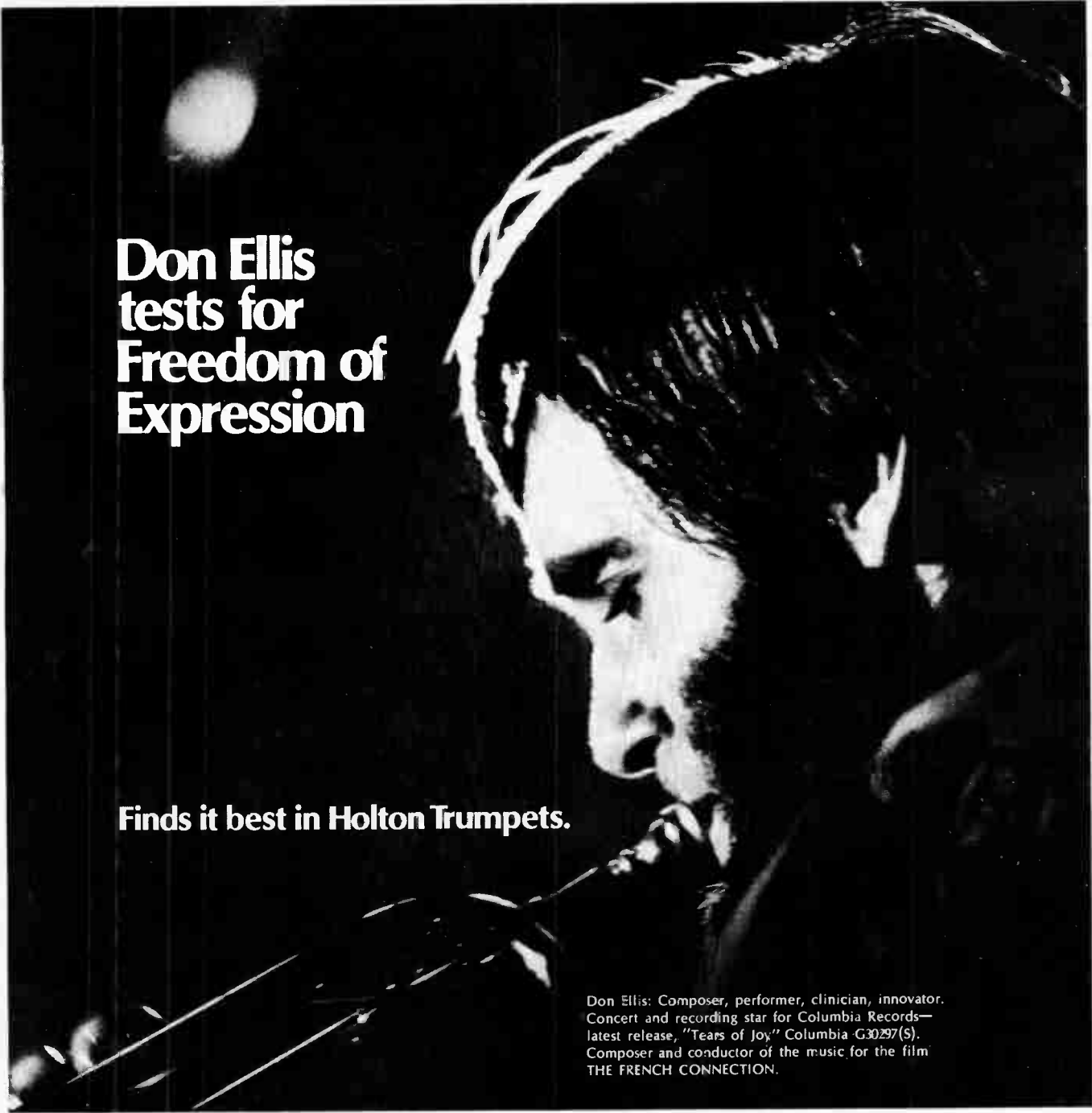
Sonny, Miles & McCoy, Carnegie Hall, 5 P.M. and 9 P.M.

Miles Davis Sextet, Sonny Rollins Quartet, and McCoy Tyner Quintet.

Miss Truth: Carnegie Recital Hall, 7:45 P.M. (See July 1)

Wednesday, July 5

Seminar: Lincoln Center, 10:30 A.M. (See July 3 for exact location.)



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Through The Years With **down beat**

'Inspiration Was Satchmo'—Berigan

by JULIAN B. BACH

Columbus, O.—Informed that Louis Armstrong had named him first among a group of his favorite trumpet men, Bunny Berigan commented to *Down Beat* here the other day:

"You can't imagine what a kick that is, especially when it comes from Satchmo," the King. All I can say is that Louis alone has been my inspiration, and whatever 'style' I play you can give Armstrong the credit.

"Why, when I was a kid back in Chicago, at night I used to sneak down to the Savoy, where Louis was playing, and listen to him night after night. Later I got one of those crank-up phonograph jobs and would play Armstrong records by the hour."

Sept. 1, 1941

Best Recordings of 1939

(Selected by Barrelhouse Dan)

BOB CROSBY'S *I'm Prayin' Humble*, the work of Bob Haggart, displaying superb ensemble and solo work in characteristic Crosby fashion; Decca.

DUKE ELLINGTON'S *Blue Light*, slow, wistful music elegantly performed; Brunswick.

PETE JOHNSON'S *Roll 'Em Pete*, which besides sporting Pete's tremendous boogie-woogie piano, offers the best shouting blues chorus ever sung by Joe Turner; Vocalion.

SIDNEY BECHET'S *Chant in the Night*, in which Bechet's soprano sax proves once and for all to be one of the most thrilling kicks in jazz; Vocalion.

ANDY KIRK'S *Messa Stomp*, with Mary Lou Williams and Dick Wilson soloing magnificently, the band in top form; Decca.

CHU BERRY'S *Body and Soul*, showcase stuff for the Berry tenor with Roy Eldridge playing well under a pseudonym; Commodore.

TEDDY WILSON'S *Sugar*, starring Billie Holiday and his own brilliant piano, accompanied by 5-star instrumentalists; Brunswick.

ALL-STAR BAND'S *Blues*, which has reason enough to recommend it by the opening bars of Dorsey playing melody with Teagarden messin' round it behind him; Victor.

BOB CROSBY'S *Stomp Off, Let's Go* which until *High Society* came out last week, rated as the most thrilling, lifting disc the band had made in 1939. Tempo and everything perfect; Decca.

DUKE ELLINGTON'S *Subtle Lament*, an-

other slow tune, in a definite blue mood. No other band dares perform a composition of this nature; Brunswick.

COUNT BASIE'S *Cherokee*, on two sides, showing off the world's best rhythm section plus dynamic solos by Young, Clayton, et al; Decca.

BILLIE HOLIDAY'S *Fine and Mellow*, a blues, rating as the best vocal of the year, the best blues of the year, and in addition, a silencer to the many jerks who claim Miss Billie is incapable of rendering blues; Commodore.

JACK TEAGARDEN'S *Octaroon*, featuring Jack's singing and trombone. His *Muddy River Blues* and *I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues* are about as good, however; Brunswick.

MILDRED BAILEY'S *Blues Album*, collection of sides made last spring which she has not equalled since; Vocalion.

WOODY HERMAN'S *Blues Upstairs and Downstairs*, on opposite sides, easily ranking among the five best discs of 1939 with Hy White, Tommy Lineman, Woody and Neil Reed playing sincere, and lovely, jazz; Decca.

PETE JOHNSON'S *Let 'Em Jump*, a great piano solo by a great artist; Solo Art.

ARTIE SHAW'S *I Surrender Dear & Out of Nowhere*, commercial jazz superbly arranged, more than ably performed, with distinctive solos added; Bluebird.

SIDNEY BECHET'S *Summertime*, a masterpiece of free improvisation; Blue Note.

Jan. 1, 1940

Ellington Refutes Cry That Swing Started Sex Crimes!

Stravinsky's "Le Sacre Du Printemps" More Exciting Emotionally Than Jazz

In refutation to the hue and cry against swing music by Arthur Cremin, of the New York Schools for Music, in which the instructor attributed the recent wave of sex crimes to the current "hot" jazz vogue, Duke Ellington, prominent composer-pianist-bandsman, denounced Cremin's psychological experiments as being totally unfair and completely lacking in authoritative material.

Cremin, in his recent attack, said he would prove through tests he conducted, that swing music developed debased emotions in human beings. He is reported to have placed a young man and woman in a room, alone, first playing a series of symphonic recordings followed by a set of swing records. According to the teacher, the young couple remained formal throughout the first renditions, but as the music turned to jazz, they became familiar and more personal toward one another.

"If this experiment is earnestly offered as proof for the ill effects derived from swing music," said Duke Ellington, in discussing the matter before the Musician's Circle in New York, "then the facts must be totally discounted as not being a true psychology test, for there was no 'proper constant'—a prerequisite of an accurate experiment of this nature."

Ellington, who studied psychology during his collegiate courses at Howard University, further explained that in true tests, persons under observation are usually selected because of identical characteristics, but in this case, two persons were picked at random. Also, he pointed out, that it was an established fact that a body of people will respond to a given act in various manners and consequently a group of persons would not be affected in the same way.

Music is known to be a stimulant, but in recent case histories of convicted and known sex criminals, not one showed preference for music of any sort. "Music invigorates emotions to certain degrees," continued Ellington, "but on the other hand, so do baseball and football games.



"My Boy, Bunny Berigan," says Louis Armstrong, "is a boy whom I've always admired for his tone, soul, technique, his sense of phrasing, and all." In the accompanying letter "Ol' Satchmo" adds "To me Bunny can't do no wrong in music." Berigan is pictured above. This is the first time Armstrong has ever broken down and expressed any opinion of other trumpet men for publication. Other horn men he lauds are Harry James, Roy Eldridge, Shelton Hemphill, and the two get-off men in his own band, Frank Galbreath and Jean Prince.

December, 1937

Sept. 1, 1941

Critics in the Doghouse

BY COUNT BASIE

Basie
Examines
Basie

(As told to Dave Dexter, Jr.)

Criticizing one's own band isn't the easiest thing to do, and yet I welcome the opportunity. Sometimes, you know, we form snap judgments of bands on broadcasts, in theaters and even on one-night stands which are not quite fair. Unless the listener hears and studies a band seriously, there's a chance that he will form his own opinion of that organization's ability and worth. And sometimes that's not so good.

"Tate Fits in Okay"

Some of you know that our band features a "heavy" brass section. I guess the word "heavy" is okay in this instance, because our brass includes four trumpets and three trombones. Frankly, I think the brass is our problem, but—and I'm being just as candid in my opinion—I also think we have that particular section just where we want it now. My problem, of course, is keeping it that way.

The saxes, four of them, are also phrasing the way I want them to phrase, and their intonation—which gave us a little trouble back in the days when the band was first organized—apparently is up to the par we set. Of course we were a little rough a few months ago when we made a change as a result of Herschel Evans' death, but George (Buddy) Tate caught on in a hurry and fits right in now.

"No Rhythm Worries"

I am sure that the rhythm section is right as it is. It's the one section that has given us no trouble at any time. And when I speak of the rhythm, I mean bass, drums and guitar. You can count me out.

Am I satisfied with the band today?

Follows His Old Ideas

Not by a long shot, Jack. I have a purpose in everything I try to do with the band. A few years ago I was using nine pieces in a little club called "The Reno" in Kansas City. We worked together a long while. We got so we coordinated every move, every solo, perfectly. That was how Walter Bales, John Schilling, Don Davis and a few other Kansas City cats found us playing; that's how we got to broadcast every night. It was nine pieces that saw Basie get his biggest break with Benny Goodman, John Hammond and Willard Alexander, as a result of that radio wire and the raves of the men I just mentioned.

Now—and this is the point I want understood most, if you don't mind—I want my 15-piece band today to work together just like those nine pieces did. I want 15 men to think and play the same way. I want those four trumpets and three trombones to bite with real guts. BUT I want that bite to be just as tasty and subtle as if it were the three brass I used to use. In



Count Basie: "No loud screaming brass for me. But I do want guts in my music."

fact, the only reason I enlarged the brass was to get a richer harmonic structure. The minute the brass gets out of hand and blares and screeches instead of making every note mean something, there'll be some changes made.

"Not Too Much Piano"

I of course want to play real jazz. When we play pop tunes, and naturally we must, I want those pops to kick! Not loud and fast, understand, but smoothly and with a definite punch. As for vocals, Jimmy Rushing and Helen Humes are handling them the way we feel they can best be handled. Earl Warren, who plays lead alto, also sings occasionally. That's all the comment I have on our purposes, style and our vocalists.

My piano?

Well, I don't want to "run it in the ground," as they say. I love to play, but this idea of one man taking one chorus after another is not wise, in my opinion. Therefore, I

feed dancers my own piano in short doses, and when I come in for a solo, I do it unexpectedly, using a strong rhythm background behind me. That way, we figure, the Count's piano isn't going to become monotonous.

Eight Original Men Remain

We get a lot of questions about personnel. It includes Earl Warren, alto; Lester Young, tenor; Jack Washington, alto and baritone, and George (Buddy) Tate, tenor; Ed Louis, Wilbur (Buck) Clayton, Shad Collins and Harry Edison, trumpets, in that order; Benny Morton, Dickie Wells and Dan (Slamfoot) Minor, trombones, in that order, and Jo Jones, drums; Walter Page, bass; Freddie Green, guitar, and Basie, piano. That's it. Of that number, Louis, Clayton, Washington, Young, Jones, Page, Minor and Jimmy Rushing all have been with me since the old Reno Club days in Kansas City. They are a great bunch, and any success we have had is due entirely to the grand spirit among us all.

Most Arrangements "On Spot"

We recently hired Lloyd Martin, an Indiana youth, who is turning out some good arrangements. Buck Clayton's also are used a lot. But with most of our arrangements, one of the boys or I will get an idea for a tune, like *Every Tub* for instance, and at rehearsal we just sorta start it off and the others fall in. First thing you know, we've got it. We don't use paper on a lot of our standards. In that way, we all have more freedom for improvisations.

That's about the best I can do as a reviewer, I'm afraid. I'd like it known that the band works hard—rehearsals three hours long are held three times a week, on the average—and that we get our kicks from playing.

July, 1939

Readers Name Charlie Parker Fourth Hall Of Fame Member

Chicago—Charlie Parker, one of the men responsible for the school of jazz which came to be called be-bop, and perhaps the most influential figure in jazz in the last 20 years, is the fourth person to be named to the Music Hall of Fame by readers of *Down Beat*.

Parker, who died March 12, 1955, won countless awards and thorough critical acclaim during his career, which began in 1937 as a member of the Jay McShann band in Kansas City. His passing early this year was mourned by men of all schools and idioms of jazz, and a reflection of the esteem in which he was held by listeners was shown by his walkaway victory in the tabulations.

All previous years' balloting has been close, but there was little doubt of Parker's victory almost as soon as counting began.

The first 10 places in this year's Hall of Fame poll went as follows:

Parker; Duke Ellington; Benny Goodman; Count Basie; Dave Brubeck; Woody Herman; Paul Whiteman; Jelly Roll Morton; Les Brown; Bing Crosby.

Dec. 28, 1955

July 20 □ 25

The Secrets of Chick Webb's Drumming Technique

By John P. Noonan

The music critics, a well known drummer said to me, often in reviewing a drummer, state "the man has terrific technique" or "he's colossal" or some similar phrase; but fail to say how or why. As a result I don't know what the fellow does that is 'terrific' and if I don't get a chance to hear him personally, the review leaves me a bit confused.

This is more or less true. The critic, of course, can't devote columns of space to the drummer and his goings-on, and from the drummer's standpoint, many critics although very competent to judge bands and individual instrumentalists, aren't any too 'drum-wise' and are often deceived in regard to colossal technique, etc.

With these things in mind the writer set out to review Chick Webb individually, leaving the band to competent critics. Chick and his band were at the Chicago Theatre, doing a stage routine.

The first impression of Webb's drumming is "SPEED" — sleek, streamlined drumming.

First Webb is most critical and fussy about his drums. He spends a lot of time balancing the tone of his snare and bass drum, until they sound right to him. He uses the conventional separate-tension bass drum, equipped with tympani heads and the regular type of separate-tension snare drum. The bass drum is played 'free'—that is, there are no mufflers or pads dampening the tone. This is a fine effect when the drum is tuned low, but calls for good pedal foot control to balance the volume of the drum. Chick has used tympani heads on his bass drum for a long time and likes the effect. He watches all his drum heads closely and at the first sign of their drying out or losing their life, he changes them. The snare drum is also tuned low pitch (not too tight) using the regular type heads.

His cymbals are the finest Turkish, both for stick work and on his High Hat. Webb likes a light drum stick (7-A) for general use. Now then, what does Webb do?

From 'Nothing' to Steady Roar

The outstanding part of Webb's drumming, I think, is dynamic control. He is a past-master of the art of shading on drums. His playing drops to 'nothing' and up to a frenzied roar, as the arrangement demands. He does this effect with either sticks or brushes and the results are fine. Despite these exaggerated dynamics, his drumming always remains solid (the test of the swing drummer). He makes good use of the high High Sock Pedal in the usual ways, holding four in a bar on the snare drum with the

left-hand—the right on the High Sock for solid ensembles, here again controlling the volume to suit. The band seems to depend entirely on Webb for these changes from piano to forte.

His use of brushes is a study in itself. Fast rhythmical figures or swishes of exactly the right length are used. This latter trick is a Webb art. The swish of the brushes fits the ensemble like a 'glove' drawn to exactly the length indicated.

Webb is a firm believer in the "play what you feel" school. He advocates this system to all drummers. He advises young drummers to work on the rudiments for stick control and then apply their beats as they feel them, never losing sight of the type and style of the arrangement. This means then that although he may play beats differently in a given arrangement, the TYPE of beat still fits the arrangement. It is perfectly all right, in his opinion, to interpret phrases differently on a tune; but the type of beat must fit. This is a good point for all drummers.

Breaks Are Ad Lib—But

Every drummer is familiar with the famous Webb breaks. I asked Chick about these breaks and his preparation and playing of them. He replied that while the breaks are

ad-lib as regards their content material, they are interpreted by him according to the arrangement of the tune.

Webb looks over the arrangement containing breaks or solos for drums and gets clear in his mind, the type and kind of break he believes will fit. Then he experiments a few times until he finds a solid idea for his solos and then phrases them in this category. Perhaps they are different on different occasions, but always of a definite type that is smooth and 'form-fitting.'

The man is also a fine showman, combining the rare combination of virtuosity and showmanship. He takes a brush chorus, his hands moving from the drum to an outstretched position above his head, but yet the beats come out. In other words, something happens. Witness his 'temple-block' stop-time fill in chorus. Now there's something! You'd better have something, when you try a stop chorus on temple blocks, or you will be crowned quickly and surely as "King Corn." Webb makes such a chorus interesting and technical, again using dynamic shading until the audience actually is 'hushed' to hear the feather-taps of the pianissimo licks. There is showmanship and musical good taste.

Here's Capsule Record Of 1942 Music World

JANUARY—Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller started the year wearing *Down Beat's* swing and sweet band crowns, respectively, following announcement of the All Star poll results. Red Norvo was bowing with his newest, weirdest and largest band as Glenn Miller huffed and puffed casually on a new Chesterfield contract for '42 and added Bobby Hackett to his brass section. The west coast was down with blackout fever and looked like a dead duck for the duration but survived, we are happy to say. Two hundred name bands offered their services for the U.S.O. Bonnie Baker left Orrin Tucker's band. And one of the funnier stories of the month was that of Petrillo's announcement that "We don't want strikes of any kind" for the duration, although the announcement looked good then.

SEPTEMBER—Two long standbys left their orchestras to start off

the month as Ivie Anderson, a fixture with Duke, left the band to assume a more regular life and to supervise the running of her famous Hollywood Chicken Shack. Cozy Cole became the second as he left Cab Calloway, after years of association, to join the new Ray Scott quintet. Rudy Vallee pulled a quick sneak on the rumor mongers and donned a coast guard uniform. Meanwhile the Brooklyn Dodgers were having their usual pleasant unpleasanties with J. Reid Spencer, ex-music critic and organist, over their daily organ recitals.

Forget High Ones and Stick to Melody, Advice Of Lips to Trumpeters

By LIPS PAGE
(as told to Paul Eduard Miller)

(A product of the middlewest, Page gained his experience with Walter Page's Original Blue Devils, Benny Moten, and the Hardy Brothers. He's fronted his own band for a number of years, and is back in that capacity after six months with Artie Shaw's 32-piece, with which he soloed on Nocturne.)

Man, when someone asks me about trumpet playing I feel a little bit embarrassed. There are plenty of fine trumpeters in jazz bands today, and each probably has his own way of playing the horn. So I'd like to say right away that my own way is mine personally, and while it may have many points in common with other trumpeters, it's still strictly my own, and I don't pretend that it's anything else.

In other words, what I'm saying here is the substance of *personal* ideas on the subject. They shouldn't be taken any other way.

The first thing I'd like to say is that becoming a good trumpeter depends to a large extent on making the right choice when you begin. You must decide first what kind of trumpeting you want to do. Each type requires that you specialize or emphasize different factors.

A solo man, for example, needs to develop his individuality to a much greater extent than a section man. The horn-blower who sits in a section and is expected to lead the section has to know a great variety of styles, so that when a sweet number is played he can play with the phrasing and tone required of that number.

Solo Man Is Freer

The lead man really has to lead, and the soloist, while he of course must be able to play adequately, hasn't the responsibility which the section leader has. The solo man is freer to develop his own individual style—to concentrate on that. The section man has to spread his efforts in many directions.

Of course, all good trumpeters of any kind must gain a complete familiarity with their horn. They must know all there is to know about intonation and breathing, rhythm and phrasing. And hard study is such an obvious factor that I mention it only because beginners sometimes are inclined to want to hurry over that part. I recommend practicing at least an hour a day, even two or three hours. For developing a sense of memorizing ideas (phrasing, conception, etc.) there's nothing better than a knowledge of harmony.

Never Forsake Melody

In specializing, if you want to be a first man your tone must be impeccable, and you must have the kind of personal temperament

which has the ability to lead a section, not only musically, but the ability to get along personally with the other men in the section.

If you're a hot man, *emphasis*

must be thrown on creative things, a constant working out of ideas—and a strong sense of rhythm and drive. And when playing solos, never forsake melody. You can get to be as old Methusala, but if you stick to melody people will always like your playing.

Avoid High Screeches

Avoid high notes—that's why a lot of people don't like brass in a jazz band. After all, the low notes are just as important as the high ones. Too many trumpeters today, especially beginners, seem to feel that screeching the high ones will get a job in a big-name band, but believe me, the hep bandleaders know the value of the middle and low registers too, and want men who can handle them.

Phrasing is like an artist painting a picture. Your phrases should be colorful, pretty, melodic variations, built up to a climax. That is entirely a matter of individual ability, but then, what good musician doesn't lean heavily on such ability?

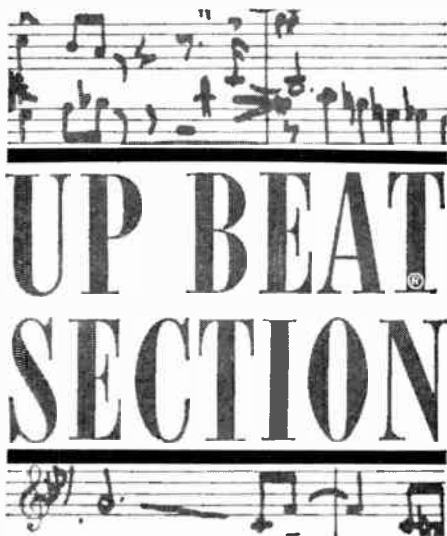
July 1, 1943

Jelly Roll Morton Piano Style

The musical score is for a piano piece in Jelly Roll Morton's style. It is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Fast'. The score is written for both hands and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'Fast', 'mf', 'ff', and 'lento'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system starts with a 'Fast' tempo marking and a 'mf' dynamic. The second system continues the melody. The third system features a 'ff' dynamic and a 'lento' marking. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final chord.

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UP BEAT SECTION

Sidemen Switches

Louis Armstrong: Marty Napoleon, piano, for Joe Sullivan . . . Muggsy Spanier: Jack Condon, piano, for Floyd Bean . . . Ray McKinley: Dale Nunnally, vocals, for Terry Lane.

Elliot Lawrence: Larry Leight, trumpet and French horn, for Johnny Mandel, and Charlie Panely, trumpet, for Red Rodney . . . Lester Young: Gene Ramey, bass, for Aaron Bell, and Wynton Kelly, piano, for John Lewis . . . Perez Prado: Marty Flax, baritone, for Dave Krutzer.

Woody Herman: Red Kelly, bass, for Red Wooten . . . Hal McIntyre: John Pellicane, tenor, and Kookie Norwood, piano, out . . . Tex Bencke: Gene Allen, baritone, for Murray Allen; John Murtaugh, tenor, for Don Cretella; Bob Brookmeyer, piano, for Lou Pagani, and Frank Mayne, tenor, for Johnny Hayes.

March 7, 1952

Sy Oliver Out on Own

New York — Sy Oliver, dapper little trumpeter-arranger for Jimmie Lunceford, has left the band to devote all his time to arranging. Oliver says he'll dish 'em out for Tommy Dorsey as well as Lunceford.

In addition, Sy is set to make recordings for the Vocalion label with a special group of jazz artists. He's been with the Lunceford band since it was organized.

July, 1939

Art Tatum's Version of "Royal Garden Blues" . . .



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Eldridge's Trumpet Chorus on "Little Jazz"





Brownie Digs Only Modern Sounds

By Leonard Feather

THE BLINDFOLD TEST has often revealed the startling discrepancies in views between musician and critic, between performer and public. Occasionally, as in the instance below, it shows the sharp differences in perspective according to the age of the blindfoldee.

At first it seemed startling that Clifford Brown did not recognize as typical an Ellington as *Orson* and was unsure about as characteristic a James item as *James Session*—until I recalled that Clifford was 9 years old when Duke made *Cotton Tail*, and 10 when the James fad was at its height. These sounds are not of his generation, and his reaction to them was inevitably different from that of anyone who grew up before them.

Five of the eight records played for Clifford featured trumpet players, but the highest rating, as you'll see, went to one of the other three. Clifford was given no information whatever, either before or during the test, about the records played for him.



Clifford Brown

The Records

1. **Tony Fruscella Septet. *Old Hat* (Atlantic). Fruscella, trumpet; Allen Eager, tenor. Comp. Phil Sunkel.**

Well, I didn't recognize any of the guys specifically. The trumpet player seemed a little reminiscent of Chet Baker, but I don't think it was him, though it made me think of him. I liked the ensemble work and it was a very effective arrangement considering the fact that it sounded like only a five-piece group—tenor, trumpet, and three rhythm. I especially liked the unison effects. I guess I'd give that three stars.

2. **Harry James. *James Session* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Jack Matthias. Rec. 1955.**

I'm not too familiar with those guys. Sounds like it was recorded a little while back; doesn't sound like any of the bands of today. I couldn't recognize the trumpet player . . . it might be someone in the general vein of Harry James or maybe even Wingy Manone—back in that kind of groove. One thing I did like: he played the full range of his instrument, utilizing the lowest and highest notes effectively, though I didn't care for those little nanny things he puts on the end of the notes . . . the low notes didn't have the same body and fullness and purity of tone as the high notes.

If that was the trend of what was going on at that time, I guess it was

up to those standards; but by today's standards it wouldn't catch my ear, because things are in a different direction now. I'd give it two stars at the most.

3. **Duke Ellington. *Orson* (Capitol). Comp. & arr. Strayhorn-Ellington. Paul Gonslaves, tenor.**

I don't recognize those musicians . . . Frankly, I didn't like that. I liked the tenor solo a little bit at the end, but by my standards I wouldn't give this but one star. I didn't care for the composition.

4. **Tony Aless. *Valley Stream* (Roost). From *Long Island Suite*. Comp. & arr. Aless. Nick Travis, trumpet; J. J. Johnson, trombone; Seldon Powell, tenor; Aless. piano.**

I didn't know that band. I didn't like the over-all arrangement; the arranger seemed to use some voicings that possibly were still in the experimental stage. At least, the way they were used didn't touch me too much. None of the solos were outstanding. In fact, it sounded to me very mediocre, and accordingly, I'll give 'em 1½.

5. **Kenny Dorham. *Minor's Holiday* (Blue Note). With J. J. Johnson, Hank Mobley, Horace Silver, Art Blakey. Comp. & arr. Dorham.**

This is the first time there's been no doubt in my mind. I think I've heard some of the other things from this album; it sounded very much like Ken-

ny Dorham with his Afro-Cuban thing. I heard Art and Horace and Hank Mobley. There was too much going on in the background, in view of what the arrangement was saying and in view of what the soloists were playing. That's the only unfavorable criticism I would have, except that in a few of the ensemble parts, it sounded like the reeds were a little sloppy . . . J. J. was on there, too, I think. I liked the trombone best of the solos.

I think it's possible for a rhythm section to support a soloist so that he can play long flowing lines, instead of getting in the way. But I'd give it 3½ stars.

6. **Stan Kenton. *I've Got You Under My Skin* (Capitol). Arr. Bill Holman. Stu Williamson, Sam Noto, trumpets; Don Davidson, baritone; Dave Van Kriedt, tenor; Charlie Mariano, alto.**

I liked the arrangement idea very much, but the shading was completely off base; stayed at a high grandstand level all the way. The volume was constantly at one pitch, overshadowing the soloists frequently. I didn't care for the baritone, tenor, and alto solos; the two trumpet soloists seemed to play like they knew the arrangement and the chord changes, at least better than the reeds, who were constantly scuffling. I don't know the band; I'd give it three stars for some of the ensemble work and the arrangement.

7. **Count Basie. *Fiesta in Blue* (Epic). Buck Clayton, trumpet; comp. & arr. Jimmy Mundy. Rec. 1941.**

That made me think of Cootie Williams; I think he originated that choked style; but I don't know who it was . . . Maybe it was Cootie and I failed to recognize him . . . It has that old-school sound. I imagine the composition and arrangement ranked with the better things of that day. I wouldn't know how to rate it.

8. **Lyle Murphy. *Poly-Doodle* (Contemporary). Comp. & arr. Murphy. André Previn, piano.**

I liked that composition, that arrangement. It's not what you would call a real hard swinger, but it's very interesting. Since I don't know for certain who it is, I'd take a guess that it might be Claude Williamson and some of those guys out on the coast. Bob Cooper, Bud Shank—in that area. The piano solo was interesting, too. I think that what was intended was accomplished here, very effectively. I'd give that four stars.



By JOHN COLTRANE in collaboration with Don DeMicheal

I've been listening to jazzmen, especially saxophonists, since the time of the early Count Basie records, which featured Lester Young. Pres was my first real influence, but the first horn I got was an alto, not a tenor. I wanted a tenor, but some friends of my mother advised her to buy me an alto because it was a smaller horn and easier for a youngster to handle. This was 1943.

Johnny Hodges became my first main influence on alto, and he still kills me. I stayed with alto through 1947, and by then I'd come under the influence of Charlie Parker. The first time I heard Bird play, it hit me right between the eyes. Before I switched from alto in that year, it had been strictly a Bird thing with me, but when I bought a tenor to go with Eddie Vinson's band, a wider area of listening opened up for me.

I found I was able to be more varied in my musical interests. On alto, Bird had been my whole influence, but on tenor I found there was no one man whose ideas were so dominant as Charlie's were on alto. Therefore, I drew from all the men I heard during this period. I have listened to about all the good tenor men, beginning with Lester, and believe me, I've picked up something from them all, including several who have never recorded.

The reason I liked Lester so was that I could feel that line, that simplicity. My phrasing was very much in Lester's vein at this time.

I found out about Coleman Hawkins after I learned of Lester. There were a lot of things that Hawkins was doing that I knew I'd have to learn somewhere along the line. I felt the same way

about Ben Webster. There were many things that people like Hawk, Ben, and Tab Smith were doing in the '40s that I didn't understand but that I felt emotionally.

The first time I heard Hawk, I was fascinated by his arpeggios and the way he played. I got a copy of his *Body and Soul* and listened real hard to what he was doing. And even though I dug Pres, as I grew musically, I appreciated Hawk more and more.

As far as musical influences, aside from saxophonists, are concerned, I think I was first awakened to musical exploration by Dizzy Gillespie and Bird. It was through their work that I began to learn about musical structures and the more theoretical aspects of music.

Also, I had met Jimmy Heath, who, besides being a wonderful saxophonist, understood a lot about musical construction. I joined his group in Philadelphia in 1948. We were very much alike in our feeling, phrasing, and a whole lot of ways. Our musical appetites were the same. We used to practice together, and he would write out some of the things we were interested in. We would take things from records and digest them. In this way we learned about the techniques being used by writers and arrangers.

Another friend and I learned together in Philly — Calvin Massey, a trumpeter and composer who now lives in Brooklyn. His musical ideas and mine often run parallel, and we've collaborated quite often. We helped each other advance musically by exchanging knowledge and ideas.

I first met Miles Davis about 1947 and played a few jobs with him and Sonny Rollins at the Audubon ballroom in Manhattan. During this period he was

coming into his own, and I could see him extending the boundaries of jazz even further. I felt I wanted to work with him. But for the time being, we went our separate ways.

I went with Dizzy's big band in 1949. I stayed with Diz through the breakup of the big band and played in the small group he organized later.

Afterwards, I went with Earl Bostic, who I consider a very gifted musician. He showed me a lot of things on my horn. He has fabulous technical facilities on his instrument and knows many a trick.

Then I worked with one of my first loves, Johnny Hodges. I really enjoyed that job. I liked every tune in the book. Nothing was superficial. It all had meaning, and it all swung. And the confidence with which Rabbit plays! I wish I could play with the confidence that he does.

But besides enjoying my stay with Johnny musically, I also enjoyed it because I was getting firsthand information about things that happened way before my time. I'm very interested in the past, and even though there's a lot I don't know about it, I intend to go back and find out. I'm back to Sidney Bechet already.

Take Art Tatum, for instance. When I was coming up, the musicians I ran around with were listening to Bud Powell, and I didn't listen too much to Tatum. That is, until one night I happened to run into him in Cleveland. There were Art and Slam Stewart and Oscar Peterson and Ray Brown at a private session in some lady's attic. They played from 2:30 in the morning to 8:30—just whatever they felt like playing. I've never heard so much music.

In 1955, I joined Miles on a regular basis and worked with him till the middle of 1957. I went with Thelonious Monk for the remainder of that year.

Working with Monk brought me close to a musical architect of the highest order. I felt I learned from him in every way — through the senses, theoretically, technically. I would talk to Monk about musical problems, and he would sit at the piano and show me the answers just by playing them. I could watch him play and find out the things I wanted to know. Also, I could see a lot of things that I didn't know about at all.

Monk was one of the first to show me how to make two or three notes at one time on tenor. (John Glenn, a tenor man in Philly, also showed me how to do this. He can play a triad and move notes inside it — like passing tones!) It's done by false fingering and adjusting your lip. If everything goes right, you can get triads. Monk just looked at my horn and "felt" the mechanics of what had to be done to get this effect.

I think Monk is one of the true greats of all time. He's a real musical thinker — there're not many like him. I feel myself fortunate to have had the opportunity to work with him. If a guy needs a little spark, a boost, he can just be around Monk, and Monk will give it to him.

After leaving Monk, I went back to another great musical artist, Miles.

On returning, this time to stay until I formed my own group a few months ago, I found Miles in the midst of another stage of his musical development. There was one time in his past that he devoted to multichorded structures. He was interested in chords for their own sake. But now it seemed that he was moving in the opposite direction to the use of fewer and fewer chord changes in songs. He used tunes with free-flowing lines and chordal direction. This approach allowed the soloist the choice of playing chordally (vertically) or melodically (horizontally).

In fact, due to the direct and free-flowing lines in his music, I found it easy to apply the harmonic ideas that I had. I could stack up chords — say, on a C7, I sometimes superimposed an Eb7, up to an F#7, down to an F. That way I could play three chords on one. But on the other hand, if I wanted to, I could play melodically. Miles' music gave me plenty of freedom. It's a beautiful approach.

About this time, I was trying for a sweeping sound. I started experimenting because I was striving for more individual development. I even tried long, rapid lines that Ira Gitler termed "sheets of sound" at the time. But actu-

ally, I was beginning to apply the three-on-one chord approach, and at that time the tendency was to play the entire scale of each chord. Therefore, they were usually played fast and sometimes sounded like glisses.

I found there were a certain number of chord progressions to play in a given time, and sometimes what I played didn't work out in eighth notes, 16th notes, or triplets. I had to put the notes in uneven groups like fives and sevens in order to get them all in.

I thought in groups of notes, not of one note at a time. I tried to place these groups on the accents and emphasize the strong beats — maybe on 2 here and on 4 over at the end. I would set up the line and drop groups of notes — a long line with accents dropped as I moved along. Sometimes

The first occasion I had to speak with John Coltrane at length was during his recent engagement at the Sutherland hotel. In our initial conversation I was struck by his lack of pretentiousness or false pride. The honesty with which he answered questions — questions that other musicians would have evaded or talked around — impressed me deeply. We discussed my doing an article about him. But when I saw how really interested he was in setting the record straight, I suggested that we do the piece together.

As it turned out, Coltrane did the vast majority of the work, struggling as most writers do with just the right way of saying something, deciding whether he should include this or that, making sure such and such was clear. The results of his labor is the article appearing on these pages. The words and ideas are John's — I merely suggested, typed, and arranged.

—DeMichael

what I was doing clashed harmonically with the piano — especially if the pianist wasn't familiar with what I was doing — so a lot of times I just strolled with bass and drums.

I haven't completely abandoned this approach, but it wasn't broad enough. I'm trying to play these progressions in a more flexible manner now.

Last February, I bought a soprano saxophone. I like the sound of it, but I'm not playing with the body, the bigness of tone, that I want yet. I haven't had too much trouble playing it in tune, but I've had a lot of trouble getting a good quality of tone in the upper register. It comes out sort of puny sometimes. I've had to adopt a slightly different approach than the one I use for tenor, but it helps me get away — let's me take another look at improvisation. It's like having another hand.

I'm using it with my present group, McCoy Tyner, piano; Steve Davis, bass,

and Pete LaRoca, drums. The quartet is coming along nicely. We know basically what we're trying for, and we leave room for individual development. Individual contributions are put in night by night.

One of my aims is to build as good a repertoire as I can for a band. What size, I couldn't say, but it'll probably be a quartet or quintet. I want to get the material first. Right now, I'm on a material search.

From a technical viewpoint, I have certain things I'd like to present in my solos. To do this, I have to get the right material. It has to swing, and it has to be varied. (I'm inclined not to be too varied.) I want it to cover as many forms of music as I can put into a jazz context and play on my instruments. I like Eastern music; Yusef Lateef has been using this in his playing for some time. And Ornette Coleman sometimes plays music with a Spanish content as well as other exotic-flavored music. In these approaches there's something I can draw on and use in the way I like to play.

I've been writing some things for the quartet — if you call lines and sketches writing. I'd like to write more after I learn more — after I find out what kind of material I can present best, what kind will carry my musical techniques best. Then I'll know better what kind of writing is best for me.

I've been devoting quite a bit of my time to harmonic studies on my own, in libraries and places like that. I've found you've got to look back at the old things and see them in a new light. I'm not finished with these studies because I haven't assimilated everything into my playing. I want to progress, but I don't want to go so far out that I can't see what others are doing.

I want to broaden my outlook in order to come out with a fuller means of expression. I want to be more flexible where rhythm is concerned. I feel I have to study rhythm some more. I haven't experimented too much with time; most of my experimenting has been in a harmonic form. I put time and rhythms to one side, in the past.

But I've got to keep experimenting. I feel that I'm just beginning. I have part of what I'm looking for in my grasp but not all.

I'm very happy devoting all my time to music, and I'm glad to be one of the many who are striving for fuller development as musicians. Considering the great heritage in music that we have, the work of giants of the past, the present, and the promise of those who are to come, I feel that we have every reason to face the future optimistically.



record

REVIEWS

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

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

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THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND

EAT A PEACH—Capricorn 2CP 0102: *Ain't Wastin' Time No More*; *Les Brers in A Minor*; *Melissa*; *Mountain Jam*; *One Way Out*; *Trouble No More*; *Stand Back*; *Blue Sky*; *Little Martha*.

Personnel: Gregg Allman, organ, piano, acoustic guitar, vocal; Duane Allman, guitars; Dicky Betts, guitars, vocal (track 9), monkey skulls (track 3); Berry Oakley, bass; Jai Johanny Johanson, drums, congas; Butch Trucks, drums, tympani, percussion, tambourine (track 9), gong, vibes (track 3).

Rating: ★★★★★

This is possibly the best all-around rock album ever put together. The material ranges from hard, tight blues numbers to long improvisational jams and songs of true lyric beauty, exemplifying the best that rock music has to offer in each style.

The album is made up of music recorded on three different occasions, in different places and under different circumstances.

One part was cut live at the Fillmore East in March of last year. This is the same appearance at which the band's earlier live album (CAP SD2-802) was recorded. A second part was tracked during some studio sessions in Miami last fall, and the third in the same place a few months after Duane Allman's death in late October.

Side One is made up of the sessions done without Duane. *Wastin' Time* finds Gregg offering some nice piano and a fine lamenting vocal. Betts double-tracks on slide and lead guitar, and handles both capably. The slide track is especially pleasing, having a haunting quality that complements the vocal well.

Les Brers is an instrumental that is unlike anything the band has ever done. A long, deliberate introduction, sounding almost orchestrated, leads into a theme with an intriguing foreign flavor to it. Guitar, organ and drums all have their moments in the spotlight, and the principals acquit themselves admirably. A very interesting and unusual piece for the band, and brought off very well. *Melissa* finds Gregg delivering another fine vocal. (In fact, every one of his vocals on the album is first-rate.) Betts' guitar line has a sweet longing that again lends perfect punctuation to the vocal.

Without Duane, the Allman Brothers is certainly a very good band. With him it was unique. They scrapped the traditional rock structure of lead guitar/rhythm guitar for one in which both guitarists played lead, driving and flowing into and along with one another.

There have been guitar pairings of this type before (Bloomfield and Bishop on *East-West* is a notable example) but no one has ever developed the style of interwoven riffs and harmonies to the extent that Dicky Betts and Duane Allman did.

Two of the studio cuts with Duane show off this style to good advantage. Betts' *Blue Sky* is one of those rare songs where the lyrics, vocal and music combine perfectly, like the pieces of a puzzle, to set a mood. The lyrics themselves are of almost pristine simplicity.

and Betts, with an excellent vocal, delivers them with sincerity. Allman and Betts join for some harmonic runs of such soaring spirit and beauty that, together with the vocal, they communicate a feeling of fresh, natural joy that just has to leave you smiling.

Little Martha is an acoustic duet which Betts and Allman play without any backup from the rest of the band. Though not quite as inspired as *Blue Sky*, the cut has a light, airy feel to it and is very pleasant listening. On *Stand Back*, the third song recorded during these sessions, the strong points are Duane's slide guitar and some good drumming.

Of the live cuts, the band's renditions of Sonny Boy Williamson's *One Way Out* and Muddy Waters' *Trouble No More* are two of the tightest blues cuts you're ever going to hear. *Way Out* offers Duane on slide guitar, and he lays down the main riff, accenting the vocal. Betts then takes over with a strong solo, after which the two guitars bark a series of short, hot riffs at each other. Gregg's vocal is taut and crisp, as are his efforts on *Trouble*. Here, again, Duane plays slide guitar, and he and Betts lead the way with a driving beat that doesn't let up til the final bar.

Mountain Jam is a masterpiece: a 35-minute long instrumental of quintessential Allman Brothers made even more impressive by the fact that its intricate harmonies and changes of rhythm and theme were recorded live rather than in the controlled studio environment.

Backed by some deep, rolling drumming, the two guitars start off on the main theme, based on Donovan's *First There is a Mountain*. They explore this idea for a while, then branch out into some freer improvisation. Time out for a nice, low-key bit on organ by Gregg, then back to guitar for a long stretch where Betts really shines. A short, interesting period of forest-like sounds leads into a drum duet. Though not unheard of, the use of two drummers is rare in rock, and here Johanson and Trucks take full advantage of the opportunities it affords.

Their bit is characterized by a full, round, rhythmic depth that is a pleasant contrast to the feverish crashing typical of so many drum solos. Berry Oakley is next, and the drummers remain in the background for his solo. It takes a good bassist to make a bass solo interesting, and Oakley is that. All too often, solos on this instrument are simply a series of up-the-scale, down-the-scale phrases lurching spasmodically along. Oakley, however, using a pick rather than the more conventional open-handed method of play, has both drive and melodic flow to his playing.

There are times, on this cut as well as others, where it seems that Oakley's bass, rather than just providing backup for an Allman-Betts duet, is another lead playing in triplets with the other two.

Partly creditable for this situation is the double drum setup of the band, together with Gregg's organ. This combination provides such full, rich background rhythm that Oakley

is freed to pursue his more melodic inclinations.

As his solo draws to a close, Oakley steps up the beat, then is joined by the two guitars. Together they launch into another long stretch of guitar work where both he and Duane have some particularly good spots. They lower the pace a bit, and Betts glides into a slow, beautiful solo.

The rest of the band gradually chimes in and then, as you feel them building to a climax, just when you expect to hear the final crescendos, Betts goes back up the mountain with Duane right behind him. They end as they had begun—with the *Mountain* theme.

Eat a Peach is one of those uncommon albums in which all cuts are praiseworthy in themselves and blend well as a whole. It is excellent, and I recommend it highly.

—bobby nelsen

ROY AYERS

HE'S COMING—Polydor 5022: *He's a Superstar*; *He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother*; *Ain't Got Time*; *I Don't Know How To Love Him*; *He's Coming*; *We Live in Brooklyn Baby*; *Sweet Butterfly Of Love*; *Sweet Tears*; *Fire Weaver*.

Personnel: Sonny Fortune, soprano sax, flute; Ayers, vibes, organ, vocal; Harry Whitaker, piano, organ, vocal; Sam Brown, Bob Fusco, guitars; John Williams, Ron Carter, bass; Jumma Santos, conga; David Lee, Billy Cobham, drums; strings; vocal group.

Rating: ★★★★★

Dan Morgenstern once mentioned that Ayers sounds more like Lionel Hampton than any other young vibes player today. The similarity goes beyond a likeness of sound, however. Like Hamp, Ayers is bound and determined to bring his thing (which is jazz) to grips with whatever music the public may be getting into.

The people who will complain because Ayers plays *I Don't Know Him to Love Him* might consider that today's pop tune is tomorrow's standard (*Body and Soul* came out of a Broadway show). Regardless of when and for what it was written, few songs are as beautiful as Bobby Scott's *He Ain't Heavy*. Then listen and rejoice as Ayers works into *Fire Weaver*, admittedly the cookin' selection on the album. If some of the originals from within the band are less than great (*We Live in Brooklyn*, for example), they are good fun, and some, like *He's A Superstar*, show promise.

As a singer, Ayers has grown. As a vibes man, he doesn't need to. That Ayers is one of the best of a fine crop of young mallet men he had shown us before leaving Herbie Mann. That Ayers is hip and aware is being more vividly illustrated with every record his new group makes.

And how about the two drummers, David Lee and Billy Cobham, together on one record! That'd make Lawrence Welk swing.

—klee

WALLACE DAVENPORT

DARKNESS ON THE DELTA—Fat's Cat's Jazz FCJ-122: *Darkness on the Delta*; *Sugar Babe*; *Melancholy*; *Just a Closer Walk With Thee*; *My Monday Date*; *Sleepy Time Down South*; *Someday You'll be Sorry*; *Chloe*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Personnel: Davenport, trumpet, vocal; Walter (Slide) Harris, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; John Eaton, piano; Van Perry, bass; Freddie Moore, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ / ★★

Wallace Davenport was long overdue for his own album, and independent producer Johnson (Fat Cat) McRee had a potential coup on his hands in recording him. Regrettably, the results don't do full justice to a great trumpeter.

New Orleans-born, Davenport spent some 15 years on the road with the big bands of Lionel Hampton, Ray Charles, Lloyd Price and Count Basie, mostly as lead trumpeter and sometimes also as musical director. A couple of years ago, he decided to come home, and since then has found a berth on Bourbon Street, sometimes holding down two six-hour jobs per day—and Bourbon Street jobs are not designed for coasting.

Davenport has the chops for such tasks, just as he had them for the big band lead chairs. He had only rare chances for solo exposure in those days, and now that he has plenty, it's within a traditional framework. But since he cut his musical eyeteeth with Papa Celestin and some of the top brass bands in New Orleans, he has no trouble with that.

There is no question that Davenport is a

trumpeter of the first rank. His pretty tone has the clarity and perfect projection of a skilled lead man's, but none of the coldness that sometimes goes with that skill. Concomitantly, he phrases with great percision but without stiffness. His technique is remarkable: the valves are like butter under his fingers, his range is awesome (but judiciously employed), his control is impeccable, his intonation flawless.

Davenport is also a fluent improviser, inspired by Louis Armstrong and also touched by Charlie Shavers, Sweets Edison, and, in his more modern moments, Clark Terry. But he is quite himself—a very classy trumpet player.

His only weakness, as I hear it, is an occa-



sional tendency to empty technical display that mars an otherwise tasteful conception (as the triple-tongue stuff at the end of the first *Monday Date* solo here). And there may be reason to doubt that the traditional context is truly what Davenport's soul lies within—I sense a great mainstream player at the core of his musical being.

This album was recorded during a playing visit to McRee's annual Manassas (Va.) Jazz Festival. Aside from the excellent clarinetist Herb Hall, Davenport's companions are notches below his level. Eaton is an accomplished, musicianly but stylistically bland pia-

nist not helped by a tinny-sounding instrument; Harris is a pleasant minor-league Vic Dickenson with, apparently, little lung power (or else he was consistently under-balanced by the engineer). Perry is rather inaudible and seems little more than steady, while veteran drummer Moore keeps time like a metronome, without a trace of shading or color.

The program, despite the warhorses, is nicely enough chosen, but the tempos and routines (or absence thereof) are monotonous and unimaginative. Ensemble, string of solos, ensemble, period—except on the two most effective tracks.

These are *Closer Walk*, a Davenport showpiece in which his Harmon-muted, stately-slow solo, accompanied only by brushes, is a highlight. The other, believe it or not, is *Saints*, which has some peppy vocalizing and patter by Davenport (he also sings on *Sugar Babe* and *Someday*, in that pleasant, rhythmic, relaxed manner characteristic of so many trumpeters inspired by Louis).

Trumpet-wise, Davenport's magnificent closing half chorus on *Sleepy Time* delivers clear proof of his true ability. Climbing to a punishing upper range, and staying there, he serves notice that he is a musician to be reckoned with.

Five stars for Davenport: a bare three for the setting (with Hall's warm, soulful work definitely an asset, and the shifting, unfocused recording balance a distracting detraction).

Davenport deserves much better, but this is a welcome start. With a little more help from his friends, he should raise quite a bit of hell.

—morgenstern

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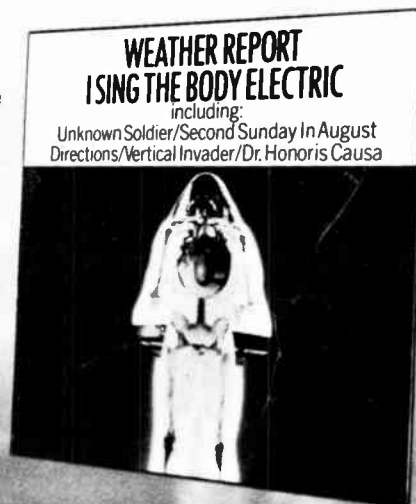
That should give you some idea of the group's tightness. And their new album's already been praised by Frank Zappa and Duke Ellington. Zappa said, "I find it excellent and beautiful." And Ellington commented, "...when I encountered Weather Report, and learned

that Joe Zawinul was in it, I paid attention. What I heard confirmed my opinion that if the word 'jazz' means anything at all, it means freedom of expression."

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ART FARMER

FROM VIENNA WITH ART—MPS CRM 741: *Cascavelo*; *The Day After*; *Con-Fab*; *The Gap Sealer*; *Cocodrilo*; *Whole Tone Stomp*.

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Heath, soprano&tenor saxes, flute; Fritz Pauer, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Erich Bachtraegl, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Three U.S. expatriates and two natives of Vienna perform on this record with the fluency of a well-oiled machine.

This doesn't mean that the playing is mechanical. On the contrary, it is highly individual and subtle. Farmer hasn't lost his soft touch, and his forte, as it ever was, is his playing of ballads. On this record, the beautiful Tom McIntosh composition, *The Day After*, is the vehicle that proves this statement. On the faster numbers, the listener can admire Farmer's fluency and the ease with which he handles technical problems. Where other trumpeters might "smear", Farmer is able to play every note with complete articulation and perfect intonation.

Heath's playing is somewhat uninspired and emotionless here, but this is fully compensated for by the outstanding performances of pianist Pauer and bassist Woode. A surprise is drummer Bachtraegl, who follows in the footsteps of Europe's great combo drummer, Daniel Humair.

Very interesting is Pauer's composition *Whole Tone Stomp*, a piece that has a melody based on the whole-tone scale, not easy to improvise on but beautifully mastered by the combo.

It can be said that the times of American musical superiority are over. There is no discernible difference concerning style, technique, perception and phrasing between the American and Austrian musicians here.

—vogel

HAL GALPER

WILD BIRD—Mainstream 354: *Trilogy* (Con-vocation); *Wild Bird*; *Change Up*; *This Moment*; *Whatever*.

Personnel: Randy Brecker, trumpet; Mike Brecker, soprano&tenor saxes; Galper, piano; Bob Mann, Jonathan Graham, guitar; Victor Gaskin, Charles LaChapelle, bass; Billy Hart, Bill Goodwin, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This is pianist Galper's second album as leader of an energy-drive band that attempts to bridge the jazz/rock chasm. Galper is a versatile musician with the ability to surround himself with some heavy sidemen (the Breckers, Hart, Gaskin, Mann, etc.)

That being established, I'd like to dwell on the reason why I don't feel this album succeeds completely in using Galper's positive qualities to their best advantage. His previous album had two drummers (Steve Haas and Charles Alias). Perhaps it was the success of the double drums that caused him to experiment with doubling up on bass and guitar as well. The musicians are obviously capable and well chosen, but the rhythm section here sounds muddled—too much indistinguishable chugging is going down, and the crispness of the Gaskin-Mann-Haas-Alias combination album just isn't here, despite the fact that Billy Hart is one of the better drummers around.

Three stars means good, which this recording certainly is. The extra half star is mainly for the tenor playing of Mike Brecker, a bitch

on wheels every time he blows. If anybody's doing any burning on this album, it's little brother Mike, although we know big brother Randy can cook, too, when he's in the mood. Unfortunately, on this date he wasn't—maybe the rhythmic muddle was bugging him. He simmers along nicely just under the boiling point, making interesting sounds with his electric trumpet.

I kept waiting for something to get into, but Godot never showed up.

—klee

WOODY HERMAN

AT CARNEGIE HALL—Verve (English) 2317 031: *Red Top*; *Bijou*; *Mean to Me*; *Your Father's Mustache*; *Superman with a Horn*; *Heads Up*; *Hallelujah*; *Wild Root*; *The Good Earth*; *Four Men on a Horse*; *The Man I Love*; *Blowin' Up a Storm*; *Sweet and Lovely*; *Everywhere*; *Panacea*.

Personnel: Conrad Gozzo, lrv (Marky) Markowitz, Sonny Berman, Shorty Rogers, Pete Candoli, trumpets; Bill Harris, Ralph Pleffner, Ed Kiefer, trombones; Herman, clarinet, alto sax, vocal; Sam Marowitz, John La Porta, Flip Phillips, Mickey Folus, Sam Rubinwitch, reeds; Tony Aless, piano; Red Norvo, vibes; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Don Lamond, drums. Recorded March 25, 1946.

Rating: ★★★★★

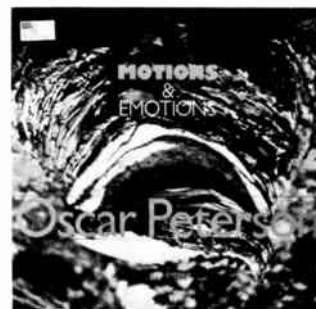
This well-produced British reissue returns to circulation an important documentary recording by one of the all-time great big bands—the historic First Herd.

That term is something of a misnomer, since Herman formed his first band in 1936 (and he never had a bad one). But this one—captured here in a moment of glory, at the concert where it premiered *Ebony Concerto*, the piece Igor Stravinsky wrote for it—was the band that, once and for all, put Woody Herman in the big leagues. It was also the last great ensemble to arrive while the big band era was still in full swing. Almost symbolically, it disbanded in late 1946, when post-war inflation and other factors were writing the death sentence of an era.

What made the First Herd great? For one thing, its tremendous spirit and drive. This was, above all, a brilliant ensemble with a collective punch matched only by the great black swing bands from which it drew so much of its inspiration. It was a young band, and under the leader's guidance, it uniquely combined enthusiasm and musical discipline. It was a swinging band, with a rhythmic conception that reflected the new currents in jazz. These currents were also a big influence on the band's key arrangers, Neal Hefti and Ralph Burns—the former's admiration for Dizzy Gillespie being particularly notable in his scoring for the brilliant trumpet section, while the latter's awareness of new things made itself most felt in his harmonic sophistication. (Burns, of course, was also deeply touched by Ellington.)

Unlike the Second Herd, this was not a bebop band, but the influence was there. Also unlike its successor, it was not dominated by great soloists, but those it had it used to maximum effect—with one exception. Trumpeter Sonny Berman, who died in January 1947, just a few months short of 23 years old, was not featured enough; a point that can be made even without the application of hindsight.

The star soloists were tenorist Flip Phillips, a warm, exciting, swinging player with roots in Ben Webster, and trombonist Bill Harris, a



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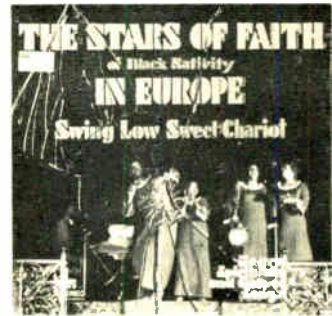
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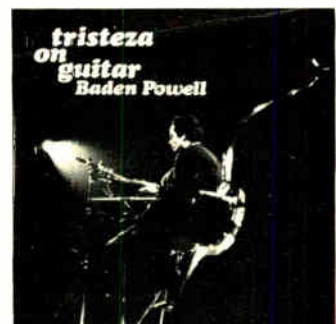
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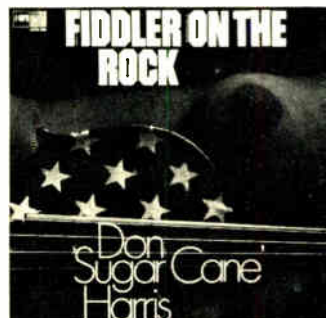
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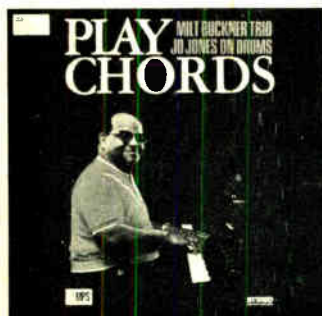
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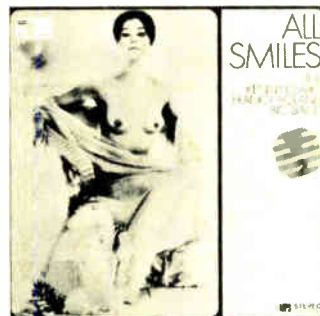
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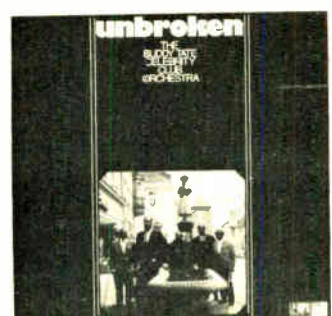
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true original with a big, explosive sound and a unique conception. These two had the ability, all-important in a big band, to "get off" at a moment's notice. They didn't need a few choruses to warm up: they were always ready. Also well featured was Red Norvo, who had succeeded Marjorie Hyams in the vibes spot; aside from Lionel Hampton's, this was the only big band to consistently feature this instrument.

The key chairs were in good hands. Lead altoist Sam Marowitz, an unsung hero, was one of the best. Lead trumpeter Conrad Gozzo has become a legend; he was, among other things, one of the first lead men who combined great power and precision with a feeling for modern jazz phrasing. Drummer Don Lamond handled the difficult job of stepping into Davey Tough's role as driving motor of the band with aplomb, with no small assist from bassist Chubby Jackson, a dynamo who was among the first (if not the first) to amplify his instrument.

This is a location recording, done at a time when portable equipment was quite unsophisticated and tape had not yet become available. By contemporary standards, the sound and balance fall short of excellence. The drums are overbalanced, some solos are partly off-mike, and the reed section's sound is not well focused. But the re-mastering here is superior to previous attempts, and there is that elusive "live" quality as well. It is interesting to have the concert versions of pieces that were also recorded in the studio; in general, these are looser and longer, with more extended solo work.

This is not the whole concert; *Ebony Concerto*, Burns' *Summer Sequence*, and a number of shorter works were also performed. (The complete rundown, plus Mike Levin's down beat review of the event, can be perused on two facsimile pages from our April 8, 1946 issue inserted in the album; the review stands up well.) But all the essentials are here, giving a well-rounded picture in sound of the band's versatility and power.

There are the great stomp pieces: *Earth, Mustache, Storm, Root*. There are the solo showcases: *Sweet and Lovely*, with Flip at his balladic best; *Mean to Me* and *Everywhere* for Harris, in brilliant form on the first, especially; and *Man I Love and Hallelujah* for Norvo, superb on the Gershwin classic, played in two tempos. There is a characteristic Herman blues vocal (and some fine band work) on *Panacea*—this was no longer "the band that plays the blues" but no band of Woody's ever lost sight of those particular roots. And there is the band within the band, the Woodchoppers (Berman, Harris, Phillips, Herman and the rhythm section) in *Heads Up*, and the rhythm section alone in some amiable horseplay on *Four Men*. There is also one of the band's gems, Burns' *Bijou*, a beautifully wrought piece of music featuring Harris and a spotting of the leader's graceful alto. This version, mainly due to recording balance deficiencies, is not up to the studio one, but there is a bonus in *Red Top*, a swinging up-tempo blues never done in a studio version.

Berman is heard only briefly. His eight muted bars on *Heads* are hardly more than a teaser, but on *Mustache*, he has a brilliant open solo indicating his advanced conception. The other trumpet work on the LP is by Pete Candoli, and it's mostly in a humorous, crowd-pleasing vein. Gozzo briefly emerges

from his ensemble role in the interlude on *Mean*.

Flip is in good, booting form on the up-tempo swingers and on the extended version of *Root* (based on *Flyin' Home*) gets into his later-to-be-famous JATP groove. Harris is great to hear. Why somebody doesn't record him today is a mystery. Woody, heard mostly on clarinet, is a much more polished soloist today, but even then his work was always in the groove.

The brief liner note pays down beat some nice compliments. Thank you, gentlemen, also for bringing back an important chapter in big band history. The LP, which may be picked up at a later date by U.S. Verve (or Polydor), is presently available through down beat.

—morgenstern

CARMEN McRAE

IN PERSON—Mainstream MRL 352: *Sunday; What Kind of Fool Am I? A Foggy Day; I Left My Heart in San Francisco; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Let There Be Love; This Is All I Ask; Thou Swell; It Never Entered My Mind; Make Someone Happy*.

Personnel: Ms. McRae, vocal, unidentified trio.

Rating: ★★★★★

MORGANA KING

CUORE DI MAMA—Mainstream MRL 355: *Cuore di Mama; When The World Was Young; Young and Foolish; Corcovado; Try to Remember; Meditation; Lazy Afternoon; Who Can I Turn To; I'll Follow You; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; I Love Paris*.

Personnel: Ms. King, vocal; unidentified orchestra arranged and conducted by Torrie Zito.

Rating: ★★★★★½

The generations gap more and more. Presumably, mine prefers Bob Dylan and Janis Joplin—but I'd rather listen to music. Hence, I am ever-exhilarated by Carmen McRae and Morgana King—true vocal artists, true singers of songs, not rhetorical mumblers or histrionic sex objects.

The McRae album is especially exquisite, because she summons beauty from sugary songs I always hated, like *This Is All I Ask* and *Make Someone Happy*. Then again, for all her brassy grace, I still hate that diabetic valentine to San Francisco. But I love *It Never Entered and I Didn't Know*, especially as crooned by Carmen. As always, her musicality is excellent, as is her tasty (but anonymous) accompaniment, altogether proving her one of the few truly exemplary ballad stylists.

The King album is even better, and almost indescribable. As always, her voice scintillates, like fine cut crystal. She is truly unlike any other vocalist: hear the shimmering *Lazy Afternoon* and *Corcovado*, and even the otherwise banal *Try To Remember*. Morgana is far more than a stylist; she is indeed a chanteuse—as cool and rarefied with a lyric as Carmen is classy and grooving.

Considered together, the two LPs represent all the charm and finesse of the artistry of singing. Their brilliance, their capacity to illuminate a phrase or a piece of melody, their unique energy (the pithy swing of McRae, the effervescent delicacy of King)—all this is truly divine. And like their fellow vocal artists, like Sarah Vaughan and Billie Holiday and Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short and Grady Tate and many more, their spirit is timeless.

—bourne

BUDDY RICH

BUDDY RICH IN LONDON—RCA LSP 4666: *Dancing Man*; *The Word*; *St. Mark's Square*; *That's Enough*; *Little Train*; *Two Bass Hit*; Theme from "Love Story"; *Time Being*; *Buddy Rich Speaks*.

Personnel: Lin Biviano, Jeff Stout, Wayne Naus, John DeFlon, trumpets; Bruce Paulson, Tony DiMaggio, John Leys, trombones; Pat LaBarbera, Brian A. Grivna, Jimmy Mosher, Don Englert, Joe Calo, reeds; Bob Dogan, piano; Paul Kondziela, bass; Rich, drums; vocal trio (track 4).

Rating: ★★☆☆

Here is the eighth Buddy Rich LP in the big band series and the second for RCA Victor. As on past Rich LPs, particularly the last four or five, there is considerable emphasis on volatile and intricate brass ensembles, played at galloping tempos and propelled by Rich's iron-wristed but nimble drumming.

There are several elements in this package that put it a notch or two above even the high standard established by his last few outings, though I don't consider it quite equal to his earlier LPs, up to and including *Mercy, Mercy*. They had a more loose, swinging quality about them and sounded relatively relaxed compared to the intensity with which the current band rips into its work.

Be that as it may, it is good to see Pat LaBarbera step forward and take his rightful share of the action as the band's finest soloist. He had generous space on the *Different Drummer* LP last time around, and scores with more excellent moments this time. He is the band's strongest solo voice since Jay Corre, and it always puzzled me why he took

the bass end of the spectrum that robs the band of a certain undercurrent of power.

The *Rich Speaks* track closes the LP with some amusing on-stage banter from Buddy.

—mcdonough

ARTIE SHAW/ ROY ELDRIDGE

ARTIE SHAW FEATURING ROY ELDRIDGE—RCA LPV 582: *Lady Day*; *I'll Never Be the Same*; *Grabtown Grapple*; *The Sad Sack*; *Little Jazz*; *A Foggy Day*; *I Could Write a Book*; *Lucky Number*; *Soon*; *Natch*; *No One But You*; *Scuttlebutt*; *Mysterioso*; *Hop Skip and Jump*; *The Gentle Grifter*; *Mysterioso*.

Collective Personnel: Eldridge, Ray Linn, Jimmy Pupa, George Schwartz, Paul Cohen, Tony Faso, Bernie Glow, Stan Fischelson, trumpets; Ray Conniff, Charles Coolidge, Pat McNaughton, Harry Rodgers, Ollie Wilson, Bob Swift, Augustino Ischia, trombones, Tom Mace, Les Clarke, Herbie Steward, Jon Walton, Chuck Gentry, Lou Prissy, Rudolph Tanza, Ralph Rosenlund, reeds; Shaw, clarinet; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Morris Rayman, bass; Lou Fromm, drums; Eldridge, vocal (track 10). Gramercy Five: Eldridge, Shaw, Marmarosa, Kessel, Fromm. Recorded 1944-45.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The idea of a collection of Shaw/Eldridge collaborations from the 1944-45 period sounds great at first—one of those ideas that one assumes was long overdue. Well, here it is, before us, in superbly reproduced sound, and it is indeed nice to have. But taken as a whole, this period of partnership produced relatively minor accomplishments—certainly from Eldridge's point of view and to a lesser degree, from Shaw's also.

For Eldridge, these sides generally represent something of a compromise. They are immaculately professional and a tribute to and reminder of Roy's versatility and disciplined technique. He is uncommonly lyrical in the grand manner on *Foggy Day*. Yet, the restrained character of most of his solo work here would puzzle a listener trying to gauge Roy's enormous impact on the jazz scene of the late '30s and beyond. In short, there is much about the Eldridge style that's not in evidence here.

For Shaw, these were the twilight days of his career as leader of a major orchestra. These and other recordings from the late Victor period seem to pretty well embody Shaw's traditional musical concepts in maturity. He catered—never pandered—to the best elements of popular taste, choosing consistently outstanding songs (many from the better Broadway shows) and framing them in danceable, richly textured and intelligent arrangements. This is essentially what is heard here: very high-quality, ungimmicked dance music.

Eldridge works comfortably within this context, but he is permitted to dominate it only occasionally. There is *Little Jazz*, for example—Roy's show piece with the band—and a gem it is! It provides a backdrop for some spectacularly raw open and muted solo work that is up to about anything he did in a similar vein (*Le's Bounce*, for example) with his own groups of his period. (He made a number of big band sides under his own name between 1944 and 1946.) And there's *Lucky Number*, where he slashes out with 16 fiery, instantly recognizable bars in the last chorus.

In addition to the band pieces, there are also



a back seat to altoist Richie Cole when the latter was casting about for chorus after chorus in search of an idea. Here, LaBarbera dominates virtually every track on which he plays with his full tone and sure sense of phrasing. He is also heard to advantage in one of his rare ballad performances on *Love Story*.

I find no serious failure of material on this LP. Without taking away from the strengths of the other RCA session, I did consider the *Superstar* tracks something of a letdown. This time around, the quality of the writing is uniformly excellent when measured against the band's current all-stops-out, slightly-rock-influenced stylistic goals. Even *That's Enough*, which features a vocal trio of Kathy Rich and Michelle and Carlene Hendricks, is refreshing in its simplicity and gets a stomping good rendering from all involved.

Bill Holman's major contribution to this session—and he's been contributing charts since the beginning—is the long piece called *Time Being*. A thundering track throughout, it is a collection of many rhythms and moods, from a somewhat pretentious opening to some soaring trumpet section work later on. It is longer than its substance justifies, but perhaps its main purpose is to showcase the leader's remarkable resources as both an ensemble drummer and soloist.

Producer Pete Spargo pays special tribute to the sound attained by Bob Auger's engineering in his liner notes. I don't agree. Moreover, in reviewing Rich's first RCA album some months ago, Jim Szantor voiced similar reservations. In comparing the RCAs to the Liberty LPs, I find a marked shallowness at

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seven Gramercy Five tracks—mostly clever, tightly knit ensembles for clarinet and trumpet, reminiscent of John Kirby's band. The finest of the Gramercies, I think, are *Scuttlebutt*, which has exceptional bass work by Rayman, and the two versions of *Mysterioso*, neither of which has ever been on LP. A moody minor blues, its ensemble has an Ellingtonian feel to it. The Gramercies also offer interesting glimpses of Marmarosa and Kessel.

As for Shaw, his clarinet never sounded more agile and elegant than on such melodic standards as *Soon*, *Book*, and *Foggy Day*. And on original swingers such as the previously unissued *Natch* and *Number*, his steely notes glisten like beads of rain striking the Simonized finish that marked Shaw's marvelous reed ensembles. His work as a soloist remains as unique in its own way as that of Sidney Bechet, another one-of-a-kind master.

On the whole, Eldridge's impact on the Shaw band was not as strong as it had been on Gene Krupa's several years earlier. The reason appears clear. The main body of Shaw's work suggests a strong commitment to the values of the ensemble—the well-balanced orchestration. This is the thread running through Shaw's work back to 1936. Even when he fronted the feisty, spunky swing band of 1938-39, there seemed to be a special dedication to the collective tone of the band. His sax section sound was certainly deeper and more penetrating than Benny Goodman's, his main competitor. In any case, this, along with a strong sense of style, seemed to contribute to a sharply focused definition in Shaw's mind of what an Artie Shaw Orches-

tra should sound like. And although several major soloists moved through the band's ranks (*Hot Lips Page*, *Billy Butterfield*, *Eldridge*), that definition continued to prevail.

—mcdonough

CEDAR WALTON/ HANK MOBLEY

BREAKTHROUGH—Cobblestone 9011: *Breakthrough*; *Sabia*; *House on Maple Street*, *Theme from Love Story*; *Summertime*; *Early Morning Stroll*.

Personnel: Mobley, tenor sax; Charles Davis, soprano & baritone saxes; Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

What a joy it is to see musicians of this caliber being able to do *their* thing—which is the only thing they should be doing. This is straightforward, hard-blowing jazz without clichés, excuses or preliminaries. And all this without a cyclamate (conga drummer) in sight.

Walton and Mobley intend to make their musical partnership permanent and based on this album, nothing other than an end to *The War* could be nicer. The groovy thing about this LP is that, though the material is good, it doesn't make any difference. Because, from the first track on, you know you're going to hear inventive, reaching solos, a sensitive and musical rhythm section, and the underlying/overlying sense that this is good—the real thing. This is not to say that the tunes are throwaways, because they're not. It's just that they pave the way, track after track, for much better things.

It's also great to hear Hank Mobley—he's probably one of the least recorded great saxophonists next to Ben Webster. His sound seems harder here than I ever remember—could be nothing other than a new mouthpiece. But soft sound or hard sound, Mobley's is a good sound—a rolling, next-phrase-could-be-better-than-the-last sound. His solos have the continuity and promise of an Art Farmer's—a sense of polished spontaneity.

Walton makes his presence felt almost as much while comping as soloing and he's a gas on electric piano (especially on *House*). He makes the instrument respond to him, not the volume control. He's a subtle musician of impeccable taste, from choice of material to choice of notes. He knocked me out in his Jazztet days and he's continued to grow.

Davis immediately establishes his baritone credentials on the title track but on *Stroll* shows that his soprano is much more than a double. In his case, playing nearly both ends of the sax spectrum is a sign of a dedicated improviser. Davis apparently knows that other sounds and timbres are needed in order to say what he feels should be said.

One need not praise Jones and Higgins, especially if redundancy is a particular phobia. But Jones' work especially justifies kind words. He digs in but he's flexible; instinctively germane to the material and the improvisational moment. His ears, then, must be as calloused as his fingers.

The next time you want to convert someone into a jazz fan, this LP should easily do the trick. All the good elements are there.

—szantor

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caught in the act

Herbie Mann

Rainbow Grill, New York City

Personnel: Mann, soprano&alto flutes; David Newman, tenor sax, soprano flute; Pat Rebillot, electric&acoustic piano; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Andy Munson, electric bass, Reggie Ferguson, drums.

Mann unveiled his new group in the lofty confines of the Rainbow Grill, offering a superb view of Manhattan (weather permitting) and excellent food and booze for those who can afford the price. (It's not cheap, but unlike some other class spots, this one always gives you your money's worth.)

After flirting with soft rock, Mann is back



Herbie Mann: "Knows what he's doing"

in a jazz-cum-soul groove, but, perhaps because of the surroundings, seemed a bit more restrained than customary.

The explosive pyrotechnics of Sharrock, for instance, were not unleashed until the closing number; up to then, the fiery guitarist was confined to sedate comping. This may have been a mistake, considering the audience response, but then, this was the opening set, and those are always a bit tentative.

The main novelty (and appeal) of the group is the presence of Newman, who joined Mann in some effective flute duets (their tones and conceptions contrast nicely while having enough in common to blend well) and also added his warm tenor sound to the otherwise somewhat thin tonal palette of the band. In the latter role, he was most convincing on *I've Been Loving You a Little Too Long*, on which Mann stated the theme prettily on alto flute while essaying a solo on the smaller of his two horns.

The alto flute (I prefer its warmer tone) was also in evidence on *Never Can Say Goodbye*, with Newman playing a pleasingly phrased solo on soprano flute.

These two pieces can perhaps best be described as soul ballads. The more up things included the big hit *Push Push* and *Respect Yourself*, the rhythm section generating a strong back-beat pulse.

Rebillot, a gifted musician too long buried

in the generally thankless role of accompanist to singers, is a definite asset to the group. His playing is strong and swinging (within the restricting rhythmic conception of a persistent soul beat allowed him here), and he gets a good sound from the electric piano. His comping is impeccable.

The rest of the rhythm team is accomplished and steady within the context noted above, though I found Ferguson's drumming a bit lacking in terms of shading.

When it allows itself to get a little looser, this group should have no problems in reaching a wide audience. I'd like to hear a bit more variety in the rhythm—as John Coltrane once said, nothing swings like 4/4—but the emphasis on a contemporary pulse is probably a wise commercial choice. Mann always knows what he's doing, and always does it well.

—morgenstern

Various Artists

Radio City Music Hall, New York City

On May 8, the Rockettes hung their costumes in their lockers, put on their street shoes and went home early so that Radio City Music Hall could be the scene of its first rock concert. The event was a benefit for the Environmental Policy Center, Washington, D.C.

When the doors opened, the first pioneers tiptoed into a Depression dream of heaven. It was something like entering the Hall of Wonders.

Somewhere between the audience taking its seats and the house organist playing Bach's Toccata and Fugue, the crowd got restless. Balloons wafting from the back to the front were buzzed by dive-bombing paper airplanes constructed from the programs.

Emcee Ed Williams of WCBS-FM (which was coordinating and promoting the show) introduced Dewey Terry, the first act. Up came Terry and his band on the orchestra lift. Terry has a seven-piece group including two singer-dancers. There was a lot of jumping up and down and funk-chucka-chucka-chucka, funk-chucka-chucka-chucka. Members of the group displayed enthusiasm and solid command of their instruments; but never was there an intimation of anything special.

Shortly after Terry and company descended on the lift, Williams made an introduction, the big curtain glided up, and there was Todd Rundgren and his group. It was at this point that the physical facilities of the Music Hall demonstrated their positive value for a rock concert. By making use of both the lift and the curtain, the obligatory 15 to 20 minute minimum lag between acts that has plagued such concerts was virtually eliminated.

Rundgren openly displayed his aspirations toward super-charismadom with taste, gusto and musicality. His band, which featured Stu Woods on bass and Tom Cosgrove on guitar, backed him up with precision and joy. Also part of the group were the Hello People, who are both rockers and mimes. Their inclusion was an acceptance and intensification of the basic theatricality that lurks in every rock concert. Their talents were particularly well

used when they enacted the gross characters described in a Rundgren song about high school. A possible obstacle to Rundgren inheriting any of the vacant chairs of rock stardom is that he has yet to establish a clearly defined sense of himself.

Speaking of production facilities: The people handling the lighting failed to cast light on what was happening, prompting Rundgren to ask, "This is a professional showcase, isn't it?"

Rundgren received the first standing ovation of the evening and for an encore did *Wolfman Jack*.

To be honest, a good segment of the audience enjoyed McKendree Spring, the next group to ride up on the lift, but I really don't know why. It's a amplified string group—guitars and a violin. The latter doubles on theramin and echo effects. What the group lacks in softness, it certainly compensates for with a lack of subtlety. Of course, subtlety is not a necessary component of rock. However, this group, with its use of electronic fiddling and such, clearly wishes to be considered sophisticated. It has a lot to learn from The Who on that score.

But I must reiterate that McKendree Spring brought the audience up, and when Ed Williams tried to follow their act with a poem about trashing the environment, the audience was vociferously resentful.

This resentment continued during the performance of Chase, the next act. I couldn't tell if the audience considered Chase a let-down after the crude power of McKendree Spring or an inconvenience that was delaying the next and final performer, Billy Preston, or if the audience was merely uncomfortable in the presence of a band that tempered its musical virtuosity with its sense of control. In any event, Chase, an impressive trumpet section neatly balanced by a showboating rock rhythm section, stormed its way through several numbers. They made music even while some people in the front rows were trying to see who could best launch a paper airplane toward the stage. Clearly, Chase is somebody's external idea of what a jazz-rock band should be; but it is still a good idea. Those who chose to listen were rewarded.

Billy Preston was nearly magnificent. Attired in a three-piece white suit and tieless black shirt, he won the hearts and minds of the people. He combined a glittering virtuosity and a naked sense of showmanship to create one of the most stunning performances I have seen in a long time. Among the pieces he did were *Them Changes*, his own version of *Hey Joe*, *I Wrote a Simple Song*, *Summertime*, *That's the Way God Planned It*, and *My Sweet Lord*.

His playing of *Summertime* "as Bach might have written it" was superfluous but not an insurmountable distraction. He sneaked over to the mighty Wurlitzer to check it out. That was fun. Preston embodies that elusive amalgam of talent plus magic.

He made use of the Radio City Music Hall's technical facilities by climaxing his performance with huge bursts of white smoke and flashing lights. The best part of all is that this theatricality seemed so right for both the music and the hall.

Any of the first four groups would have been a credible opening act for the first rock

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concert to take place in Radio City Music Hall, but four of them together diminished the importance of the event.

A page in the many crumpled or grounded programs left behind noted that "The Environmental Policy Center was founded in January, 1972, by former staff members of Friends of the Earth. Based in Washington, D.C., the Center works to influence Congress and all Federal agencies that formulate and execute national environmental policy..."

—norman schreiber

Ruth Brisbane's "Legacy of Bessie Smith"

Theatre at Noon, St. Peter's Lutheran Church, New York City

Personnel: Ms. Brisbane, vocal, tambourine; William Foster McDaniel, piano, musical director; Victor Sproles, bass.

Theater at Noon is Jazz Pastor John Gensel's basement arts emporium, serving midtown Manhattan office workers and anyone else who might be free between noon and 2 during the work week. Plays, poetry readings and sundry other forms of expressions have been presented in past years. Theater at Noon welcomes contributions from those who attend but is mainly funded by the N.Y. State Council on the Arts. Like many similar ventures, it is in serious financial trouble. According to a flyer inserted in a recent program, "Theater at Noon may have to go dark."

As a cabaret setting, Theater at Noon is highly successful. The ambiance should rate at least four stars. The room is small and the ceiling is low; there are about a dozen tables, usually seating four, and more chairs line the walls.

The stage appears roomy, even with a grand piano and three musicians hard at work. The set for the "Legacy of Bessie Smith," a simple curtain at the rear, sparkles with the words "Cotton Club" inscribed in large letters.

The 45-minute show (at 12:15 and 1:15) begins when all the lights go out. This is bassist Sproles' cue to start plucking a saucy walk for Ms. Brisbane's entrance. The lights come on slowly and out struts a pink feather boa with a blues singer wrapped inside. It unfolds to the strain of the *St. Louis Blue*, occasionally sounding just like Bessie did it, at a tempo drawn out like the final minutes of that evenin' sun going down. Then, *See See Rider* and a quick credit to Ma Rainey and a slightly longer biography of Bessie. And more great old blues lyrics, sometimes cleverly updated: "Beware of sweet men in Cardin suits. . . They're in the right church but the wrong pew" . . . "You've been a good ole wagon, Daddy, but you done broke down . . ."

Ruth Brisbane moves to a stool near Sproles and McDaniel, crosses her legs and launches into a Langston Hughes blues poem.

Ruth Brisbane grew up on Halsey Avenue in Brooklyn. She became interested in singing when she was very young. Both her parents were semi-professional vaudeville entertainers; Ruth's father also worked as a mechanic six nights a week. Her mother sang blues around the house, and as is so often the case, she was the major source of encouragement in the early years. (In the case of the Brisbanes, this meant mountains of encouragement since there were 11 children, eight of whom had excellent singing voices.)

Records were always available, especially by Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald and Nat King Cole. The two oldest sisters would never miss Billie when she

MARK ROBERTSON



Ruth Brisbane: Classic blues feeling

played at the Apollo. After the performance, they would dash straight home and call a "kitchen concert," a regular feature of the household. It brought the rest of the family into the kitchen, where they were treated to all the songs Billie had done, in the same style. Ruth remembers these concerts fondly but believes her big influences were early Ella and Sarah Vaughan.

Ruth began singing in the chorus at community centers where her mother organized cocktail sips for the benefit of organizations like the NAACP. In 1954, she made her first New York club appearance at Harlem's Baby Grand. It was the classic incident where the star attraction, in this case Big Maybelle, became ill and a replacement was needed in a hurry. Ruth stayed two weeks. Despite the fact that this sounds like the first big break, she never made a real living from music for nearly two decades. She sang on weekends and did other small gigs, but other interests kept her from making a full commitment.

Her superior typing ability led to a job at the United Nations, typing minutes for the Security Council. There, she became involved in the U.N. Jazz Society, and through one of its members was introduced to the work of Bessie Smith. Deeply impressed with Bessie's blues, she quickly learned several of her songs. *Young Woman's Blues* was the first. Since then, she's added over a dozen more and will perform her "Legacy" concert at the Newport Jazz Festival in New York.

"The blues is . . ." As Ruth Brisbane sings-recites the last line of the Langston Hughes' poem, she gets off the stool, takes four steps to center stage, and asks for a word or phrase from the audience. Her intent is to improvise blues lyric, and it's a fun thing to do though it frequently fails, which, I suppose, is part of the fun. The audience is usually frightened at first until a brave soul lets something out. On the days I caught the show, there were new blues created to the cues "rain," "scream," and "on my lunchtime."

There follows another Bessie medley, with a very sexy extended version of *Empty Bed Blues* that never fails to provoke response. Ms. Brisbane is at her best on this one: there is abundant opportunity to present a classic blues feeling.

The diversified show is rounded out with a lively but questionable cakewalk, during which members of the audience are asked to come up and join in, and then a gospel number from the legacy of another Bessie fan, Mahalia Jackson.

—robert rohr

Duke Jordan-Major Holley

Bradley's, New York City

Personnel: Jordan, piano; Holley, bass.

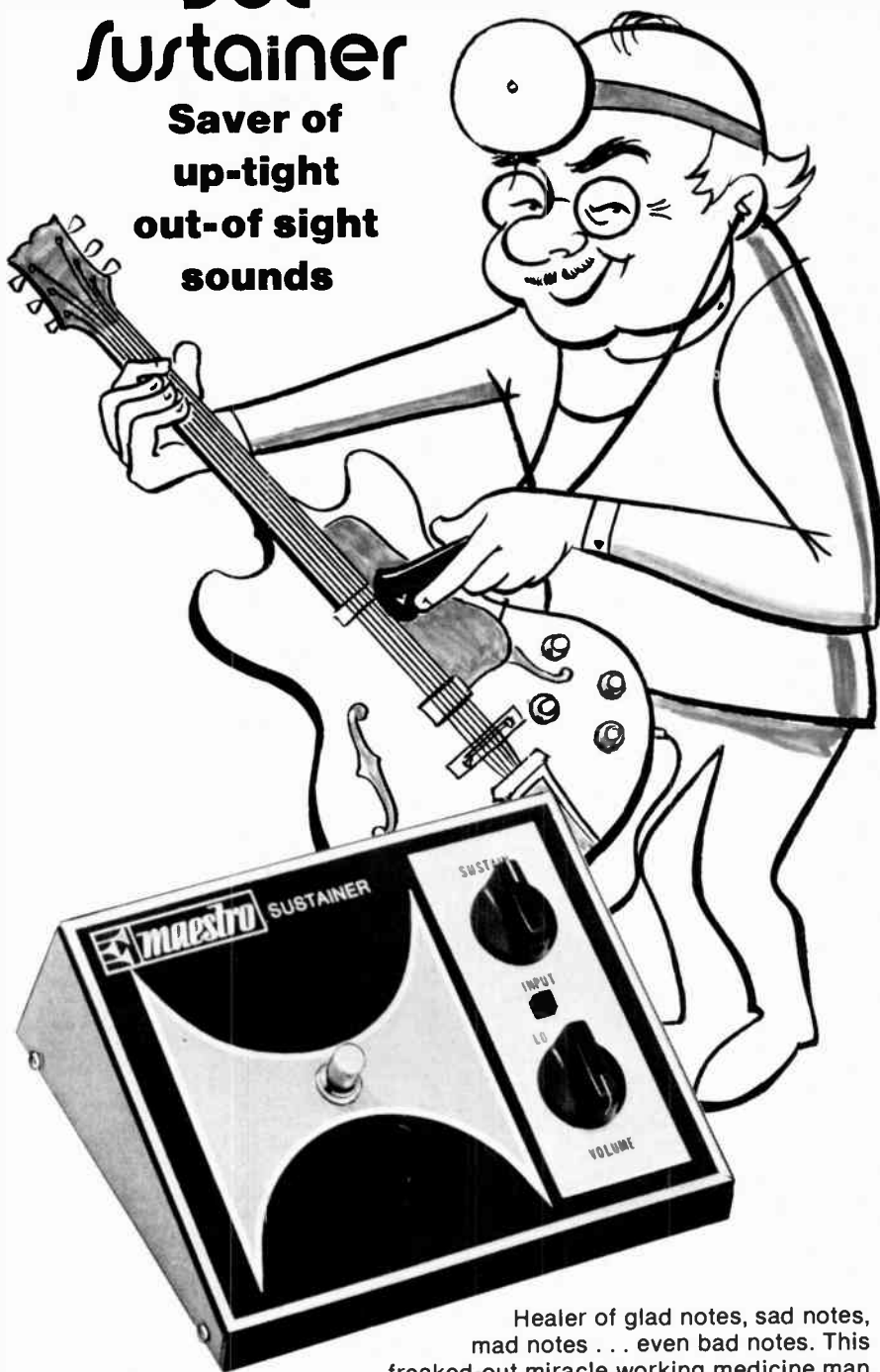
There are few things in the annals of jazz more perfect than the introductions, accompaniments and solos played by Duke Jordan on Charlie Parker's Dial sessions.

Randy Weston once described Jordan's playing aptly and beautifully: "Duke sounds like raindrops right after a sunshower when the sun breaks through the clouds and the birds begin to sing." He's one of those rare musical beings who brings beauty to everything he touches. Even the most banal melody is transformed in his hands.

Too long absent from the scene, Jordan recently returned to visibility with an engage-

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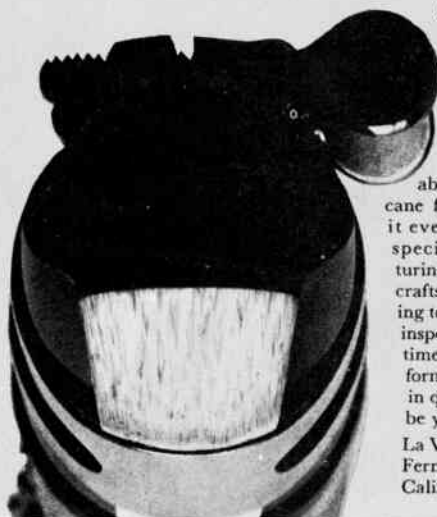
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ment at Bradley's, a pleasant Greenwich Village bar and restaurant featuring piano-and-bass teams. He was soon asked back, and hopefully will from now on be regularly heard around town (he's also working with Howard McGhee's new little big band).

The piano at Bradley's is not the best in the world, and the customers sometimes talk a lot. But Jordan and his colleague, big, sturdy Major (Mule) Holley, let nothing bother them. They answer requests cheerfully, but mostly play what they like, and even the non-listeners are subliminally affected by the lovely, swinging sounds these two create.

Jordan is a supreme melodist. He has the ability to distill the essence of a tune, paring away the excess notes and bringing out its best features with crystal clarity. His touch can coax a good sound from the least responsive instrument, and he always swings, at any tempo. And speaking of tempos—he always picks the perfect one.

It is in the nature of gigs like this one that most of the music played will be familiar. Thus, we heard *Girl from Ipanema*, moving into a smooth 4/4 after a few choruses in bossa rhythm; a mellow *Summertime*, with some pretty octave doublings in the treble during the exposition and closing, like the pealing of gentle bells; a medium-tempo *Out of Nowhere*, with a series of building choruses reflecting the lyricism of Charlie Parker (with whom Duke recorded this); an utterly relaxed *Makin' Whoopee*, the melody played stylishly straight, with a totally improvised, boppish bridge for contrast and some lovely locked hands work later on, and *Misty*, quite a la Garner but with distinctive Jordan touches. And, of course, that must for all barroom pianists, *As Time Goes By*, done with the right nostalgic touch, but never lapsing from good taste.

But there is also room for surprises (though, in a very real sense, everything played is a surprise): *Chocolate Shake*, an obscure piece of Ellingtonia (from *Jump For Joy*) with a very contemporary harmonic feel; the pianist's own *Jordu*, a marvelous piece, used for set closers but always coming out a bit differently; *Don't Blame Me*, another classic from Jordan's Parker days, on which he plays unaccompanied for the opening half chorus; *Watch What Happens*, an answer to a request, in this case fittingly titled, and *When I Fall In Love*, picked up from the Miles Davis recording playing on the juke box during intermission and developed in the same spirit of spare lyricism.

Throughout, Holley's bass is more than mere support, underlining the pianist's ideas with a full, warm sound and perfect intonation, even bending to the whims of the piano's tuning.

Holley's solo work, of course, is a thing unto itself. He is quite capable of playing conventional bass solos—and very good ones at that—but his speciality is the use of his voice in unison with his bowing. Inspired, no doubt, by Slam Stewart, it comes off quite differently; Slam does his humming an octave above his bowing. Major does his in unison, or below. His voice has exceptional range, and when he goes way down, the effect is startling. But this is more than a trick; he makes music even when he makes you laugh.

There are few better ways to spend a cozy evening than listening to Duke Jordan and Major Holley doing their remarkable thing.

—morgenstern

HADEN

Continued from page 15

and then the few really good people in rock who have an affinity for black music and have taken it to another level and done their own creative thing with it, used it as a source rather than just copied it.

C.H.: The falseness of it is not just the fact of the black accent in their singing. It's the whole thing that is the outcome and result of that imitation, which is the making of money and the whole life style. I hope I'm not being misunderstood. It's just that I only have experienced living in a way of immediate needs. I've been that way all my life; I don't know about living in a wealth kind of style, and the things you have to do in order to attain that style of living seem to me to be very false from the git-go.

But I think there is a potential to do good things with that money-making power and also threaten the system. The money could be channeled into very important areas. Rock groups could get together and start their own labels, those labels would make the money, and that money could be channeled into free medicine and food for kids in the ghettos, building up slum areas—it could be used in such meaningful ways, rather than buying snakeskin suits and Victorian mansions and \$18,000 cars...

B.P.: Another thing that could be done, and some of the groups have started to do this, is for a top group to use its success to make it possible for people to hear the people THEY listen to, the black artists they heard originally. When the Rolling Stones toured here, they took Ike and Tina Turner and B.B. King along with them. Ike and Tina had been doing one-nighters for 15 or 20 years, and they told me the price they could get for a night trebled after that tour. On the other hand, from what I hear, the Stones took the lion's share of bread from the tour, and the black artists didn't make much from the tour itself.

Also, there was a film made of the tour, and they were planning, I think, to release it themselves, and put profits back into the communities and movement causes and that kind of thing. If they go through with it, and are able to do it, it will be groovy for a start. If some groups would make that kind of gesture and carry through, show that it can be done, and publicize it with the apparatus they have, maybe some other groups in that bracket would come around. It's going to take successful people to start it, cause the people on the bottom, most of the people, are trying to survive.

C.H.: Yeah, that would really be good if that could happen. If the awareness of the Young Lords and the Black Panthers could be realized, if that awareness could be in some way given to the rock culture, it would really be a good thing. The Panthers and the Lords are becoming aware of their need for survival; not only the Panthers and the Lords but the American Indians and the Chicanos, they're all becoming aware. They are finding out about why the white racist wants to kill them, and that's why their awareness is growing so rapidly. They are finding out all the ways the Establishment and the system are holding them down, and keeping them down, like for instance drug addiction.

People have been writing for years about methods of curing drug addiction and stopping drugs from coming into this country by making a deal with Turkey to stop growing poppies, and busting all the clandestine laboratories in Marseilles and it's all a bunch of bullshit, man, because one of the reasons there is



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addiction is because the people who control the economy have to have addiction to hold down the people in the ghettos. As long as a person has a needle in his arm, he's not going to threaten the people who are exploiting him. Also, billions of dollars are being made from narcotics by people in high places. If it weren't for addiction, thousands of people would be out of work, and half the prisons would be empty. And now a great deal of the drugs smuggled into the U.S. come from Southeast Asia with the supposed knowledge of the C.I.A. and the help of wealthy Saigon businessmen. Which means that both heroin addiction in the U.S. and the addiction of GIs in Vietnam are directly related to the U.S. war in Indochina. That's some of the many things the minority youth are finding out. They're reading, they're becoming aware and articulate about their histories and about the needs of their people and about what has to be done in order to free their people.

B.P.: Well, the rock culture is definitely feeling the hurt of being exploited and hyped. I read things all the time in the rock press like "Nothing's happening; everybody is either incompetent, or competent and boring." Or "Where's all the vitality and newness that was in the music five years ago?" It's just been drained off as the money has come in. Because the first rock records that caught on were made for a minority audience, a black audience, and the white kids felt the music, and, like Alan Freed, felt they could play the music for white kids and get a response. So the music was very wild, 'cause it was played for itself essentially, and now it's all caught up in the profit system and it's like a treadmill . . . people don't talk about making good music, a good song, they say, "We're gonna go in and cut some tracks," and they overdub and there's another album . . . it's all very routine, and geared to the consumer culture. Keep the albums coming out, keep the advertising booming . . . the bad state rock is in now is directly attributable to that.

C.H.: Well, there are several answers to these problems, I guess, not just of the music but of the whole society. I don't know; you either leave and go to another country—I don't want to bring up my children here. I don't want my children to go to a public school and be conditioned to shallow values. Or else you try to find some way to teach your own children the way, the true way of life. That's very important because the babies are going to be human beings who are following through with life, and it will really be a tragic thing if their minds are poisoned. If things keep going the way they're going now, there'll only by a small percentage of children who will have a creative awareness inside them. And the other kids will be brought up and conditioned by the people who are motivated by the false American dream.

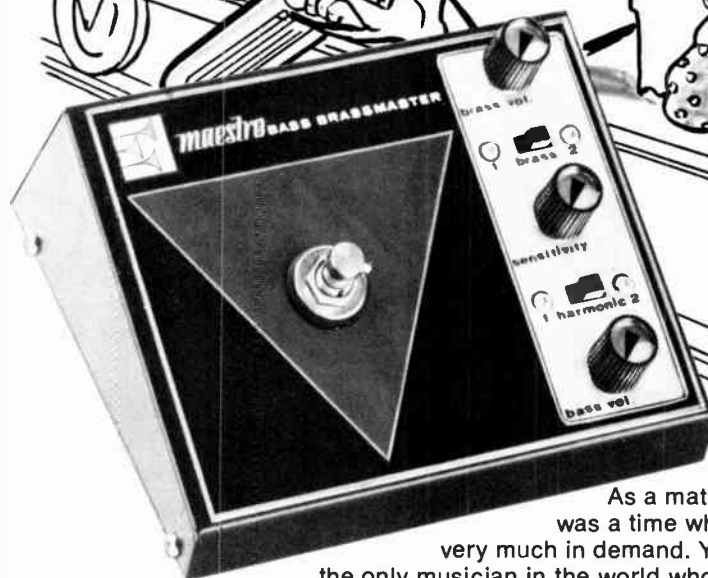
B.P.: Grand closing question: how do you feel about the future of the music you're playing?

C.H.: Well, the music with Ornette's quartet is as beautiful as ever. I feel that Ornette is one of the most important musicians this world will ever see. Dewey Redman and Ed Blackwell are both innovators on their instruments. I feel privileged playing with them.

The future of creative music here is strong among musicians. The musicians who play the music are the ones who really care about its future. As long as there are musicians who grow up with and acquire a need to express themselves in creative improvised music, there'll always be a future . . . if humanity hasn't destroyed itself first.

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KENYATTA

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the younger man playing alongside his idol. "Stitt had never heard me before," smiled Kenyatta. "I guess the producer might have told him that I was one of his alto disciples out there and that I really dug his playing, because I grew up on Sonny Stitt. To find myself in the same studio was like—wow!"

His other notable album to date is *Girl From Martinique*, cut last year for the Munich-based ECM label, by courtesy of producer Manfred Eicher, an old friend. It features him with European sidemen including pianist Wolfgang Dauner, with whom he used to play during his army days. Lately, though, Kenyatta has managed to work mainly with Americans. French musicians have long been noted

for their hostility toward the American invaders and the saxophonist finds that this still persists in spite of the fact that Paris is the city in which he feels most comfortable. "They try to cover it, but I see no reason why there should be any hostility because there's two different kinds of music. The French jazz that the French musicians try to play . . . American musicians can't get that kind of work, so it's two different kinds of circuits and there's nothing to worry about, I think.

"I don't know if they feel that the music is better, but the French like to see black people playing jazz more than they like to see white people playing jazz, so I guess that's the reason. They play jazz and they play good jazz—I mean the French—but there's something else about seeing a black face playing

black music, or a white face playing black music. In some cases a lot of French musicians have become very successful by playing jazz."

Kenyatta agreed that there might well be a case for a new kind of jazz being played in Europe. "But I don't know how much influence it'll have because the influence has to come from the people who originated the music, I believe. They might make a *contribution* to the music, but it's hard for me to see where European music can make that much of a contribution—European jazz, that is. To me, jazz is from the South—New Orleans and the deep South, and blues and all that, and they just don't have it in their system. They don't grow up with the blues, they don't live with the blues—let's say the black blues, anyway.

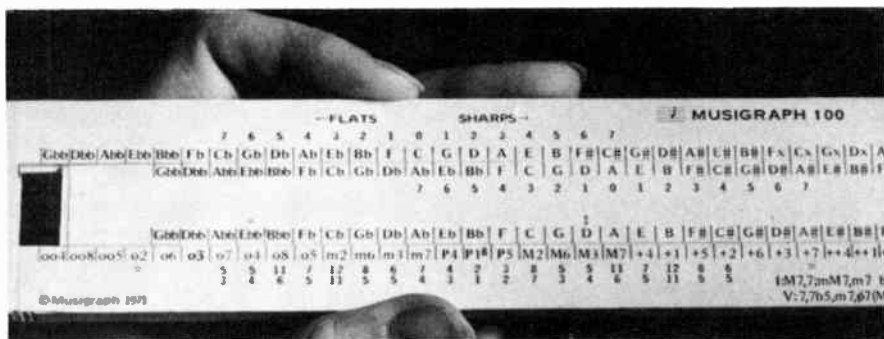
Kenyatta wants to "keep on moving, get it out, playing, crystallizing my thing," something he finds hard to do in the U.S. where, he feels, most of the creative people in jazz have become "syndicated." He elaborated: "They are owned by record companies and they record the way the companies tell them to. It just seems to me that country needs some new producers in the music. If the producer knows your music and considers your music, then he's important, and to me, producers in the States are getting sterile now. They're blocking a lot of the young producers from coming up and doing their thing. When I go to the States I don't hear nothing but the same old concept that's been coming out for the last 15 years: I don't hear nothing new."

Until such a time as the recording situation does improve back home, many young American musicians will continue to record in Europe, where they can make enough money to survive and keep on growing musically. The question of price is a sticky one which Kenyatta settles by taking the simple old expedient of "whatever people are willing to pay—it's never too much for me!", he smiled. "For the moment I'm my own agent so I have to take into consideration how much I have to do to get my mailing out—all this comes into the picture, too. My mailing list goes to people in the business, to clubs and concert promoters, etc., and I think I build my fee around my music and what I put into my music to get it out. It's a little tougher for me being a gypsy musician, but it's okay. I dig the gypsy style. I'm free, really. I'm free like a mother."

The first thing you notice about Robin Kenyatta, the saxophonist, is the way he plays his horn, tilting the mouthpiece at 45 degrees like a latter-day Lester Young. He has been doing this for the past two years, originally to try to get the same feeling as from his flute-playing but discovering that he can blow into the instrument more powerfully without it resting on his chest or stomach. He finds it a more natural attitude, the only contact with the instrument being through his mouth and fingers and this reinforces his own personal attitude to playing:

"For me, I've stopped playing alto. I mean, I still play the horn. I play *through* the horn, but I don't play the alto. I just play myself. And I find that by approaching it this way, it's different than other musicians and other alto players as such because they just approach the horn as an *instrument*. That way, you play notes instead of yourself. A lot of times I don't bother with notes, I play blurs of whatever. It doesn't have anything to do with notes, but it's a melody in itself and to me, it's my melody, it's *my* line."

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NEW ORLEANS

Continued from page 20

by a bravura rendition of *The Saints*, dedicated to Sharkey, "our dear, lost brother." It was a very good set, one of the Campo groups' best, and very well received.

Bob Greene, who had appeared at a previous New Orleans festival, was called back to do his Jelly Roll Morton specialty. *Shreveport Stomp* (circa 1905) came off well, and *Tiger Rag*, beginning as a minuet before being transmogrified into crystal-clear Jelly, brought cries of *More!* *Shoeshiner's Drag* (*London Blues*) concluded the short set, proving again that Greene does a credible job of reproducing the style of a great master.

The New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra has gained much critical acclaim since making its debut and drew exceptional audience response. The Ragtime Orchestra recaptures a long-gone era with great charm. This time, the Orchestra chose not to rely on the better-known staples in its repertoire, and chose instead *African Pas*, *Fig Leaf*, *Pineapple Rag*, *Kiss Me Sweet*, and *Elite Syncopations*. The concluding piece was the well-known Joplin composition, *The Entertainer*. It was a charming set, marred only by unbalanced sound. The brass wasn't up to the level of the violin, handled, as usual, by Bill Russell, the dean of the New Orleans revivalists. Lars Edegran, who is responsible for the charts and over-all course of the group, handled his piano duties with skill.

England's father-and-son act, Ernie and Rico Tomasso, replayed last year's program, though 10-year-old Rick added a Bixian *Jazz Me Blues* to his Armstrong impressions. It was a pleasant interlude before the heavyweights came on.

Wild Bill Davison and that all-time Ellington-Armstrong New Orleans great, Barney Bigard, were aided and abetted by a dynamite rhythm section, comprised of George Wein (whose name may be familiar), Rudy Aikels, the fine young bassist currently with the Dukes of Dixieland, and a drummer you wouldn't expect on this kind of bill, an exceptional drummer—nay—an *amazing* drummer, whose prior credits include stints with Yusef Lateef, Horace Silver and other modernists. Remember the name James Black. He may be on the verge of adding a new dimension to mainstream jazz, if he so chooses.

Wild Bill was in fine form, and it's always a delight to hear those patented Davisonian tags. Wild Bill has always been a personal favorite of mine and it's great to see and hear him, still in good shape, still the blowsy, ballsy Chicagoan—tearing things up. It is fitting that his birthplace was Defiance, Ohio.

Am I Blue was a Barney Bigard showcase, and the man has lost little of what made him a clarinet giant, still using the Albert System, with that languishing, liquid tone that could move Mt. Rushmore. *Sweet Lorraine* was another Bigard feature, with a captivating piano intro by Wein.

Blue Again has long been a Davison favorite and came off well, as anticipated. If there was a shortcoming in the set, it was the absence of Ellington selections.

Caston Flie then stepped forward, and on behalf of the mayor and the city, presented to Bigard a scroll making him an honorary citizen of New Orleans.

S'Wonderful was the pressure-cooker closer. It featured another superb James

Black solo. I wish the set had been recorded, it would take a few weeks to analyze everything that Black got into. The closing selection's title was apt.

The Preservation Hall Band, back for the second night, gave the audience *Bill Bailey* (Yawn). Trombonist Clement Tervalon cracked the audience up with his humorous vocal on *Muskrat Ramble* and provided good tailgating on the other selections.

The highlight of the band's second appearance came when leader Percy Humphrey dedicated *What a Friend I Have in Jesus* to both Sharkey Bonano and Henry "Pickles" Jackson, a drummer laid to rest with a traditional funeral the preceding day. Banjoist Nardin Kimball sang with great feeling to a hushed audience, then asked all to join in for the conclusion. It was a moving tribute to fallen brothers.

Sweet Emma Barrett was up next and decided to repeat *Bill Bailey* (no comment). The best effort for the pianist-singer was an exchange with Tervalon reminiscent of the Turk Murphy/Pat Yankee duet.

Two standouts with the group were Pail "Polo" Barnes, whose clarinet is consistently very good, and Chester Zardis, the progenitor of the plucked string bass, who is amazing.

It was the best evening ballroom program since that concept was introduced last year. Good Show! —p.l.

Saturday

The setting was the Municipal Auditorium, a cavernous arena better suited for basketball than music. To accommodate more people (some 7,400 were on hand), the stage had been moved for maximum visibility. Unfortunately, the sound system was in the hands of "experts" raised on rock and apparently incapable of comprehending anything subtler.

The night began with a concert set and grand march by the Tuxedo Brass Band—one of the program's few New Orleans touches. Then it was time for something I had been anticipating with great joy: The first formal U.S. appearance of The Giants of Jazz.

This incredible group, which gathered laurels last fall in Australia and Europe, consists of Dizzy Gillespie, Kai Winding, Sonny Stitt, Thelonious Monk, Al McKibbin and Art Blakey—band leaders all except bassist McKibbin. They said it couldn't be done, but George Wein lured these men away, for a time, from their individual pursuits to join forces (and what forces) on common musical ground.

They lived up to expectations, but the entire set was marred by vain attempts to get the sound straightened out—to the extent that fair appraisal becomes impossible.

Fittingly, the music began with *Tour de Force*, a Gillespie original based on *Jeepers Creepers* changes. (Actually, the first number was *Now's the Time*, but we couldn't hear much of that at all.)

Dizzy and Stitt were in particularly brilliant form, and the drive and flow of the rhythm section, once McKibbin overcame his amplifier's whims, was phenomenal.

Stitt was featured on a superb *I Can't Get Started*, surpassing even his recently recorded version.

Monk and Dizzy were featured on *'Round Midnight*, a definitive version of a classic piece. Monk seemed a bit reticent as he began his solo, but, roused by a few Blakey rolls, began to build a lovely structure. (No drummer on earth plays better for Monk than the

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Buhaina). The ensemble first followed the classic Blue Note version, then shifted to Stitt's tenor for the middle and Winding's mellow trombone for the last eight. Dizzy, Harmon-muted and at first backed by a "stroll" (bass and drums) only, essayed a beautifully wrought 3/4 chorus.

A Night In Tunisia closed the set—too soon, but the battle against the sound system was a losing one. Blakey kicked it off, and was featured throughout in an awesome display of energy and imagination, flailing his drum kit like a witch doctor engaged in some ancient ritual. Dizzy came in for a stunning cadenza, and then the band split, leaving Blakey alone to drum out his acknowledgement of the night's first rousing audience response.

The Giants are indeed that—some of the heaviest masters of modern jazz recreating and making new the glories of the music called, for some obscure reason, bebop. For too long, these men have been working with relative youngsters, doing the essential job of transmitting their mastery. That job needs doing, but the stimulus of playing with equals is something else again, and something equally essential.

To me, Nina Simone, who followed, was anticlimax. But the audience obviously didn't agree—they loved her.

With a new backup band (Don Pullen, organ; Nadi Quamar, Warren Benbow, Leopoldo Fleming, percussion). Ms. Simone did her strong, well-paced act, exotically attired in a purple backless halter dress. As usual, she did plenty of prancing and shaking in that mixture of political preaching and sex that is uniquely hers.

I must pass on judging it, but as I said, the audience loved it, and it was artfully done.

That ended the first half. Part two began with a mistake—a set by the Mardi Gras Indians accompanied by a soul band. The music was indifferent, went on too long, and was insufficiently redeemed by the Indians' fantastic feathered costumes. The audience made no secret of its impatience with the local talent.

They were waiting for B.B. King, of course, and when he appeared, he got a tremendous ovation. In the course of a long, vital set, he created his special magic, backed by his excellent little band.

B.B. felt like playing, and his guitar work was phenomenal. Lucille was talking. On his records, King is often backed by indifferent studio groups. If you really want to hear him, hear him live, with his own band, creating that unique rapport with his audience.

In B.B.'s nine-piece band there is one white musician, pianist Ron Levy, and thereby hangs a tale. At the point in the set where B.B. introduces all his sidemen, also doing a rap with the audience, the music slows down to a vamp.

While everyone's attention was focused on B.B., Nina Simone emerged at stage left, with Don Pullen in tow. (I happened to see them, and kept watching.) Next, Ms. Simone tapped Ron Levy's shoulder and motioned him away from the keyboard. She sat down on the piano bench, pulling along the somewhat unwilling Pullen, and began to play, demonstrating a blues vamp. She then got up, indicated for Pullen to stay, and left the stage.

Levy soon reappeared, looking a bit bewildered, and now the rap was ending and the

Continued on page 62

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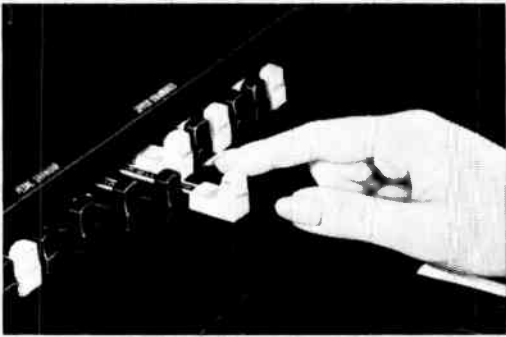
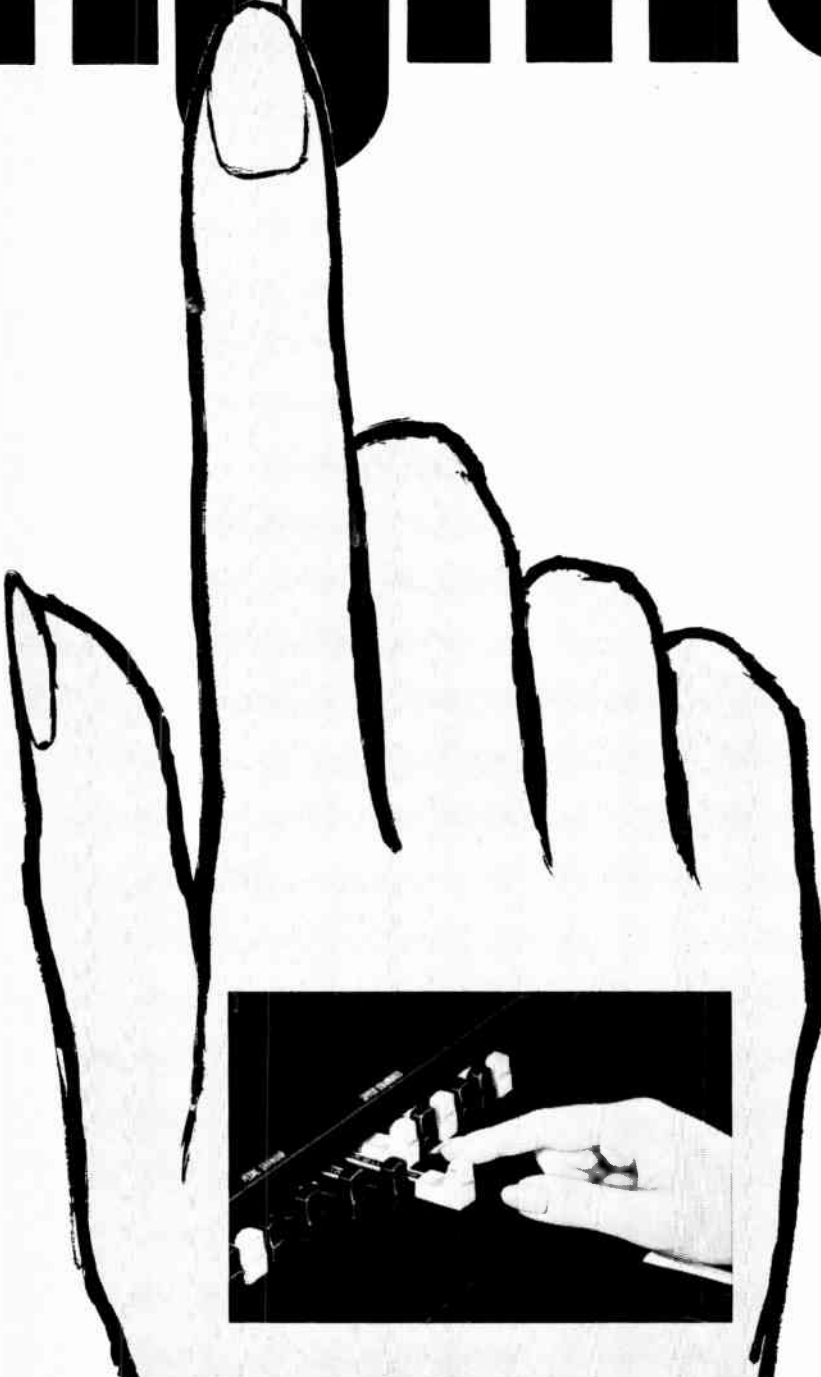
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Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" Solo

Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* is perhaps the most famous solo in the annals of recorded jazz. It remains an object lesson in sustained creative improvisation and a model of solo architecture.

Oddly enough, it was recorded as an afterthought, upon completion of Hawkins' first own date in the U.S. after a five year stay in Europe, on Oct. 11, 1939. Eli Oberstein, the a&r man, insisted that Hawkins record it, having heard him play it in a 52nd St. club. The tenorist himself said many years later: "I'll never know why it became such a classic . . . I didn't play the melody. I just played it like I play everything else."

There was no formal arrangement. After a short piano intro, Hawkins plays two full choruses backed in the first by the rhythm section only, and in the second by soft organ chords from the three brasses and two reeds in the small band. The solo concludes with a brief cadenza.

The solo builds gradually, both in volume and intensity. Aside from the glancing thematic allusion in the first few bars, the melody is never stated, yet this was the recording that made *Body and Soul* a jazz standard. It has since been the subject of countless other improvisations, many of them memorable, but none eclipsing Hawkins' masterpiece — not even the several later versions by the master himself.

The solo, which must be heard to be fully appreciated, is presently available on the RCA Vintage LP *Body and Soul: A Jazz Autobiography* — Coleman Hawkins (LPV-501).

It is reprinted here from a transcription by Hoyt Jones which appeared in two consecutive parts in *down beat* in 1940 and again by demand in 1943. It is dedicated to the memory of one of the greatest artists in the history of jazz.

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jazz on campus

The Reverend George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., has been named the first Director of Jazz Bands at Notre Dame University (Indiana). After 16 years at Notre Dame High School for Boys (Niles, Ill.) where the school jazz ensemble, the Melodons, set an unusually high standard of excellence, Father Wiskirchen will take up his new duties at his college alma mater in September. Greg Mullen, a former student of Father Wiskirchen's and a former chairman of the Notre Dame University Jazz Festival will take over the jazz program—big band, lab work, arranging, improvisation, etc.—at the high school. Father Wiskirchen plans to continue his energetic schedule of clinics, lecturing, and editorship of the *Selmer Bandwagon*.

The Hammond Organ Company has embarked on a new award program in cooperation with down beat. The program calls for a

new model Hammond Organ, the "Porta B" complete with speaker system, to be awarded to a winning high school in a competitive school jazz festival. The first such award was made to Pateros (Wash.) HS as the result of their outstanding performance at Olympic College's 13th annual Northwest Jazz Festival, May 12-14. A similar award was to be made at the first national high school jazz festival in Mobile, June 7-11.

FESTIVAL RESULTS: Bremerton, Wash., May 12-14, 13th Olympic College Northwest Jazz Festival (A.C.J.F. affiliate). Dr. Ralph Mutchler, director. Judges: Bands—Rich Matteson, Herb Patnoe, Mike Vaccaro, John Carrico; Combos—Jim Knapp, Bob Winn. 12 college bands, 9 college combos, 29 HS bands. College Big Band Winner—Western State College (Bellingham). Bill Cole, dir. College Combo Winner—"Eight Pound Ball", Central Wash. State College (Ellensburg). Gary Hobbs, dir. Class AAA HS Winner—Kent-Meridian, Hal Sherman, dir. Class AA HS Winner—Bremerton East. Gary Strickfaden, dir. 1973 Festival—May 11-13.

Boston, Mass. April 29, Fourth High School Jazz Awards Festival at Berklee College of Music. Lee Berk, dir. Clinicians/Judges: Gary Burton, Phil Wilson, John LaPorta. 68 HS bands. Winning Band—East Meadow (N.Y.) HS. Rodney Tibbetts, dir. Winner of \$1,000.00 scholarship—trombonist/arranger David Mills (East Meadow HS).

Park Forest South, Ill., May 6, first Junior College Jazz Festival at Governors State Univ. Dr. Warrick Carter, dir.

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Visalia, Calif., May 18-20. Central Valley Jazz Festival at College of the Sequoias. Duane Newcomer, dir. Judges: Allyn Ferguson, Don Rader, Allen Harkins, John Carrico, Bob Russell, Dick Carlson, Ron Logan, Eugene Graves, Everett Crouse. 56 jazz bands, 6 combos, 4 vocal groups—elementary to college levels. Guest bands: Don Ellis and His Orchestra, De Anza College (1971 "All Festival" winner) Herb Patnoe, dir. Long Beach College Neophonic; Bakersfield Electric Oil Sump. (1972 results to be announced in next issue.)

Wharton, Tex., March 16-17, third Wharton County Jr. College Stage Band Festival. Dr. W.W. Wendtland, dir. College Band Winner—Houston Baptist College. College Combo Winner—Alvin Jr. College. Jr. College Band Winner—Tarrant County (Ft. Worth). Class AAAA HS Winner—Sam Houston (Houston). Class AAA HS Winner—Columbia (West Columbia). Class AA HS Winner—Dulles No. 2 (Stafford). Class A HS Winner—Rogers No. 1 (Houston). Outstanding College Musician—Ronnie McLaughlin, drums (Alvin). Outstanding HS Musician—guitarist from Edison Jr. 1973 Festival—March 15-16.

Hamden, Conn., April 14-16, Fifth Northeast College Jazz Festival (A.C.J.F. affiliate) at Quinnipiac College. Sam and Dom Costanzo, directors. Judges: Chico O'Farrill, Ernie Wilkins, Bill Watrous, Lee Konitz, Sy Oliver, Fr. Norman O'Connor, 10 college bands, 3 college combos, 5 HS bands. Big Band Winner—Towson State College (Md.) Hank Levy, dir. Combo Winner—"Sweet Rain", Yale Univ., Jonathan Turner, dir. Outstanding Instrumentalists: Harvey Coonin, trombone (Towson); David Gimble, drums (Towson); Tom Smalara, trumpet (Duke University); Euille DeCosmo, woodwinds (Jersey City State College). High School Band Winner—Langley (Va.) George Horan, dir. Outstanding HS Instrumentalist (\$250 Clark Terry Scholarship)—Bill Marinelli North Haven HS, Conn.)

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Continued from page 12

Monday night two-hour sessions. Interested parties can call the school for further information. . . . St. James Church was the noontime setting for Peter La Barbera (vibes) and Bobby Jones (clarinet) May 18. . . . Following an afternoon ragtime colloquium on the campus, Brooklyn College's Gershwin Theater was the scene of a May 19 *Ragtime Jamboree* with pianists Eubie Blake, William Bolcom, David Jasen, Trevor Tichenor, Bob Seely and Dick Wellstood, the first offering of the college's new Institute of Studies in American Music. Wellstood joined Balaban&Cats May 21 at Your Father's Mustache, where other guests included Kenny Davern, soprano sax; Doc Cheatham, trumpet; Herb Gardner, trombone, and Buzzy Drootin, drums. . . . Guitarists Chick Wayne and Joe Puma appear nightly at the Steak&Brew, Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. . . . The JCOA presented three workshop concerts at the Harlem Music Center: Works in progress by Archie Shepp and Cal Massey (May 17), Warren Smith (May 24), and Milford Graves and Andrew Cyrille (May 31). Massey's 17 piece Romas Orchestra was also heard in concert May 20 at St. Gregor's.

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Brooklyn. Young Waheeda Massey was the vocalist, and guest artists were Jimmy Heath, Cedar Walton and Billy Higgins. Massey's quintet also performed. The concert was made possible through a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts . . . Singer Stella Marris was at Fiddlestix May 23-27, backed by Ted Curson, trumpet; Harold Mobern, piano; Sam Jones, bass and Freddie Waits, drums . . . The Tony Graye Trio (Graye, tenor clarinet, arranger; Doug Russell, electric organ, vocal; Randy Palmer, electric guitar) was at the Bon Soir in the Bronx May 25 . . . The music of Frank Foster and Genghis Nor was presented June 17 at Cami Hall. *A Night For the Spirit*, the first in a series of double concerts, featured The Loud Minority in Foster's music and The Rebirth Ensemble in Nor's. Nor was recently appointed Executive Director of the Institute of Black American Music . . . The music of Gregory Reeve was presented May 22 at the Mercer Arts Center Kitchen. Performing three works were Patricia Spencer, flute; Phill Niblock, electronicist; Jon Gibson, soprano sax; James Fulkerson, trombone; Phillip Corner and Hod O'Brien, piano; Richie Youngstein, bass, Cleve Pozar and Reeve, percussion, and Carl Berger, vibes . . . Sol Yaged's quartet alternated with the Tommy Furtado Trio for two weeks in May at Jimmy Weston's . . . Joe Farrell was at Richard's Lounge, Lakewood, N.J., May 28 . . . Marks Place East in Westport Conn. features jazz on Wednesdays. On May 17, it was the Gene Bertoni Trio . . . West Boondocks had Al Dailey, piano, and Carl Pruitt, bass for two weeks in May-June . . . NRHQ finished up a cross-country tour with a stop-over at the Village Gate June 1-5.

Los Angeles: An intended tribute to Malcolm X by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, with Zubin Mehta conducting *Music For Malcolm*, a special four-part opus written jointly by J.J. Johnson, Gerald Wilson, Benny Carter and Quincy Jones, had to be cancelled when the spokesman for several civil rights groups raised objections. The basis for the complaints was that the Philharmonic and the Music Center are racist organizations. The spokesman, an attorney, insisted that the orchestra and the conductor be black, and that the concert take place in the black community. Rather than incur the wrath of activist civil rights groups and possible picketing, the Philharmonic cancelled the concert. J.J. Johnson revealed that another, strictly musical, problem existed. He didn't know if all four would have been able to finish the music in time because of their usual heavy commitments. However his reaction to the cancellation was one of disappointment: "We were all excited about this tribute and about working together on it. It was so clear-cut, lovely and beautiful. Now something's happened." A substitute concert was put together by the Philharmonic called *A Tribute To Black Music* and it featured Albert McNeil's Jubilee Singers, The Operation Breadbasket Choir and Oliver Nelson, alto sax, playing music by Scott Joplin, William Grant Still, Gerald Wilson and Nelson . . . Disneyland had its annual big band bash over the Memorial Day weekend, with the bands of Count Basie, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and Buddy Morrow featured for two nights . . . While still in the Southland,

the Basie band played a one-nighter at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium with Ella Fitzgerald and the Tommy Flanagan Trio . . . Ray Charles put on a week-long show at the Grove . . . Bud Shank, Mose Allison and Cal Tjader occupied Shelly's Manne-Hole, in that order . . . The order at the Lighthouse ran thusly: Pharoah Sanders, Freddie Hubbard, with John Lee Hooker and Lionel Hampton in for one-nighters . . . Herbie Hancock played three nights at the Whisky A Go Go, fronting Eddie Henderson, trumpet and flugelhorn; Julian Priester, trombone; Benny Maupin, reeds; Buster Williams, bass; Billy Hart, drums and Patrick Gleason on Moog synthesizer . . . Chico Hamilton played the Funky Quarters in San Diego for a one-nighter. Jimmy Witherspoon was also in for one night. Gabor Szabo made it for two, and was followed by John

Lee Hooker for two . . . Cat Anderson fronted a quintet at the Golden Anchor, in Panorama City, for one night, where Kenny "Pancho" Hagood can be heard each Monday . . . Kenny Burrell followed T-Bone Walker at the Parisian Room. Pee Wee Crayton played with T-Bone during his two weeks and Big Mama Thornton sat in. The Parisian is still one of the favorite sitting-in places in Los Angeles. Lopez Alexandria did likewise when Damita Jo was the recent headliner . . . Another favorite sitting-in place is Donte's. During Zoot Sim's recent gigs there Carmen McRae sat in twice. Zoot used various rhythm men—some borrowed from the skeletal Doc Severinsen band that moved out here with Johnny Carson: at times Zoot had Ross Tompkins and Dave Frishberg on piano; John Williams, Herb Mickman, John Heard, bass; Ed Shaughnessy



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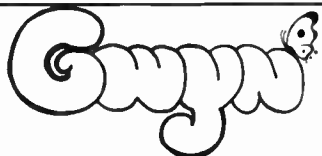
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and Steve Schaeffer, drums . . . Maxine Weldon is back at the Etc. for a six week engagement. . . Hadda Brooks can be found at the Purple Lion, with Bruce Cale . . . Harry Sweets Edison and King Errison are helping Don Randi fill out the week at the Baked Potato . . . Pianist Walter Bishop, Jr. did a concert at UCLA, using Bob Davis, alto sax; Avar Lawrence, tenor and soprano saxes; Calvin Keyes, guitar; Kent Brinkley, electric bass; Bob Braye, drums; Charlie Weaver, congas . . . The Baroque Jazz Ensemble shared the outdoor Pilgrimage Theater with the Craig Hundley Quartet. Personnel keeps shifting in the Baroque group for its regular concerts at the Egg and The Eye. Leader Ira Schulman and pianist Jocelyn Sarto are consistent, but now Frank de la Rosa is on bass, and Nick Martinis is handling percussion. Their latest concert covered the works of Bach, Mozart, and Ernest Bloch, plus Bill Holman and Bud Powell . . . Tommy Vig is getting into more and more of the city-sponsored concerts and it gives him an opportunity to use some swinging sidemen. Two such recent concerts featured this lineup: Ira Schulman, reeds; Vig, vibes, John Collins, guitar; Ray Neapolitan, bass; Frank Capp, drums; Chino Valdes, conga. And the second: Red Rodney, trumpet; Benny Powell, trombone; Bob Cooper, tenor sax; John Collins, guitar; John Duke, bass; Vig, drums .

Chicago: Yusef Lateef did four days at the Brown Shoe and a benefit concert at St. Dominic's Church . . . Ken Chaney did a weekend at Roberts Motel . . . Dexter Gordon was in town for two weekend engagements at the Apartment . . . The Ramsey Lewis Trio (Cleveland Eaton, bass; Morris Jennings, drums) followed Gary Burton into the London House . . . Woody Herman's Herd, with Al Porcino on lead trumpet, did two area dates in May—Milan, Ill. and Kenosha, Wis . . . Chase was in town to rehearse for a July recording date . . . The Mahavishnu Orchestra and Sea Train overwhelmed audiences at the Auditorium Theater recently . . . Stan Kenton's Orchestra did a clinic-concert date in Wheeling, Ill. When Stan showed up late (detained by a radio interview) for the afternoon clinic, he found the band all set up on the stand ready to go. But it wasn't the usual band; Mel Lewis, in the area for two concerts, was seated at the drums and Willie Maiden, who was off the band for a time to write new material, was seated in his old baritone chair. Also on the stand was Canadian trumpeter Paul Adamson, who was forced to leave the band last year when his work permit expired. Lewis proceeded to swing the band with his customary aplomb when Kenton called up an old Bill Holman chart, *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Regular drummer Jerry McKenzie, who came on the band when John Von Ohlen split in February, has been doing an excellent job . . . Quincy Jones and Donny Hathaway teamed up for a concert at the Arie Crown Theater . . . At the Wise Fools, the Dave Remington Band remains a Monday mainstay and Edwin Dagherty and the Third World have been appearing on Wednesdays .

Las Vegas: Ex-Woody Herman reedman Bob Pierson and five cohorts played a concert at the Centre of the Arts recently. Personnel:

Dennis Dotson, trumpet; Ron Myers, trombone; Maurice Stewart, piano; Frank Stuart, bass, and Tony Marillo, drums . . . Gary Michaels used a 14-piece band and four vocalists to present his *Theta (Thought)* work at the Centre. Featured were Bobby Shew, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jim Cowger, flute, and Bill Horn, alto sax . . . Woody Herman's first visit to the Hilton International was a resounding success. Personnel: Al Porcino, Charlie Davis, John Thomas, Bill Stapleton, Bill Byrne, trumpets; Bob Burgess, Rick Stepton, Harold Garrett, trombones; Frank Tiberi, Steve Lederer, Greg Herbert, tenor saxes; Tom Anastas, baritone sax; Harold Danko, piano; Al (Slim) Johnson, bass, and Joe LaBarbera, drums . . . Jim Hemming and a band made up mainly of ex-New York musicians played a swing-era concert at the Union Plaza . . . Jeff Sturges and Universe, a jazz-rock band backing Tom Jones at Caesars Palace, had the following personnel: Derek Watkins, Rob Hicks, Skip Phyl, Ernie Jones, trumpets; Tom MacMurray, John Boice, Joe King, Mike Wimberley, trombones; Jim Thomas, Russ Gere, Bob Rockwell, Harry Kleintank, Larry Schect, saxes; Hal Stesch, keyboards; Jimmy McGrew, Ken Herpin, guitars; Johnny Lopez, bass; John Pesci, drums; John Kaye, percussion. McGrew and Lopez also vocalized on the band's feature numbers and Johnny Spence took over the baton for the Jones segment and added his own rhythm section: Jimm Sullivan, guitar; John Rostill, bass, and Terry Jenkins, drums.

Syracuse-Rochester: The Castaways in Brewerton opened the new season with Harry James and the band. Guy Lombardo came along in June with Count Basie set for July, Buddy De Franco and the Glenn Miller Band for August, and Duke Ellington for September. Stan Kenton will close the season in October. James did a one-nighter in Auburn to over 3,000 . . . The Ellington Band combined with the Rochester Philharmonic for a SRO concert in the auditorium theater . . . Bobby Hackett appeared for a week at Rochester's Top of the Plaza with the George Gi-roux Trio. Oscar Peterson was there at the beginning of June . . . Tex Beneke, Ray Eberle, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires did a one-nighter for AGWAY at the Onondaga War Memorial . . . Sal Nistico worked here for a few weeks before taking off for New York. He joined forces with brother Jim Nistico in a group at the Regency Room with Art Olson, organ; Vic Zipeto, drums; and also did a couple of Sunday gigs at the Soo-Lin . . . Local favorite Lou de Santis re-formed his Muskrat Ramblers for a short engagement at Tutor's in Liverpool . . . Bob d'Imperio, formerly with the Salt City Six, brought his Crown City Six in for a week at Sutter's in North Syracuse. Bill Bartell was on trombone, Nick Palumbo, another long-time local favorite, on clarinet, and Danny d'Imperio on drums . . . Grady Tate was this year's guest artist with the West Genesee High School Jazz Lab. For the first time, concerts were presented on two nights . . . The sixth annual Bix Beiderbecke birthday festival was held in Ithaca with two-beat organizations from across the state in attendance, including Soda Ash Six and the Dixie Dandies from Syracuse, the Muskrat Ramblers of Ithaca and the Penn-Cann Jazz Band from Binghamton . . . Peanuts Hucko came in briefly to visit his family and to promote his new album, *Jazz*

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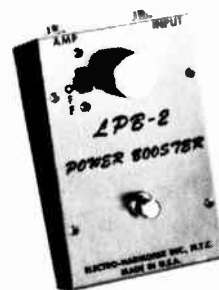
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According to *Peanuts*. He will also be appearing before the home town fans with Lawrence Welk in June . . . The Preservation Hall Jazz Band with Billie and DeDe Pierce did concerts at Onedia and at Colgate University. Both were sell-outs . . . The Dinkler in Syracuse

continues with a successful jazz policy. Recent attractions have included the Jimmy McPartland Quartet with Marshall Brown; Maxine Sullivan with the Chuck Folds Trio (Folds, leader and piano: Frank Skeete, bass; Eddie Locke, drums); Big Chief Russell Moore;

Marian McPartland's trio: Buddy Tate with Slam Stewart; Monty Alexander's trio: Earl Hines, and Red Richards and his Saints and Sinners. Richards and his trumpeter, Herman Autrey, both underwent minor surgery at Syracuse's St. Joseph's Hospital at the conclusion of their last appearance . . . Slam Stewart also did a week at John's Basement with Gene Rodgers on piano.

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Pittsburgh: Pittsburgh Jazz Festival Director Walt Harper announced the names of local musicians invited to perform as part of two All-Star Groups at the Civic Arena, June 17&18. The first group will include pianists Linton Garner and Frank Cunimondo; flutist Tommy Lee; drummer Roger Humphreys; Scotty Hood, bass; Eric Kloss and Nathan Davis, saxes; Benny Benack, trumpet and Harold Betters, trombone. The second group, which will be one of several to accompany trumpeter Roy Eldridge, will consist of pianists Bobby Negri and Johnny Costa; Bobby Boswell, bass; Lou Shreiber, sax; Joe Harris, drums; Tommy Turk, trombone and Jerry Byrd, guitar . . . Crawford Grill fans are excited about vibist Steve Nelson who was seen recently with the Grant Green quintet . . . Heinz Hall continued to draw near capacity crowds for the Glenn Miller Band. Dave Brubeck and Dizzy Gillespie . . . Two jazz groups which move from room to room are starting to get devoted followings. They are pianist Bill Cotten's trio with Honeyboy Minor on drums, and the Rich Evans combo . . . Pittsburghers think of trumpeter Hershey Cohen as a man of two cities. He does weekly gigs in both Toledo and Pittsburgh and will be here June 16 to participate in Roy Eldridge Day during Pittsburgh Jazz Week. He, pianist Reid Jaynes and vocalist Jeanne Baxter will make the Eldridge gig in the afternoon and leave that night for an industrial show in San Diego . . . Drummer Max Roach had plenty of fans on hand for his opening at the New Diplomat in East Liberty. His sometime vocalist, Pittsburgher Brenda Joyce, was there to listen.

Japan: Bassist Gary Peacock, who has been in Japan for two-and-a-half years studying Eastern philosophy, returned to the U.S. and Washington University in April. While here, Peacock contributed greatly to raising the level of bass playing and recorded several albums with Tokyo musicians, including Masahumi (Pooh) Kikuchi and percussionist Msashiko Togashi. Peacock was given a send-off party that was attended by practically every musician in Tokyo . . . Hard-to-believe department: Tokyo's best known, if most uncomfortable jazz club, the Pit Inn, has 21 groups working each week. They start in at 11 a.m. and run to 10:30 p.m. Morning sessions are devoted to young groups working on a sustaining basis, and afternoons and evenings are relegated to more established musicians. As is customary here, everyone works a one-day stand on a weekly rotation system . . . Oscar Peterson, who has an enormous following in Japan, was here for 11 days in May, concertizing in Tokyo. Osaka. Nagoya, Hakata, and Aomori . . . Japanese musicians who will be appearing at the Montreux Jazz Festival include Masahiko Sato, bassist Yasuo Arakawa (a graduate of the Berklee College of Music) and Masahiko Otsu.

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NEW ORLEANS

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next number about to begin. Missing the customary intro, B.B. peeped at the piano from the corner of his eye. Levy finally grasped Pullen's shoulder and regained his rightful place.

Inquiring later as to what this was all about, my worst suspicions were confirmed. Ms. Simone, feeling that a soulbrother should be at the piano, had instigated the whole thing. Aside from its total lack of professionalism, this incident was a disgraceful display of prejudice in action, wholly out of place at a jazz festival—the sole jarring note of the entire four days.

The program ended with a long jam session set, benignly presided over by Jimmy Smith. It was blues and more blues, and its highlight was a guitar duet featuring Kenny Burrell and B.B. King.

There was also some marvelous blues tenor by Stitt, more of Dizzy's caloric trumpet, a strong Winding solo, and good work by the boss or the organ, who also called the signals.

Two surprise participants were drummer Bobby Rosengarden, working on his back-beat chops, and New Orleans' own Al Belletto on alto, having a ball playing with the distinguished visitors and getting off some hot, passionate solos.

A large new auditorium is under construction in New Orleans, so hopefully this was the last festival event to take place in the Municipal. At the very least, we can look forward to a better sound system. —d.m.

Heritage Fair

Space precludes a detailed rundown of the musical and culinary delights offered here.

Among the highlights: The Fairview Baptist Church Marching Band, organized by Danny Barker and consisting of energetic teenagers who never seemed to tire of staging short parades, and found no shortage of second liners.

An impromptu duet involving B.B. King and Jimmy Smith—just the two—the latter playing some great funky blues piano. A happy set by trombonist Santo Pecora's band, featuring Wallace Davenport on trumpet. The format was swing rather than traditional, and it was instructive to hear Davenport take off on tunes like *A Train*, *Satin Doll* and *Perdido*, playing great swing horn. Pecora, after all these years, still looks and sounds as in his prime.

Trumpeter Porgy Jones' group, featuring the leader's Lee Morgan-styled horn and James Black on drums. Some fine gospel singing. Some young cats from the Southern University Band jamming with Dizzy and backing up Razorblade Toogaloo Shorty, a harmonica-playing blues singer with interesting lyrics. Al Belletto's swinging quartet and the bright, self-assured singing of Angelle Trosclair. Art Blakey sitting in with Willie Tee's Gators.

The Cajun blues of accordionist-singer Clifton Chenier, with his brother on "rub board", a washboard construction worn like a vest. And veteran bassist Ed Garland, visiting his home town for the first time since 1914, guesting with trumpeter Tony Fougerat's combo.

Plus: Red beans and rice a la Buster, crawfish, oysters, jambalaya, shrimp with remoulade sauce, etc. New Orleans is something else! —d.m.

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