

MARCH 29, 1973

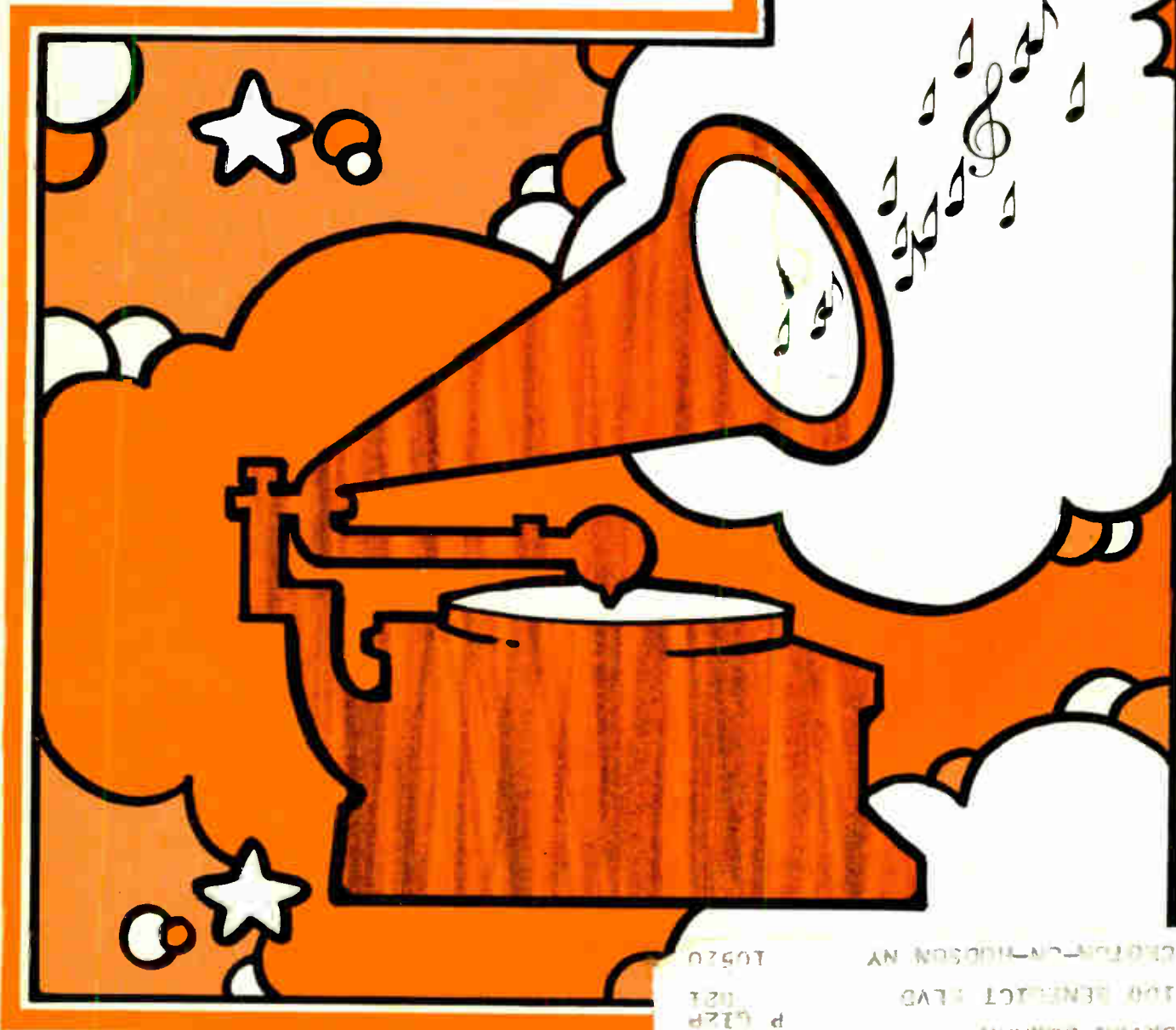
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# down beat

jazz-blues-rock

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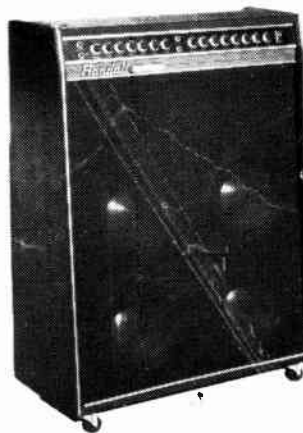


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## the first chorus

By Charles Suber

Violation of laws against consumers are getting heavy attention from the media. Consumers (people) are demanding protection against potentially harmful products and trade practices. Violators are being called to account.

How long might it be before protection against potentially harmful education and teaching practices is demanded, and satisfied? To illustrate the question match the following *now* news stories with some *later* possibilities.

*Now*, we read: "Ford fined \$7 million for tampering with pollution devices on test cars." . . . "General Motors recalls Chevrolets manufactured between \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ to correct a possible fault in the steering assembly." . . . "Telephone company doesn't admit *conscious* discrimination in personnel policies but promises not to do it any longer." . . . and so on.

*Later*, we may read: "Northwestern U. offers all music students graduated from \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ the essential part of their music education which had been overlooked." . . . "Chicago Board of Education members censured and fined for willful tampering with the education of 560,000 students." . . . The states of Illinois, New York, and California do not admit *conscious* neglect of humanistic education, but promise to revise teacher training and curricula anyway.

You do understand that the *now* stories did not just happen because of a Ralph Nader or any one example of malfeasance. Those stories came about because some governmental body was persuaded to become responsive to the needs of the community, and those needs were expressed with force and determination.

There will be no *later* news stores unless you get off your rusty-dusty. If giant automobile companies are brought to account, a school board (or a Dean or a teacher) can be handled. You must arrange for your own consumer protection.

You need not be Nellie Nice or Sam D'Gooder to bring on changes. Just learn what you need to survive and prosper and start asking questions. And keep asking. Here are some multiple choice questions.

If you are an educator—or intend to be—ask the association which asks you to join how much of their time (and your dues) is spent on concepts vs. people. Make it a point to find out if they leave their performance in the rehearsal hall. Better to stick with your local teachers' union to fight for bread-and-butter issues than waste effort on who becomes recording secretary of the third district or how many marble slabs are needed in the new Washington music monumental museum.

If you are a student—and aren't we all—There are lots of questions to ask. "What do you mean you don't have time to teach improvisation? . . . Why does your catalog list 'stage band, one credit hour' as the 'Jazz Program'? . . . What do you mean I have to choose my music from this list?" . . . How come we have 64 phys-ed faculty and just five music teachers?" How come jazz band is not a major ensemble?

If you think the answer to one question may not be important, think of what has happened since someone piped up with a question like this: "Shouldn't my new car have four wheels?"

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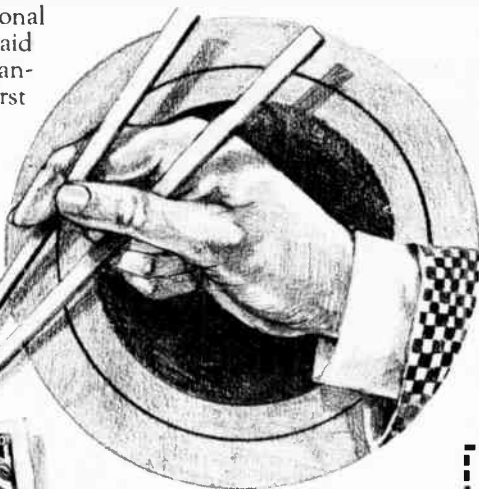
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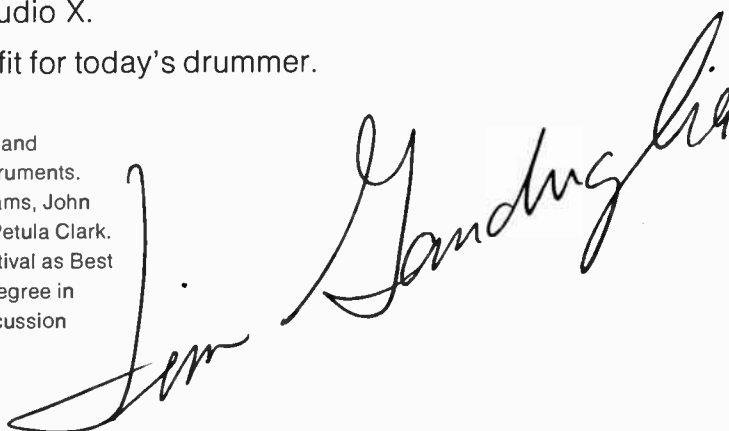
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March 29, 1973  
(on sale March 15, 1973)

Vol. 40, No. 6

# down beat®

## jazz-blues-rock

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Subscription rates \$9 one year, \$14 two years, \$19 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

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MAHER PUBLICATIONS:  
down beat  
MUSIC '73  
NAMM DAILY

Address all correspondence to 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 222 West Adams St., Chicago Ill., 60606. (312) 346-7811. James P. Schaffer, Editorial; Deborah Kelly, Subscriptions.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 250 W. 15th Street, New York, N.Y., 10011. (212) 255-0744. Dan Morgenstern, Editorial; Jack Maher, Advertising Sales.

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# chords and discords

## Sweets On Miles

I disagree with Sweets Edison (*Brass Roundtable*, Feb. 1) when he says that Miles couldn't play a first part. He also said that Miles is only a soloist, but being a soloist is the highest thing in a band. Miles would rather solo than back somebody up with a first part, but he can do it all.

Sweets was trying to say that Freddie Hubbard is better, which is his opinion; I think Miles is best. He also said that he comes to hear Miles, not his electronics, with which I agree—but if you *listen* to Miles' electronic stuff, you can dig what's happening...

Some people are mad because Miles plays that new music, but the reason he plays it is that he's bored with playing his old side.

Wallace Roney III

Philadelphia, Pa.

## Torme's Pitch

One of the saddest occurrences of the last decade is Mel Torme's decline as a jazz singer. Certainly he is one of the greatest of all time—what with his range, technique, taste and jazz feeling, but how is the new listener to be persuaded of his genius?

By attending his concert with Woody Herman at Meadowbrook in Michigan last summer, as he suggests? (db, March 1) No. I was there, and what I saw was a slick performance that most of the audience obviously enjoyed but which was practically devoid of jazz content.

On records? No. His string of albums for

Columbia, Liberty, and Capitol are at best passable, and one needs to return to his recordings of the early 1960s (*Shubert Alley*, *At the Red Hill*, and maybe *Comin' Home Baby*) to hear the latest examples of the excellence that is Torme's.

I have not heard him in a club, and maybe that's where he stretches out, but I would love to hear him in an intimate club like Baker's in Detroit with a good rhythm section.

Torme is too good in too many ways to have to get on first base by throwing himself in front of a pitched ball (lowering his creative standards and appealing to the lowest common denominator). We have enough slick performers; what we need is creativity, not stylization.

Nathanael Charles

Detroit, Mich.

## "Underdog" Banned Down Under

Please be advised that Charles Mingus' book, *Beneath the Underdog*, which was favorably reviewed in your magazine, has been banned in Australia.

As a great admirer of Mingus, one can only regret that this book will not be available here in the near future. The ban had something to do with the segments on sex. I, for one, would welcome an Australian tour by Mingus.

K. M. Brady

Canberra, Australia

## Support For Welding

Donald Muller (*Chords*, March 1) apparently hasn't been listening to and reading about blues, or reading down beat regularly, because if he had, he couldn't have accused Welding of being a racist and an idiot.

I'm very glad that Welding is writing about blues and jazz and hope he'll continue to do so. If Muller thinks down beat is racist, he should check out the black music magazines, which have nothing about the blues and jazz.

Burnham Ware

Owerton, Ky.

## Clapton's "Top"

Although I'm not his biggest fan, Eric Clapton's solo on *Sitting on Top of the World* (Cream, *Wheels of Fire*) has got to be one of the best recorded since Charlie Christian's era.

If only for comparison, how about seeing it in the *Music Workshop* in some future issue? A small sample of *Grand Wazoo* wouldn't hurt either.

Maureen Dunn

Copake, N.Y.

## Bells For Bellson

Recently, Louis Bellson and the NBC Superband held a concert-clinic at Northglenn High School, Northglenn, Colo., and I must say it was fantastic!

I cannot understand why Louie has been so far behind in the down beat polls. Surely he deserves a higher rating than 20th. I honestly believe he rates higher than Buddy Rich.

Come on, jazz freaks, lend an ear to Louie sometime! His drumming flows so freely, compared to Buddy's intense style, I really don't mean to be putting anyone down, but give Louis Bellson some room, too!

Brad Byers

Lakewood, Colo.



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# downbeat NEWS

## NEWPORT SETS DATE FOR 20TH AND BIGGEST



JOSEPH L. JOHNSON

Ray Charles

If the vibrations at the upcoming Newport Jazz Festival-New York are as good as they were at the February cocktail party given by producer George Wein to announce his plans for it, it will surpass last year's great success.

The festival, which will mark Newport's 20th anniversary, will take place June 29 through July 8. There will be more than 50 events, and the festival will reach out into many areas of the city.

Major concerts will again be presented at Carnegie Hall and Philharmonic Hall, and there will again be two midnight jam sessions at Radio City Music Hall. The Hudson River boat ride, which proved so popular last year, will be expanded to two days, with special discounts for children.

New features will include five concerts at Harlem's famous Apollo Theater; a six-day concert series at Alice Tully Hall featuring predominantly new music and presented in conjunction with the New York Musicians Organization (which last year put on a festival coinciding with Newport); a '30s dance at the Roseland Ballroom with a fashion show, lindy hoppers, etc., and afternoon concerts held outdoors at the Wollman Amphitheater in Central Park—a setting that may recreate the ambiance of those great afternoons at Newport, R.I. The super-big concerts, held last year in Yankee Stadium, will move to the home of the Mets, Shea Stadium. Fran Allison of Kukla, Fran and Ollie will prepare a special children's jazz concert. Special evenings will be presented by Atlantic and Budah records, and American Airlines and the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. will again be sponsors.

Program details are tentative at this point. Wein said, but a number of special program ideas have taken shape, and though they are as yet incomplete and subject to change, we'll run them down for you: A tribute to Ray Charles, written and narrated by James Baldwin, with Charles and special guests; an evening with Duke Ellington; an evening of blues hosted by B.B. King; a tribute to Ella Fitzgerald, including a reunion of the Chick Webb band; a salute to the American song, with music by Gershwin, Ellington, Berlin, Fats Waller, Arlen, Wilder, etc. as performed by great jazz instrumentalists and singers; a program of solo piano; a Count Basie "now and in retrospect" concert; a program of New Orleans and ragtime music, and a Cotton Club retrospective. The winners of the talent

search conducted by Wein and the Tea Council of the U.S. will be presented in concert with John Mayall.

Fifty per cent of the profit, Wein said, will be contributed back to the music community. "One of our primary aims," he stated, "is the founding of the New York Jazz Repertory Company. The New York State Council on the Arts is considering a proposal for funding in conjunction with other foundations and the Festival."

Former Mayor Robert F. Wagner will again serve as chairman of the festival committee, and he was on hand at the Rainbow Grill cocktail party. So was a most representative cross-section of New York City's cultural scene. Speakers included James Baldwin, Eric Larrabee, and Juma Sultan of the New York Musicians Organization, and good sounds were made by Clark Terry leading Jimmy Heath and Arnie Lawrence, saxophones; Harold Mabern, piano; Lyn Christie, bass, and Roy Haynes, drums.

Inquiries should be addressed to Newport Jazz Festival-New York, P.O. Box 1169, New York, N.Y. 10023.

## NEW ORLEANS FESTIVAL TO OFFER VARIED FARE



JAN PERSSON

Taj Mahal

This year's New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival will be held April 10-15 and is the first in the series of 1973 events produced by George Wein's Festival Productions.

In addition to the traditional opening night jazz cruise aboard the S.S. *President*, there will be four full days of activities at Fairgrounds Race Track. The evening concerts will present, among others, Benny Goodman, B.B. King, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, Dave Brubeck, the Staple Singers, Herbie Mann, Stevie Wonder, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Witherspoon, Taj Mahal, and War.

The variety apparent in this programming will also be reflected in the entertainment at the Heritage Fair, which will feature, from five stages, New Orleans and modern jazz, ragtime, gospel, blues, soul, Cajun music and daily parades by jazz brass bands. Additionally, there will be seminars by jazz historians and artists, guest jazz groups from Europe and Canada, and appearances by the colorful Mardi Gras Indians.

For details, contact New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, La., 70176.

## 5TH DIMENSION TO TOUR FOR STATE DEPARTMENT

The 5th Dimension will tour Turkey and Eastern Europe next month under the U.S. Cultural Presentations Program of the Dept. of State.

The tour, scheduled for April 3-30, will take in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Romania. The group's visit to Ankara and Istanbul will tie in with American participation in Turkey's 50th anniversary as a republic.

In addition to concerts and other public performances, the 5th Dimension will conduct workshops with students and give lectures in U.S. cultural centers throughout the tour.

The popular group has waived salaries and is making the tour as a national public service. Secretary of State William Rogers said that "this public-spirited act embodies the American spirit of voluntarism in pursuit of peace . . . I wish those talented Americans every success in their mission of good will."

## FOR EUBIE BLAKE, LIFE BEGINS AT NINETY . . .

The scene was New York's Hampshire House, the occasion a Happy 90th Birthday luncheon for composer-pianist Eubie Blake thrown by ASCAP. An outsider would have been hard put to pick out the honoree, who is in better shape, mentally and physically, than many a man 20 years younger.

Among those present to greet Blake was Billy Taylor, and before long the two pianists were seated at a rather rickety upright, duetting on *Memories Of You*, one of Blake's biggest hits and favorite tunes. The birthday child was then persuaded to render *I'm Just Wild About Harry*, and, with his wife, Marion, at his side, *Love Will Find A Way*, which he decided to sing. This was followed by a brisk interpretation of *Charleston Rag*, a piece he composed in 1899. Among the admiring listeners was Harold Arlen, no mean tunesmith himself.

It was now time for lunch, and after a decent interval for eating (two TV crews had set up meanwhile), it was time for the cake to be rolled up—a large and splendid one.

Billy Taylor, back at the keyboard, intoned *Happy Birthday*, but, perhaps beguiled by the cake, no one joined in. "Nobody knows the words?", Taylor exclaimed. He had no problem getting the congregation to sing along on *I'm Just Wild About Eubie*, however.

Cutting the cake, Blake was asked to smile. "That's all I know how to do," he quipped, and when a photographer requested that he kiss his wife, he joked, "I've been kissing her for 27 years—I'm sick of it."

Asked by a TV reporter how he felt, the pianist replied, "Like a boy of 22." The inevitable question followed. "My father lived to be 83, my mother was 78. That's the only thing I can attribute my longevity to," the nonagenarian said, adding that both his parents had been born slaves.

What is most vivid in his memory of all those years? "When the curtain went up on *Shuffle Along*," was the unhesitating reply. That 1921 hit show was "the first Negro show on Broadway, and I had gone from barrelhouse pianist to writing a Broadway musical," he added.





ASCAP President Stanley Adams made a speech and presented Blake with a scroll and a silver winecooler, having first read telegrams from President Nixon, Gov. Rockefeller, Mayor Lindsay, and Rep. Shirley Chisholm.

Blake's speech was short and to the point. "Izzy Berlin—we call him Izzy—wrote *God Bless America*." (There was no applause, so Blake spread his hands, said: "They never heard the song!" And repeated the title. The applause came.) "I'm going to write a song—not for publication—called *I Love ASCAP*. There were times when, if it hadn't been for ASCAP, I'd have been doing this"—and Blake made a motion as if he were swinging a pick axe while humming a few bars of *Song of the Volga Boatmen*. As he resumed his seat to great applause, he told a neighbor: "Don't let 'em die on you!"

Robert Kimball and Silliam Bolcom, co-authors of *Reminiscing with Sissle and Blake*, to be published in April by Viking Press, presented a facsimile of the cover, and Arnold Caplin of Biograph Records presented Blake with some just-off-the-press Lps of his piano rolls.

The second TV crew had arrived too late to film Blake at the piano. Lunch being over, he sat down at the keyboard again and gave out with some choice rags. "I play three hours every day," he told a listener.

That's when he isn't working.

—morgenstern

## FINAL BAR

Andy Razaf, 77, the prolific lyricist and composer whose collaborators included Fats Waller, died Feb. 3 in Los Angeles after a long illness.

He was born in Washington, D.C., the grandson of a U.S. Consul in Madagascar, and left school at 16 to help support his widowed mother. He didn't stop studying privately, however, and had a wide reading knowledge of many subjects.

Razaf, who also played piano and sang, wrote lyrics to hundreds of songs, teaming up with such composers as James P. Johnson, Eubie Blake, J.C. Johnson, Paul Denniker, Edgar Sampson and Joe Garland, among others. With Waller, he had a long and fruitful partnership, and he wrote the words for Fats' most famous hits, including *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Black and Blue*, *Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now*, *Blue Turning Gray Over You* and *The Joint Is Jumpin'*. With Blake, he did *Memories Of You* and *You're Lucky to Me*, and with Sampson, *Stompin' at the Savoy*.

Other famous Razaf songs include *S'posin'*, *Ge'e Baby Ain't I Good To You*, *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*, *Massachusetts*, and novelties like *My Handyman*. His Broadway scores include *Keep Shufflin'*, *Hot*

*Chocolates*, and *Blackbirds of 1930*. He was also active as a newspaper columnist, and wrote religious and patriotic songs. In 1950, he suffered a crippling stroke and was confined to a wheelchair for the remainder of his life.

Cornetist Melvin Lastie, 42, died Dec. 4 in his native New Orleans after a sudden illness. His early experience included work with the Lastie Brothers Band and four years with drummer Paul Barbarin's group.

Lastie was featured with Willie Bobo for several years, and during this time also became a prominent studio musician. He later participated in many sessions for Atlantic Records, including work with Aretha Franklin and many other top artists. He also did a short stint with Herbie Mann's group.

Some of Lastie's best recorded work can be heard on Bobo's *Spanish Grease* Lp.

Tubaist Richard M. (Dick) Saunders, 38, who worked with many traditional bands in the Detroit area, died Jan. 29 at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital in Pontiac, Mich. of a heart attack. He had recently been named associate editor of the *Oakland Press*. His brother is Tommy Saunders, cornetist-leader of the *Surfside Six*.

A memorial service followed by a New Orleans-style tribute was held Feb. 25 in Royal Oak, Mich. Participants included the *Surfside Six*, the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Mother's Boys with Kerry Price, and the *Cellar Dwellers*, the last band Saunders played with. A memorial fund is being set up for the establishment of a jazz and ragtime study program in his name at Interlochen Arts Academy.

## potpourri

The Academy of Music of Philadelphia, venerable home of the Philadelphia Orchestra, is the object of an annual concert and ball in its benefit. This year, the ball featured—for the second time—genuine New Orleans sounds by a spirited band led by cornetist George Finola (a young Chicagoan whose adopted home is the Crescent City). It included veteran Johnny Wiggs, cornet; Showboy Thomas, trombone; Leo Thompson, piano; the inimitable Danny Barker, banjo and vocals, and Howard Kadison (another transplant from up North), drums, and made the symphony patrons jump for joy. For more sedate dancing, an adjoining ballroom had music by a Meyer Davis contingent, 16 men strong and stylishly led by the octogenarian king of society bandleaders himself (this is one of the very few occasions for which Davis still comes out). When we checked them out, they were into *Muskrat Rumble* and *South Rampart Street Parade* in an attempt to meet the jazz competition.

Vic Dickenson has left the *World's Greatest Jazzband*—the road got to be too tiring. Benny Morton, a frequent sub with the band, took his place. Meanwhile, Vic has resumed his old partnership with Bobby Hackett, and the two—some assisted most ably by Hank Jones, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; George Mraz, bass, and Jackie Williams, drums, will be holding forth at the Royal Box in New York's Americana Hotel for a month starting March 26, playing for dancing as well as good listening.

A couple more new music spas in New York City: The Ringside, 49th St. & Broad-

way, which opened in February with Stanley Turrentine's combo, and Three, at 314 East 72nd, which began its sound policy with Blossom Dearie.

More Blood, Sweat & Tears changes: Trumpeter Chuck Winfield and guitarist-singer Steve Katz have left. Katz, whose role as an instrumentalist, had become minimal, is not being replaced, but the horns remain at full strength with trombonist Tom Malone as the new voice.

George Duke has left the Cannonball Adderley Quintet and formed his own trio, with John Heard on acoustic & electric bass and Ndugu, percussion. Duke is playing multiple keyboards, and reports that Jean-Luc Ponty may join up. Duke has also rejoined the Mothers of Invention for tours and recording, and Frank Zappa will produce his new group's on records. The busy Duke will also be doing college concerts and seminars, including a program at San Francisco Conservatory. No replacement had been set in Adderley's group at presstime.

Good news: Sonny Rollins was set to open a two-week stand at New York's Half Note April 2. It will be the tenor legend's first N.Y. appearance since last July.

The *Grand Prix Du Disque*, bestowed by the Academie du Disque Francais, has been awarded to the Willie The Lion Smith-Jo Jones Lp *The Lion and the Tiger* (Jazz Odyssey 006) in the Jazz/Pop/Variety category. It was one of a total of only four prizes awarded this year.

Paul Ackerman, veteran music editor of *Billboard*, and for the past decade its executive editor, retired March 1 after 38 years with the publication. Ackerman, with the title of Editor Emeritus, will continue to serve as a consultant. During his long career Ackerman received many honors and last year became the first member of his profession to be nominated to the Country Music Hall of Fame. He was one of the founders of the Songwriters' Hall of Fame and its first executive director, and remains a member of its board.

The First San Francisco Bay Blues Festival, a free two-day affair, was held Feb. 10-11 at the Neighborhood Arts Community Theater. The program, designed to spotlight the Bay Area's significance as a blues spawning ground, featured Luther Tucker, L.C. "Good Rockin'" Robinson, the Gary Smith Blues Band, K.C. Douglas, Don Alexander, School Boy Cleve, Hightide Harris, Little Willie Littlefield, James Reed, and guests Johnny Fuller and Charlie Musslewhite. Emcee was Phillip Elwood.

Jazz Interactions' 1973 Young Musicians Workshop began Feb. 22 and will run for 15 weeks. Open free of charge to everyone with some playing experience (regardless of age), the workshop is staffed by program director Joe Newman, and Garnett Brown, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Arnie Lawrence, Al Gafa, Gene Bertoni, Harold Mabern, Roland Hanna, Eddie Jones, Charlie Persip and Roy Haynes. JI's school lecture-demonstration series also began in February. Meanwhile, the organization needs volunteers to carry on. Please call (212) 866-6316.

Synthesizer player Roger Powell, composer and performer of *Cosmic Furnace*, a recently released album on Atlantic, jokes that he would be happy to be president of "Synthesizer's Lib." "At the moment," he half-laments, "synthesizer players have to be the most misunderstood performers in music. Even they don't know what they're doing. There's a great tendency, of course, to classify everybody. The Union's gotten upset, other musicians have gotten upset; consequently, synthesizer players don't know whether they're supposed to be making string sounds, way-out weird sounds, or something in between. And it doesn't help when Keith Emerson, as brilliant technically as he is, sticks knives into the instrument as part of his rock-theatre."

You can't throw a lot of avant garde material at people. An artist has a responsibility to make things as obvious as possible. My album touches base with enough tradition that the average person gets a familiar effect. It gives him something to hold on to, while at the same time it kind of pulls him ahead a little bit."

In composing the album, Roger set up two arbitrary criteria: that there be only one musician and that it be performed on an ARP synthesizer. "There are certain sequencers, filters and synchronized-locked oscillators on the ARP which I find unique. The sequencers provide rhythmic patterns, the filters produce some of the more interesting timbres and from the phase-synchronized oscillators, I get an over-amplified John McLaughlin-like sound." Powell does add another dimension to the album by using acoustic piano, for him "still the ultimate instrument."

He compares a synthesizer album to painting. "One musician does the whole thing. Lines that have been recorded serially are layered in. Everything is geared for the album. But the pieces on *Cosmic Furnace* are very improvisational. All I had written down were formats. The individual lines were head arranged, just played at the time."

The question which track comes first follows a pretty straight sequence according to Powell. "First," he explains, "I lay down a scratch rhythm track, which all the rhythm will relate to eventually. It lets me know where I am in the piece. Then I record the piano, setting up the harmonic structure. Next I'll do the keyboard bass and then the percussion. The percussion is a technical thing. It gets resynched in and then I can play the percussion on the synthesizer and make changes in the sequencers, so I can get the accents where I want them. Then it's just a layering process from the bottom up, saving the solo lines for last."

The album was recorded at Intermedia Sound in Boston, a 16-track studio that opened only 2½ years ago. Its president is 36-year old Gunther Weil, super-enthusiastic, super-smart (Ph.D. from Harvard in psychology) and super-hip ("Although I was born into the hop era, I've been through a lot. —Tim Leary, the Harvard trip, the psychedelic period.")

Weil, positive and energetic, loves music and is financially astute. "I've learned you've got to be reasonably tough to run a studio. I've had to run a tight ship, otherwise we wouldn't have made it. The trouble with a lot of people getting into studios is that they buy all the newest equipment, get stuck with it and go under. It happens to record companies that expand too quickly, take on too many artists and do too many things.

## ROGER POWELL:

### SYNTHESIST

BY PAT WILSON



MEL GOLDMAN

Boston, in the shadow of New York, has never had a first-class recording studio. "When we opened," Weil explains, "we faced a very Herculean problem. Technically it was a very fine facility, but existing in an area where there was no track record for 16-track recording."

Gunther Weil, tired of New York always doing the driving while Boston wastes away in the backseat, has moved up to the driver's seat with people like Roger Powell.

Born 24 years ago in Front Royal, Va., in the Shenandoah Valley, his early musical memories are of his mother playing Baptist hymns on the piano and listening to Puccini operas from his father's extensive opera collection.

"Playing and writing music were all I ever thought about. The two most significant things that ever happened were my parents buying me a piano when I was in the third grade, and a year later their buying me a tape recorder. I immediately started recording things, then playing along with it, improvising. I saw it as a tool, as another musical instrument."

While in high school he studied piano at the Shenandoah Conservatory, read harmony and orchestra books, composed "pretentious 12-tone things," listened to Stockhausen, Samuel Barber, Hindemith, had all of Zappa's recordings and "wore out every Miles Davis

record I ever had. I had them all the way back to *Birth of the Cool* in 1949, which was very strange because that was the year I was born.

"I appreciated jazz on an intellectual, cerebral level. The rock and roll I listened to way back then, Elvis etc., was harmonically static. It didn't go anywhere but had a good physical feeling. These two types of music never merged and I felt something was missing in each of them."

During two years of high school, Roger was a disc jockey at a radio station. "This allowed me a lot of access to tape recorders. Also the record services sent albums in, and I took home all the records that they wouldn't play, which were most of the ones I wanted to play anyway. You get a promotional copy of *Miles Ahead* and you know they're not going to play it."

"I was interested in drama from the voice aspect so I went to William and Mary. But four weeks away from a steady daily diet of music drove me crazy so I left. I went to Richmond and found a job in a radio station to support myself. This was where I first started doing tape collages because it was a big AM-FM station with lots of tape recorders. The FM counterpart was automated so I would just go into this studio with five or six tape recorders and three or four turntables."

What did the future (unbeknownst to himself) synthesizer player do next? "I went to a recording studio in Atlanta, a multitrack place where I would layer things in and get better fidelity. I worked there for two years, but it was the worst period of my life at the time. I wasn't well. I had no car, my wife was pregnant. We were living in sub-standard housing and I was being underpaid at the studio. I felt I was being taken advantage of, but I did learn a lot."

"One thing I did there was engineer an album with Joe South who had that hit *The Games People Play*. There was a lot of tape manipulation and crazy stuff in some of the pieces that weren't going on your average pop record at the time but I managed to convince Joe he should include it. I'd have to say that a lot of the techniques you hear on *Cosmic Furnace*—the overall textures, this layering technique, the fullness of sound—I learned when working with Joe South. He would come in night after night and layer things in—things he would find in the studio, like coffee cans. One of his favorite techniques was to take a board and hit it on one of the studio baffles. It gives the best backbeat sound you've ever heard. It's a lot better than a snare; you get this great crack and you put it through this long echo and you get a fantastic spatial sound."

"It was at this studio that I finally convinced the owner to get a small synthesizer. We got it, but it didn't have a keyboard for four months. That's probably one of the better ways to learn to play the synthesizer since the keyboard gives you a very grave misconception about it. And as soon as we got the keyboard, I was just obsessed."

"I began writing to the ARP Company in Newton, Massachusetts, and eventually they flew me up to Boston. It was overwhelming to have this instrument, everything I ever dreamed of. I affiliated with the company which has been mutually advantageous. I have had a hand in the evolution of the synthesizer which has only been around for six or

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# the integrity of the artist—

**hank mobley:**

Last August 17, Hank Mobley, one of the powerful minds of the modern tenor saxophone, came to Chicago for a weekend gig. Of several events during his Chicago sojourn, two are particularly important. First, he had a reunion with Arlene Lissner, a music fan from the 1950s, an assistant professor of psychiatry at U. of Illinois, and consultant for various government health and drug abuse programs; by the time you read this she will be Arlene Lissner Mobley. Second, he met a long-established rhythm section—pianist Muhal Richard Abrams, bassist Reggie Willis, drummer Wilbur Campbell—and a skillful late-bop trumpeter, Frank Gordon, to work with him on occasional club and concert dates.

Mobley has been a Chicago resident since, a bonus for us locals. Musically, this is an oppressive city, given the fleeting character of most gigs and the jazz scene's general anonymity. The best Chicago musi-

bers. But when I got serious the music started coming easy.

"I was in woodshop, carpentry, auto mechanics; then I took machine shop for a year. I was a nervous wreck studying to be a machinist. We had a little music thing in school, and I played this Lester Young solo, *One O'Clock Jump*, note for note. The shop teacher used to play trumpet, and he said, 'There's no room out there for a black machinist. The way you play saxophone, why don't you study that?' That's the way I did. I quit shop that same year, I just put on my hip clothes and went chasing women and going to rock and roll things..."

In his late teens at the turn of the 1950s, Mobley played with and wrote for rhythm-and-bluesman Paul Gayten; he and pianist Walter Davis Jr. also worked in a Newark club's house band. Weekly, guest performers from New York would front the band—Billie Holiday, Bud Powell, Miles

feeling the Parker style, but Mobley and Rollins seem to have offered fully matured styles before their woodwind-brass playing brothers. The 1951-53 period with Roach was an excellent introduction to the New York jazz life; Roach recorded *Mobleysation*, Hank's first song, and when the band broke up Mobley easily found free-lance work in clubs, studios, on a tour with Gayten again, and, for two weeks, with Duke Ellington:

"Jimmy Hamilton had to have some dental work done. Oscar Pettiford called me; I didn't play clarinet, but I played some of the clarinet parts on tenor. Paul Gonsalves, Willie Cook, Ray Nance, we were the four Horsemen, but nobody would show me the music, and it was all messed up. So Duke would say, 'A Train', and while I was fumbling for the music the band had started. Finally Harry Carney and Cat Anderson helped me straighten it out..."

"I played with Parker a lot of times, and he told me a lot of things. To a young person he wouldn't say much, but what he said meant a whole lot. He didn't say, 'Practice these scales, do this or do that—he just said, 'Baby, you'd better learn those blues; can't play enough of the blues'"

—Hank Mobley



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

cians don't surface very often; the ones with big reputations—Herbie Hancock, the Art Ensemble, Johnny Griffin, Sun Ra, etc., etc.—became famous elsewhere. One fears this grey city won't be able to contain a performer of Mobley's stature.

For the present, though, we have the opportunity to review Mobley's career in jazz, an unusually productive one. A determination to work with every contemporary of importance led to his central role in the evolution of post-Parker jazz; an inventor of hard bop, he is second only to Rollins in defining the idiom's characteristic tenor style. He's directed 23 record albums and appeared as sideman on 56 others; in the last '50s, only Coltrane recorded more often. Years ago "soul" was a useful word; Hank Mobley's unique dedication to a personal vision of his art leads to an instinctive rejection of simply programmatic or easy or fashionable musics—and in his intense way, he gives the word renewed meaning.

At 16, he became interested in playing alto sax while home from school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and earned money to buy one by working in a bowling alley. "When I finally got up enough money for my horn, the dealer went on a month's vacation," he recalled. "In the meantime, I got a music book, and when he got back I knew the whole instrument; all I had to do was put it in my mouth and play. I'll tell you, when I was about 8 they wanted me to play the piano, but I wanted to play cops and rob-

bbers—and one weekend in 1951 Max Roach played with and then hired Mobley.

"I was just 21. We opened in a place on 125th Street in Harlem; Charlie Parker had just been there before me, and here I come. I'm scared to death—here's Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean, Kenny Dorham, Gerry Mulligan, just about all the young musicians came by there." But Mobley took, and immediately became part of the lively New York scene.

...

"To the best of my knowledge, Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, myself, Jimmy Heath, John Coltrane—we called ourselves the 'Five Brothers', you know, the five black brothers—we all started playing alto, but Charlie Parker was such a monster that we all gave up and switched to tenor. I wasn't creating anything new, I was just part of a clique. When we listened to Fats Navarro and Bud Powell, when we were 20, 21, all of us were learning together. We weren't trying to surpass Parker or the heavyweights. But as you get older you start finding different directions. At the time it was like going to college. It was just doing our thing, playing different changes, experimenting..."

Certainly Parker's impact was felt more keenly by Mobley's than by any other generation. By the early 1950s, a New York avant-garde was struggling, eventually to assert a crucial opening up of the rigid bop orthodoxy. Even the earliest work of Heath and Jackie McLean showed unique ways of

While Mobley worked that summer with Clifford Brown in Tadd Dameron's band at the Club Harlem in Atlantic City, Roach was in California forming a new band. He attempted to phone Mobley without success, but he did manage to contact Brown—and Mobley missed making a bit of history. Later in the year Mobley joined Dizzy Gillespie's big band, appeared on three Gillespie records (one a sextet date), and after a year with the trumpeter joined Horace Silver.

...

"Horace had the quartet at Minton's—Arthur Edgehill (drums), Doug Watkins (bass) any myself—then on weekends Art Blakey and Kenny Dorham would come in to jam, 'cause they were right around the corner. Out of that we started feeling something, and we said, 'Let's do our thing: we all got something going name-wise; if anyone gets a job let's use all of us.' I think Arthur Edgehill was working with somebody else, too, but Blakey was right there. Horace'd get a job, or Art, or Kenny, or I'd get a job; we'd split the money equally. I think that's where the co-operative thing started; we lasted a year and a half, played what we had to play. Then Milt Jackson, they started a similar thing.

"Then Miles did it, then Max came through with Clifford Brown, so we had four groups trying to get something together. I remember a concert in Pittsburgh, we had Dizzy on trumpet, Kenny Dorham, Clif-



# the soul of the man

by john litweiler

ford Brown—oh, man, that was *amazing*. Then when they finished, Max and Art got into it—mm, that was something else. It's not like that anymore . . ."

It was during this 1954-56 period that Mobley began recording on his own; the music he composed and directed is generally considered his finest work. Initially he led on Savoy and Prestige sessions, but soon he got—and stayed—with Blue Note. Mobley recalls those days with relish. They recorded at Rudy Van Gelder's Hackensack, N.J. studio—"Savory recorded on Fridays, Prestige on Saturdays, Blue Note on Sundays, something like that. They'd buy the whiskey and brandy Saturday night and the food on Sunday—they'd set out salami, liverwurst, bologna, rye bread, the whole bit. Only Blue Note did it; the others were a little stiff. If we had a date Sunday, I'd rehearse the band Tuesday and Thursday in a New York studio . . ."

Ike Quebec, the late tenorist, was the A&R coordinator, and at this time Alfred Lion and the late Frank Wolff ran Blue Note and supervised the sessions. "We'd be making a tape, and sometimes my horn might squeak, and Frank Wolff would say, 'Hank Mobley! You squeaked! You squeaked!'—and the whole band would crack up, we couldn't get back to play the tune. And old Alfred Lion would be walking around, (snap) 'Mmm!' (snap) 'Ooh! (snap)—'Now wait a minute, it don't swing, it don't swing!' So we'd stop and laugh, then come back and slow it down just a bit. Then he'd say, (snap) (snap), 'Fine, fine, dot really swings, ja!'" (Lion and Wolff, German-born, had come to the U.S. in the '30s as refugees from the Nazis.)

Later in the '50s Mobley worked a year each with new Roach and Blakey bands. "In the early days, Sonny Rollins used to have a few problems and I was always kind of cool, so every time he'd have a problem they'd come to hire me." But drugs were a huge part of the bop and post-bop scene, a seemingly unavoidable fact of life, and in the latter part of the decade Hank was drawn into the heroin vortex. Once I played a particularly fine sextet record for him. His remark: "Oh, that thing. Five of the six of us were out to lunch. That's why they got Herbie Hancock; they always wanted one man in the band who was cool."

Arlene Lissner's remark is appropriate here: "There's more knowledge about drugs now . . . There was a feeling that if Parker could play like that and he was strung out, maybe there was something to being strung out." Mobley: "I had the knowledge. When I got strung out it was my own fault. A person getting strung out at age 18; that's a problem. He doesn't even have a chance to learn what life is about. By the time I got strung out I had learned my instrument, I was making money. Now, I don't have to worry about drugs—I've had enough of that whole thing. All of us are finished with it, it's a thing of the past now."

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In January, 1961, Miles Davis hired Mobley for the longest continuous association of the tenorist's career. The Davis years began with travel through the U.S. and a record date with an old friend, the post-*Giant Steps* Coltrane. "I told Miles I'd never played with somebody who plays like Art Tatum on the saxophone. Miles said, 'That's why I hired you, I want to put your interpretation with his.'"

Davis was an easy-going leader to work for. Mobley recalls a Los Angeles sojourn: "I remember me and Philly Joe got to the airport five minutes before the plane left—we were both wandering all over town, and you know how big that city is, no subways, you can't get anywhere. You take

Wynton Kelly, he's probably over at that hotel partying and talking about, 'Yeah, see you when I get back'—him and Paul Chambers. Miles is off talking to Boris Karloff—he and Miles lived in the same house on the Strip in Hollywood. Boris'd get up early and go sit on the bench like this (pant, pant) watching the young girls walk up and down the strip. We had to send for Harold (Lovette) the lawyer, to take care of business, tidy up the tax—after six nights, Wynton had about a \$50 tab, Paul must've had about 50, Miles must've had a couple hundred. We hung out, the four of us, and sometimes we'd run into Miles on the street

"But when I left Miles, I was so tired of music, the whole world, man, I just went back to drugs." That was exactly the wrong course of action. He'd already done time on a narcotics charge; in 1964 he was arrested and imprisoned again. In the mid-'60s he and Lee Morgan formed a co-operative group that performed steadily; Mobley continued to write for Blakey and free-lance as well. He also teamed up with Kenny Dorham.

One of the happiest periods in his life began when he was called to London in March, 1967. It was his first trip out of the U.S.—"I missed it and Art Blakey, Dizzy, Miles"—and after seven weeks at Ronnie Scott's Club, Mobley toured Europe. Then, in 1968, Slide Hampton called from Paris—would Mobley come to take his place?

"Soon as I got there they had the fight at the Sorbonne. The whole city was on strike; you couldn't get a taxi, you couldn't get nowhere. The train left me way out in the desert, it seemed, and I had to work at the Chat qui Peche that same night. Slide Hampton's niece, I think, came to pick me up, finally. People going around with rifles, all that kind of stuff. I said, 'I didn't have to go 4,000 miles—I saw all this at home.' I checked into the hotel and just stayed there and looked out the window."

Paris had several jazz clubs and a goodly number of Americans on hand—"In Paris there's a lot more communication between musicians than in the States. An American in Paris is a long way from home. I hung out with Johnny Griffin and Art Taylor all the time. Steve McCall was on the outskirts of town, Kenny Clarke was way out in the country, and we all used to meet at the Living Room in Paris." There Mobley met one of his boyhood heroes, Don Byas. "He mellowed with age, but he never lost his youth. He was all muscle, all strong. He'd say, 'I'm 57 years old, Hank. Hit me in my stomach.'"

"I remember one night there were four nuts, Paul Gonsalves, Don, Archie Shepp and me, we came from the club, and we had a bottle on the floor; everybody said, 'We ain't going to drink anything, now.' 'Course I know when Paul and Don start drinking they might go crazy. We were at a round table talking shop—that was one of the most beautiful nights of my life—and we had to stay up for Paul; he had a habit of missing the bus. At 6 or 7 in the morning we got Paul on the bus, then we went back to

Archie's crib, and we still aren't finished. Now we had a cooking contest. I started off making breakfast. Don baked a cake, and Archie made lunch. When I got home that afternoon, I was, whew . . ."

"Those were good days. I'd say, 'This reminds me of how it should be.' Then I'd go to Munich, there's some more clubs, go to Rome, go to another country; you'd have such a rapport with the people." Hank even did a series of concerts in Poland, Hungary and Yugoslavia—"All those places were like the Metropolitan Opera House." Usually Mobley fronted a local rhythm section—"unlikely combinations were the rule"—and there were TV and radio shots everywhere. The only records from this time find him leading a sextet in *The Flip* (Blue Note 84329), which Frank Wolff flew to Paris to record, and as a momentary second for Shepp on two BYG-Actuel dates. Naturally, Mobley performed with every important musician he met in Europe, including Ben Webster and Ornette Coleman.

He came home in mid-1970; the eastern jazz scene had decayed to a miserable state by then. He led a band at Slug's regularly and played and recorded elsewhere with Cedar Walton, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums, often adding Charles Davis, baritone sax, and Bill Hardman, trumpet; they recorded for Cobblestone. All this preceded his arrival in Chicago.

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Whatever the varied influences of Lester Young, Byas, Webster, Dexter Gordon—in Mobley's youth, it was Charlie Parker who made by far the greatest impression.

"Where do you think everybody got the blues from? Did you ever hear *Just Friends* and tap your foot to it? *Soul Station* is the same thing, just like walking down the highway, it sounds like somebody's saying, 'Oh, man, I'm tired of this town, got to get away from this.' Parker played the *modern blues*; what he's saying is that so much of modern jazz, structures, harmonic progressions, they're all based on the blues.

"My uncle told me a lot of things"—Hank's uncle played trumpet and six other instruments and once led a small band—"and he always used to say, 'Listen to Lester Young.' When I was about 18 he told me: 'If you're with somebody who plays loud, you play soft, if somebody plays fast, you play slow. If you try to play the same thing they're playing you're in trouble.' Contrast. If you play next to Johnny Griffin or Coltrane, that's hard work. You have to out-psych them. They'd say, 'Let's play *Cherokee*,' I'd go, 'naw, naw—ah, how about a little *Bye Bye Blackbird*?' I put my heavy form on them, then I can double up and do everything I want to do."

In fact, Mobley recorded with Griffin and Coltrane on a Blue Note date. "Johnny called a very fast tune, and I said, 'Wait a minute'. I walked around, they said, 'Hank, what's wrong?' I had to get it together, get my tempo together, play my speed." In these 1950s two-three and four-tenor dates, sometimes with Coltrane in tow, what often remains memorable is Mobley's warmth and lyric fluency. The sensitivity that his style is based on is perhaps best revealed by his rhythmic flexibility: the sense of contrast is internalized, he becomes a succession of Hank Mobleys as he plays. The style is notable for his love of the middle registers, the odd rhythmic shifts, the perfection of a complex sense of melody (straight-ahead *versus* decorative playing) that makes the structural evolution visible.



H. NOLAN

Continued on page 30

# A LADY NAMED BILLIE —



*Yesterdays* . . . as in the song, it seems that I met Billie only yesterday.

The year was 1936, the music was getting better, real good, and Teddy Wilson walked into my Commodore Music Shop with two girls. One, I believe, was Irene Wilson (who later wrote the marvelous *Some Other Spring* for Billie) and the other was the Lady herself, "Miss Billie Holiday to You", to paraphrase another song that was one of Billie's favorites.

Billie had been doing some wonderful singing on the Teddy Wilson Brunswick recordings we were selling in the shop. In fact, she was so good people were asking for her, and the record company had just launched her as an artist in her own right on the Vocalion label. She had already waxed *Summertime* and *Billie's Blues* and the disc was moving very well—at the Commodore, anyway.

It was a thrill meeting Billie, though at the time neither of us realized that our association would lead to some of the finest recorded sounds this world has ever heard.

In 1936, I never dreamed that two years later, having become disillusioned with the jazz product the major companies were issuing (or rather, not issuing) I would start my own record company. At the Commodore shop, I had already founded the Hot Club of New York, a chapter of the United Hot Clubs of America. For UHCA, I reissued the original masters of many historic jazz sides the major record companies had dropped from the catalog. Hot Club members could buy the records through mail order, or over the counter at the record shop at 144 E. 42nd St. in New York City.

We were the first to print all the important data on the record labels, an innovation soon copied by every record company. (In those days, there were no album jackets to print liner notes on.)

We also sponsored jazz concerts, calling them "jam sessions" in order to publicize the new "Swing" music—which was really the same old jazz in a new dress. Bessie Smith (courtesy of John Hammond) appeared at one such session, and later Billie Holiday sang at others.

All of the famous musicians had heard or were hearing of the Commodore, and they would drop into the shop to listen to their own discs and those by other artists and find out what was happening around town. John Hammond had introduced Teddy Wilson to Commodore, Teddy brought in Billie, and so it went. Gabler and the Com-

## AND I

BY  
**MILT GABLER**



modore grew and became a legend. We didn't sell the most records in town, but we sold the best, and we knew who played on them and where the players were playing—if they were still working at all.

I first heard of Billie from the musicians who had been uptown to Harlem to see her sing. John Hammond, Benny Goodman, and Bernie Hanighen (he wrote *When A Woman Loves A Man*) were the first people I know who raved about Billie and got her started on records. Of course, Teddy Wilson was right in there with them.

I never got uptown to hear Billie in those days, for I kept my shop open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., and after that I would generally head for some jazz joint on 52nd St. or in Greenwich Village before dragging myself home to the Bronx on the New York subway to get some rest. (For years, I did most of my sleeping on the subway trains. Today, you'd have to think about it twice, or sleep with one eye open.)

In 1938, I opened a branch of the Commodore right in the heart of Swing Street, at 46 West 52. (That's the title of a famous recording on the Commodore label by Chu Berry and Roy Eldridge.) I kept the place open until 1 or 2 a.m. if there was any action at all. If there was no business, I would close up shop and go to hear Billie at Kelly's Stables, or The Famous Door, or The Onyx, or I'd go downtown to Cafe Society on Sheridan Square in the Village where she was sure to be. There was no sense in going home without hearing Lady. When she was out of town, it was no town to me.

I made the rounds every night, for each Sunday afternoon I ran jazz concerts at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St. and I had to book the musicians for each bash. I slept about four hours a night, but it was all I needed at the time. I was rugged; I had a strong constitution with a cast-iron stomach, and the whiskey helped... it helped me forget what time it was. I didn't really drink until after I closed up the record shop, and it always seemed that the whiskey and the music went together. (I tried grass, but it never made it for me. I stayed with the juice and the jazz. Besides, the weed was illegal and I didn't want to mess with it. I had too many people depending on me.)

Billie was my constant love. I don't mean the physical kind—we had a great thing for each other, and she respected me. I would never spoil that, and Billie had many friends she could run with—she didn't need me. With Billie and me, it was the music. When she was on stage in the spotlight she was absolutely regal. It was something—the way she held her head up high, the way she phrased each word and got to the heart of the story in a song. And to top it all, she knew where the beat was. But though she could swing with the best of them, Billie never did many up-tempo tunes. Torch songs were her bag. I had many written to order for her, and some she wrote herself. On others, like *God Bless The Child* and *Don't Explain*, she collaborated with Arthur Herzog, Jr., but to my knowledge, the ideas were basically what Billie felt and expressed.

Billie knew how to appeal to losers, the ones who had loved and lost, or those who, like Billie herself, were searching for but couldn't find meaningful love. So she packed the clubs where she appeared.

I well remember Cafe Society Downtown, where she achieved her greatest triumphs. I loved the place. It was a glorified cellar, with great murals now long gone. It had a miserable little unventilated star's dressing room, right next to the wash rooms. If you were not the star, you changed clothes in the kitchen—which was directly behind the wash rooms. Billie's room was ten feet

from the bandstand, which could accommodate five or six musicians. A baby grand was on the dance floor in front of it.

The dance floor became the stage when Billie or any other star attraction performed. The room was step-tiered, forum style, and was fairly large for a New York nightclub... not bad for a cellar.

Cafe Society Downtown was a fabulous place. It was run by Barney Josephson, and many a top act played there. A typical 1939 bill might showcase Billie, plus either the Frankie Newton Orchestra with Tab Smith, Henry "Red" Allen's band with J.C. Higginbotham, or Eddie Heywood's Orchestra with Doc Cheatham, Lem Davis and Vic Dickenson, wizard of the glissando trombone. You also might find Josh White, the blues and folk singer, The Revuers, the first great satirical comedy group with Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Judy Holiday, and a fourth little man, Alvin Hammer, who was great. The group disbanded when the first three went on to fame in Hollywood and on Broadway. They could do two shows a night without repeating any material.



Milt Gabler in his 52nd St. store

Another fantastic comic who started there was Jack Gifford - now a top actor in TV and films. In addition, there might be the three giants of boogie woogie piano, Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Meade Lux Lewis, and Pete's sidekick, blues shouter Big Joe Turner. That was the scene.

None of the performers, including Billie, made a lot of money by today's standards. How could they? But I never heard of Barney Josephson retiring with a bundle either. In fact, he is back in the business now, running The Cookery in Greenwich Village and trying to make it all happen again with piano music, this time by Teddy Wilson, Eddie Heywood, Mary Lou Williams and Dick Hyman, among others. Barney always had good taste.

That was the setting, the time and the place for *Strange Fruit*.

In 1939, Cafe Society Downtown was the only place that attracted mixed black and white audiences in sizable numbers. When black couples went out for an evening they would feel uncomfortable at most other downtown clubs, so for the most part, they stayed in Harlem. However, Cafe Society Downtown was a "liberal" club, patronized by New Dealers, freethinking people, writers, actors, musicians and educators. It was a swinging place in the days when "to swing" meant music with a

capita! M. Among those it attracted was a poet named Lewis Allan, who had written what was to become the first "protest" poem set to music—an anti-lynching song that catapulted our lady named Billie Holiday to international fame.

The story of how it came to be written and recorded by Commodore and Gabler after a major record company was afraid to do it appears in the liner notes for the recently released Billie Holiday Commodore reissue album *Strange Fruit* (Atlantic SD 1614) which Leonard Feather poured his heart into. Billie and I were grateful to Columbia for allowing her to record this important song for my label. If they had been against its message they could have refused permission, since Billie was under exclusive contract to them. Eventually, I produced 16 selections with Billie for Commodore, but *Strange Fruit* was always the main one for me.

On April 20, 1939 Billie cut her first Commodore sides. The four selections were *Strange Fruit*, Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays*, Harold Arlen's *I Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, and the blues *Fine and Mellow*.

I wanted Billie to do a 12-bar blues because her 1936 *Billie's Blues* was (and still is) a favorite of mine. Billie didn't sing the blues like Bessie Smith or Ma Rainey. She was more like today. She had an original quality, and I put an original sound behind her: a band playing a riffing sax figure that Tab Smith set up, with roaming piano by Sonny White, Billie's accompanist, and a muted trumpet obbligato by Frankie Newton. (Aside from Sonny, the band was Newton's Cafe Society crew.) It was the first modern blues record, I think.

The night before the session, I went down to Cafe Society to get things set with the band and Billie. I had told her I wanted a blues, so we sat down at a little "deuce" table just outside her dressing room door and started to write down blues verses for the still untitled song. Billie had written or collected various blues lines, which she already had down on paper. We didn't need music—everyone who was going to be on the date knew the blues in any key. However, we did need a "kicker", that is, one verse that would make this blues different from any other. I'm proud to say that I came up with the lines:

He wears high draped pants,  
Stripes are really yellow  
But when he kisses me  
He's so fine and mellow."

That was the "kicker", and that also gave us the title, *Fine and Mellow*. Billie and I wrote it together.

After the record had come out and the song was becoming a hit, I received a phone call from Decca Records requesting a copy of the disc. They reached me at my 52nd St. store, and though I had about 1,000 of the records in my back room, I told them I was out of stock. As soon as I got more records in from the pressing plant, I said, I'd send them a copy. They said OK.

I was in a panic. I knew that if Decca wanted the record, they'd soon be cutting a competitive version by one of their top blues artists and rush the record out on the market. I had no distributors. With Decca's big distribution and low price (Deccas sold for 35c, most other records for 75c, Commodores for \$1), they could hurt Billie and me. So I got busy.

I collared the first musician to walk into my shop who could transcribe the music from the record. For a fee of \$9 and a half dozen good jazz records, my man copied *Fine and Mellow* right in one of my record-listening booths. I put down Billie Holiday's name as composer of words and

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# DRUM SHTICKS BY HARVEY SIDERS

## Part Two Part Two Part Two Part Two Part Two

**Bunker:** I've often felt that the drummers who had the greatest influence were the ones who stated the pulse of the time, and you were aware of its coming from a different limb of the body. With Krupa and Rich, it was always the bass drum; the other stuff was filigree. But their time and feeling came from the bass drum. When Art Blakey started to become well-known, it was the hi-hat. Everything was built around the hi-hat, and you knew that was where the time was coming from. Philly Joe Jones was the right hand on the ride cymbal. Every drummer has a different time feeling, even if they play *spang-a-lang spang-a-lang*. Most of them were recognizable by how they spaced those things. With Max, it was primarily the left hand on the snare drum. It wasn't until Elvin that all of those things were freed and you were no longer aware of any one of those things being the place where the time came from.

**Bailey:** That's right. That's what I say.

**Manne:** We experimented early in the 50s when we had a group with Jimmy Giuffre, Shorty Rogers, Russ Freeman, Joe Mondragon and myself. We'd do things where the rhythm would lay out for a couple of choruses and leave a guy all alone for his solo; or maybe it was just drums and clarinet; or maybe bass and trumpet; or just drums and piano. Infact, Russ and I did an album—just drums and piano—that was completely free, and we got away from that *boom boom boom*. We did a lot of experimenting out here in the early days of (Shelly holds his hands up and fingers down to form quotation marks) west coast jazz.

**DB:** Louis, here's one especially for you. What are the advantages of a drummer leading a big band?

**Bellson:** I think a drummer has the same advantages that a piano player has in front of a band. I think the two greatest bands are Basie and Ellington. The reason those bands get off the ground right away is because Basie and Ellington just don't stand in front of the band and give them two bars, you know: "one, two; one, two, three, four." They get that rhythm section chugging away. They have their own inflections, and by the time the band comes in, they have that rhythm down. I try to do that with my band. I'll give them 8, 16 bars... maybe I'll say "Rhythm section play a couple of choruses," and they'll say "straight ahead," because when the band comes in, that tempo is established. I remember working with Benny Goodman on some of those old radio broadcasts. The announcer would say "Benny Goodman and the band will now play *Sunny Side of the Street*." Then there would be complete silence while Benny is over to one side trying to feel out the tempo, and people would be turning the dials wondering if they lost the program. So I think it's a great advantage for a rhythm player to front a band, because it's easier to get that groove.

**DB:** I've got a two-part question, specifically for Donald and Larry. Donald, since you

are basically a jazz drummer, do you consider it a waste for a drummer like Larry Bunker to take the time away from his instrument and study mallets? And you Larry... is there any tendency on your part, or on the part of studio musicians, to look down on a one-instrument player? I'm not trying to start a controversy...

**Manne:** Of course not. You're trying to start a fight.

**Bailey:** Any time I see a drummer playing another instrument, I feel that's a definite asset. That's the way he should go. It's an asset. Is that what you mean?

**DB:** Well it's an asset to his bank account. But what I'm getting at is, I want to know if the dedicated jazz drummer—who obviously must consider the study of his instrument a life-long thing—considers doubling a waste of effort?

**Bailey:** No. I think a person can do more than one thing. I think that's one of the fables of the music business. I don't believe that you can become good by devoting all your time to one instrument. I think that if a person puts his mind to something other than drumming, it can be done. Take a look at Jack DeJohnette. He's a great drummer, but I remember first hearing him in Chicago and he was a piano player.

**Bunker:** Did you ever hear Keith Jarrett play soprano saxophone? He'll scare you to death.

**Manne:** Or Chick Corea play drums?

**DB:** Or Frank Strazzeri play baritone horn?

**Bobo:** Ever hear Willie Bobo play congas?

**Bellson:** Can I inject something here? Not because LB is sitting here, but I've said this many times in interviews. I'm one of those guys who always has his face in a book, looking for some knowledge, not only about drums, but about the other percussion instruments: vibes, xylophone, and timps. Of course I haven't had much chance lately to play these things because I've been tied up writing. But this guy (pointing to Bunker) is the only guy I know of—well let me put it this way—he can play in a small group, a big band, studios, non-studio work. Dig this: 90 percent of the mallet players, when they sit down at the drums, nothing happens. Or a lot of good drummers, when they try to play intricate things on the mallets, including myself, it doesn't really happen. But he can do both. Will you back me up on that?

**Manne:** Yes indeed.

**Bailey:** Oh yeah. First time I heard Larry was in Philadelphia, at the Blue Note. He was playing drums. I forget who he was playing with.

**Manne:** Maynard Ferguson?

**Bailey:** No, it was a small group.

**Bunker:** It was Georgie Auld.

**Bailey:** Yeah, that's right, Georgie Auld. And the next time I saw him, he was playing vibes, and I enjoyed both equally well. I didn't say "he's a drummer, he should stick to drums." I never thought that way.

**Manne:** Well Larry's an unusual case because he's got an insatiable curiosity. I know he does thing for avant-garde concert groups at the Museum of Art. I've looked at some of those parts, and I don't know how he even gets started. There are very few guys in this town who can do that. Joe Porcaro...

**Bobo:** Mark Stevens?

**Manne:** Yeah, Mark Stevens, one of the younger guys. Steve Bohannon was able to play piano and organ very well.

**Bailey:** Let me tell you something. I got a job one time as a harmonica player, and I listed myself as "Harmonica Man." I didn't put down my own name, because I know most musicians. They'd say "He's a drummer, what's he doin' playing harmonica?" So I billed myself as "Harmonica Man," and let the people find out for themselves.

**Bobo:** I felt the same way about switching

over and playing jazz. I had to make sure I could play it and you couldn't tell whether it was a Puerto Rican guy or a Cuban guy. I had to get that feeling. I had to go around and find out, and play with excellent jazz musicians. It was very important to me. I didn't want to just play timbales and bongoes. I wanted to play jazz. So I made a record with Herbie Hancock, and I played it for Roy Haynes and said, "Hey man, there's a new drummer in town; check him out."

**Manne:** It must have been a shock to Bill Evans when Larry went with him on the road as his drummer. During intermissions, Larry would sit at the piano and play Bill's solos.

**Bunker:** Let me give you my answer to your question. I never look down on any person who plays his instrument well. Any person who does play well has achieved something remarkable. I don't want to sound snobbish...

**DB:** I wasn't trying to imply snobbishness in the second half of my question. I merely wanted to know if you think it's wrong to stick to just one instrument.

**Bunker:** By no means. If you question many of the superb players around, you will probably find they started on some other instrument first. Then they found, for whatever reason, that they preferred another instrument. I never understood anyone taking up the tuba as a life work, but there are people who do, and some are sensational players, like Tommy Johnson. Or who wants to play the bassoon? But there are bassoon players, and it's a nut-buster of an instrument. And it's a life-long study. All the things I do, I probably can't do as well as my innate ability would allow me to do if I concentrated on just that one thing. I don't play any instruments in the percussion family as well as a number of players in this town that play any one of them far better than I do. Emil Richards or Dale Anderson can play fly specks on xylophone. I don't care about the xylophone that much. At one time I thought "I'm really going to study xylophone and get it together." But I kept hitting that thing, and it kept hitting back. Vibes please me more, and it quickly became an easier means of melodic expression for me because the keyboard was there and it came about relatively painlessly. It was easy and it was fun. And a career suddenly fell into my lap. I do a lot of things quite well, but, like the bongoes, I know I'm not an innovator. I have reached a certain level of proficiency where I can play in the style of what I heard Willie Bobo doing with Tito. And I feel a sense of satisfaction in playing a bitch of a xylophone part by Olivier Messiaen (French modernist) at one of those Monday night museum concerts. It has nothing to do with jazz, but jazz isn't the only music in the world. If I were ready to devote 5 to 10 years of my life, I might consider taking up the tabla. I've touched the tabla enough to know you don't shuck with that.

**Manne:** I've known guys, like Donald mentioned, that did nothing but practice. They woke up, went into the other room, practiced all day, then went to bed. Later on they went out and played. In other words, everything revolved around their instrument. I could never do that. There has to be a certain normalcy. There must be other things in life that are important. For a guy to do that, he shouldn't be married, shouldn't have a family. He should be almost a recluse, a "pure artist," you know, the way Hollywood envisions it: going up to the attic and struggling.

**Bellson:** You know, what Shelly's talking about, I did that as a kid. I was a recluse. Everything was music, right up to when I





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World Radio History



# disc care

by charles graham

**I**t's a bit like the weather—everyone agrees that disc recordings need to be handled and stored carefully, but most of us do very little about it.

It is in the nature of many modern plastics, especially the nearly pure vinyl used in good discs today, to be highly static-prone. That is, most Lps (and 45s too) being made of vinyl, are excellent static generators.

When a disc is static-charged, it attracts more of the invisible debris all around us in the air (as well as visible dirt). It gathers in the tiny microgrooves of the record and increases wear and hiss, crackle and pops.

The art of keeping records clean is still imperfect, though progressing. If you do everything suggested in this article your records will not stay absolutely free of dust, etc., but they will sound better and last years longer. (We'll not deal with 78s here, except to point out that they are not nearly as problematic.)

As the advent of Lp discs, and then stereo, brought recorded sound closer to the ideal of perfect reproduction, more stringent requirements were placed on music listeners in terms of handling and storing. We gradually learned to handle discs by the edges, to keep them in album covers when not on the turntable, and to keep the turntable mat covered.

In the early days of Lps, and well into the '60s, stylus pressure was generally between 5 and 10 grams. These pressures were enough to push aside most of the dust and dirt in grooves, and press down through the silicone and other gunky materials beginning to be sold as record "cleaners". The heavier pickups played the groove wiggles, not the dirt. But the newer, ultra-lightweight pickups on today's equipment are generally set at one or two grams. This is just not heavy enough to push through the junk in the grooves.

Most serious music listeners try to keep their records in good shape by not fingerprinting them when in use, keeping them in covers when not, and storing them flat, either side-by-side or horizontally, fairly snug. Many also try to clean off the stylus tip with a forefinger after each side play. If we find a bit of fluffy dust on the finger, we feel we've done the job. But have we?

The few experts who've looked into the grooves with a microscope for several years tell us we've barely scratched the surface (pardon!) of the problem—that only part of the debris all grooves collect comes off on the needle, and that most of it just gets packed deeper into the grooves, grinding away the high notes and adding to the hiss and extra noise. They also tell us that most record cleaning brushes and most cleaning solutions sold are not just of little use, but actually worse than using nothing.

With the exception of the two record cleaning systems mentioned below, the only thing that should ever touch your record grooves is a diamond stylus. Don't use record "cleaning" cloths—they're usually saturated with silicones and/or cleaning fluid, which will only clog the grooves, or cheap record brushes,

In addition to dust, tobacco smoke particles and fingerprints put on by carelessness in handling, the number one enemy is static. It is generated by motion or friction—rubbing, sliding, or even just playing (if the air is very dry) a disc.

High humidity lets the static charge on a record leak off, and when there's no static charge the disc only gets the normal fallout of dust and dirt, not a super amount by attracting it out of the atmosphere.

## Recommended Cleaners

The basic research on record care was done over a period of years by the Englishman Cecil Watts. He developed the *Dust Bug*, and *Record Preener*, and several other devices for record care now sold all over the U.S. through Elpa Marketing, who also distribute Thorens turntables and other high quality record playing equipment. Watts' *Dust Bug* is easily attached with glue or rubber cement to your turntable board. A small amount of anti-static Watts fluid is rubbed on the *Dust Bug* before it is dropped on the record just before the needle, and as it travels across the grooves ahead of the needle, it provides just the right humidity to relax the static charge.

If you use a changer and don't find the *Bug* convenient, you can use the Watts *Record*



If your record cleaning system isn't doing its job this is what your needle will look like after a few days. You can usually hear this as a fuzzy sound in the treble notes.

*Preener* before placing records on the player. For old records, those with the greatest accumulation of dirt, Elpa has other devices, including a record-washing brush to be used only on 78s or extremely gunked-up discs, with warm water.

Cecil Watts' pioneering research ended with his death a few years ago. Further work has lately been done by microbiologist Dr. Bruce Maier of the University of Missouri. An ardent music listener, he studied grooves and their destroyers for several years, finally developing a fluid which is anti-static and anti-microbial, and a large brush applicator called the *Discwasher*. The special fabric of the brush applies a light film of the fluid in a fashion similar to the *Bug Preener* into the grooves of the disc. This relaxes the static charge, dissolves most dirt deposits, and permits the fine ends of the fabric to pick up the junk.

The *Discwasher* system costs \$12.95—not cheap until you consider the worth of the serious record listener's collection.

Record cleaning problems can be categorized thus:

- (1) New and good Lps, with little garbage in the grooves—yet.
- (2) Lps which have been left out overnight, or have never been cared for except by being put back in the covers, and played many times.
- (3) Really dirty discs, 78s or Lps which have

been "cleaned" with fluids and scrubbing brushes, cloths, or sprays.

(1) is records which can be taken care of right from the start. (2) will respond somewhat to careful treatment, sometimes three or four applications of a good cleaning system. (3) should be cleaned several more times according to the procedure recommended for Group 2. Some will respond. If they don't, use the Watts Records Wash Brush and a bowl of warm water with a few drops of photographic wetting agent mixed in. (This should not be tried until gentler methods have failed.) To test if a disc is getting clean, play a few grooves (half a minute), then examine the stylus tip for picked-up dirt. If there is any, and it lessens perceptibly after repeated playings of the same grooves, you know you're succeeding. If *nothing* is picked up, the record is either clean or hopeless.

In addition to the two record cleaning systems mentioned, the use of a Pickering or Stanton cartridge, with its own built-in dust brush, can be helpful in minimizing dust build-up during playing. This unique brush, developed by Stanton, is supplied on all the fine K.L.H. phonographs, and is available in most audio dealers' showrooms.

Though many of us still clean off the needle with a forefinger, experts frown on this for two reasons: (1) today's high compliance, low mass stylus is easily damaged, and (2) a minute amount of body oil deposited on the stylus can make debris stick to it instead of rubbing off.

Installation of an inexpensive needle cleaning brush is easy—each time the pickup goes onto or off the record it runs through the brush. Elpa has a convenient stylus brush which is better than a finger or other brushes because it permits seeing what, (if any) junk came off the needle. But other brushes on the market will do the job. O.K.

## Storing Discs

Everybody knows records should be covered whenever not in use, and that they should be stacked flat, or vertically, to keep them from warping, and to keep them from collecting dust. Vertical stacking is perfectly OK, if they're not loose. They should be just snug enough to they can readily be slid in and out, not loose enough to lean over the slightest bit. The only trouble with horizontal, flat stacking, is that the records often slide about and once they're left that way some can warp after a few weeks.

One very effective way to combat this is to slit open the white paper envelope, so it encloses the record like book covers, and the corners of these envelopes should always be flattened out. If not, they can easily deform the outer grooves of the disc. Finally, when they're put back in the outer album cover, the edge of the white inner sleeve must be the edge seen at the open edge of the cover.

## Things You Can Do

Play records only with a diamond needle in good shape. You can tell by keeping a needle microscope at hand—in audio stores, the Robbins 50X scope costs only \$2. It's a little tricky to use at first, but you need use it only every few months.

Use a stylus brush after each play—and check the brush afterwards.

Keep the turntable covered, with a plastic hinged or lift-off cover—and run a damp cloth around it just before using (not wet, damp).

Use the *Discwasher* system or the *Dust Bag* (or Watts *Preener*) every time you play a record. Do side two *after* you've played side one, to minimize pickup from the turntable. **db**



# record REVIEWS

## KING CURTIS/CHAMPION JACK DUPREE

BLUES AT MONTREUX—Atlantic SD 1937: *Junker's Blues*; *Sneaky Pete*; *Everything's Gonna Be Alright*; *Get With It*; *Poor Boy Blues*; *I'm Having Fun*.

Personnel: Curtis, alto&tenor saxes; Dupree, piano, vocal; Cornell Dupree, guitar; Jerry Jemmott, bass; Oliver Jackson, Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This record serves to remind us of two things: one, of what a king of soul music Curtis was, and two, that you can take Jack Dupree away from his roots, but you can't take the roots out of Jack.

At the time of this recording (June 17, 1971), Jack was 61, 12 years an expatriate (living in England) and still a very mellow fellow.

He seems very comfortable here, and much of his vocal humor and barrelhouse piano shines through. Jack's original lyrics, dealing with wine, women and pot; his straight blues, jump, barrelhouse and boogie, are all done with joy and lightheartedness. The exception is *Poor Boy Blues*, which sounds unconvincing due to the general tone set by the other lyrics. However, by the end of the 9½-minute track, you've become absorbed in its spirit as well.

There are times, especially on *Everything's Gonna Be Alright*, when Dupree evokes memories of Jimmy Rushing. King Curtis evokes memories only of King Curtis, with musical reminders from *Yakety Yak* clear through to his last work with the King Pins. His accompaniments to Champion Jack are absolutely flawless.

A nice, loose set at Montreux. —rusch

## AHMAD JAMAL

FREEFLIGHT—Impulse AS-9217: *Effendi*; *Dolphin Dance*; *Manhattan Reflections*; *Poinciana*.

Personnel: Jamal, acoustic and electric piano; Jamil Julieman, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

OUTERTIMEINNERSPACE—Impulse AS-9226: *Bogota*; *Extensions*.

Personnel: as above.

Rating: ★★★★★

Most of the energy Jamal puts into his electric piano excursions here is lost through distortion and a poor engineering pickup. The trio plays beautifully together, and when Jamal is on acoustic piano they achieve a fine, subtle swing even when the content is less than overwhelming. The audience at the Montreux Festival, where these albums were recorded in June of 1971, was extremely receptive, so enthusiastic in fact, that the listener can't help wondering if there was a visual dimension of some importance.

There are always surprises in a new Jamal performance of *Poinciana*, but none of them is made obvious. His treatment of this tune has become so elliptical that the pleasure of hearing him play it must come to the listener,

as it obviously does to the trio, in an appreciation of the art of refining the refined. *Dolphin Dance* doesn't come off as well as in Jamal's recording of it in an earlier Impulse Lp (*The Awakening*, AS-9194).

The modal pieces *Effendi* and *Manhattan Reflections* suffer from that badly reproduced electric piano and, perhaps as a consequence of it, never really establish the intensity apparently intended for them. Nonetheless, there are moments in each in which one is reminded of what Ralph J. Gleason meant some years ago when he wrote of Jamal as an avant garde pianist capable of clothing his music in sounds acceptable to the average listener. Jamal does that without condescension and without copping out, and in his ability to present essentially difficult music so that it isn't difficult to hear may lie one of his most valuable contributions. It would be impossible to know how many listeners have been opened up to the more complex and intense modern jazz forms through an acquaintance with Jamal, but there must have been many thousands.

Jamal has better luck with the electric piano on *Bogota*, achieving an almost organ-like sound in the upper register, and a lilting, Latin delicacy of feeling in the solo. His support and inspiration from Sulieman and Gant are beautiful to hear; these three waltz beautifully together.

The gem of the two albums is a new version of *Extensions*, in which Jamal excels himself and the sidemen are superb. Jamal's total range and control of the piano, usually revealed only in glimpses, are openly displayed on this piece, and the display is breathtaking. Each of the instrumentalists is featured in several passages. Sulieman has one solo that would establish him, if no other had, as a great bassist; it is a rubato masterpiece. Gant's drumming is light, fast, and propulsive in the Sid Catlett-Connie Kay tradition. There are harmonic riches in Jamal's several solos here, astonishing runs, daring ideas perfectly executed, and a great deal of humor. A snatch of melody quoted from *Misty* leads Jamal into a few bars of foursquare Erroll Garner who is immediately transformed into Cecil Taylor who becomes Art Tatum who emerges as Jamal who plays himself before becoming Rachmaninoff. Absorbing listening.

*Extensions* is successful, a five-star performance, and it brings the combined session rating up to four stars. —ramsey

## KEITH JARRETT

EXPECTATIONS—Columbia KG 31580: *Vision*; *Common Mama*; *The Magician in You*; *Roussillon*; *Expectations*; *Take Me Back*; *The Circular Letter* (for J.K.); *Nomads*; *Sundance*; *Bring Back the Time When (It)*; *There is a Road* (God's River).

Personnel: Dewey Redman, tenor sax (tracks 2,4,7,9,10); Sam Brown, guitar (tracks 3,6,7,8,9,10); Jarrett, piano, organ, soprano sax,

tambourine; Charlie Haden, bass (except track 1); Paul Motian, drums (except tracks 1 and 11); Airta Moreira, percussion, drums (tracks 2,3,6-10); strings (tracks 1,5,11) and brass (tracks 2,8), arranged by Jarrett.

Rating: ★★★★★

Jarrett is a musician with so much to say and so many different ways to say it that it has apparently been difficult for him to channel the facets of his talent into a totally cohesive album—until now. While not everything on *Expectations* is a complete success, and I find one entire track a drag, it is far and away the best thing Jarrett has done and so impressive in its totality that its few inconsistent moments become easy to overlook.

As a pianist, Jarrett sounds like absolutely nobody else. Technically he is without peer, but he never uses technique as an end in itself. If he fires off a lightning-fast cluster of notes, as he often does here, it is not to prove he can do it but because those notes fit. When he plays at ballad tempo, or unaccompanied (dig especially the intros to *Bring Back* and *There is a Road* and the short opening track, on which the strings take the place of his left hand), the richness of his voicings, and the deftness of his touch produce an effect that is as incontestably mellow as his uptempo playing is torrid and vital. But the single most impressive quality of Jarrett's playing is that even when the music is at its freest his solos always quite clearly sing—so much so that he is often moved to sing along.

He brings the same passionate intensity to his soprano playing that he brings to the piano, but his chops are not nearly as impressive. When he uses the soprano as an extra ensemble voice, or to improvise counterlines to Redman (as on *Common Mama* and *Bring Back*), it can be very effective. But when he puts it up front, which he does on *Take Me Back*, the resulting sound seems weak. That whole track, in fact, is as much a failure as the album as a whole is a triumph—it relies far too heavily on a repeated riff that becomes boring very quickly. I guess Jarrett is a man of so many ideas that, given four Lp sides to work with, it is almost inevitable that he would come up with one bum track.

The other ten tracks cover a range that is truly staggering, ranging from *Magician*, a straightforward rock ballad with exquisite changes, to *Roussillon*, a heartfelt nod in the direction of Ornette Coleman. Jarrett's writing for brass is fresh and pungent, especially on the irresistible, rhythmically-infectious *Common Mama*. His writing for strings is not entirely free of the clichés to be found in most people's writing for strings, but they are used sparingly and never get in the way, and on *Vision* they work to perfection against Jarrett's soaring right hand. Jarrett the composer commands the same mixed and seemingly inexhaustible bag of devices as Jarrett the player, most notably an impish sense of humor, a flair for the dramatic, a touch of una-

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bashed romanticism, a suggestion of gospel roots intermixed with classical ones, a knowledge of how to use freedom without abusing it, and above all a vast supply of energy and spirit. Every melody here (even the brief line of the otherwise dreary *Take Me Back*) is a dazzling, unpredictable, memorable, original statement.

The supporting musicians pick up on Jarrett's energy and respond in kind. Haden and Motian are old cohorts of Jarrett's, and besides providing rock-solid support they exhibit an interplay with each other and with Jarrett that borders on the telepathic.

Redman is a tough and even raunchy tenor player, but unafraid to take all manner of chances. Unlike some free players, he displays a keen sense of musical structure in everything he plays. His solos are a joy to hear unfold. Brown is a capable guitarist in the Coryell mold, but his playing moved me least of the sidemen here—he doesn't seem to have found his own voice yet. Airtio is on so many records these days that his presence is often taken for granted, but he does things here that will surely make people take notice, particularly his double-drumming with Motian on *Letter* and *Sundance*, two very different tracks, but similar in their level of intensity—they both cook hard enough to wake the dead.

This is electric music that doesn't need to rely on watts and volts. It is super-charged with the energy and ideas and expressive capabilities of one of the most fascinating musical creators around. It is sometimes hard to find the words with which to describe Keith Jarrett's music, but ultimately one word will suffice for the two-record *Expectations*: *listen!*

—keepnews

## MILES DAVIS

ON THE CORNER—Columbia KC 31906: *On the Corner*; *New York Girl*; *Thinkin' One Thing and Doin' Another*; *Vote for Miles*; *Black Satin*; *One and One*; *Helen Butte*; *Mr. Freedom X*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Carlos Garnett, soprano & tenor saxes; Herbie Hancock, electric piano; Harold J. Williams, keyboards; David Creamer, guitar; Colin Walcott, sitar; Mike Henderson, bass; Jack DeJohnette, Billy Hart, drums; M'fume, percussion; Badal Roy, tabla.

Rating: ★★

The title is apt and maybe a little too close for comfort. In fact, it's almost as though Miles was "on the corner" during much of the recording.

Take some chunka-chunka-chunka rhythm, lots of little background percussion diddle-around sounds, some electronic mutations, add simple tune lines that sound a great deal alike and play some spacy solos. You've got the "groovin'" formula, and you stick with it interminably to create your "magic." But is it magic or just repetitious boredom?

Miles is playing not much differently than he did in the '50s and '60s. The mean, tight little hard-edged lines are still there. The purity and simplicity of approach, the wide-open spaces to create that teasingly beautiful tension—it all remains. Sure, he's added some electronics, but it really doesn't alter his style much. Just thank God he's got more taste in the use of his electronic hookups than Don Ellis.

Pete Welding said it all too well in his review of Miles' last release, *Live-Evil* (db, 4/13/72). He said the music needs editing.

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Miles' music has suffered from this since *In a Silent Way*, though the first side of the *Jack Johnson* album was smokin' and parts of the other albums since *Way* have been grand.

Anyway, Miles solos here and there, and they're mostly fine solos—if you don't get bored by the supposedly hypnotic but ultimately static rhythm. There really aren't that many solo moments, however.

Garnett has more space than Miles. His soprano, which gets the most time in the spotlight, is reedy and fleet but somehow doesn't convince. On the other hand, his tenor work is strong and distinctive.

Guitarist Creamer is okay in a neo-soul bag. The rest of the group? Chunka-chunka-chunka. There are a few fleeting seconds from the keyboards, but so what.

The personnel information, not included on the album, was provided by Columbia. It would indicate that perhaps both new and old material has been included (Hancock's presence, for example).

The aforementioned Welding review asked for an affirmative answer from Davis' next album. Sorry, Pete. How about next time?

—smith

## SUN RA

IT'S AFTER THE END OF THE WORLD—MPS-BASF 20748: *Strange Dreams—Strange Worlds—Black Myth; It's After the End of the World; Black Forest Myth; Watusi, Egyptian March; Myth Versus Reality (the Myth-Science Approach); Angelic Proclamation; Out in Space; Duos*.

Personnel: Kwame Hadi, trumpet; Ahk Tai Ebah, mellophone, trumpet; John Gilmore, Marshall Allen, Pat Patrick, James Jackson, woodwinds, percussion; Danny Davis, Danny Thompson, Abshlom Ben Shlomo, Leroy Taylor, Robert Cummings, Augustus Browning, woodwinds; Ra, various keyboards, voice; Alan Silva, various strings; Alejandro Blake Fearon, bass; Lex Humphries, drums; Nimrod Hunt, Hazoume, Math Samba, Ife Tayo, percussion; June Tyson, voice.

Rating: ★★★★★

Ra and arkestra are about black mysticism, black hokum, and most decidedly about black music/art.

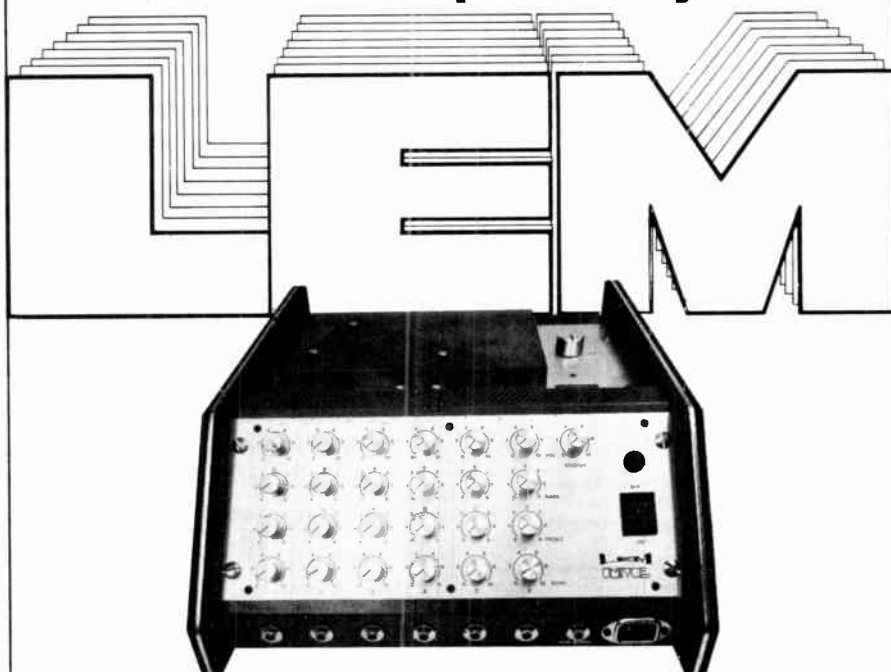
This recording from the Donaueschingen and Berlin Festivals in October and November of 1970 shows the full sweep of the arkestra in nearly 50 minutes of startling music. It has clarity, direction, imagination and almost total inventiveness—and, on the other hand, has the somewhat ridiculous chanting of Ra and Miss Tyson. The corny externals are merely distractions in an over-all brilliant offering, however.

The arkestra's music often is a dichotomy. It can be alternately sophisticated and naive. The absurd aspects are downplayed for the most part here.

Ra's synthesizer, organ and piano solos are, in a word, remarkable (or whatever superlative you'd like to substitute). He's over, under, around and through the band.

Other stuff: On *Worlds*, Gilmore's absolutely stunning, brain-blowing tenor explosion (he's ordinary in mainstream contexts, but out of sight with the arkestra). The truly unbelievable bassoon solos by Taylor—like a massive smearing foghorn (he plays it with a trumpet-type mouthpiece). Silva does some strange things on cello here and there. And on *Duos* there are some out-of-this-world duets (Allen and Davis on altos, and Patrick and Thompson on baritones) with Ra charging about. The duets later become a quartet, then

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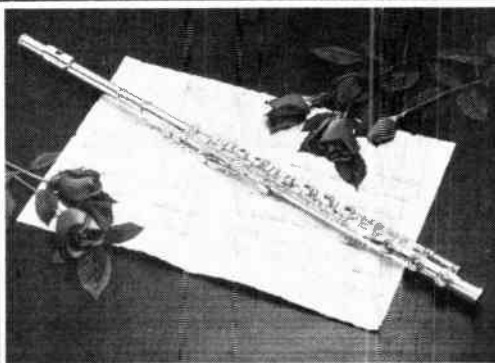
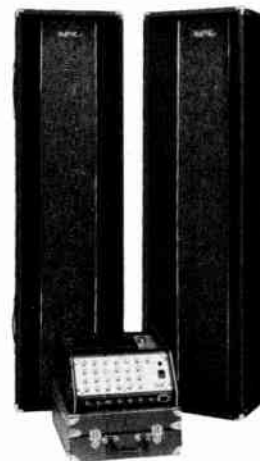


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the whole orchestra enters before the track fades. Elsewhere there's Allen's piccolo. Davis' alto and some fine bass clarinet (probably Cummings).

*Magic City* on Saturn is perhaps the best of Ra albums of the '60s. This has a good shot at being one of his best of the '70s. Now that the arkestra has signed with Blue Thumb other interesting things should be forthcoming.

— smith

## VARIOUS ARTISTS

FRIDAY THE 13TH—COOK COUNTY JAIL—Groove Merchant GM 515: *Freedom Suite, Part 1; Freedom Suite, Part 2; Green Dolphin Street; Everything Happens to Me; Cherokee.*

Personnel: Tracks 1&2: Jimmy McGriff, organ; George Freeman, O'Donel Levy, guitars; Mickey Bass, bass; Marion Booker, Jr., drums. Tracks 3-5: Lucky Thompson, soprano sax; Cedar Walton, electric piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This record presents some of the musical happenings that took place Oct. 13, 1972 in Chicago's Cook County Jail before a seemingly appreciative and responsive if a bit noisy audience.

The highlight of the album is Lucky Thompson, whose beautiful and joyful playing is in strange juxtaposition to his surroundings. On *Everything Happens* Thompson is particularly sensitive and poignant. The piece is sandwiched between the up-tempo *Dolphin Street* and the joyous *Cherokee*, the latter for the most part extended soloing by Thompson, who flies effortlessly and inventively through the changes at Bird-like altitude. The track ends with a crude edit—I wish there'd been more, and with only 16 minutes to the side (the other runs 24:43) I think there should have been. Maybe they ran out of tape....

The best Lucky Thompson recording, to my ears, in many years.

The Jimmy McGriff set, made up of two improvisations called *Freedom Suite, Parts 1 & 2*, is also straight ahead.

*Part 1* is strictly blues with no embellishments, the type of thing McGriff can really hang out a line on. It features George Freeman in a traditional, urban solo contrasting well with O'Donel Levy's strong up-tempo work on *Part 2*, more in the manner of Jimi Hendrix cum Wes Montgomery.

This is Levy's strongest showing to date, and, not coincidentally his first real stretching out on records. If this man is allowed to get out of the pop-jazz mold he has been cast in up to now, he could possibly become one of the major guitar voices in jazz.

Throughout, McGriff is effective and not overpowering or obtrusive.

— rusch

## TIM WEISBERG

HURTWOOD EDGE—A&M SP 4352: *Tibetan Silver; Burlington Skyway; Hurtwood Edge; Another Time; Tyme Cube; Cement City; Summers Past; Molly Mundane; Maat; Our Thing; Ojai; Song for Lisa.*

Personnel: Weisberg, flutes; Dave Parlato, piano, bass; Art Johnson, guitars, mandolin; Lynn Blessing, vibes, marimba, keyboards; backup orchestra and voices.

Rating: ★ ½

Forty-four minutes and 22 seconds of irritatingly non-descript music, well played, arranged with most of the acceptably hip commercial devices of the day, and utterly boring.

— ramsey



Observing Anita O'Day as she swung her way effortlessly through *Fly Me To The Moon* (in 3/4 and 4/4) during one of her recent gigs at Donte's in Los Angeles, I was doubly impressed. First and foremost by the honesty and tenacity with which she has clung to a personal manner of phrasing, and of dealing with jazz-based material, never making the commercial concessions so often indulged in by her contemporaries. Second, by the fact that the younger listeners in the room would have found it difficult if not impossible to believe that she was singing with Gene Krupa's big band in 1941. Nobody, they might have said, could look that good or sound that hip and still have been around so long.

Anita O'Day's time-defying face, figure and style (not necessarily in that order of importance) are now an occasional part of the California scene. Though she made many albums for Verve in the 1960s, presently she has her own label, Anita O'Day Records, and I'm glad to accede to her request to mention that they are obtainable from P.O. Box 442, Hesperia, Ca. 92345.

This was her first Blindfold Test since 6/30/66. She was given no information about the records played.

# blindfold test



anita o'day

by Leonard Feather

**1. MILDRED BAILEY.** *Willow Tree* (from *Her Greatest Performances*, Columbia). Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Bunny Berigan, trumpet; Teddy Wilson, piano; Grachan Moncur Sr., bass. Recorded 1935.

That sounds like the era of the greatest jazz band in the world. It's got that dixieland-blues style. Earlier on I called four singers I was influenced by, and that's my girl Mildred. The way I can always tell Mildred is she use to sing the consonants, and everybody would say 'you can't sing consonants,' but it was her style . . . 'You don't sing n's and m's,' they'd say, 'you just sing vowels . . .' but Mildred could do it just that way.

For feeling and interpretation, we rate it . . . well, I like the girl, three stars. I really didn't know who the instrumentalists were. When it first started out, I pictured Jess Stacy, so I figured the singer's going to be Lee Wiley, which threw me off. . . . I wasn't all that knocked out by the backing; it's dixieland, which I don't dig that much. I didn't really get that groovy blues feeling from it; I don't think that was Mildred at her greatest.

**2. SARAH VAUGHAN.** *Deep In The Night* (from *Feelin' Good*, Mainstream). Michel Legrand, arranger.

I really didn't care for it . . . because knowing Sarah, we know she can do a lot more. She did very well with the arrangement she was performing with . . . a nice full band in there; it was put together well; but just as the whole thing settled, it didn't make it for me. In the race, I think it came in sixth . . . which is out of the money, man. So I gotta say one and a half stars.

It was just a combination of things that put me off . . . the slow tempo, then the double time—that's a good bit, they use it a lot in arranging, but for Sarah it's too trite. With this beautiful voice, the arrangement was not up to par.

**3. CARMEN MC RAE.** *Didn't We* (from *Just A Little Lovin'*, Atlantic). Alex Gafa, guitar.

That's the one! That's the song of . . . 1970, I think I heard it . . . We can shut up shop and go home. Happy New Year! Carmen's version of this is superb, but the song is also great, the rendition is the best I heard. So what can you say—ding, ding, ding . . . ding, ding, ding . . . six stars!

Each tune an artist does has its own momentum that you hope will fall into the hearts of the people, and in the second eight there she takes 'this time we a-a-almost made it to the mo-o-on . . .' they both fall down into that octave there, and evidently that's where it lays. She uses a tag ending, which is a repeat where you turn around.

When I first heard the guitar, I thought that's the way it should be done, although I

didn't really give that much thought to the accompaniment.

**4. JEAN TURNER.** *You're The Top* (from *Stan Kenton-Jean Turner*, Creative World, Inc.)

That's quite a surprise. We just closed shop again; I'm leaving. I don't know what that was. I have no idea. It was a conglomeration of somebody singing a lyric that had no timing, had nothing to do with what the band was doing, and that immediately loses me because I'm precise on that—there is a time, so many beats in the bar, and let's get with it.

It's got a nice tone, it's clear; it's up and out there. I don't know who that is, I could make a stab, but I really have no idea. I'd give it a P for poor, because it didn't get together.

LF: The reason I played this is because she's an alumna, as you are, of the Stan Kenton orchestra . . .

A.O'D: Ann Richards? I had that passing thought . . . all right, I lose. . . .

LF: No, no . . . it's a girl named Jean Turner, the only black girl that ever toured with Stan; she was very attractive and a pretty fair singer. . . .

A.O'D: She's got a lot of tone, a lot of qualities, and if you say she's pretty, that probably helps. But she sure ain't no singer. She's up there shouting, she's not with the band. You gotta present a picture, man. And don't forget it's not easy to sing with that band!

**5. BETTY CARTER.** *This Is Always* (from *Inside Betty Carter*, United Artists).

This is a true musician. This singer sings with the chords, has good intonation. I think it's pre-sketched, but it has open spots, so she fills in between. It was most pleasant.

I don't know her work that well. I hear it so little that I'm afraid to say . . . Nina Simone? If it is, it's the first time I've really had a chance to hear it . . . we're in the studio, it's quiet, I have a chance to really pay attention. Whoever it is, after you tell me, I will forever and ever know . . . and she's excellent. Five stars.

**6. KAY STARR.** *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* (from *How About This*, Paramount). Count Basie Orchestra; Dick Hyman, arranger, conductor.

Well, I've heard Mary Ann McCall sound just like that . . . but then you give a little more of a listen, and Mary is more of a 4/4 time singer, whereas this has a 2/4 sort of dixieland . . . so I've got to say Kay Starr. Anyway, whoever it is, they got this style down real good. That's the queen of this sound, so I've got to say five stars.

The whole thing, the arrangement . . . very

groovy thing. I was so with the whole thing, although I don't know whose band it is. But for the whole thing, the arrangement, the type of tune—we all know that tune—and for the version of the song . . . excellent on the arranger. As a whole, just for what they were saying, five stars.

**7. FLACK-HATHAWAY.** *Where Is The Love* (from *Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway*, Atlantic). Ralph McDonald, William Salter, composers; Arif Mardin, string & woodwind arrangements; Flack & Hathaway, arrangers.

I've got a new tune! I've been looking for new material, and that's it. I've got to ask you all about this, because this is the one.

I got to give it five stars because it gets to me, I like it. I don't know who it is, who arranged it, but it's all five stars.

**8. LEE WILEY.** *I've Got A Crush On You* (from *The One And Only*, RIC). Fats Waller, piano; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet. George Gershwin, composer. Recorded 1939.

Well, from the top I gotta say five stars because that is *the* tune—in fact I've only heard that gal sing about three tunes, so this is her tune. It's a marvelous song. When you get to listening to the instrumentalists in there, I want to say Jess Stacy, because he played a lot for her—Lee Wiley—but maybe it isn't. Then when it got into the band part, with the clarinet coming in . . . maybe I'm off the track but I thought I heard Pee Wee Russell. All those people played together at that time, which kind of helped me. But I was really going by sound. It was a marvelous nostalgia sound, and I love it.

That's one of the Lee Wiley tunes, as I said. You know how we all find a tune that lays well with the person. . .

**9. ELLA FITZGERALD.** *I Concentrate On You* (from *Ella Loves Cole*, Atlantic). Nelson Riddle, conductor, arranger.

Well, who can forget the immortal Judy Garland! . . . Of course, it's spelled E-I-I-a Fitzgerald. You know, it's peculiar, at the very beginning . . . it took about 12 or 16 bars to listen to *who* that was, because she has so many places to put her sounds. If she doesn't get too excited, it's so pure that you really can't tell who it is until she starts to get into her phrasing. Then, of course, who can make the interval jumps that she does in time?—Nobody.

The reason I said Judy Garland was, that was Judy's favorite tune—I *Concentrate On You*. I was living with her in New York just before she went to London.

Back to Ella's rendition . . . Well, Ella, right away five stars. The band sounded like a nice big studio band.

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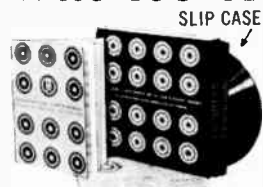
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# caught

# in

## War

Civic Center, Baltimore, Md.

Personnel: Charles Miller, alto sax; Lee Oskar, har-  
monica; Lonnie Jordan, organ; Howard Scott, guitar; B.B.  
Dickerson, bass; Papa Dee Allen, bongos, conga, per-  
cussion; Harold Brown, drums.

The members of War are among the best  
ensemble players in rock. For collective musi-  
cal spirit they have few equals, although the  
Allman Brothers and the Grateful Dead come  
to mind.

However, the uniqueness of War's material  
sets them apart even from those excellent  
bands. It is written collectively, but its antece-  
dents, other than, vaguely, the blues, are diffi-  
cult to place.

The music is made up of group vocals (all of  
the members sing, at one time or another),  
spoken pieces (by Allen), some arresting  
saxophone-harp voicings and some highly  
original playing, particularly by Oskar and  
Jordan.

All of this is superimposed over subtle and  
complex internal rhythms that, when they're  
working properly, could stir the dead.

War took the stage before about 7,000  
people and played five pieces, most of them,  
including the title tune, from their album *The  
World Is A Ghetto*.

*Get Down* offered a sighing repetitive vocal  
chorus by several members of the group and a  
display of Oskar's ability to rouse a crowd at  
the conclusion. *The World Is A Ghetto* in-  
cluded Allen's monologue. Oskar again, on  
the final *Slippin' In The Darkness*, played a  
pure-toned but soulful introduction that  
knocked everybody out, as did Scott's guitar  
wind-up.

The band is as much fun to watch as it is to  
listen to. Oskar's pyrotechnics are offset by  
Dickerson's deadpan demeanor. Allen, a very  
able percussionist, is also a natural showman  
whose brief excursions on some of his more  
exotic instruments approach theatrical pieces.  
Brown is an undemonstrative but consistently  
hard-working drummer.

Although they all solo, there are no soloists  
or stars, as such, in the band. (The names on  
the first War album are listed scrupulously in  
alphabetical order.) This is perhaps natural,  
considering their beginnings about three years  
ago as accompanists to British singer Eric  
Burdon. However, the rhythm section of War  
has been together ten years, and sounds it.

The band has been on its own for the past  
two years, but they are still associated with  
Burdon, and also with Jimmy Witherspoon  
(who was on the bill at the Civic Center) in a  
single cooperative company, War Produc-  
tions, Inc., headed by their producer, Jerry  
Goldstein.

War's members are black and from Los  
Angeles, for the most part. The exception is  
Oskar, who is from Copenhagen, Denmark.

"They love each other." Witherspoon ob-  
served after the show. I don't know about  
that, although I suspect it may be true. I do  
know that they play as if they love music.

—James D. Diltz

## Tony Bennett

Venetian Room, Fairmont Hotel, San Fran-  
cisco

I mildly knocked Bennett some time ago,  
and doing penance now is a pleasure. Then,  
on a bill with Duke Ellington, I thought he  
only half unrolled his spread of talents, and at  
best was rather indifferent to him. From  
bringing up the rear in accolades I've moved

to the front ranks of idolatry.

Through the medium of a voice distinctive  
as gold, the contexts of songs were imbued  
with a subtle variety of phrasing and feeling,  
all the chameleon shades of ardor. Love hope-  
ful: *Invitation* (a proffering anyone would  
have accepted). Love jubilant: *Something*.  
Love dejected: *End of a Love Affair*  
(up-tempo, breezy proof that you can be down  
and swing). Love nostalgic/ecstatic: *Midnight  
Sun*. (And here some of the most poetic lyrics  
to ever grace song got an extra blessing from  
the delivery.)

He's made *Wave*—a highlight—into some-  
thing of a languorous classic. As with *Fly Me  
to the Moon*, he uses the nice trick of taking it  
from accepted tempo, mulling over the lyr-  
ics—slow sips instead of down-the-hatch de-  
livery—and savoring them the better for it.  
His bottom register a compound of huskiness  
and velvet, he soared with aplomb to hit and  
hold highs—notes the envy of other notes.

# the

*I Left My Heart in San Francisco* had a  
filmed backdrop of Bennett strolling around  
some of the better known spots of this city.  
Obligatory stuff, less the natives get restless.  
On this and *Smile*, he disappeared down a  
sentimental abyss, but even then he fell with a  
flair.

Of particular interest is his dash at handling  
beats at whatever tempo, taking a number on  
his own inimitable tangent without recourse  
to, say, a Mel Torme context, benefit of scat  
or bending of lyrics. *Get Happy*, *There Will  
Never Be Another You*, *O Sole Mio* (a little  
overblown on bravura; so what?), *Just in  
Time*, *Cute and Mimi*—the last two backed by  
rhythm only—all had an impressive swing  
spread.

And he's so solicitous of giving jazzmen a  
say in things. Indulging his yen for tenorists,  
he gave Tom Hart plenty of prettily seized  
opportunities; ditto for his own cohorts, pi-  
anist Bernie Leighton and drummer Kenny  
Clarke (John Mosher on bass fully rounded  
out the rhythm). In them, he had musicians to  
match his standard.

# act

The whole band blossomed behind Bennett  
with arrangements never less than good and  
often an added tier to the cake. Ernie Heck-  
scher's customary 14-piece band—his beats  
are usually in the nature of discreet  
coughs—forgot his diplomatic devotion to the  
sedate, stimulated by brass and reed extras of  
a decided jazz bent. A complement of 16  
strings supplied required sweetening. The Ve-  
netian Room, a candelabraed cocoon where  
the winds of change are mere muted whispers,  
had its house record broken by Peggy Lee just  
prior to Bennett's engagement and he made  
even smaller smithereens of it.

He shouted: "Let's swing!" on his encore, *I  
Can't Give You Anything But Love*, and  
turned most of it over to Allen (ex-Benny  
Goodman, ex-Benny Carter) Smith's trumpet,  
who took it through umpteen toothsome cho-  
ruses. A not-too-young cat, but the fur still  
glossy, claws still sharp.

Wineglass in hand, Bennett had opened the  
show with *The Good Things in Life*. He's one  
of them.

—sammy mitchell



## BILLIE

continued from page 17

music and the Commodore Music Shop as publisher, then rushed to the Post Office and filled out a copyright card to the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., purchased the necessary money order to pay for the registry, and posted the envelope to the Library of Congress.

Billie didn't know I was doing this, but it protected her rights, for once a song has been recorded, it is impossible to prevent another person from making a new version of it, if they are willing to pay the statutory mechanical licensing fee.

After I received verification from Washington, I personally delivered the record of *Fine and Mellow* to Decca. At that moment in 1939, I couldn't have known that in November, 1941 I would go to work for Decca, becoming an a&r man and later a vice president of the company. I stayed there for 30 years, recording everyone from Louis Armstrong and Bing Crosby through Bill Haley and the Comets and Bert Kaempfert, to mention just a few. But that's another story.

Sometime after the Decca *Fine and Mellow* incident, (Alberta Hunter "covered" the song for Decca, but it wasn't as good as Billie's) the E.B. Marks Corp. wanted to publish the song for Billie, as they had done with *Strange Fruit* for Lewis Allan. I assigned the publishing rights to them so that Billie could get an advance for signing the rights over to them. (Marks also publish her *God Bless the Child* and *Billie's Blues*). I'm sure she made money on the deal.

Lady Day's Commodore recordings were her first "pop" hits, and her career zoomed from that point on. Her earnings in clubs skyrocketed, and she played every important jazz location and the theaters where the big bands were packing them in. Unfortunately for me, she was still a Columbia artist, and I had to be content with rooting from the sidelines. I couldn't record her again until her contract had expired.

When Billie told me she was free and wanted me to try some new sessions with her, I was overjoyed. I went to Joe Glaser, her agent, president of the Associated Booking Corp., and long the mentor of Louis Armstrong. It was now 1944, and I paid Joe a very good price for Billie to do three sessions for Commodore. I had my favorite girl singer back, and we waxed 11 great standards and one more blues, *I Love My Man* (Billie's Blues).

I had Eddie Heywood, who was working at the same club as Billie at the time, do the arrangements, and we used his band to back her, adding Teddy Walters on guitar for two sessions. Eddie, a fabulous pianist, had just recorded *Begin the Beguine* for Commodore, and it was a monster record. He was a sensitive musician who loved Billie's singing as much as I. He wrote his head off. Eddie was a perfectionist, but so was I.

The recording dates were a joy. Billie was in great shape, and artistically at the peak of her career. I was working at Decca until 5:30 each afternoon. Then I would rush to my Commodore Music Shop for a few hours until it closed, and head for Swing Street to hear some live music—and of course Billie, if she was in town.

Between sets, Billie and I would go across the street to Tony's, where her good friend Mabel Mercer was working her particular brand of magic. Billie would have a Brandy Alexander, and I would stay with scotch. Mabel was and is the classiest singer of sophisticated songs in the business. Her choice of material is something special, and her presentation makes her the

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Rolls Royce of cafe singers. All the great ones wrote for her, and all the great performers came to listen and learn.

Decca never did like my working for two companies, theirs and my own, but my agreement with them allowed it. I never crossed them on artistic decisions that would affect both labels. One night, when I stepped into the club next to Ryan's to hear Billie, she had the audience spellbound—even more spellbound than usual. She was doing a new number, *Lover Man*. (The late Jimmy Davis and Roger "Ram" Ramirez and Jimmy Sherman wrote this song for her.)

To my trained ear, it was a natural hit and definitely a future standard, but as far as Billie was concerned, I had reached the point of no return to Commodore. If I made a record of *Lover Man* with her for myself, I'd surely be fired, from Decca, I thought.

I told Billie that I would sign her to a Decca contract for our next session and do *Lover Man*. We had our first difference of opinion about how to do the song. Billie won. She wanted a string section on the date, and I gave it to her. She thus became the first black artist in her field to record with strings, and it was on the *Lover Man* session that she got them. I had the songwriters sign the song over to the Decca publishing firm, and it's still there, in the MCA Music catalog.

*Good Morning, Heartache* and *Old Devil Called Love* are among the many songs I had written to order for Billie in this period, and I remember two young writers who adored her and followed her everywhere—with my encouragement. They wrote *Deep Song* for Lady, and it was almost autobiographical—the story of Billie's life. Their names were George Cory and Douglass Cross, and I'm very proud of them—later, they wrote a song called *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*.

I could have become a wealthy man with Billie and the songs, but I'd never have been able to sleep at night, and I wanted to do what was best for Billie. She was becoming a little more difficult to work with. She'd arrive late for the sessions, and I would have the band all rehearsed on every number before she started. After a few run-downs, her voice would open up, sometimes with the help of some old brandy, and we'd be ready to record.

Billie was generally a one-take artist. Her rendition would never vary much from one take to another. Within a working 45 minutes or an hour, I'd complete Billie's part of the session, and we would have our sides. If we didn't, her throat would close up again, and we would call off the session. Billie never dogged it, and she always tried to make a good record—at least for me. But the later Deccas were agony—nothing like the Commodores.

Billie was her own worst enemy. She got mixed up with some pretty rough men. Once I had to send her money to get her out of Washington, D.C., and another time she sent her maid to me with a note to get the balance of a sum she needed to pay off a bail bondsman. My father and my brothers gave her cash from the old Commodore till any time she wanted it.


Billie was in trouble, though, and getting in deeper all the time. Worst of all was the legal restriction (no cabaret card) that kept her from working in clubs in New York for the last 12 years of her life. It also kept her away from me—I was chained to my desk at Decca, and she didn't get into the big town that often. Decca didn't want to renew her deal when the contract expired, and I got switched to their Coral label and was unable to record her at all.

I stayed at Decca for many reasons, but mainly for the excitement and thrill of working with the talented stars, writers and



arrangers. In addition to Billie, I recorded Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Jimmie Lunceford, Andy Kirk, Lucky Millinder, Buddy Johnson, Louis Jordan, the Mills Brothers, Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Bob Crosby; singers Bing Crosby, Dick Haymes, Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Carmen McRae, the Ink Spots, the Four Aces, Bill Haley and the Comets, Burl Ives, Josh White, The Weavers, Red Foley, Brenda Lee, Roberta Sherwood; and the sweet bands, Guy Lombardo, Russ Morgan, Johnny Long, Sammy Kaye, Carmen Cavallaro. The list is endless, and I wound up after 30 years with the great Bert Kaempfert with whom I collaborated on many songs, two of them being *Danke Schoen* and *Love*.

The world of recording artists was and still is my life, and at Decca I was able to express myself. I have made thousands of recordings of all types, starting with jazz (Eddie Condon to Louis Armstrong to Duke Ellington). I eventually did popular music, Country & Western, blues, rock, soul, gospel, Latin, folk, children's and educational, film sound tracks, Broadway shows, sacred and inspirational, classical and spoken word. Listening to jazz taught me to listen better to all the other types of music, and I loved it all. Looking back, I don't regret one moment of it. I have met many marvelous and talented people from all walks of life, and I have worked with more musicians than I have hairs on my head.

But at the top of the list, in the female contingent, stands the Lady named Billie Holiday. Maybe it is because she got herself into trouble. More likely, it's because I can't get her out of my ears or my mind. 

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## POWELL

continued from page 13

seven years. I've had access to all these incredible, really incredible, instruments.

"It was the year that I would have graduated from college. In a sense, I think my working in radio stations and recording studios was my college education."

Powell lives in Needham, a Boston suburb about three miles from the ARP factory. "At home," he explains, "I have a very modest demo-type studio that just about anybody could put together. I have an ARP 2600 and a wing cabinet to an ARP 2500 which is the modular system. So what you have is two portable items which are capable of doing practically everything that I did on the album, if done one at a time. I also have a four-channel tape deck, a small mixer and a standard hi-fi system."

Roger has some thoughts for people who are afraid that a synthesizer will replace traditional instruments. "There's no way a synthesizer can sound exactly like, say, Benny Goodman. You'd need a rather extensive computer memory bank to recall all the inflections and stylistic tendencies to be able to imitate it. You begin to appreciate this when you start working with a synthesizer. You might be able to come up with something in a half-hour that 'wow, sounds just like a clarinet.' But if you recorded it and played it back two months later, you'd laugh. There are lots of things missing in that sound. You really appreciate the subtleties of acoustic instruments. That's why I use a grand piano on the album. If anything, working with a synthesizer has made me delve back into acoustic instruments." 

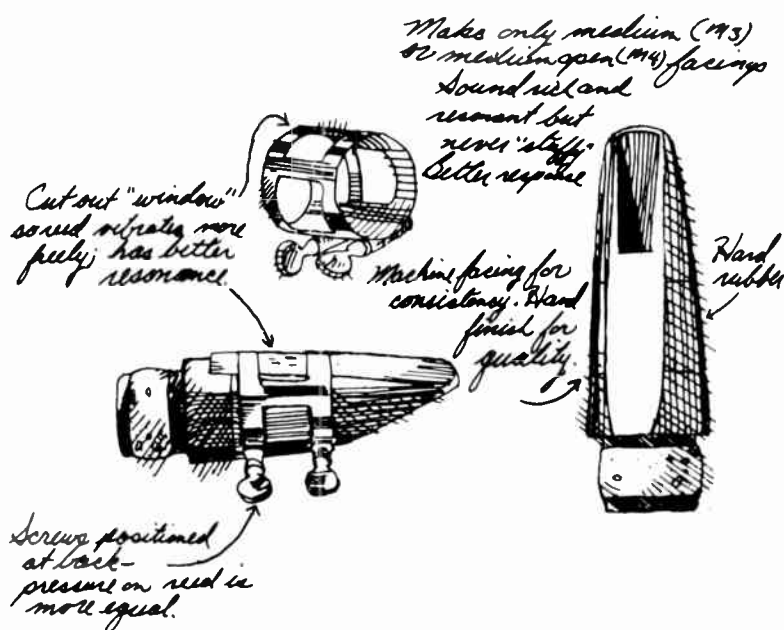
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## HANK MOBLEY

Continued from page 15

Given his skill, it's too bad he never recorded with Monk, though they played together for a few weeks in 1957. "It's hard to get your own thing together, then play something of Monk's. He's unique; if you try to go his way I don't think you'll bring your own self out. To me, if you're with Monk you should play in the upper register as much as you can. Then it blends with him, 'cause he plays precise-like. A few saxophones could play with Monk—one was Trane, one was Rollins, the other was—me! I don't want to brag, but I happened to be a little on top of the case. He'd leave it to you how to play, and if he didn't like it he wouldn't say anything. Like Dizzy: 'Man, I never fire anybody, I just make it so bad for them they'll quit.' *Round Midnight*, now that'll be here until the sun dies; if I could write a song like that I'd be happy, most happy."

The dashing Clifford Brown became the dominant trumpet influence; in all other respects the original 1955-56 Jazz Messengers set the tone for the era. It was the best band Silver ever played with, and his best writing dates from his years with Mobley. When the Messengers broke up, Mobley remained with Silver, and in retrospect it seems Hank provided the musical continuity that really validated those early bands. His fully developed style was to remain substantially the same for some years. A light, sweet tone and a remarkable command of structure were his most obvious features: if the melodism was largely a transformation of Parker, the deeply felt form was Mobley's own. Hearing those recordings, it's remarkable how Mobley, by subtle shifts of accent, striking understatement, and sudden introduction of fresh material, could create gripping solos.

Mobley considers a 10" Lp set with Silver, Watkins and Blakey, and including early versions of *My Sin* and *Avila and Tequila*, the best of his early records—"I put a lot of work into it; Horace says he saw it in Europe, then." The same four plus Milt Jackson did *Hank Mobley's All-Stars* (Blue Note 81544), and we might consider that representative of the times. Immense sophistication informs his *Ultramarine* solo, a stunning work which Mobley enters sideways, after the unsubtle Jackson and Silver, and which, chameleon-like, is continually transformed.

During layoffs, Miles kept his men on salary, and sometimes he and Mobley would go out to hear Ornette, etc. "Miles pulled my coat to a few things. He suggested just straight ahead, hit every note on the head—it's hard to explain. It means, you can play two or three ways: you can play romantic-type, the big sound, like that; you can play mathematical, like my man Lee Konitz used to do with Warne Marsh; and the other is similar to Trane, where you hit everything sharp. Every time you try to get an idea across, you don't labor, play behind the beat, or anything like that: you hit it, and bring something out of it."

The result was a profound change—in fact, the style he offers, with little modification, today. His melodic formations grew less involved as attention became focussed on his rhythmic substructure. Now the tendency is to create a long web of shifting accents and ever-changing melodic material. The structure is, if anything, more subtle than ever. Precise timing is so crucial to this delicate art, every small run or grace note has its special importance. The surface lightness and naturalness may fool you: what Mobley actually projects is some of the most intense music of our time.

"I wrote a whole movie in Paris. It was about the French-Algerian war, and I wrote Algerian music and French music, back and forth. Then I came back and recorded it for Blue Note, and they didn't put it out. I had some of the same people I was playing with in New York—Cedar, Billy, Bob Cranshaw, Curtis Fuller, Freddy Hubbard...."

"The best thing I ever did is the brass ensemble record they won't put out"—a Blue Note date. "It features tenor with two trumpets, French horn, James Spaulding on alto, two trombones, baritone horn and tuba. I've been talking to Muhal (Richard Agram), I'd like to write out some things and use them with his big band. There's no point going through two-three months trying to rehearse if they put it on the shelf. I'm tired of people saying, 'Do a record date', and you go through all the effort, you write something good that should be heard, and they sit on it. What's the point of it all? I have about five records on the shelf—Blue Note had half the black musicians around New York City, and now the records are just lying around. What they do is just hold it and wait for you to die. I bet they put out all of Lee Morgan's records now...."

Of his currently available records, which does he consider the best? "*Reach Out, Hi Voltage, The Turnaround, Caddy For Daddy*, they're pretty much the same." *Soul Station* (Blue Note 84031) is usually considered Mobley's most personal statement, one as intimate as Rollins' *Saxophone Colossus* or Coltrane's *Giant Steps*; I might add *Workout* (Blue Note 84080) and the blistering *Roll Call* (Blue Note 84058) as especially strong works. Over the years, his standards have stayed consistently high—a unique achievement for any artist.

As a musician he can reasonably expect half his performing career yet to come. How does he predict his own future? "I don't see anything in this area or the east coast. The only alternative is California, where Benny Golson and the rest of the fellows are writing. I haven't found a company I'd really like to record for since I got back—one that'd give me leeway and proper money. I'd like to write anything I felt like, strings, whatever. I'd like to write a symphony, if they'd produce it. It'd take three months to rehearse and get it together... maybe I could do what Marion Brown and Archie Shepp and everyone else is doing: get a grant from the government and write your thing."

"I've got 20-some years of, not perfection, but of being a premier musician. I've written 80 songs—hell, I'm not 21 any more, you know...." Given the jazz upheavals of the last decade it's perhaps not remarkable that Mobley is already considered an Old Master by the slightly younger Free musicians; recently he was startled to enter a Philadelphia club and hear Shepp play his 1954 *Hankering*. Fashions pass, but the likes of Mobley's sophistication and emotionality continue to teach us about the nature of art.

Away from music, his reading interests are along the lines of classic philosophers/psychologists. "We used to call things 'progressions,'" he muses. "It means you can go through a month or so, you don't hear anything new, you can't get anything together, and just all of a sudden everything hits you again. You can play every day, practice for hours, nothing's together. Then all of a sudden something might just say 'Bang!', and everything you do is right. You go through periods like that up-down, up-down."

Mobley's own fortunes have fluctuated along with those of the music as a whole. Nonetheless it's a pleasure to have him here, composing and playing, even if only for a little while.



## DRUM SHTICKS

continued from page 18

was about 25 years old. I used to practice during the summer 12, 14 hours a day. Nothing else mattered. Even when I was in school, nothing else mattered. Which is why I was in the marching band. See, my father played every instrument, and I had to know every aria from every opera. He even taught me conducting. Everything was music, music, music. After I got married, I suddenly realized "Hey, there's a tree out there." And kids became important.

**DB:** How do you practice today? Any special techniques—or do you still practice. Am I asking the wrong people?

**Bobo:** Por favor.

**Bellson:** I still do. I got interested in the new rock things, so I'll get Paul Humphrey's book, or maybe Joe Porcaro's book and I'll go home—I got a set of drums at home—and I'll get into odd times, and then I'll listen to certain records and try to emulate things.

**Manne:** You'd have to practice one solid week, every night and day, to equal one bashing set in a club. Something happens with just playing.

**Bobo:** Me, I could never practice. Not even when I was a kid. Everything I've ever played I've always played on the job.

**Manne:** Naturally.

**Bobo:** Yeah, naturally. I'd go crazy. I couldn't do a five-stroke roll, but if the situation would present itself, and I was listening to the guys, I'd play it and ask myself later "How'd I do that?" Like when I joined Cal Tjader. I was more a timbales player than a drummer, but I told him I was of age; I was out of sight.

**Bunker:** You lied! (big laugh from everyone, including Willie)

**Bobo:** Sure I did. I played with one hand, but I said "If you got the pots on for me, man I can hear."

**Manne:** That's not so strange. Take a guy who doesn't think he has a lot of chops. If the band is swinging, everything turns to gold. You're propelled along by the whole movement when it's grooving. But as far as practicing, there have been times when I would practice just to stay loose. I'll go home, pick up a pair of sticks, and play on my knees.

**DB:** Is the rubber practice pad good for beginners?

**Bellson:** Use a full set. If you're gonna play drums, practice on drums.

**Manne:** It's also important for beginners to get together with other kids. Form a band and just play. It's like Louis says: practice on the instrument; the discipline is essential.

**Bellson:** You know, I've done a lot of clinics. And I asked some band leaders to give me some advice I could pass on to stage band drummers. Basie said, "Tell 'em just one thing: 'listen.'" Ellington said, "Style is the man himself." Buddy Rich made a good observation: "Make sure whatever tune you play, find that groove." And Harry James said, "The drummer is in the driver's seat."

**DB:** Any difference in playing drums for a combo or behind a big band?

**Manne:** I could never play for a big band what I do now for a combo.

**DB:** You prefer a small group?

**Manne:** I do. I think a small group leaves more room for creativity on the drummer's part. In a big band, a drummer has to give and take, aside from finding that groove, as Louis just said. You can't fight a band. When the brass come in, you have to give a little, take a little, push a little, and come back a little, all without changing the tem-

po.

**Bellson:** Davey Tough was so good at that. **Manne:** Yeah, Davey. It's hard to explain, but it's a feeling from within. Anyone who has played a long time has that time in his body. You don't have to go ding ding ding all the time. Everyone else in the band also has the time in his body. It frees you enough so you can be loose. That's what they mean by playing loosely with a band.

**Bellson:** I remember one time when Shelly was with Stan Kenton's band and someone asked me if he would use that same bass drum for a small group and I told him it doesn't make any difference; it's the player. It's in the body. It doesn't make any difference if you use a 28-inch bass drum. I've seen some guys use a 20-inch bass drum with some bands, and still wail.

**Manne:** I recorded with Woody Herman and used 20-inch bass drums . . . it made no difference at all to me.

**Bunker:** For myself, I want a completely different set of drums, depending on whether I play with a small band, or big band, or play rock and roll.

**Manne:** Sure, it makes work easier to have a different set of drums.

**Bunker:** But also it's the difference in the quality of sound.

**Bellson:** But you could take my set and use it for either small or big band.

**Bunker:** I could. I wouldn't like it, but I could . . .

**DB:** We're running out of tape, so let me throw out one more thought. Now that the five of you are here together, is there anything any one of you always wanted to know about the other, but were afraid to ask? (Long silence; finally one volunteer.)

**Bobo:** Yeah . . . Shelly, did you buy your house playing re-bop? (Everyone breaks up except me. I'm still trying to figure that one out—especially that word re-bop!) ♣♣

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## jazz on campus

Ladd McIntosh has been very busy at Westminster College (Salt Lake City) putting the new jazz curriculum in high gear, writing a lot of new charts for Mission Music and his own publishing company, and rehearsing and conducting the College's jazz band (24 pieces with players from 12 different states). In mid-Jan., McIntosh led the band on a 12-day tour of northern Calif. performing concerts and clinics at high schools and colleges. The reception to the band was predictably excellent. After all, not many (or enough) people get to hear what is probably one of the most exciting and musically adventurous jazz bands anywhere in the U.S. McIntosh's writing and leadership inspire young musicians to play with a maturity and ability that would be lacking under a less empathetic personality.

Tom Hilliard, jazz saxophonist and arranger-composer, and Ken Bartosz, jazz trumpet clinician and band director and fine arts chairman at Loyola Academy (Wilmette, Ill.) have just completed the first in a successive series of 10-week jazz performance workshops for high school players from Chicago's north shore suburbs. Applicants audition before seven professional players and, if accepted, pay a \$25 tuition fee. The band meets for three hours each Monday night for intensive rehearsing, and training in improvisation. The program provides an outlet for many young players who want more jazz playing and training than they can get at their own schools. Hilliard and Bartosz are making plans to bring additional Chicago area professionals to the workshop so the students can be exposed to a variety of jazz concepts in many forms.

Roger Scheuler's Millikin U. (Decatur, Ill.) Jazz Band will be the guest band to open the 6th Midwest College Jazz Festival (Elmhurst,

Ill.), March 16-18. The second half of the opening night program will feature the second edition of the Jazz Adjudicators—Cannonball Adderley, David Baker, Rufus Reid, Nathan Davis, and Rich Matteson—who will also judge the 14 bands and six combos entered in the festival which is a regional event affiliated with the American College Jazz Festival. On Sat. morning, Baker will conduct a jazz improvisation clinic featuring (acoustic and electric) strings including violins, cellos, etc. The big band winners for the past three Midwest CJsFs—U. of N. Iowa (1972); U. of Wis.-Eau Claire (1971), and Bowling Green State U. (1970)—are entered in the competition.

Kendor Music has acquired distribution in the U.S., Canada, and South America for the jazz charts of Johnny Dankworth, Ken Gibson, and other English arrangers-composers published by Stanza Music of England . . . Tamalpais HS, Mill Valley, Calif., has two new courses this semester in its jazz studies program. The Jazz History course is taught by Ray Skjelbred and the Jazz Workshop (improvisation, etc.) is taught by Dick Fregulia. Both men are members of the English dept. and both play jazz piano professionally in the Bay area. Fregulia will also be conducting a 6-week jazz workshop this summer at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

Mona Delitsky, Jazz Director for WHRW, Harpur College (Binghamton, N.Y.) reports that the student body gave a warm reception to a recent Duke Ellington concert. This year, the Harpur jazz ensemble has presented a number of jazz stars as guest soloists, among them: Urbie Green, Frank Wess, and Larry Coryell . . . Adolph Sandole, music director for Concert Jazz, Inc., a non-profit corporation,

in Philadelphia, has published a new book: *A Beginners Method for Jazz Improvisation* (215 pp., 259 music examples). Sandole is a jazz composer, saxophonist, and teacher of advanced musical theory who has been associated with the Newport Youth Band, the N.Y. Jazz Sextet, the Rusty Dedrick Ensemble, and other groups . . . The Ben Davis HS Stage Band (Indianapolis), Hal Meurer, dir., will be the guest ensemble for "An Hour with Sammy Nestico", April 13 at the Mid-East Instrumental Music Conference at the Pittsburgh Hilton Hotel. Later the same evening the Tactical Air Command Stage Band (Langley AFB, Va.) will perform the music of Thad Jones, Stan Kenton, and Maynard Ferguson. M. Sgt. Robert Ransom, the band's trumpet/flugelhorn soloist, will conduct . . . The Holiday In Dixie Deep South Jazz Festival (that sho is a mouthful, Andy) will take place in Shreveport, La. on April 14 . . . The Calif. Chapter of the Percussive Arts Society will present its 2nd Percussion Festival, May 12-13 at Calif. State U.-Northridge. Two preliminary events are scheduled: North—April 14, College Park HS, San Francisco; South—April 28-29, Northridge.

### FESTIVAL RESULTS

Feb. 10, 1st Tri-State Jazz Festival (Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa) Gary Selecta, dir. 13 bands (12 HS, 1 JHS), finalists were: Jefferson HS (winner), Jack Oates, dir., Hoover HS, Des Moines, Ron Battani, dir., and Ft. Dodge HS, John Grothe, dir. Clinic sessions by Woody Herman and members of his band. Eve. concert: near capacity, featuring three finalist bands and the Woody Herman Thundering Herd.

### FESTIVAL CALENDAR

March 17-18, 1st Great Plains Jazz Festival, contact Ray Shive, Music Dept., U. of Neb.-Omaha, 15 bands (j-sHS), competitive. Clinic and evening concert by Clark Terry.

March 24, 9th Jefferson (Iowa) Jazz Festival, contact Jack Oates, Jefferson HS, 18 bands (HS). Clinic and evening concert by Marv Stamm.

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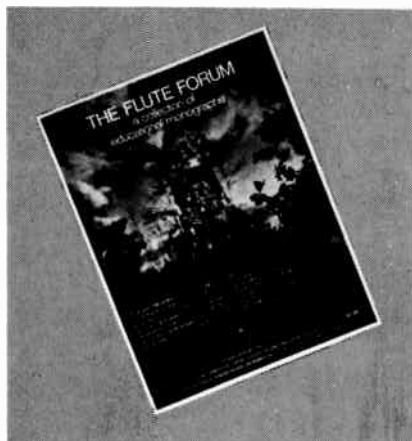
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## strictly ad lib

**New York:** Cab Calloway, at the Rainbow Grill, proved that he is still a singer of imposing range and power and a consummate showman. His daughter, Chris Calloway, who shared the bill with her father, is a gifted singer. The band, led by reedman Eddie Barefield, included Doc Cheatham and Francis Williams, trumpets; Cliff Smalls, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass, and Steve Little, drums. . . . Pemberton, of course, is a member of the J.P.J. Quartet, which gave a very successful concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. In the audience, digging Budd Johnson, was Sonny Rollins. The J.P.J. also did its thing at the Half Note opposite Grover Washington, Jr., following a bill of Zoot Sims and not Ahmad Jamal, as scheduled, but Joe Newman and group (it's rumored that Jamal didn't dig the club's piano, a relic many feel should have been left behind when the move uptown was made). Sylvia Sims, backed by the John Bunch Trio, and Billy Taylor and his threesome were on hand Feb. 26-March 3, and Horace Silver will be in through March 17. From March 19-31, it'll be Phineas Newborn, not seen hereabouts in far too long, heading up a trio opposite the MJQ. . . . Phineas' guitarist brother, Calvin Newborn, was (and may still be) with drummer Jual Curtis' group at Frank Miller's Showplace, 155 St. at St. Nicholas. The ex-expatriate percussionist also has Gene Walker, tenor sax, and Roland Davis, organ, and the music happens Friday and Saturday. . . . On April 6, the Beacon Theater, Broadway & 74th, will have on tap reedmen Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Yusef Lateef and Stanley Turrentine with their groups. The next night, pianist Eumir Deodato will lead the 25-piece Juilliard Orchestra. . . . Steve Allen does Carnegie Hall March 24 with Terry Gibbs as musical director and Bobby Rosengarden's band. . . . On the same day, March 14, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band with Billie and DeDe Pierce played Philharmonic Hall and the Mahavishnu Orchestra did the Felt Forum. . . . Jack Kleinsinger's first monthly offering at the Theater De Lys was a smash enjoyed equally by musi-

cians and audience. The former were Joe Newman; Zoot Sims and Al Cohn; Phil Bodner on clarinet; guitarists Gene Bertonecini and Bucky Pizzarelli; bassist Lyn Christie and Bobby Rosengarden. On March 5, Pee Wee Erwin, Dickie Wells, Al Casey, Dick Hyman, Cliff Leeman and Bodner were scheduled, and on April 6, a bop groove will be cut by Howard McGhee, Jimmy Owens, Cecil Payne, Ted Dunbar, Richard Davis and Roy Haynes. The theater is at 121 Christopher St. in the Village. . . . Miriam Makeba, in her first New York concert in three years, at Philharmonic Hall Feb. 14, was backed by a quintet led by guitarist Sivuca and including bassist Bill Salter. Also on the bill: West Indian singer Jon Lucien and his sextet. . . . Mura Dehn's *Jazz Dance Theater*, featuring Pigmeat Markham, Lou Parks' Dancers, and stars of black vaudeville, performed March 13 at Town Hall, where the Wednesday *Interlude* concerts (5:45 p.m.) continue with Blossom Dearie (March 28) and Ellis Larkins (April 11). . . . At the Jazzboat, Sonny Stitt held forth Feb. 27-March 4, followed by a week of Charles McPherson's group. . . . Thelonious Monk did two weekends at Top of the Gate, opposite organist-singer Bu Pleasant, around all week long. . . . Downstairs, Sun Ra and his Inter-galactic Discipline Arkestra performed for Jazz Interactions Feb. 26. . . . Tiny Grimes did a week at the Cookery between Teddy Wilson and Mary Lou Williams. The guitarist, with Kelly Owens, piano, and Jimmy Lewis, bass, performed March 2-8. . . . Marian McPartland's cohorts at the Cafe Carlyle were bassist Rusty Gilder and drummer Joe Corsello. . . . Billy Eckstine was at the Copacabana. . . . Willie The Lion Smith was Brooks Kerr's guest at Churchill's Feb. 11. . . . Tap dancing, with Baby Lawrence heading the cast, continues Sunday afternoons at the Jazz Museum. Informal jams precede the hoofing, and recent guests have included Mary Lou Williams, trumpeter Nat Lorber, clarinetist Rudy Rutherford, and multi-instrumentalist John John Robinson. . . . Muddy Waters, who tours Australia and New Zealand in May, was at Carnegie Hall March 4, on a bill with Lightnin' Hopkins and Bonnie Raitt. . . . Another blues veteran, T-Bone Walker, was at

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Max's Kansas City, with a youthful sextet . . . On Mondays, when Ellis Larkins is off at Gregory's, Tommy Flanagan has regularly been heard in his stead—not a bad bargain . . . Beaver Harris' 360 Degree with Roland Alexander, Dave Burrell and Jimmy Garrison, was at The East in Brooklyn . . . The Guitar is moving to 400 Second Ave. (near 24th) sometime in April. The last active week at the old place ended Feb. 24, and the incumbents were Carl Thompson and Bill Crow, plus acoustic guitarist David Qualey. Skeeter Best and Tommy Bryant were next-to-last . . . At Shalimar By Randolph, 2065 Seventh Ave., Irene Reid and the Gloria Coleman Trio and Johnny Hartman split a week in February. This Harlem spot has featured live music on and off for many, many years . . . Paul Knopf's *The Psalms* was performed at St. Peter's Lutheran Church Feb. 18, with Sheila Jordan featured . . . The Joe Lee Wilson Plus 5 and Clifford Thornton's quartet did a Feb. 16 concert at Loeb Student Center. The singer had Monty Waters, soprano&alto sax; Danny Mixon, piano; Teruo Makamura, bass; Rashied Ali, Napoleon Revels, percussion, and Thornton had Jay Hoggard, vibes, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Clifford Jarvis, drums . . . The Frank Wess-Frank Foster Quintet and the Marvin Stamm Trio were held over at Sam's Jazz Upstairs, the new spot for weekend sounds on 64th and Second Ave. . . . Becky Friend's Flute Ensemble, Ken McIntyre and Noah Howard rung in March on consecutive weekends at Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St. Dewey Redman will be there March 16-17. Steve Lacy (back from a long stay abroad) March 23-24, and Clifford Thornton, 30-31. Charles McGhee is in for all four Sundays of the month . . . Hilly's on the Bowery featured Rashid

Ali's quintet (Earl Cross, cornet, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Vass, tenor&alto sax; James Ulmer, guitar; John Dana, bass) and Hakim Jami's fivesome (Kiane Ziwadi, euphonium, trombone; Ali Mustafa, saxes; Hilton Ruiz, piano; Billy Higgins, drums) in February . . . Bill Lee, Lisle Atkinson, Al Harewood, Carol Henry and Sheila Jordan performed Feb. 17-18 at Union Settlement on E 104th St., in conjunction with readers, dancers and slides . . . Miss Jordan also was at The Center for Exploration of Consciousness and Mercer Arts Center's Kitchen Feb. 9 and 13, with the Inner Peace Ensemble (Marc Whitecage, reeds, flutes; Lori Turner, electric autoharp (new on us) and percussion; Bobby Naughton, keyboards; Richard Youngstein, bass; Bruce Dittmas, percussion . . . Whitecage, with Mike Moss, Charles Stevens, Toni Marcus, John Shea, Shelley Rustin, Paul Boulliet and Mike Mahaffey, known collectively as Free Energy, will be at WBAI's Free Music Store March 31 at 9 p.m. (admission free) . . . Teo Macero presented an evening of his own compositions, accompanied by an eight-piece group and the Road Apples, a folk unit, at Cooper Union Forum March 1 . . . Out New Jersey way, the 4th Annual Pee Wee Russell stomp, held Feb. 11, was an attendance success and a musical flop. Bobby Hackett graced the stand for a set, with members of Chuck Slate's band (sans Slate) and ringers Red Richards, piano, and Pete Pelician, clarinet; Balaban&Cats (Ed Polcer, trumpet; Dick Rath, trombone; Herh Hall, clarinet; Dave McKenna, piano; Balaban, bass; Marquis Foster, drums) did a fine set, with Polcer in excellent form, and Nancy Nelson sang sweetly. Several scheduled bands did not show, but the guest of honor, Mrs. Lucille Armstrong,

did. Among the groups that did make it was the Great Swamp Jazz Band, currently ensconced weekends at the Ferry Boat in Brielle, with Warren Vache Jr., trumpet, and Mark Heter, Alex Watkins, trombone; tuba, co-leaders; Chuck Maranzano, clarinet, soprano&tenor sax; Alan Cary, banjo, piano-guitar; Fred Stoll, drums . . . On March 3, the YM-YWHA of Essex County presented in concert Bobby Hackett, the Al Cohn Quartet, and Nancy Nelson . . . Up in Connecticut, New Haven Sunday sessions have resumed, now at the Midtown Motor Inn. Sonny Costanzo produces in collaboration with Thom O'Rourke, manager of the Inn. Sonny Stitt, with Don Friedman, Vic Gaskin, and Moseley Alexander; George Coleman and group; the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Quartet, and Zoot Sims took care of February action. March 4 saw Bill Watrous' 20-piece jazz band, and Kai Winding was set to follow .

**Philadelphia:** This city continues its musical resurgence of recent times with visits from prominent artists and openings of several new clubs emphasizing exposure of well-deserving local artists. A possible renaissance of musical awareness and concern within this city may finally be in the offing . . . At the forefront of concerned community action is a new club, the Black T. Serving as an outlet for expression within the black community, the club features "Kuumba" (Creativity) night once a week. The fine quartet of a local luminary, drummer Lex Humphries, lent its talents to help inaugurate the club's new endeavors . . . Though operating on an irregular schedule, the Empty Foxhole recently provided a rare appearance by Donald Byrd and

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his sextet. In addition to veterans Harold Vick, Roland Wilson and Joe Chambers, Byrd also featured two fine young musicians from Howard University, where he teaches: pianist Kevin Toney and guitarist Barney Penray. It was nice to see four members of War at the Foxhole to check out Byrd. The group was in town for a total sellout concert at the Spectrum (over 20,000 seats). The Foxhole also featured appearances by native son Archie Shepp and by Carl and Earl Grubbs' group, The Visitors. A new policy of weekly Latin nights has also been implemented by the club. . . . The Bijou Cafe has expanded its jazz policy. As a result of Weather Report's highly successful engagement, the club has recently featured Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Mose Allison. Weather Report is scheduled for another visit soon. The Bijou's expanded jazz activity is part of a mixed-bag policy which has run the gamut from Bette Midler and Dan Hicks' Hot Licks to Mort Sahl. Hope to see more jazz . . . Grendel's Lair, traditionally a folk club,

has joined the ranks of local clubs featuring jazz artists. Larry Coryell brought in Foreplay, his new quintet, and Pat Martino followed, demonstrating Philadelphia's contribution to jazz guitar. We also note the appearance at Grendel's of a fine talent deserving of much greater recognition—blues singer-guitarist Ellen McIlwaine. Watch out for this lady . . . As more jazz musicians seem to be establishing residence in the Germantown section of the city, new clubs are emerging to take advantage of the resources. One such, Trey's Lounge, recently featured Byard Lancaster's Sounds of Liberation and a new group, Barron's New Art Cartel, featuring George Barron on tenor sax. These fellows cook . . . Philadelphia's concert scene has not been fallow in any respect. The Mahavishnu Orchestra graced the Univ. of Pennsylvania campus while the Modern Jazz Quartet visited Philadelphia Community College. The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis big band and Sun Ra and the Intergalactic Research Arkestra held forth at Glassboro State and Rutgers University, re-

spectively . . . Things are really smokin' here. **Baltimore:** Guitarist O'Donel Levy has been leading a group week-ends at Lenny Moore's consisting of Charles Covington, organ and Chester Thompson, drums. Jud Watkins is the singer . . . The Center Stage Theater sponsored a jazz concert in mid-January with reedmen Dr. Arthur Lamb and Jackie Blake, electric pianist Jimmy Johnson and Reggie Glascoe . . . Duke Ellington was the recipient of the Mayor's Honorary Citizenship Award and a special plaque at a December concert for the Left Bank Jazz Society. The presentation was made by the mayor's representative Quentin R. Lawson. The Society opened the 1973 season with Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers on Jan. 21 and the Monty Alexander trio Jan. 28 at the Famous Ballroom . . . The echoes are still reverberating—in the form of television and nightclub offers—from the a capella version of the National Anthem that Ethel Ennis sang at the Inauguration in Washington at the invitation of Vice President Agnew.

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**Chicago:** When Elvin Jones opened a five night stand at the Jazz Showcase Jan. 31, it marked the debut with the group of alto saxist Grady Johnson, who replaced David Liebman. Despite the absence of percussionist Don Alias, the group played three exciting sets, with newcomer Johnson providing some of the best moments with his inventive Parker-derived work. Jones himself came to town and faced the happy predicament of learning that his latest L.P., *Live at the Lighthouse*, was virtually sold out and the local distributor is back ordering... Between sets, Showcase producer Joe Segal had some bright words on the subject of the future, words such as Lou Donaldson, Grant Green, Kenny Burrell, Bill Evans, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman, Stanley Turrentine, Clark Terry, Herbie Hancock, Yusef Lateef, and others—all being penciled in for spring and early summer months. Gene Ammons followed Jones' group. On Sunday Feb. 11, Ammons, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis and James Moody tripled up for one supershow. Chuck Mangione and Joe LaBarbera opened Feb. 14 for five days. Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the Vibrations Society came in Feb. 21 and then Sonny Rollins on Feb. 28th for five days... Frank Assunto brought the Dukes of Dixieland into Flaming Sally's of the Sheraton Blackstone, and played the opening set with a puzzled look on his face. The puzzlement stemmed from his horn, which refused to obey and seemed to play nothing but clams and choked notes. After three or four tunes, he halted the set, unable to continue. Twenty minutes later he was back and wailing in excellent form. The problem? Something had gotten into the bell of the horn and become jammed deep in the tubing. The group has undergone extensive revamping. Gone are the tuba and banjo. In their place is a smooth contemporary rhythm section (Earl Washington, piano; Danny Shapiro, bass; Ernest Elly, drums). Harold Cooper's clarinet favors such techniques as Artie Shaw-like glissandos and high register playing. He also does slap-tongue choruses, which are less appropriate and mostly for laughs. Dave Rasbury rounds out the group on trombone. The result is lively, good-natured traditional jazz without the commercial excesses of earlier Dukes' groups... The big news in early February was Eubie Blake's ragtime recital Feb. 5 in the Goodman Theater. Sharing the bill with William Bolcom, Blake played a program of nine selections, then teamed with Bolcom for five romping duets. After the concert, Blake joined guests at a private party in the John Hancock Apartments and continued playing into the small hours. By the time he quit, he was one day short of his 90th birthday. Blake then went on to New York for an ASCAP luncheon in his honor... Duke Ellington and His Orchestra will do a concert at Harper College on May 15... Eddie Harris and group played the Tantrum, 11525 S. Michigan, over the weekend of Feb. 9... Andres Segovia played a Sunday afternoon concert in Orchestra Hall Feb. 11... The Hall Brothers played a concert the same day in the Big Horn, northwest of Chicago. Bobby Lewis and Dave Remington kept things jumping Friday and Saturday... Vocalist Frances Faye was at the Playboy Club during Feb... Big Horn owner Dale Snaveley is trying for Gene Krupa and Teddy Wilson this spring, to be joined by clarinetist Jerry Fuller for a session in the manner of you-know-what. Snaveley makes it

a practice to record the proceedings of his various weekend concerts and is laying plans to release some albums, if satisfactory arrangements can be worked with the musicians. They have included over the last year or two: Eddie Condon, Bobby Hackett, Bob Wilber, Vic Dickenson, Georg Brunis, Art Hodes, and Wild Bill Davison.

**Los Angeles:** "Black Music '73" had its fling—for one night—at the Shrine Auditorium, presented by Operation Bootstrap. Among the headliners: Cannonball Adderley, Letta Mbulu, Les McCann, Billy Paul, Johnny "Guitar" Watson, Joe Williams, and Nancy Wilson. As an ad for the concert read: "Dedicated to the greats—Billie Holiday, Dinah Washington, Wes Montgomery and John Cath-rane." Come again?... Another type of fling, less soul and more Mickey Mouse, was put on for three nights at Disneyland, featuring Doc Severinsen, Freda Payne and Si Zentner and his band... "Music Made Famous by Glenn Miller" was the (legally) correct way a dance-concert was billed at the Hollywood Palladium. It featured Tex Beneke, Ray Eberle, The Modernaires with Paula Kelly, plus former members of the Glenn Miller Orchestra... Della Reese headlined a one-nighter at the Pasadena Civic... Singers dominated Donte's calendar for February, with Carmen McRae and Sallie Blair each doing two nights; Anita O'Day in for a month full of Wednesdays; Angelo doing a one-nighter; and The Voices of Aldebert (Monique and Louis, wife and husband, singer and singer-pianist; plus Gene Cherico, bass; Mike Berkowitz, drums) for two nights... Still on the subject of singers, Bill Withers, Merry Clayton and The Sisters Lovedid a one-nighter at the Santa Monica Civic... Frank D'Rone still holds center stage at Diamonte's Wed-Sun, with Joe Pass and Herb Ellis on Mondays and Tuesdays. Sharing the stage with D'Rone recently: Terry Gibbs and his quartet for two nights; Irene Kral for three... The Lighthouse line-up had John Klemmer, Mose Allison and The Persuasions in that order, with Thelonious Monk scheduled to open March 6... Meanwhile at Concerts by The Sea, Willie Bobo followed Bill Evans... Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee were kept busy locally, with gigs at the Boarding House, San Francisco; the Ash Grove, Los Angeles; back up north for Mandrake's, in Berkeley; the Lion's Share, in San Anselmo; and finally the Inn of the Beginning, in Cotati... Why Jimmy Smith stays at 145 pounds; following a gig in Washington, D.C., he flew to Los Angeles to keep a karate teaching date (Smith boasts a Black Belt); then jetted to New York for a recording session with Thad Jones; flew back to Los Angeles to take part in Sammy Davis, Jr.'s radiothon to raise funds for the NAACP. The radiothon emanated from P.J.'s in West Hollywood; then Jimmy taped a new syndicated TV show, "Black Omnibus," hosted by James Earl Ray; took off for Denver to play the Warehouse; and is due back to tape Cannonball Adderley's talk show on NBC, "Ninety Minutes"... Vic Caesar's group has been held over at the Playboy Club. Vic sings and plays piano; Greg Mathieson, organ; Mitch Holder, guitar; Jeff Castleman, bass; Jack Ranelli, drums... Dave Brubeck was named to a second term as fund chairman for the Conservatory of Music alumni at his alma mater, University of the Pacific, in Stockton.





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