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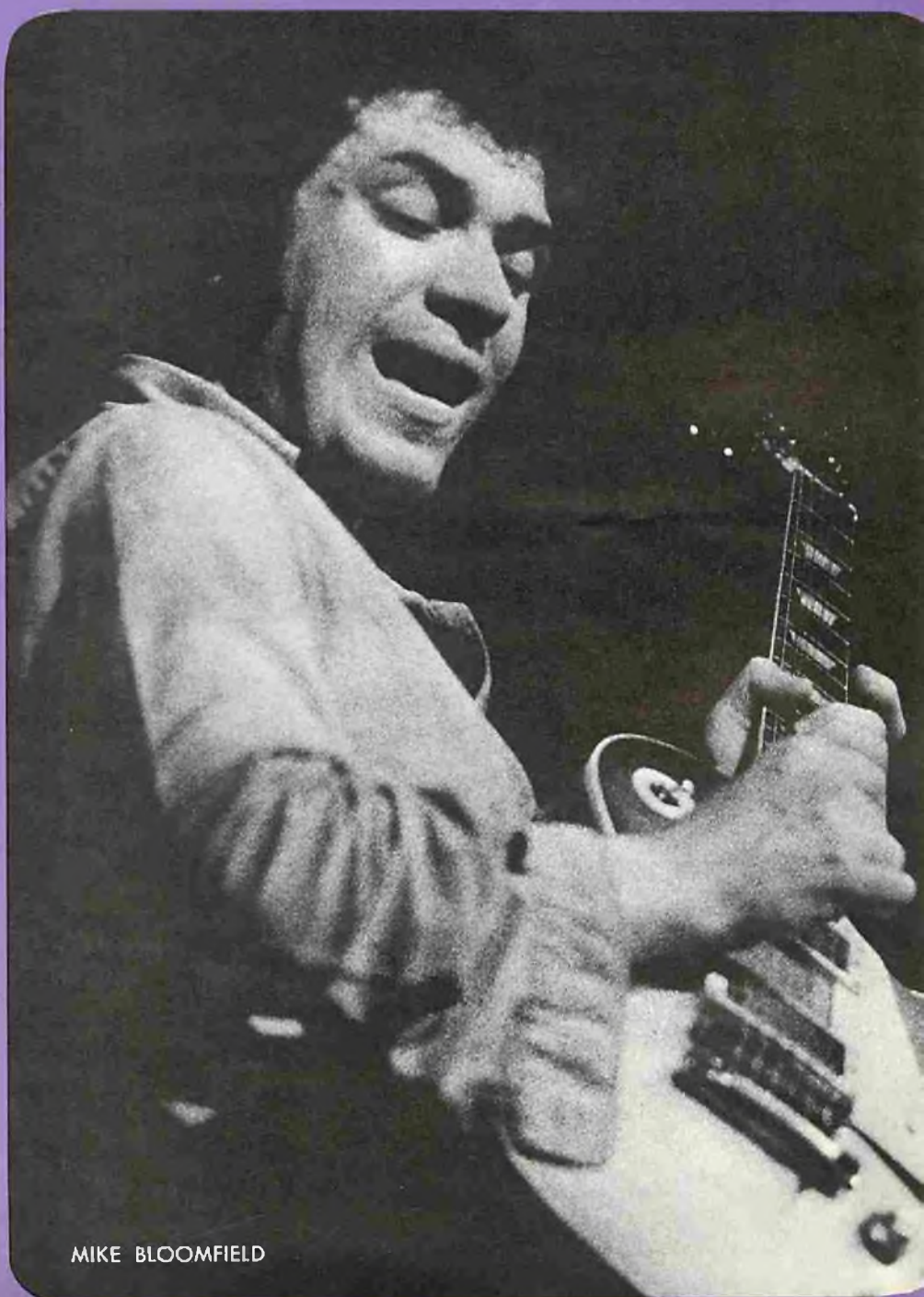
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Mr. Goldberg's monograph, a most capably prepared tribute to Marcel Moyse, "Tone Development through Interpretation", should be of general interest to all flutists, but in the opinion of the educational department of the W. T. Armstrong Company it will be of significant importance to the more advanced student as well as the professional. In his conclusion, he wisely comments on the joy and rewarding self-enrichment that come from serious study and practice. Mr. Goldberg has been principal flutist with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra since 1947. He teaches at the Duquesne School of Music, is a member of The Musica Viva Trio and is assistant conductor of the Pittsburgh Youth Symphony.

As an educational service, the W. T. Armstrong Company is pleased to have made this brochure available to music educators—at music dealers throughout the country.



"Tone Development through Interpretation," the book by Marcel Moyse, referred to in this monograph is published by McGinnis & Marx.



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THE FIRST CHORUS

By **CHARLES SUBER**

HERE IS AN opportunity for you to join, by proxy, musicians, educators, and students in a meaningful social and musical dialog at the University of Wisconsin in Madison next month. The dialog program is a four-week intensive study of "Youth Music."

School music supervisors from 40 cities throughout the U.S.A. will make up the basic student body. Each supervisor will be accompanied by a guidance specialist from his school system. Each of the 40 cities is expected to supply a performing group of high school age musicians. The only stipulation made about these groups is that they must perform only original material.

The faculty is also unusual. On the permanent staff there will be a sociologist, psychologist, anthropologist, and a modern music educator-performer. The music supervisors and guidance people will be divided into four groups, each of which will examine "Youth Music" from the viewpoint of one discipline per week. Each Friday, there will be an exchange of views.

The program is the brainchild of Emmet Sarig, director of the Music Extension Service for the State of Wisconsin. Funds from the state and the federal government will provide expenses and stipends.

The high school groups will perform at the Madison stadium for college students and townies, but more importantly will act as a workshop faculty. They will be there to teach the teachers what's relevant and what isn't. As you may already have guessed, virtually all the groups are oriented to rock/jazz/blues music—vocal as well as instrumental. It is not beside the point to note that most of the groups learned their way outside the schools.

It will be interesting to know just who will be the modern music men of the faculty. The criteria for selection are a knowledge of what young people want and need musically, the ability to play music they can respond to, and a talent for verbal communication. Charisma is also an asset. Here are some suggested candidates (perhaps you'd like to recommend others): Oliver Nelson, Gary Burton, Larry Coryell, Tom Scott, Quincy Jones, Frank Zappa, Randy Brecker, Cannonball Adderley, Dave Baker, and Don Ellis.

At the end of the third week there will be a three-day special seminar (July 23-25) at which a number of us gadflies will ask impertinent questions about what has been learned, what has been examined, what horizons were being sought. The program's last week will attempt to bring ideas into reality.

We would like to see this dialog widened as far as possible. You can help the program by sending us, in care of this column, any comments or questions you would like to have thrown before the program participants. Perhaps you will want to suggest musician-teachers for the program. Perhaps you have some specific ideas of what music should be taught (and what not taught) in the schools. For what age? What kinds of music? What kinds of teachers? Don't forget that we'll be working on and discussing "Youth Music", which means music in the total community, not just in schools and not just from a playing aspect. Let's hear from you; the town meeting is about to start.

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down beat

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Cover photograph of Mike Bloomfield by James Powell

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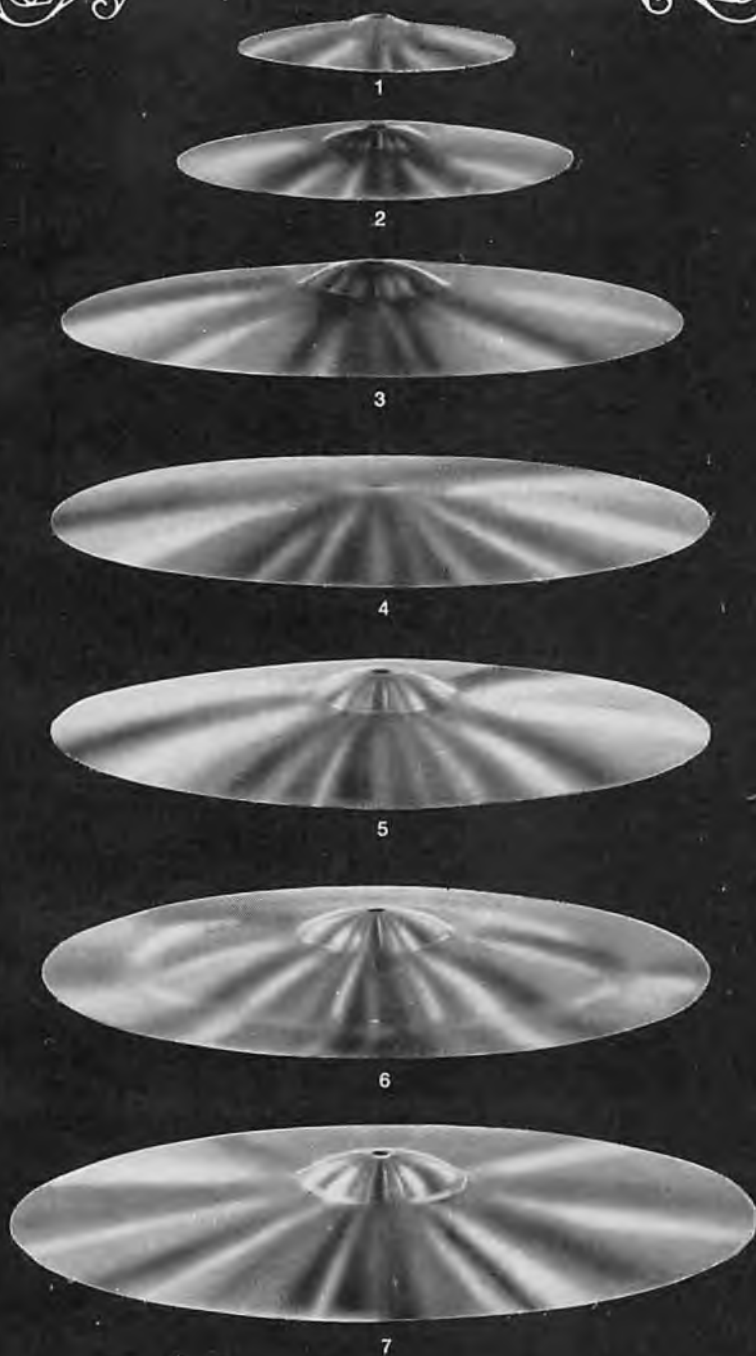
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

De Gustibus . . .

I was completely appalled upon reading Lawrence Kart's review of Clare Fischer's *Thesaurus* album (DB, April 17). I find it hard to believe that Kart, or any careful listener for that matter, could respond in such a completely negative way to a recording containing so much superb jazz writing and improvising.

Kart's remark that the '31 Ellington band swung more loosely reads cleverly, but needless to say (if you just listen) is not true. Even if the reviewer doesn't like big band ballad performances, the pure improvisation by Perkins on *Calamus* and Fischer on *Bitter Leaf* would sustain anyone listening for good jazz playing. Kart says the electric piano on *Bitter* sounds like "a pregnant cow." I would have loved that solo if it had been played on the banjo! As for Bill Perkins—I've heard him play lead alto with Mike Barone's band in LA, and he is master not only of the baritone saxophone but of everything he touches. Few musicians play every note with the conviction that Perkins does and I think that can be easily heard in his playing on this album.

Though Kart questions its inclusion, *Lennie's Pennies* seems to me a perfectly likely vehicle for players who, pleasantly to my ear, show the influence of Lennie Tristano (Foster, Marsh, and Fischer). If I were Tristano, I'd regard this as a tribute



of the highest kind. It's delightful to me that Fischer chose such a vital modern line as the basis for an arrangement.

I sincerely hope that listeners who seek out jazz treasures won't dismiss this one after reading Kart's negative review.

Grant Forrester

San Anselmo, Calif.

Kart replies: It was the treatment of *Lennie's Pennies*, not its inclusion that I questioned.

Wow!

I think Diana Ross is the greatest jazz singer since Billie Holiday.

Examples: *Keep An Eye*, *How Long Has That Evening Train Been Gone*, *Does Your Mama Know About Me*, *Will This Be the Day*.

Lennie Tristano

Hollis, N.Y.

Boston Broadside

Though unable to hear Cecil Taylor's commissioned work at the Whitney (*Caught in the Act*, DB, May 1)—I was at the time playing in concert by the Boston Symphony, of which I am a member—I daresay (on the basis of personal acquaintance with both Martin Williams and CT,



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as well as my reading, playing and emotional experiences with both their "outputs"), that the absolute winner in the bullshit department would be Martin, by a nose covered with it. Perhaps it is this effluvial aura which has turned him so reactionary.

Buell Neidlinger

Boston, Mass.

A Good Point . . .

After recently attending the second in a series of jazz concerts at the Fillmore East, I ordered tickets for a forthcoming performance and was dismayed to find out that the series of superb productions by George Wein had been cancelled. . . .

Mainly, so few people went that the continuation of the shows would have resulted in a great loss of money. There must be some way in which to get ardent rock fans (of whom I was one myself) to deflate their bologna balloons and open their ears to the beauty of jazz.

Peter Heimlich

Simsbury, Conn.

. . . And A Bad Conclusion

Alan Heineman, in his review of the Boston Globe Jazz Festival (*DB*, May 1), neglected to point out that during the first two minutes that the Mothers of Invention were on stage almost half of the audience of some 5400 headed for the exits. Only Roland Kirk's sudden appearance on stage halted what would have been a nearly complete exodus. It made me wonder if jazz and performers like the Mothers are compatible on a show called a *Jazz Festival*?

Bill Buchanan
Asst. City Editor
Boston Globe

Boston, Mass.

Correction

I enjoyed very much the May 15 issue on the Young At Jazz, and especially the article on Randy Brecker, because I was able to hear him in person last fall in London.

There was one mistake in the article, though, that I would like to call to your attention. Mike Brecker, Randy's brother, did *not* win the best tenor award at the 1968 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival. That award was won by my good friend and colleague, Ron Dewar, of the University of Illinois Jazz Band. . . .

Chuck Braugham

Champaign, Ill.

The old editor goofed when he inserted that piece of misinformation into Michael Cuscuna's article. What Mike Brecker did win at Notre Dame '68 was the "Out-standing Instrumentalist" award.

Pleased By Tilles

I have been very glad to see your recent columns on percussion by Bob Tilles. Having formerly studied with Mr. Tilles, I know the great amount of knowledge he has to offer. Thanks to your magazine, this knowledge may now be shared by your many readers. Keep up the good work.

Clyde Brooks

New York, N.Y.

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COLEMAN HAWKINS 1904-1969

Coleman Hawkins, one of the greatest figures in jazz history, died in the early morning hours of May 19 at Wickersham Hospital in New York City of bronchial pneumonia. He was 64.

Born in St. Joseph, Mo. he started piano lessons at 5, took up cello two years later, and saxophone at 9. He attended Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas, (he had begun to work professionally in music at 15), then joined singer Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds. He made his first records with this group in 1923, the year he came to New York and joined Fletcher Henderson's band.

Hawkins remained with Henderson for more than a decade, during which he developed and refined the first viable jazz approach to the tenor saxophone. He already had a huge tone and facile technique when Louis Armstrong joined Henderson in 1924 and became his musical inspiration. By 1926, when he recorded his famous *Stampede* solo, Hawkins had become the model for all aspiring tenorists and had almost singlehandedly lifted the saxophone from a novelty instrument to serious musical consideration.

By the end of the '20s, he had developed, alongside Armstrong, the first mature ballad style in jazz and had become the Henderson band's outstanding star. In the spring of 1934, he left Henderson to go to England on the invitation of Jack Hylton, Europe's counterpart to Paul Whiteman.

After touring and concertizing with Hylton, and being received in England and France as a great artist (a type of public recognition then still unknown in the U.S.), he left Hylton when the bandleader went ahead with a German tour even though Hawkins had been refused entry by that country's new racist masters.

During the next four years, Hawkins worked as a single and with his own small groups throughout western Europe, recording prolifically in Holland, France, Switzerland, Belgium and England. His presence in Europe contributed immeasurably to the progress of continental jazz, and this was perhaps the happiest and most satisfying period of Hawkins' life.

As the clouds of war rose in Europe, Hawkins returned to the U.S. in the late summer of 1939. His long absence had started rumors that he was no longer the player he used to be, and a number of rivals to the tenor crown were ready to do battle with him. After some now historic jam sessions in Harlem, Hawkins put an end to all debate with his Oct. 1939 recording of *Body and Soul*. His biggest hit, and one of the most famous jazz records of all time, it re-established him as a national name.

Body and Soul was recorded with a 10-piece band, the first Hawkins organized after his return. He soon expanded it to 16 pieces, played a lengthy engagement

at Harlem's Savoy Ballroom, and took the band on tour. But he tired of the tribulations of big-band leadership, preferring to assemble small combos or work as a single with pick-up groups.

The star of Lester Young had risen in the interim, and there were those who began to claim that Hawkins' style of tenor playing was passé. In retrospect, these



Coleman Hawkins
Chicago, April 19, 1969

arguments seem futile, since the approach to the instrument of the two men was so dissimilar. Rather than making one greater than the other, the two styles indicated the limitless possibilities of jazz.

In any event, Hawkins took matters in his own hands. When the first signs of bebop rose on the horizon, he was among the few established jazzmen to respond creatively. In February 1944, he assembled a band for what became the first bop recording date (for Apollo), with Dizzy Gillespie, Clyde Hart, Oscar Pettiford, Max Roach and others, and soon thereafter hired Thelonious Monk to work with him on 52nd St.

Later that year, Hawkins led a sextet including Howard McGhee and Denzil Best in California, and subsequently began his long intermittent association with Norman Granz' *Jazz at the Philharmonic*. In the late '40s, he led a group including Miles Davis and Hank Jones, and in 1950, he revisited Europe for the first time.

Throughout the '50s and '60s, Hawkins toured the world with *JATP*, played innumerable festivals, made TV appearances, and free-lanced in clubs and on records. In the mid-'50s, there was a long association with Roy Eldridge at the Metropole in New York, and the two also toured with *JATP*.

Only during the last few years of his life did declining health begin to make

its imprint on his playing, but even then, he was capable of producing brilliant music, particularly in a ballad vein. He made his last European tour in 1968 with the Oscar Peterson Trio, and continued to work until a month before his death, taping a TV special for Chicago's educational station (WTTW) and appearing at a session in that city on April 19 and 20.

Coleman Hawkins' long career is one of the most brilliant chapters in the story of jazz. First a pioneer who created a jazz language for his chosen instrument, then an inspired soloist who contributed hugely to the development of jazz as an art, later an established star who offered employment and encouragement to radical young musicians rather than feeling threatened by them, and finally a venerated father figure whose undiminished creativity was an inspiration to all who love the music, he dominated five decades of musical activity, untarnished by the passage of time and changes in styles and fashions.

Hawkins' musical legacy is, fortunately, amply documented on records. His early development and first maturation can be followed on *Fletcher Henderson: A Study in Frustration*, the four-LP Columbia set. A more compact anthology is RCA Victor's *Body and Soul*, including the original version of the title tune and the marvelous *One Hour* (1929), as well as other masterpieces from 1928 to 1963. Two albums soon to be released in Prestige's historical series document Hawk's European activities in the '30s and his last U.S. sessions of 1934 with such gems as *Heartbreak Blues*, *It Sends Me*, *Lost in a Fog*, *Crazy Rhythm*, and *Out of Nowhere*. Not currently available in the U.S. but re-issued in England are some remarkable performances with a Dutch band, The Ramblers, from 1935-36.

Hawkins' perhaps most fertile decade, the '40s, is poorly documented on available U.S. LPs. The magnificent *The Man I Love* is on *Classic Tenors*, a hard-to-find Contact album. EmArcy's *Coleman Hawkins and the Trumpet Kings* is also scarce. *Stuff* and other fine pieces recorded for Capitol are out of print, as are the classic Apollo session, the famous 1946 sides with Fats Navarro and Milt Jackson, etc.

Among the brilliant albums from the '50s and '60s, *Today and Now* (Impulse) was his own favorite. A session with a small group from Duke Ellington's band (also on Impulse) produced two masterpieces: *Mood Indigo* and *Self Portrait of the Bean*. Among several *JATP* sets, *Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge at the Opera House* is outstanding (Verve), and a session with Ben Webster also ranks high. Among a number of Prestige albums, *Hawk Eyes* and *At Ease with Coleman Hawkins* are perhaps the best, and one of his most vehement and virile blues statements can be found on *Marching Along* (with Tiny Grimes). A fascinating album is *Sonny Rollins Meets Cole-*

man Hawkins (RCA Victor). The list could go on and on, but should include mention of the documentary 2-LP set on Riverside; an informal and informative 1957 discussion of highlights in the Hawkins career by the master himself. —D.M.

CHICAGO EXODUS: AACM MEMBERS OFF TO PARIS

An expeditionary force composed of members of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (trumpeter-flugelhornist Lester Bowie, the organization's president; alto saxophonists Joseph Jarman and Roscoe Mitchell, and bassist Malachi Favors) left Chicago May 28 for Paris. They plan to remain in Europe for an indefinite period and will be joined shortly by trumpeter-flugelhornist Leo Smith and alto saxophonist Anthony Braxton.

The move was prompted by the expectation that, in Europe, critical recognition leads to public approval more directly than in America (Bowie, Jarman, Mitchell, et al., have received high praise in *Down Beat* and other publications). It is to be hoped that their music finds the audience its quality merits.

Meanwhile, the A.A.C.M.'s home contingent is by no means dormant. Regular weekend concerts at the Parkway Community House resumed June 6 with Smith, Braxton, tenor saxophonist Maurice McIntyre, baritone saxophonist Wallace McMillan, pianist Richard Abrams, bassist Mchka Uba, and drummer Ajaramu among the participants.

GENE ROLAND STARTS NOVEL BAND IN N.Y.

Arranger-composer and multi-instrumentalist Gene Roland, best known for his association with Stan Kenton but also renowned for his pioneering of the "Four Brothers" sound in the mid-'40s and his writing for such bands as Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Claude Thornhill, Charlie Barnet, Harry James and Artie Shaw, is active once again as a leader.

Roland is currently rehearsing a unique band in New York that includes two drummers and three guitarists in addition to two trombones, three tenor saxophones, and electric bass. Roland will double fourth tenor and trumpet while one of the other tenors, ex-Herdsman Bob Pierson, will front the band. "Bob won't have a book," explains Roland, "but he will add a part to the section at various times."

Roland wants "the proper intensity from the horns" but most importantly "a strong rhythmic feeling." One drummer will play jazz drums with "a solid four that sizzles and spreads out" while the auxiliary drummer will play rock. He envisions one electric guitarist as the "workhorse"; one unamplified guitarist; and one electric soloist. "I'd also like one of them to double on banjo and one to double on mandolin," he says.

The band's book, written entirely by Roland, emphasizes new standards and old. "We'll have rock jazz, bossa nova, and a combination of the two," says Gene.

"I want to present something more musical for people from 20 to 50."

Roland will also assume the role of vocalist. In the mid-'40s, he sang occasionally with Kenton but never recorded in this capacity. In due time, he may bring two of his other instruments into play. They are soprano saxophone and mellophonium, on which he was featured in Kenton's *Adventures in Blues* album.

Roland is a versatile man. His band should reflect his many talents.

POTPOURRI

Three festivals will take place in the Baltimore area this summer, produced by George Wein, Elzie Street, Jr., and James Scott. First is the Morgan State Jazz Festival, to be held June 21-22 at Morgan State College. Artists include Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, George Benson, Nina Simone, Young-Holt Unlimited, Roland Kirk, The Newport All Stars, Hugh Masekela, and Booker T. and the MGs. The Left Bank Jazz Society will present a Sunday afternoon concert. Next is the Laurel Pop Festival at Laurel Race Track, July 11-12. Buddy Guy, Jethro Tull, Sly and the Family Stone, Lead Zeppelin, Procol Harum, Country Joe and the Fish, Ten Years After, Savoy Blues Band, Mothers of Invention and Jeff Beck will perform. The Laurel Jazz Festival, scheduled for Aug. 1-3, will present James Brown, Nancy Wilson, Herbie Mann, Eddie Harris, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Buddy Rich, Cannonball Adderley, Horace Silver, Ramsey Lewis, Mongo Santamaria, Sam & Dave, Roberta Flack, and Fuzzy Kane.

A major blues festival, organized by students at the University of Michigan, is scheduled to take place at Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 1 through 3. Among the many artists slated for the four outdoor concerts are B.B. King, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Junior Wells, Lightnin' Hopkins, James Cotton, Sleepy John Estes and Yank Rachell, Charles Musselwhite, Big Boy Crudup, Son House, Clifton Chenier, John Lee Hooker, Freddy King, Luther Allison, Fred McDowell, Big Mama Thornton, T-Bone Walker, Big Joe Williams, J. B. Hutto, Roosevelt Sykes, Jimmy Oden, and Fast-Fingers Dawkins. There will be workshops and seminars. For information, write Ann Arbor Blues Festival, Michigan League, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104.

Yusef Lateef received a bachelor of music degree from the Manhattan School of Music and plans to enroll next fall at Columbia University as a master's candidate in sociology. The multi-reedman recently re-signed with Atlantic records. The label also signed Gary Burton, who left RCA Victor after a six-year association.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Lena Horne, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Sammy Davis Jr., Dinah Shore, Chicago Hamilton, and Jack Lemmon participated in a benefit for the Free Southern Theater at New York's Waldorf Astoria.

Over 1000 guests attended the \$100 a plate soul food dinner.

The third annual Pennsylvania Dutch Jazz Festival will be held at Franklin & Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa. June 22, starting at 2 p.m. Performers will include the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra and Ruth Brown; Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan; The Newport All Stars, and local talent. Tickets are available from the festival at P.O. Box 1731, Lancaster, PA 17604.

Bassist Woolf Freedman, back in the U.S. after a visit to his native South Africa, reports that fellow bassist Midge Pike, who spent some time in the States several years ago, has set up the Capetown Arts Center, where he and others appear in Sunday jazz concerts. Pike leads his own integrated group, and the Center is the only place (other than the local University) where blacks and whites are able to play together. Pianist Dollar Brand, back in South Africa via Europe, has been an active participant. Freedman also had praise for a group from Johannesburg—the quartet of pianist Hennie Bekker, featuring John Fourie on guitar.

The Monday night tap dance sessions at the Bert Wheeler Theater in Manhattan's Hotel Dixie, headed up by Chuck Green and Leticia Jay, have aroused sufficient response to be extended through June.

Allan Pepper and Stan Snadowsky of Alstan Productions have branched out into the management field and are now handling *The Children Of All Ages*, a jazz-rock group headed by alto saxophonist Arnie Lawrence.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has signed to play four festivals this summer: the Mississippi River Festival (a pop concert series sponsored by the St. Louis Symphony) on June 24; the Central Park Music Festival in New York City on June 30; the Garden State Festival in New Jersey on Sept. 6, and the Monterey Jazz Festival on Sept. 21.

Bill Fowler, professor of guitar studies at the University of Utah and founder-coordinator of the Salt Lake City Collegiate Jazz Festival, seems to be running a family training school for the Woody Herman band. One son, trombonist Bruce Fowler, has been with Herman for the past year when not playing in the North Texas State Lab Band. Now, Fender bassist son Tom Fowler has come out of the Skyline High School Band from Salt Lake City to join the Herd. Warming up with the Salt Lake City Jazz All Stars is their 13-year-old brother, Walt, studying trumpet and bus and airplane schedules.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The second weekend in May at the Village Gate was a jazz festival in miniature. Dizzy Gillespie, The-

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UP WITH THE BLUES: MIKE BLOOMFIELD

BY DON DEMICHEAL

IT WAS ALWAYS GREAT when Mike Bloomfield and Paul Butterfield would come trooping through the Chicago *Down Beat* office to see Pete Welding, who was sort of their musical kindred spirit-adviser-father confessor. It was great because all the little ladies pecking away at their typewriters would start twittering and tittering, sneaking up to me with snide comments about the length of the two young men's hair, their casual dress (old jeans, jackets), their unscrubbed appearance . . . wild-eyed beatniks they probably are . . . maybe with bombs . . . carrying a guitar . . . ! This, you understand, was about six, seven years ago, some time before long hair, jeans, and unkemptness were common, at least in Chicago's Loop.

Welding kept telling me about these two guys . . . hung up on the blues, sitting in with the south-side blues crowd, Paul living in the ghetto (Mike stayed at his mother's Gold Coast pad), both coming over to Pete's apartment to dig his collection of old blues records. Fascinating. But I had the feeling that this was in some way like other white-youth musical interests, the old thing of Imitation Black, which goes back, I guess, to the Austin High Gang, and if not that far, at least to Lu Watters and those other pale reflections of black beauty. One day, Pete said Mike could really play. I said something like, "Oh?" but didn't believe him, because my mind was made up, without having heard him play one note.

Then Mike and Paul got hooked up with Bob Dylan (like attracts like, I thought); next came some feelers for a tour of England (the British dig ersatz, said I); then the Butterfield Blues Band and the *East Meets West* album and lots of money; Mike split, formed the Electric Flag; next Columbia records, more money, fame, places for both in the pantheon of pop-music idols. Finally I heard them play, and they knocked me flat. DeMicheal's wrong again. Thank God.

Recently, they were back in Chicago, their home town, for a record date with their old mentor, Muddy Waters, and a concert at the Auditorium Theater. Mike, now addressed as Michael, was treated with seven pairs of kid gloves by the record and concert people. Sensitive, temperamental, you know. "He disappears . . . never'll be able to do an interview . . . just smiles at everybody . . ."

A call to his grandmother's apartment, listed in the phone book, produced:

"Mike, you got eyes for an interview?"

"Sure. What's it for?"

"*Down Beat*."

"*Down Beat*! Yeah? Where y'wanna do it? Where you at? I'll be right down."

Fifteen minutes later, he was trooping through the labyrinth of offices where I work now (in an old, converted mansion), refusing to let me lead the way to my own office (which was to hell and beyond), playing a game (and winning it, since he found my office), still toting his guitar, still causing little old ladies to stop their menial tasks to cluck tongues (and causing sweet young things to look up, too, but for different reasons, since he looks like a bloody movie star), still wearing an old jacket and jeans, but now . . . a STAR.



JAMES POWELL

Like so many musicians, his speech is much like his playing: long, sometimes involved sentences (lines), clearly stated (as if he's thinking four bars ahead) in often colorful and imaginative ways.

Surprisingly, he began talking about Lester Young and Duke Ellington:

"To my ears, Lester Young is easier to understand than any average Motown recording because it's clear—it's very clear. He takes the melody, the head, and then he does variations on it . . . Ellington, there's no better music in the world. There's no more polished, complex form than the Ellington band, early or late."

In the last two years or so, it seems that Bloomfield and other pop people have been getting closer to jazz, since they've been improvising more, which usually means that whoever is doing the improvising will naturally get into jazz.

At first, he seemed to agree:

"Well, I'll tell you, what I know about jazz and my interest in it was this: I had for years read names like Lester Young and Charlie Parker and Charlie Barnet, not that they were similar, but just all these names. But I'd never heard any of them—I'd just heard names. And Pete Welding turned me on. He said why don't you just start listening to these names—and he played me his record collection, his hundreds and hundreds of records, and he played them chronologically from early to late, and this was six, seven years ago,

and he just played me enormous amounts of music and made me listen to it and understand how it developed, and I heard it.

"But that music—if you take a young horn player today like Albert Ayler or Roscoe Mitchell, you can be sure that he in his life is a direct link in a chain that may have started with Lester Young you know, going to Parker, on to Coltrane, to Ornette, to Archie Shepp, to Mitchell—it's a direct link.

But then he disagreed:

"That music is not in my background at all—those changes, those ideas of melodies, the entire jazz musical tradition. I never heard that music except in a scholarly way, as a class of music, to learn it. I picked up some things from it, but very little as opposed to my background, which was the music of AM radio, American media music."

Then it was pointed out to him that he played a thing very much like Charlie Christian; just one little phrase he played. If he were to put a tag on it, it was blues. But it sounded like jazz. What was the difference?

"No difference," he said. "There really isn't. It was improvised music."

"It seems to me, if you're going to improvise, and you're a popular-music musician, you have to go in the direction of jazz—what's going to come out is going to sound more and more like jazz."

"Jazz guitarists... have tried to sound too much like horns..."

"No, I don't think so," he replied. "We're getting into semantics. I really don't know what jazz is and what jazz is not. Ramsey Lewis is considered a jazz pianist, and I'm sure he considers himself one, but I don't consider it jazz in any way. I consider him a blues player in the style of Ray Charles. Ray Charles, for all purposes and intents, can play a sort of weak jazz, but he's a superb blues player, a super Gospel player. Now, you take someone like Oscar Peterson or Phineas Newborn—when he's playing blues, it's jazz blues, and it's an entirely different thing. You can hear it, you know. There're musical differences. Jazz uses ninth and 13th chords. But, see, I could improvise without harmonically extending the form, and I feel jazz improvisation harmonically and rhythmically extends. I could improvise for a long time and never change the form of my music. I wouldn't change it harmonically. I wouldn't play dissonance, really; I mean I would play with microtones, but they certainly wouldn't be dissonant to the genre that I was in, and I wouldn't really improvise too much within the time sequence. Yet I could and do sometimes play music that goes radically into different harmonic directions and radically different time directions, and you can say, now you're playing jazz—this is jazz when you're doing this—but to me, I don't think it is, because to play jazz, in my opinion, you've sort of got to be schooled in it and brought up on it, and you've got to know the roots of it, you know?"

"Like I said, like the training of those musicians and those horn players, you've got to understand that. . . ."

"But don't you feel that you're in a similar continuum as, say, Roscoe Mitchell?" I asked.

"No, I'm not, no. I've heard Charlie Christian, I've heard. . . ."

"I don't mean in jazz."

"In music, yes. Absolutely. In blues, I know I am. I'm a follower of the B.B. King style of modern blues music, and I've taken that style and molded my own style from it. But it certainly isn't jazz, as far as I'm concerned. That music is blues and nothing but. American, if you would, folk blues. Jazz is a folk music, too, but. . . ."

Bloomfield didn't start off to be a blues player. He was a rock-and-roll whiz kid, very fast, with a bagful of tricks. Yet, he said, whenever he heard a blues record on the radio, it got to him. His progression to the blues began in folk music, which led to Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and then to Lightnin' Hopkins, Muddy Waters, and the south side.

"I think I was about 16 when I first started going down on the south side," he recalled. "I was a good guitar player then, you know, fast, and I would take my guitar, and I was ready to burn those cats. I'd play my rock-and-roll licks, and a lot of those guys would be impressed by how fast I played. But, of course, I wasn't playing blues, and I wasn't playing soulfully or anything. It's taken me till now to learn how to play blues like a man."

The way he learned was by doing, play-

ing with blues men, in joints, in front-room parlors, wherever there was something to be learned.

"So many of those people were real nice," he said almost wistfully, but then a frown skittered across his face and: "So many, when they saw me getting good, weren't so nice anymore 'cause they didn't dig me copying their licks."

Which raised a subject that I'm sure has been brought up to him many times before. Does he feel a draft because he's a white man playing blues?

"Well, if I didn't play it better than the black cats that I learned from or as good as them," he answered, "I would really feel it. But since I know I can hold my own chops-wise, playing-wise, I don't really. I feel it in the way that for years white people have made their money covering colored music, just imitating it, and you can always sell the white version of black anything."

"But isn't that still happening?"

"I'm a perfect example of that—you're looking at it—and I try as best as I can at all times to say, 'Hey, man, if you dig me, you've got to listen to these cats.' And where's B.B. King and Albert King now? They're revived and have the best careers they've ever had in their lives. And why? It's because the white cats they taught and who learned from them told where it's at. They didn't say, 'Hey, I invented this music.' They made sure that people knew who they learned from. That's all you could do, you know."

One of the main sources of learning for both Bloomfield and Butterfield was Muddy Waters, who was, according to most accounts today, quite open-minded with his two young white admirers.

"Muddy was amused with us in the beginning, I think," Bloomfield said. "I remember once I got real drunk when I was about 17 years old, at Pepper's, and I was singing up there. I was singing a song I wrote about Muddy, and I remember him cracking up at a table of his cronies. I mean here was this club where there were these pimps and gousters and bad cats and whores—and not only that but all these working people too. Just a man's scene; it was no boy's scene. And these grown men allowed me to be in on that scene and treated me as sort of an equal."

"Muddy and Otis Spann were very fatherly about it in an amused fashion, you know—they'd figure what's with this little white boy down here? And then they'd crack up when they saw he could play. I guess they took a little pride and pleasure in seeing us mature as musicians just as there were guys who got put up tight the better we got to play. They figured, 'Well, this cat's going to get me right out of the gig.' And then there were cats who just didn't care about color; they were mad because you were playing better than them, and some cat would hire you instead of them. This happened with me lots of times. I know it happened with Paul. He played at a place called the Blue Flame, and he was a special attraction."

It's a long way from Pepper's Lounge

on Chicago's southside to where Mike Bloomfield is now. Looked up to by a legion of young guitarists, he is a mature musician, concerned that his admirers learn music the right way. His major complaint is that youngsters learn music backwards—they learn certain phrases and string them together, instead of learning their instruments.

"All they do," he said, "is learn chops, licks. That's how I started learning, which is a very bad way to learn. I'd been better off if I'd learned how to play one or two notes correctly, learned how to state my melody in the most simple, articulate way possible. Like you hear a fast run, and you say, 'Gee, look at what that guy played,' and you try right away to learn it. It took me years not to do that—not even want to do that—and to want to take music and put it together in my own way, with my own logic, and then add musicality to it by attack and touch. But it's a long, long process, and it takes you years to go back to fundamentals and learn where you went wrong so many times."

"You must play your music as musically as possible. Every note must be related to another note, not only harmonically, not only logically, not only tone-wise, but in timbre, attack—one note soft, one note a little louder, and it all must make sense within the framework of the genre, the framework of your own playing. I hope that I'm doing that all the time now. I know I'm trying to."

"I guess now I could play any mode that there is if I heard it awhile—any music. To me it's just music. I played with Don Ellis' band and it wasn't complex; I didn't feel any struggles about the time or anything. You just hear it as music and it's quite simple to play."

"Jazz guitarists, in my opinion, have tried to sound too much like horns or have not used the guitar to the extent that a guitar is supposed to be used. The guitar is not a tempered instrument—it can be bent, it can be messed with. A piano you hit, and that's all you can do with it. Where as with the guitar—boy! There are an amazing amount of things to do. And with an electric guitar you can do even more."

"I don't think many jazz people have ever even considered investigating the possibilities of the guitar until just recently, though they are brilliant musicians, especially Django Reinhardt, who of all the jazz guitarists was my favorite. If any jazz guitarist had an influence on me, it was him."

"Why? Because he played sweetly. He had a very, very sweet style, and he had tone and a strong attack. He was a strong, impassioned player. But I found Mundell Lowe, Jim Raney, Jim Hall, and Barney Kessel were finger players. They play with their heads, and they don't play so much with their hearts, like Django, and as opposed to someone like George Van Eps who plays highly emotional music, for my ears at least. George plays guitar like Clare Fisher plays piano. . . . real romantically and emotionally. It's not so much an exercise in intellect, even though Van Eps'

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A TRIBUTE TO TINY GRIMES

By Hugues Panassie



JACK BRADLEY

TINY GRIMES is one of the most underrated jazz musicians. It is a shame that such a wonderful guitarist has never reached the fame he so deserves.

Of course, his fellow musicians and a few connoisseurs know how excellent he is. But he should be as well-known everywhere as the other famous jazz guitarists: Charlie Christian, Django Reinhardt, Wes Montgomery, and a few others.

My acquaintance with Tiny Grimes' music dates back to 1944, when I heard some Art Tatum Trio records: *Cocktails for Two*, *Body and Soul*, *Topsy*, *Soft Winds*, etc. I was much impressed by the fact that here was a guitarist able to keep up with the incredible Art Tatum, and to fit perfectly with him. I liked his phrases, straightforward and musical, and the way he swung every one of them.

Right after that, I heard Grimes on many discs. He recorded a lot during the '40s, either heading his own small groups or as a sideman, and he always sounded good. He would spark any rhythm section with his infectious beat. Whether he played the four beats (when he did, he was SWINGING as few guitarists ever did) or played little riffs and fill-ins, always perfectly timed, he would drive the whole band, and push the soloists in an amazing way. If you have a chance to listen to him on Cozy Cole's Continental records made

in 1944, such as *Take It On Back*, you'll know what I mean.

As a soloist, Tiny Grimes is a complete musician. He is known as a great blues player, and rightly so, as numerous records prove, such as the beautiful *Blue Harlem* recorded with Ike Quebec for Blue Note. But he is much more than just a great blues player. He can play all types of songs and make them sound just right. I've heard him improvise several choruses of subtle variations on *Body and Soul*, showing as rich a melodic invention as one could ask for.

The first time I heard Tiny Grimes in person was in February 1949, in Jamaica near New York, in a little cabaret called The Catalina. He was leading a small group which included Red Prysock on tenor sax and Sonny Payne on drums. Almost all the patrons were colored, and some of them danced so well that they created a lot of excitement among the musicians and the listeners. I have seldom heard a little group swing so much. I was fascinated by Grimes' choruses with their perfectly shaped phrases which brought a terrific pulse to every number.

Tiny made many records in the late '40s and early '50s with his own five-piece combo, and there is plenty of good, straightforward swinging jazz on most of them, such as *Call of the Wild*, *Frankie and*

Johnny, *Second Floor Rear*, *Juicy Fruit*, and *Riverside Jump*, made for various labels (Gotham, Red Robin, Atlantic, Apollo), and all unavailable now. Some very good LPs could be made from them.

Like many other "swing" musicians, Grimes was too seldom recorded during the late '50s and the '60s. However, towards the end of the '50s, Prestige used him on several LPs, the best one being *Calling the Blues*, (under his own name) with such first-class musicians as J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor sax; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendell Marshall; bass; and Osie Johnson, drums.

A couple of years later, Grimes recorded what I consider the best LP released under his own name: *Big Time Guitar* on United Artists UAL 3232. This record was made on Erroll Garner's initiative, and we must be thankful to him.

Tiny is backed by just two men: an organist (sometimes Ed Swanston, sometimes L. S. Williams) and a drummer (Kelly Martin or E. Crawford). In the up-tempo numbers, the trio really swings, but the supreme artistry of Tiny Grimes has never before been featured so well on recordings as in the slow numbers. The way he makes his guitar sing, talk, wail, and moan with a lot of subtle inflections in such numbers as *Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe*, *Lullaby of the Leaves*, and *Dreamy* is something which, to my knowledge, has never been equalled by any other guitarist. It is as expressive as the voice of a great singer. Tiny's way of expressing himself is the very essence of jazz.

One of the most recent LPs Grimes can be heard on is Johnny Hodges' *Triple Play* (RCA Victor LSP 3867). It is nice to hear him featured at length in one of the numbers, *A Tiny Bit of Blues*, in which he and Hodges are the only soloists.

During the summer of last year, Tiny Grimes came to Europe for the first time and played in several French towns (also in San Sebastian, Spain) with a first-class little group including Milt Buckner on organ, John Letman on trumpet, and Wallace Bishop on drums, and made a tremendous impression on his audiences.

I attended a concert in Bayonne (in the southwest of France) and was amazed to find that Tiny played even better than when I had heard him in the States 20 years before—and even better than on his best records.

What amazed me still more was the impact his playing had on the public. There was a full house, made up of the very young, older people, jazz connoisseurs, and people who did not know much about jazz. When Tiny played his solo specialties: the slow blues, *Frankie and Johnny*, a sparkling *I Got Rhythm* (on this one, Tiny and Milt Buckner changed key every eight bars), one could feel the enthusiasm of the crowd, and when a number ended, the applause was so great and so long that the musicians had to wait several minutes before they could play again.

Everyone here who heard Tiny Grimes wishes he could come back to Europe soon. But I also wish that he could be more in the limelight in his own country, because I know that his music never fails to give people a grand time. [AS]

PHIL UPCHURCH: Studio Soul

by
Dan Morgenstern

"I'M NOT TRYING to play fast and fancy . . . I just want to get my ideas across and play something that I dig and that the people will dig too—something that won't be categorized."

That's Phil Upchurch talking; a young Chicago guitarist who has covered all the bases, from rock to blues to jazz, and who for a number of years has been one of the busiest men in the Windy City's recording studios.

"My father played piano," he says, "and when I was 12 he got me a ukulele with the promise of a guitar if I got good enough." It didn't take young Phil long to graduate to the heavier instrument.

The instruction he received from his father was his only formal training, so he got into the habit of saying he was self-taught when asked about his background. "But my father didn't like that," he explains. "'Quit telling people you're self-taught,' he'd say. 'I taught you.' And he's right about that."

While still in high school, Upchurch began to work in local clubs, "with phony discharge papers for ID, and my school books crammed in back of my amplifier." One of his first jobs was at Budland with The Dells, a group which he since has often backed on records.

"Porter Kilbert kept me on with the house band after that," he says, "and Jack McDuff was writing charts for the shows. The band had trumpet, two saxes, organ, guitar, and drums. After that, I went in another direction for a while, playing electric bass for six months with Otis Rush's blues band, because I couldn't get any guitar gigs."

There followed some road work with r&b groups and other "free lance things," and then, unexpectedly, a date of his own for the obscure Boyd label that led to a hit: *You Can't Sit Down, Parts 1 and 2*, an infectious r&b instrumental.

Most young players would have followed up such a bonanza by taking a group on the road, but not Upchurch. "I didn't do any personal appearances behind the record," he recalls. "I didn't want to become identified with it." He had been "flabbergasted by Kenny Burrell and Johnny Smith," and though most of his work was in the r&b and rock vein, he did not want to be typecast.



JIM TAYLOR

At any rate, the draft solved his immediate problems. "I was fortunate to get into Special Services, and was stationed in Germany, singing in a 26-voice choir that did all kinds of music—including some stuff like the Swingle Singers. I also had the opportunity to work in clubs in Austria, Germany and France with my own trio, and that was good experience."

When he returned to Chicago, he began to do recording work, and soon found himself much in demand, though he is too modest and unassuming to put it that way. "I'm not the greatest sight reader," he says, "but for the rhythm section, the paper is mainly a guide, and most arrangers will tell you, 'Don't play it like you're reading it.' And when they call you, they know what you can and can't do. I've only run into one chart I couldn't handle."

Most of Upchurch's studio work is behind singers and vocal groups, but there are other things as well. His work—on records and "live" at Chicago's London House—with the Soulful Strings "has been one of the most rewarding instrumental experiences I've had," he claims.

He also enjoyed making the *Stay Loose* LP with organist Jimmy Smith. ("I got a chance to blow a little bit on that one.") He's been on most of Ramsey Lewis' dates since 1962, and has recorded with Dorothy Ashby ("She did a tune of mine on the date—*Afro-Harping*"), Ray Bryant, Groove Holmes, and Stan Getz ("The Burt Bacharach album . . . Richard Evans has been responsible for most of the jazz things I've done. That's my man.").

He was also present on the recent "electric" albums by bluesmen Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf.

Not all of Upchurch's recording work, however, has been in a supporting role. Last year, he did his own date for the new Milestone label, a part small-group, part big-band album. "I got a call from Orrin Keepnews, and wow—I was going to be a star," he jokes. "I didn't care for the horn things much, but the small-group date was a gas. Playing with Wynton Kelly, Richard Davis, and Jimmy Cobb—that was a highlight." He tends to agree with the somewhat reserved review the album received in this magazine. "It was an honest review," he says. "I didn't really have my jazz ideas together as I would have liked to have."

He is considerably happier with his just-released own LP on Cadet, called simply *Upchurch*. It was arranged by the talented Charles Stepney, and the guitarist was delighted with his efforts. "He knew where I wanted to go with my music, and he just layed it out for me." On one track, Stepney employed a large orchestra. "Walking into the studio and finding 35 cats waiting on you—it wiped me out," Upchurch says.

The guitarist has had his own combo—not his first, by any means—for some four months. It includes Duke Payne, who handles soprano, alto, tenor and baritone saxophones, flute, and bagpipes; pianist (sometimes organist) and gifted arranger Donnie Hathaway, and drummer Morris Jennings. The music "is more in a jazz

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Record Reviews

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

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

George Benson

GOODIES—Verve V6-8771: *I Remember Wes; Carnival Joys; You Make Me Feel Like a Natural Woman; That Lucky Old Sun; Julie; Windmills of Your Mind; Doobie, Doobie Blues; Song For My Father; People Get Ready.*

Personnel: Benson, guitar, vocal (track 4); big band including Clark Terry, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Arthur Clarke, George Marge, tenor saxophone, flute; Buddy Lucas, harmonica; Paul Griffin, piano, celeste; Chuck Rainey or Bob Cranshaw (tracks 4,6,7), fender bass; Leo Morris or Jimmy Johnson Jr. (tracks 4,6,7), drums; Jack Jennings, conga, vibraphone; The Winston Collymore Strings; The Sweet Inspirations, (tracks 3,7,9) vocals. Arranged and conducted by Horace Ott.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If George Benson had come on the jazz scene in the late '30s or '40s, he would undoubtedly have recorded with various small groups of his peers. The results would have been durable and exciting. Benson is a first-rate jazz guitarist who does not need near-symphonic embellishments in order to get across his message.

However, he came along at a time when many record producers are steering their jazz artists toward a pop market by wrapping them in more commercially acceptable packages. The result is often frustrating to the true jazz fan who, in order to hear certain artists, must suffer the modern parallel to enduring a Paul Whiteman arrangement to hear Bix Beiderbecke.

Then, too, recording techniques have changed. We have gained much greater fidelity, but we have lost spontaneity, an important jazz ingredient. With multiple-track recordings, single selections may go through several sessions of adornment, and musicians frequently play along with a pre-recorded tape. This way, rapport between musicians cannot be established, and much of the spirit that prevailed on past recordings is lost.

That is what I find wrong with this record, and, although Benson is undeniably a major jazz talent who plays a great deal of jazz on this set, it would be fairer to judge it as a pop album.

As such, it is very good without being outstanding. Benson's tribute to Wes Montgomery is pleasant enough with its lush string backing, but it is hardly, as the annotator would have it, "one of the great jazz portraits."

Benson is in top form in a funkier bag on *Joys*, but here, as on the rest of the album, the accompaniment (except for the rhythm section) sounds strangely alien to what he is doing—and he is doing quite a bit.

The Aretha Franklin hit, *Natural Woman*, has Benson playing a menial role in a pleasant melange of strings, subtle horns, harmonica, and (for a "soul" touch) the ooooh's and partial lyrics of The Sweet Inspirations, Aretha's popular backup group. It all blends nicely, and, I suppose, was not meant to say any more than it does.

Benson puts aside his guitar and returns

to his original role of vocalist on *Lucky Old Sun* (his first recordings were as a rock singer in 1954). His richly-echoed voice, reminiscent of the late Sam Cooke, is better than that of many full-time vocalists who are making it these days, but it lacks the individuality of his guitar playing.

Windmills gets a samba treatment, and Benson, when he finally gets off the ground, cooks beautifully, right to the exaggerated electronic reverb ending.

The Sweet Inspirations come back for *Blues*, which features some rather ordinary playing by Benson and pianist Griffin, and for Curtis Mayfield's *Get Ready*, a "soul" number here given a rather white treatment.

Horace Silver's *Song for My Father* features some more good guitar work but here, as on the rest of the album, Benson's environment seems wrong.

Perhaps it is selfish to wish to hear Benson in a setting more suitable to his talent, for surely this album represents a more lucrative approach, but there is no reason he couldn't be given an occasional jazz date with others of his stature.

For what I consider this to be, a middle-of-the-road pop album, it deserves a high rating. After all, it certainly beats listening to Peter Nero or Al Hirt. —Albertson

Kenny Burrell

NIGHT SONG—Verve V6-8751: *Night Song; Blues for Wes; Namely You; Love You Madly; Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'; The Shadow of Your Smile; Brother Where Are You?; Night Hawk; Teach Me Tonight.*

Collective Personnel: Marvin Stamm, Bernie Glow, Joe Shepley, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Wayne Andre, Urbie Green, J. J. Johnson, Jay Sherman, Tom Mitchell, Alan Raph, trombones; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Philip Bodner, flute, piccolo; Richard Wyands, Warren Bernhardt, Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Freddie Waits, Donald MacDonald, Billy Cobham, Jr., drums; Johnny Pacheco, Jack Jennings, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In view of the fact that it seems aimed as much at the pop as at the jazz audience this is a surprisingly good LP.

Night Song, Love You Madly, Teach Me Tonight, and *Brother Where Are You* are done by Burrell accompanied by a big band. The other selections, except *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*, on which Burrell plays unaccompanied, are done by a quartet including Burrell, Wyands, Carter and Waits.

Night Hawk, on which each member of the quartet solos, is the best track on the LP. Burrell's first spot and Wyands' solo contain alternating up-tempo and free tempo sections. Burrell is at his best here, playing fluently, forcefully and very inventively.

It's good to hear Wyands again. He seemed a very promising pianist in the early '60s but this is the first time I've

heard him on record in a long time. He solos very well on *Night Hawk*, indicating that he may be more original and better than he was in 1963—and he was good then. His spot here contains both crisp single-note line playing and dreamy chordal work.

Burrell's playing on the other tracks on the LP isn't as good as on *Night Hawk*. Often he doesn't push himself too hard, but if his work isn't impassioned, at least it's not uninspired. His single-note line and chord playing is tasteful and quite imaginative and he turns in some forceful octave work on *Blues for Wes*. The buoyancy and good humor of his *Sittin' and Rockin'* performance is hard to resist.

Even when Burrell isn't at his best, his musicianship is impressive. He doesn't rely on clichés, his playing is clean and his tone attractive.

Sebesky has done a solid job here. His *Night Song* arrangement is sensitively written.

One outstanding track, *Night Hawk*, makes this LP something rather special.

—Pekar

Bob Dylan

NASHVILLE SKYLINE—Columbia 9825: *Girl from the North Country; Nashville Skyline Rag; To Be Alone With You; I Threw It All Away; Peggy Day; Lay Lady Lay; One More Night; Tell Me That It Isn't True; Country Pie; Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You.*

Personnel: Dylan, vocals, guitar, harmonica, piano; Johnny Cash, vocal, guitar (track 1 only); Pete Drake, steel guitar; Charles McCoy, electric bass; Ken Buttery, drums, Norma Blake, Charlie Daniels, Bob Wilson, unidentified instruments.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is an album about love, all kinds of love, knit into a beautiful set of music and lyrics. Again we have a new Dylan, new in both voice and songs. The voice is pleasant, in contrast to the Dylan who sang through his nose five years ago. His rough cynicism is gone, and now, apparently, he is a man at peace with himself.

Dylan's songs here are about love in both the specific and universal sense. The universality is shown especially in the ballad *I Threw It All Away*, where his idealism is very similar to the Beatles' statement in *All You Need Is Love*. Instead of blaming "the masters of war" for the world's problems, Dylan now puts the blame on lack of love.

Lady, Alone, and *Tonight* are all songs about sensual love, and, as you can tell from the titles, Dylan's writing has become very explicit.

Happy love is the subject of *Peggy Day* and *Country*, both exuberantly sung by Dylan. His humor is cute, not mocking, and for the first time I feel he is laughing with us, not at us. *Night* and *Tell Me* are about losing at love, and here Dylan is poignant.

There are two firsts for Dylan on *Nash-*



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ville Skyline: his first re-recording of a past song, and his first instrumental. With the aid of Johnny Cash, he revisits *Girl from the North Country*, and it is gem. Cash sings better with his wife, June Carter, but with Dylan there is a strong feeling of friendship and empathy. They have recorded enough material together for a full album, which Columbia plans to release at a future date. It should be beautiful.

The instrumental, *Nashville Skyline Rag*, is reminiscent of Doc Watson's style and is excellently done. Throughout the album, arrangements and execution are on the highest level, and Bob Johnston, one of the best producers of contemporary albums, deserves much praise.

This album is similar in style and instrumentation to The Band's *Music From Big Pink*, in which the influences of blues and rock are added to Country and Western. That group, which used to back Dylan on his concert tours, are now his friends and neighbors in Woodstock, N.Y., and a comparison of their album to *John Wesley Harding* and *Nashville Skyline* shows that each has influenced the other.

Some of Dylan's best music is on this album. It has simplicity and beauty, and, while it is a comfortable and relaxing record, it is not unassuming. —Moskowitz

Eddie Harris

SILVER CYCLES—Atlantic SD 1517: *Free at Last*; 1974 *Blues*; *Smoke Signals*; *Coltrane's View*; *I'm Gonna Leave You by Yourself*; *Silver Cycles*; *Little Bit*; *Electric Ballad*; *Infrapolations*.

Collective Personnel: Bernie Glow, Ernie Royal, Mel Lastie, Joe Newman, Snooky Young,

trumpets; Benny Powell, trombone; Seldon Powell, Phil Bodner, Haywood Henry, woodwinds; Harris, electric saxophone and electric piano; Jodie Christian, Joe Zawinul, piano; Melvin Jackson, Richard Davis, bass; Monk Montgomery, electric bass; Richard Smith, drums; Bruno Carr, Marcelino Valdez, percussion; string section directed by Gene Orloff; Valerie Simpson, Eileen Gilbert, Melba Moore, Martha Stewart, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Until recently, most of what I'd heard of Harris' recorded work didn't impress me. He seemed a competent musician with a rather unusual tone who'd been clever and/or lucky enough to have attained some commercial success.

However, after hearing his remarkable performance on a selection called *The Tender Storm* (on the Atlantic LP of the same name) it became apparent to me that at his best he was much more than that. This album, though uneven in quality, confirms this.

Harris, according to the notes, "... plays tenor sax with a Maestro amplifier ..." and "... also uses the 'Echoplex'", an electronic unit which "... employs multiple tape loops which play back the recorded sound at constant intervals. It is therefore possible to play new melodies over the basic motif recorded previously. While these two lines are played back, a third melodic line can be added and a 'sax choir' effect is achieved."

After reading the above, one might conclude that the LP features some far-out experimentation with electronic effects. It does, but it also contains some pretty conventional musical ideas. In fact, it's quite a mixed bag.

Free at Last and *1974 Blues* are catchy,

danceable pieces that seem calculated to appeal to the pop audience. Harris' playing on them is cliché-ridden.

Little Bit is a jumping, infectious composition, but Harris' playing on it is gimmicky and, despite his use of some piercing upper-register effects, lacks drive.

Four female voices are employed effectively on *Smoke Signals*, a fascinating study in colors and textures. The vocalists add richness to the performance without making it schmaltzy. Harris' work has a pastoral quality here and makes good use of echo effects. The lovely, distinctive melody should also be mentioned.

Harris is the only performer on *Electric Ballad*, but sounds like a whole section. Despite his use of electronic devices on this track, his playing isn't at all gimmicky, but calm and lyrical.

Silver Cycles uses a lot of echoing and twittering background noises and doesn't come off too well.

Coltrane's View and *Infrapolations* are quartet tracks by Harris, Christian, Jackson and Smith. The first is a lively, melancholy composition in which Harris' playing is more overtly emotional than usual; his statement of the theme projects a feeling of great mournfulness and he employs runs and upper-register effects reminiscent of Coltrane's later work. The rhythm section provides Harris with a rich background; Smith's cymbal work is particularly notable.

On *Infrapolations* Harris' playing is also reminiscent of Coltrane—this time, middle-period Coltrane—and also contains lucid solo work by Christian and Jackson and

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a wild collectively improvised section during which Harris and his sidemen show that they've listened to the new thing musicians.

In addition to his playing, Harris deserves praise for his composing and arranging on this LP. He is the sole author of every piece except *Silver Cycles*, which he co-wrote with Jackson, and *Coltrane's View*, done with Arif Mardin and William Fisher.

An uneven but interesting album that could turn out to be influential. —Pekar

Booker T. Jones

UP TIGHT—Stax STS/2006; *Johnny, I Love You; Cleveland Now; Children, Don't Get Weary; Tank's Lament; Blues in the Gutter; We've Got Johnny Wells; Down at Ralph's Joint; Deadwood Dick; Run Tank Run; Time Is Tight.*

Personnel: Jones, organ, piano, vocals; Steve Cropper, guitar; Donald Dunn, bass; Al Jackson, drums; Judy Clay, vocal.

Rating: ★★½

This is music from the movie *Up Tight*. I didn't see it, and perhaps the music was effective in underscoring the action. However, heard by itself the music leaves much to be desired.

There are some attractive compositions here and the arrangements are neatly and fairly imaginatively done. But composing and arranging isn't enough. What this LP needs is more improvised soloing.

And that's a drag, because one of the strong points of Booker T. and the M. G.'s, a fine, cohesive r&b instrumental group, is the solo work of Cropper and Jones.

Cropper is one of the more original guitarists around today, in any form of

music. His interesting style is drawn from both black and c&w sources. His playing can be both funky and subtle. Unfortunately, he gets little opportunity here to demonstrate what a fine soloist he is.

Jones, the featured instrumentalist here, has demonstrated in the past that he is a forceful, capable improviser. On this LP he doesn't really open up, but he should be praised for the rich colors and textures he draws from the organ.

The work of Dunn and Jackson, both steady, dependable musicians, is authoritative and relaxed.

The vocals by Jones on *Johnny, I Love You* and *Blues in the Gutter* are unimpressive. The big-voiced Miss Clay does a competent job on *Children, Don't Get Weary*. —Pekar

Buddy Miles Express

EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR SKULL—Mercury 61196; *Train; Let Your Lovelight Shine; Don't Mess with Cupid; Funky Mule; You're the One (That I Adore); Wrap It Up; Spot on the Wall.*

Personnel: Marcus Doubleday, trumpet, flugelhorn; Virgil Gonzales, flute, soprano and baritone saxophones; Bill McPherson, flute, soprano and tenor saxophones; Terrence Clements, tenor saxophone; Herbie Rich, tenor saxophone, organ; Miles, organ, guitar, electric bass, drums, vocals; Jim McCarty, guitar; Bill Rich, electric bass; Ron Woods, drums.

Rating: ★★

Downward spiral. The Butterfield Band, then the Electric Flag led by Mike Bloomfield—potentially more exciting than the Butterfield group, but it never got itself together—then the Flag without Bloomfield, now the Buddy Miles Express.

Two major flaws here. First, the Express apparently wants to mingle soul with

psychedelia. The instrumentation ought to sway the balance toward the former, but the horn charts are so unspeakably dull and predictable that McCarty's few interesting lines are the only noteworthy things in most of the tunes. One can listen to major and minor triads by reeds only so much. Then the mind begins to shut off.

Second, the album is built around Miles' vocals, and Miles is simply not a very successful singer. Strong, yes, confident, yes, but unoriginal and frequently tasteless. He shares with Janis Joplin two unfortunate traits: all the stops are out almost all the time, so that one's senses of drama and urgency are dulled, and in the vocal limbo between the top of the normal range and falsetto, to which Miles and Janis roam so often, control is minimal and tone is thin and irritating.

The vocal on *Cupid* is double-tracked in a kind of erratic counterpoint. It's the best of the set, and emulates with some success the Sam and Dave approach, but the latter duo, and most of the Stax/Volt people, do that kind of thing incomparably better. *You're the One*, the only unfrenetic tune on the program, might have worked had Miles cut the vocal about in half, but he is not yet sufficiently versatile to bring off anything like a ballad without repeating devices and posturing.

The musicianship is uniformly good. Miles is an accomplished drummer. He does some groovy things with dilated single-stroke rolls in several spots and plays consistently well in the ensemble.

He may also be a good organist, guitar-

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ist and bassist, but there's no way of telling, since instrumentation for each track is not given. One assumes, therefore, that the interesting guitar work is McCarty's—very tight backing and some highly intelligent use of wawa on *Train* and *Mule*. The horn charts are well played, but it is an indication of the dearth of excitement there that a single dissonant descending slide toward the close of *Lovelight* is effective, even jolting; one might well have forgotten the horns' presence altogether.

Except as dance music, the album doesn't recommend itself. Word is that one of the reasons for the Flag's dissolution was the repeated collision of inflated egos. True or not, this record comes off as an extended ego trip for the leader. He had best decide whether he wants a nine-piece band or the Buddy Miles Show with accompaniment—and if the latter, he'd best get his singing a lot more together.

—Heineman

The Mothers of Invention

UNCLE MEAT—Reprise/Bizarre 2024: *Uncle Meat*; *The Voice of Cheese*; *Nine Tykes of Industrial Pollution*; *Zolar Czaki*; *Dog Breath in the Year of the Plague*; *The Legend of the Golden Arches*; *Louie Louie*; *The Dog Breath Variations*; *Sleeping in a Jar*; *Our Bizarre Relationship*; *The Uncle Meat Variations*; *Electric Aunt Jemima*; *Prelude to King Kong*; *God Bless America*; *A Pound for a Brown on a Bus*; *Ian Underwood Whips It Out*; *Mr. Green Genes*; *We Can Shoot You*; *"If We'd All Been Living in California"*; *The Air*; *Project X*; *Cruising for Burgers*; *King Kong*.

Personnel: Bunk Gardner, Euclid Sherwood, reeds; Ian Underwood, reeds, organ piano, harpsichord, celeste; Arrie Tripp, Ruth Komanoff, vibraphone, marimba, xylophone, miscellaneous percussion; Frank Zappa, guitar, vocals, percussion; Don Preston, electric piano; Roy Estrada, electric bass, vocals; Jimmy Carl Black, Billy Mundt, drums; Ray Collins, Neley Walker (tracks 5 and 11), vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

"*Freaking Out* is a process whereby an individual casts off outmoded standards . . . in order to express CREATIVELY his relationship to his immediate environment and the social structure as a whole." —Frank Zappa. Part serious, part promotional jive—but Zappa's insistence on "immediate environment" is one reason why the Mothers have produced remarkable satire and one reason why the musical end of their spectrum seems to be gaining an independent life.

Zappa has made it clear that, for him, the "immediate environment" is 99% garbage, to which his response has been violent and accurate satire (*America Drinks and Goes Home*, for example). But the musical means he uses to cloak that satire are so technically extravagant that formal relationships arise in the music which have nothing to do with the satirical impulse.

Zappa is aware of this, since he has complained in print that no one notices the musical complexity of things like *Son of Suzy Creamcheese*, but I think his complaints are naive or put-ons. A true satirist wants to get his message across, and to hell with whether or not anyone digs the aesthetic doo-dads. But Zappa seems to care as much, if not more, about the musical trimmings as the satire.

This comes through strongly on *Uncle Meat*, which contains most of the music from the Mothers' unfinished movie of the same name. (Incidentally, the soundtrack label doesn't have its usual signifi-

cance; the music will probably inspire the action rather than the other way around.) The two-LP set is mostly instrumental, and, in typical Mothers' fashion, there is something for everyone—straight-ahead jazz with electronic frills, the usual expert satire, and a heavy dose of the abstract music that has grown on Zappa's satire like penicillin.

The jazz performances are *King Kong* (which takes up one side) and *Underwood*. All the Mothers can function in a jazz context, and the three reedmen are skilled in the Coltrane-Ayler idiom. Sherwood takes a brief, intentionally hilarious solo on *King Kong*, in which avant-garde mannerisms are interspersed with grunts and slobbering sounds. It could be taken as an insult to the music, but that's not the way I hear it. On the same track, Gardner solos on alto with an octave divider, I think, and later Underwood plays alto through some sort of electronic device that makes the horn sound just like an electric guitar.

The best jazz performances are Preston's electric piano solo on *King Kong* (the first work I've heard on that instrument which really uses its virtues), and Underwood's on the track named for him—a concert tape featuring an alto solo over a swinging background. While Underwood is not as advanced rhythmically as he is melodically (some accents sound like Phil Woods'), it is a driving performance.

For those who've heard the Mothers before, there's no need to describe their vocal lampoons, but, for those who haven't, Zappa is into a Southern California-dada-1953 *Mad* magazine-science fiction-Guess What Mom and Dad are Doing in the Bedroom-bag. Some of the music on these tracks is functional accompaniment, some is savage parody, but Zappa's talent turns most of into formal elaboration (the staggered vocal lines at the end of *Air*, for example).

And that kind of elaboration is what we hear throughout the non-jazz instrumental tracks (the bulk of the set). The basic ensemble consists of saxophones and/or woodwinds (often electrically modified), harpsichord, guitar, drums, and a large array of mallet percussion. First, all these instruments are expertly played. Second, Zappa has obviously listened carefully to a number of 20th century classical composers. We hear additive rhythms a la Stravinsky on the title theme and *The Dog Breath Variations*, woodwind passages that might be from Varese on *Project X* and *Dog Breath*, and more, all of which Zappa uses expertly in pretty much his own way. There are brilliant episodes on every one of these tracks, and the brief *Zolar Czaki* stands out as a gem-like little invention.

At present, the music's emotional range seems to be limited to mystery, humor, violence, and the pleasure of abstract formal relationships. That is quite a lot, but music can touch many more emotions than these, ones that I think run deeper.

What Zappa and the Mothers do they do superbly, and, although I want more from music than they have to offer right now, this set is brilliant entertainment. Perhaps Zappa will realize that a com-

impulse- power.



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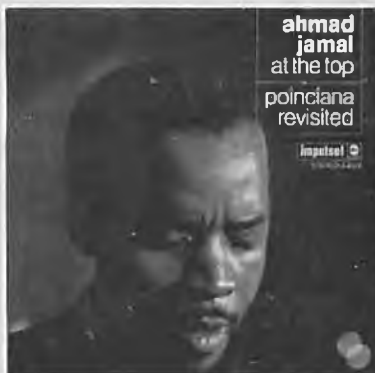


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—Kart

Baden Powell

FRESH WINDS—United Artists International
15559; *Deve Ser Amor*; *Choro para Metronome*;
Adagio; *Birimbau*; *Samba en Preludio*; *Chanson*
d'Hiver; *Samba Triste*; *Berceuse a Jussara*; *Prelude*
de Bach; *Enrilyce*; *Bachiana*.
Personnel: Powell, guitar; P. Massalier, bass;
A. Motta, drums; S. Silveira, percussion; Paul
Mauriat Orchestra.

Rating: ★★★★★

Manitas DePlata

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Columbia CS 9791; *Arabesque de l'Alhambra*; *Le*
Ciudad de Don Pablo; *Fandangos de la Mala-*
suerte; *Fiesta Andaluza*; *Fandango por Soleares*
a Dos Guitarras; *Por el Camino de Ronda*;
Danse Aragonaise; *Seguriya por Fandangos del*
Hijo; *Noche de Feria*; *Tientos por Tres*.
Personnel: DePlata, guitar; Manero DePlata,
vocals, guitar; unidentified guitarist.

Rating: ★★★★★½

These two fine albums may miss the
attention of guitar lovers, particularly
those who usually limit themselves to jazz
or blues/rock. Powell and DePlata are
truly marvelous players and artists. Of the
two, I prefer Powell (listed on his album's
cover only as Baden), but that may be
because of my own jazz/blues predilec-
tions or because nearly an hour of De-
Plata's repertoire is a bit much for those
who are, like me, uninitiated in the glories
and subtleties of Spanish flamenco-Gypsy
guitar music. One shouldn't really have to
choose, though, for each man can take the
listener on a beautiful musical trip.

Powell's album was first issued about
three years ago as *Le Monde de Baden*
Powell on the Barclay label in France,
where he was, and may still be residing.
Fortunately, someone sent me a copy
when it came out, and I've been playing
it all that time for myself and for friends
who appreciate music of the highest order,
no matter the genre. It is easily one of
the most musical albums extant, partly be-
cause of the broad range of material (Bach
prelude, bossa novas, even a little jazz)
and the thoughtful programming but most-
ly because of the sophisticated musical
mind at work and the fine-spun-cobweb
improvisations. He eschews amplification,
but his strong fingers bring out all the
colors of true guitar sound, and when
done right, as Powell does, that sound
needs no electronic help.

Most of Powell's playing is finger-style,
and he is so adroit at it that he sometimes
sounds like a whole orchestra, with the
arpeggios and lines tumbling over each
other like a school of fish in a frolicsome
mood. The result is a lush ball of sound.
The majority of tracks are unaccompanied
guitar, and it is in these performances that
his artistry can be seen in full flower—
on the emotional side, always a touch of
whimsy, an underlying mood of sadness
(without tears) that is quite touching; and
on the musical side, highly complex and
subtle accenting, shading of tone (from
hard as steel to soft as fur), star-bright
lines and chords (you hear every note of
the chord, no mushiness at all), and re-
markable continuity of feeling and con-
cept within each piece.

All tracks are excellent, but if I had
to make a choice I would pick *Amor* (a
high-flying bossa nova with bass-and-



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drums accompaniment), *Metronome* (which uses a metronome as accompanist, a perfect way to show the pliability of Powell's rhythm), *Triste* (how to swing hard but maintain perfect control), and *Berceuse* (a childlike theme and fetchingly simple performance).

DePlata is a hell-on-wheels musician. He brings the hot blood of the Gypsy to whatever he plays, searing the listener with fire-spitting runs that streak down the fingerboard, running over him with masses of wildly squirming lines, beating him about the ears with a heavily percussive attack. Sometimes he sounds as if he would tear his instrument to shreds. Ah, but such beauty, such excitement, such earthiness, such sensuality in this man's work!

Two tracks feature his son Manero singing so passionately and plaintively it's as if the man were in death throes.

If you'd like to broaden your musical view, you could do worse than investigate the beauties of these albums. There's a lot of superb music on each. —DeMicheal

Sonny Simmons

MUSIC FROM THE SPHERES—ESP 1043: *Resolutions*; *Zarak's Symphony*; *Balladia*; *Dolphy's Days*.

Personnel: Barbara Donald, trumpet; Simmons, alto saxophone; Burt Wilson, tenor saxophone (track 4 only); Mike Cohen, piano; June Booth, bass; Jim Zitto, drums.

Rating: ★★

Prince Lasha—Sonny Simmons

FIREBIRDS—Contemporary 7617: *The Island Song*; *Psalms of Solomon*; *Prelude to Bird*; *The Loved Ones*; *Firebirds*.

Personnel: Lasha, alto saxophone, flute, alto clarinet; Simmons, alto saxophone, English horn; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Buster Williams, bass; Charles Moffett, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The Contemporary set, recorded in the autumn of 1967, is valuable because Hutcherson replaces a piano in the rhythm section, which he doesn't do on his own records. He is heard throughout the three long tracks, accompanying provocatively in *Psalms*, soloing and accompanying grandly in *Firebirds*, and soloing beautifully in *Island*. The program is a series of woodwind duets which tend to evolve into sameness rather quickly, but Hutcherson's strange chime sound, the shocking angularity of his phrases and their daring placement, and his cubism amidst these contemporary romantics all attract and sustain interest during the performances.

Even if Hutcherson's held-note solo and accompaniment in the closing sequence of *Firebirds* suggest a set piece, his work there might be a model of how to play in this early-free style. Better yet, his jaunty *Island* solo creates and sustains a subtle tension by carefully developing a handful of rhythmic ideas in a solo worthy of Monk at his mid-'50s best. Hutcherson is one of the few musicians who understand the structural tension that is the essence of Monk, and he may be the only one to work in the same musical areas—however more abstract his harmonies, however more old-fashioned the rhythmic features of his music. Hutcherson makes this LP important, for from beginning to end he is out of sight.

But, however he may have stimulated Lasha and Simmons, Hutcherson is by no means integrated into the group. The

record is simply two musicians having a good time—modest outlines and happy improvised duets, satisfying music on the two alto saxes, rather expressionless on the other instruments.

Lasha is not a forceful or energetic player. The good-natured quality of these set-ups is a mirror of his musical mind: he performs well within this superficially broad emotional framework, but Hutcherson is there, too, showing stronger possibilities.

Simmons' problem—less noticeable in the jolly interplay with Lasha, but quite evident in his own 1968 recording—is that he has an energetic musical urge without a definite sense of style and emotions. If Dolphy is his master, Coleman has determined a goodly share of his playing, and

in the ESP disk the current New York school (Charles Tyler, Pharoah Sanders, et. al.) has indicated much of his way. He covers all the possibilities in each of his solos, too, and if they are good, forceful, logical works, they are, even so, less than the sum of their parts. Nothing seems to be crucial to Simmons but his energy, and that lacks emotional direction so much as to be indecisive. The lines are Dolphy-like, without Dolphy's clarity.

Otherwise, the ESP set has Wilson's reasonable modern tenor in *Dolphy's*, a very appropriate Cecil Taylor-styled pianist, and trumpeter Barbara Donald, who is emotionally aware of herself, even if the quality of her ideas varies widely. *Zarak's* has a Simmons' solo that is more concentrated than the others, which implies that

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perhaps this session is not really representative of his musical thinking. Recording quality is reasonable (in other words, above ESP's usual standards), and once more ESP, in its never-ending attempt to sabotage its own records, has not named the LP's title and artists on the rather grotty cover.

—Litweiler

Various Artists

JAZZ FOR A SUNDAY AFTERNOON, VOL. 4—Solid State 18052: 13 Avenue B; *Stella* By *Starlight*.

Personnel: Marvin Stamm, trumpet; Garnett Brown, trombone; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Attention, all you Wayne Shorter freaks, Joe Hendersonheads, and other lovers of late-bop tenor: Joe Farrell has come to wipe you out. His solo on *Stella* is a killer, absolutely iron-clad, perfectly structured (and for this school of saxists that's the name of the game), a joy to listen to over and over. Of course, structures like Farrell's here—or the unit-structured things by Shorter, Henderson, et. al.—are not really so complicated to create, however subtly done (in this kind of music, subtlety ain't really that subtle). But Farrell, in *Stella*, has lots of bright musical ideas (structure is no substitute for imagination), and mainly he's a *hot* tenor player. His solo in *13* isn't as good (though the structure is nearly as impervious), but his exchanges with Jones are wild. Here's evidence that Joe Farrell is a tenor player to be listened to seriously.

This is an old-fashioned blowing set; on one side the obligatory blues, on the other one of the most dreadful ballads the sinful mind of Western man has yet devised, made tolerable by the rhythm section's lively double-timing. The players blow to their hearts' content, and this is, to me, an advantage: we can hear what they have to say and how much they want to say; in many ways the most revealing kind of LP set-up.

Here, for instance, we learn that Brown and Corea are thoroughly able, modern, aware musicians who either are quite conventional thinkers or else were recorded on an off-day. Richard Davis' music is quite showy: he is rather insensitive behind the soloists and his *13* solo suggests an attempt to kill the crowd. Elvin Jones is relaxed and alert, so his playing behind Farrell and Stamm is occasionally strong and lifting.

Stamm is an interesting musician. Some of his rhythmic ideas are Clark Terry-herky-jerky-like, and there are moments of grandstanding in the half-ironic Lee Morgan manner. His first chorus of *Stella* is enjoyable and his work throughout suggests many musical possibilities which he seldom follows through. Stamm is no longer a youngster, but these improvisations suggest nothing so much as a first-chair college-band trumpeter on his first trip into the big world. Like Farrell, he may well become a strong musician.

This LP, then, is music to listen to on a Sunday afternoon, after eating a large dinner, and while sitting relaxed in a soft chair, with several very modern soloists to smile and pat your feet to, and Joe Farrell now and then to wake you up. Isn't that enough reason to buy a record?—Litweiler

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JEAN-LUC PONTY BLINDFOLD TEST

JEAN-LUC PONTY is by no means the only violinist of the new jazz generation. Michael White was a *Down Beat* Critics Poll winner in 1967. Ornette Coleman has been playing violin publicly since 1965. This year, however, has seen a great international surge of interest in the sound and style of this amazing young Frenchman.

Born in 1942 in Normandy, the son of a violin teacher, Ponty won a prize at the Paris Conservatory at the age of 17. He learned about jazz through records by Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane, and for a while experimented on tenor sax and clarinet. Later, playing violin with the Concerts Lamoureux orchestra, he heard Stephane Grappelli and was convinced the violin could provide a vehicle for his avant garde concepts. It was the late Stuff Smith, however, who provided his greatest inspiration. ("Such a shock! I heard one of his records and played it all day long, every day, for three months. It was a complete revelation of the value of my instrument for jazz expression.")

Last March, Ponty visited Los Angeles to record two albums for World Pacific, a big band set with Gerald Wilson's orchestra and a live LP at Donte's accompanied by the George Duke Trio. He took time out for his first Blindfold Test. He was given no information about the records played. —Leonard Feather



GIUSEPPE FINO

1. BOBBY BRYANT. *Earth Dance* (from *Earth Dance*, World Pacific). Bryant, trumpet; Melvin Moore, violin; Bill Peterson, composer; Dale Frank, arranger.

I don't know who is playing there. I don't like the way the violin is used. I think it makes too big a difference between the sound of the big band—which is a good sound here—and too much classical approach on the violin with the vibrato.

The chart sounds good, and I like the trumpet solo. Three stars for the trumpet and chart. . . .

2. ALBERT AYLER. *Love Cry* (from *Love Cry*, Impulse). Ayler, tenor saxophone; Donald Ayler, trumpet; Alon Silva, bass; Milford Graves, drums.

That, of course, is Albert Ayler. I don't remember the name of the tune, but I've already heard it on the radio in France. I like this one particularly. I don't like all the work of Albert Ayler, but I think he has much humor, and especially when I hear this tune, I enjoy it and it makes me happy.

Sometimes this music reminds me of when I was in a military band and we were joking (I played tenor sax then) playing military marches. Anyway, he took a hard direction. He is one of the rare musicians who broke all old tradition completely; harmony and structures. I'm speaking in general of this music.

On this particular track I like the sound—of Albert Ayler himself, of his brother on trumpet, and from the drummer and bassist too. I think it's a very good general sound of the group. Four stars.

3. JOHN HANDY. *Dancy Dancy* (from *The 2nd John Handy Album*, Columbia). Handy, alto saxophone, composer; Mike White, violin; Jerry Hahn, guitar.

I don't know this album, but I recognize John Handy on alto sax, so I think the violinist is Mike White. If I hadn't recognized Handy, I should not have found it was Mike White, because I never heard him playing that way. I heard him

play only free jazz, but I'm sure it is Mike White.

I like this tune particularly. I didn't hear the group playing this tune. I didn't know it, but it's very swinging and very groovy. I like what the drummer is doing, too. John Handy is a musician I have much esteem for. I know about Mike White—he's very swinging on this tune. I think it's a pity he doesn't have more technical ability. I think he could play much better; I think he's limited by his technical ability, and he could be fantastic. He has wonderful timing. Four stars for him and John Handy.

4. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Fiddler On the Diddle* (from *Virgin Islands Suite*, Reprise). Ray Nance, violin; Ellington, composer.

That was Ray Nance with Duke Ellington. It's very difficult for me to judge another violinist, because it's really my instrument. I practised so much on it during many years in the classical way, and since I started to play jazz I had in my mind a special sound, any phrasing I wanted to make. This makes it difficult for me to listen to other violinists in jazz.

I think he has a very nice sound, and I know that he's first a trumpet player, and so he uses very well the maximum of his possibilities on the violin. He doesn't try to make many things, and many effects. He plays very simply, with humility. I liked especially this tune, which I never heard before—I mean the solo he took there. He's not the jazz violinist I prefer, but anyway, three stars.

5. ROLAND KIRK. *A Flower is a Lovesome Thing* (from *Left and Right*, Atlantic). Kirk, strich; Billy Strayhorn, composer; Gil Fuller, arranger.

All along I tried to find who played saxophone and I was disturbed by the sound, but I don't know who. Anyway, this is a wonderful melody, I think written by Duke Ellington—or Billy Strayhorn.

I like very much the way in which the strings are used. It makes a very strong, material sound behind it, it's very dense,

like a forest. The way the chart was written with those long notes as background of strings and brass which go across . . . it makes a very good mixing. I would like very much to play with such a background. It's very exciting; I give four stars.

6. EDDIE LANG-JOE VENUTI. *Stringin' the Blues* (from *Stringin' the Blues*, Columbia). Lang, guitar; Venuti, violin. Recorded 1927.

I don't know too many violin records, and very little jazz violin history, but I think this was Eddie South. This is more difficult for me to find because I think at that period the sound of the violin was not really similar. Maybe because at that time they didn't play with an amplifier. It also was maybe Django on guitar.

I like very much the chord changes on the guitar and the sound. I'm not especially excited by the violin here. Maybe because I'm too young to really appreciate. Three stars for both of them.

7. GEORGE BENSON. *I Remember Wes* (from *Goodies*, Verve). Benson, guitar, composer; Chuck Rainey, Fender bass; Leo Morris, drums; Horace Ott, arranger.

This was Wes Montgomery with strings. I don't know the album, but I recognize the sound of the guitar—of Wes. The sound and the attack too, and of course, some chords. It was really a unique sound and he was the guitarist I preferred; I should have enjoyed so much the opportunity to meet him and play with him.

About this tune: I liked the introduction but I was disappointed after that, and I think that without the sound of Wes Montgomery I shouldn't recognize him. I think he doesn't really play there like he really could play. I feel he's lost here in the middle of the strings; it's a banal arrangement. I don't like the use of the Fender bass at this kind of tempo. I also didn't like the drumming—that straight afterbeat all the way along this ballad playing double tempo.

I cannot give more than two stars comparing what Wes Montgomery is capable of playing.





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Would you believe a high school band could become the hit of an intercollegiate jazz festival?

You better believe it. It happened, when the brothers Costanzo—Domenick (Sonny) and Sam—added a Connecticut high school competition as a morning event to the festival. Five schools competed, and the winning group from Central High in Bridgeport, Conn. so thrilled the judging panel that the band was asked to appear with the college groups in the finals that night.

"Wait'll you hear those kids," judge Ernie Wilkins told us before the night event. "They're better than a lot of the college groups. And they've got a kid in a wheelchair who plays fluegelhorn and leads the band at the same time. You wait and see."

Judge Clem DeRosa nodded agreement. The other judges were the Berklee School of Music's Robert Share, Marian McPartland, Clark Terry, and Ed Shaughnessy.

The New York University Jazz Ensemble, which won last year's festival, repeated their victory. The 17-piece group, led by Dr. Joseph Scianni, uses vibraharp instead of piano. There was no string bass, but the drums were augmented by a tambourine player. While the hornmen soloed, other band members clapped their hands in rhythm.

When the awards were being given, a thin young man, Bill Dobbins, twice went to the podium. Pianist with the Kent (Ohio) State University Jazz Trio, he was given an award and Berklee scholarship as outstanding arranger-composer. Later, on behalf of the trio, he also accepted the award for best jazz combo.

Had there been an award for the best pianist, Dobbins might well have made a third trip to the podium.

To Roy King, drummer with the Kent trio, went the award for runner-up percussionist. Last year, he won the first of three percussion prizes for his work with a Heidelberg College group. This year's top percussion prize, the Joe Morello Award, went to Ken Madell of the M.I.T. Jazz Quintet.

The M.I.T. band and quintet were again honored when Rich Orr won the outstanding trombonist award. Gerald Thomas of the N.Y.U. Jazz Ensemble was outstanding trumpet player, and Dana Mathewson of the State University of New York at Buffalo Concert Jazz Ensemble was outstanding woodwind player.

Only two girls were in the competing groups. One played bass in the Buffalo ensemble. The other played piano—and beautifully—in the Philadelphia Music Academy Jazz Unity combo. She was Sonia Frank, a recent award winner at the Villanova festival.

It was after the finalists had performed and the judges were deliberating that the Central High Jazz Group from Bridgeport was brought on stage to play two numbers and receive the high school award. Richard Alfonso, a chubby young fellow in a wheelchair, had his back toward the audience when the lights went on. He

gave the downbeat and the 12-piece group went to work. Richard swung his wheelchair around, put the fluegelhorn to his lips and let out with a powerhouse sound that just about equaled anything the crowd had heard all night. Holding and fingering the horn with his right hand, he kept his left hand busy, snapping his fingers and leading his fellow bandmen. They produced a more adult sound than any high school group Sonny Costanzo said he had ever heard.

The band received a standing ovation from the crowded hall, and Clem DeRosa ran on stage to present the award to Alfonso. "Great band!" he shouted. Then Clark Terry came rushing from the wings to congratulate the young leader. Credit for the success of the Central High group must certainly go to the men who coach the band—trumpeter Joe Marsulli and saxist Dick Burlant, both of whom were mainstays of one of Connecticut's outstanding jazz bands in recent years, Gene Hull's Jazz Giants.

To climax the festival, Sonny Costanzo brought his Quinnipiac Jazz Workshop Band on stage to perform a Dave Brubeck composition. Brubeck, who was present, was given a special award by Quinnipiac College president John H. Herder for his valued contributions to the school's workshop program.

—Rocky Clark

The Red Onion Jazz Band— Natalie Lamb

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: John Bucher, cornet; Richard Dreiwitz, trombone; Denis Brady, clarinet and soprano saxophone; Henry Ross, piano; Eric Hassell, banjo and guitar; Arnold Hyman, bass; Bob Thompson, drums; Miss Lamb, vocals.

The ROJB has existed, with various changes in personnel, since 1952. In its present form, it ranks high among the several white groups which staunchly perpetuate the jazz style and repertoire of days which, but for the phonograph record, would be beyond accurate recall.

At Town Hall, the band stomped and moaned its way through a nostalgic repertoire of early jazz tunes with zest and an unmistakably true devotion. Their art is an imitative one, to be sure, but they are able to achieve an unusual freshness in their playing and their individual sources of inspiration are not easily pinpointed.

I was particularly impressed by the rhythm section, so often the stumbling block of modern-day traditional bands. The ROJB rhythm section had the benefit of Ross' piano playing, which is light and agile. Ross, a Supreme Court reporter, displayed a disparity of styles, all of which he played with a sleight of hand that defies his semi-professional status. Even Hassell's banjo maintained an uncharacteristic lightness throughout, although that might have been due, in part, to the amplification system.

A criticism of the amplification system may be unjust, for the band showed an almost total disregard for the microphones. Consequently, much of Brady's playing was lost. However, what the audience did hear of his clarinet was very fine.

Bucher also strayed away from the

microphone from time to time but the crisp tone of his cornet still got through and his effortless and imaginative playing was one of the highlights of the evening.

Trombonist Dreiwitz failed to impress me. His playing was awkward and far below the standards set by the rest of the band. He was also given fewer solos.

About half of the evening's program featured singer Natalie Lamb, a shapely blond who possesses a powerful, copious



JACK BRADLEY

Natalie Lamb

contralto voice and obviously has spent a great deal of time listening to some of the masters of the art she is upholding—an art which reached its zenith with such blues ladies as Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith.

Miss Lamb has successfully captured the spirit and tone of her predecessors, particularly in such numbers as *Yonder Come the Blues* and *Trombone Cholly*. She does, however, lack the mournful quality of the great classic blues singers, and here versions of such laments as *Backwater Blues* and *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out* were not convincing.

That Miss Lamb might possibly be the last of the red hot mamas, as Dan Morgenstern hinted three years ago, is substantiated by her spirited, raucous renditions of such ragtime era favorites as *There'll Be a Hot Time in Old Town Tonight* and *Some of These Days*.

Both the ROJB and Miss Lamb are, of course, somewhat of an anachronism. Then again, perhaps the same might be said of any modern-day string quartet which plays the works of Mozart and Schubert.

New Yorkers could again be grateful for the efforts of The New York Hot Jazz Society (with whose cooperation this concert was arranged) in bringing this type of jazz to a wider public. The concert was recorded, and is scheduled for release on the Biograph label in the near future.

—Chris Albertson

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Illini Jazz Festival

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This festival was born out of a desire to present some of the better college jazz talent in a non-competitive atmosphere—no judges, rating sheets, trips to St. Louis, kewpie dolls, etc.; just music. Also, the festival was one of a series of musical events which inaugurated the U. of Illinois' handsome new Krannert Center for the Performing Arts.

In his review of two records by the U. of Illinois Band (*DB*, June 12), Dan Morgenstern said that "in and of itself there should be nothing fantastic about the fact that college students are capable of playing fine jazz." I agree. After all, looking only at the most recent past, how old were Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Han-

cock, Tony Williams, Charles Clark, et. al., when they began to produce significant music, music which was judged by the same high standards applied to others?

Therefore, it is granting the Illinois Band no special privilege to say that it is one of the best bands in existence. On the one hand, Ellington (and perhaps Basie, too) are in a special class; on the other, bands like Sun Ra's, Chicago's A.A.C.M. ensemble, and Horace Tapscott's Los Angeles-based group are making a different kind of music; otherwise, I would rather hear the Illinois Band than any other. It has a superbly relaxed, listening rhythm section (pianist Ron Elliston, bassist John Monaghan, and drummer Chuck Braughman), interesting soloists (trumpeter/flugelhornists Cecil Bridgewater and Jim

Knapp, reedmen Howie Smith and Ron Dewar, and Elliston), fine writing from within the band by Knapp, Bridgewater, Smith, and trombonist Larry Dwyer, an entertaining soul singer in Don Smith, and a great enthusiasm for playing which is instantly communicated to the audience.

Their set Saturday evening was a delight, with band and soloists sounding



Ron Dewar

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considerably more relaxed than they had at the Notre Dame Festival. Bridgewater's flugelhorn solo on *I'm Glad There Is You* was one of those magic moments when a man gets into his music so deeply that time seems to stand still (Knapp's arrangement has the intimacy and passion of a loved one's caress). Dewar was protean: an explosive mainstream modernist on *Sister Sadie*, a sensitive interpreter on Knapp's *Festival Piece* (which must have been written with the gritty yet lyrical sound of his tenor playing in mind), and a successful recreator on Dwyer's *Old Beelzebub Blues*, where his E-flat clarinet solo sounded remarkably like Johnny Dodds. I don't want to make this into a list, but every thing the band played sounded good. Credit should also be given to director John Garvey, for his intelligent tension-and-release programming.

The other bands which appeared had their virtues, but they were not in Illinois' class. Memphis State, who performed without their reportedly remarkable trombonist Danny Hollis, seemed to want to relax more than their rather tight rhythm section would allow. Their ensemble sound was pleasantly warm, and their best soloist was a promising tenor saxophonist (either Phil Smith or Gary Goldsmith, I couldn't quite catch the name). *High Heeled Slicakers*, which featured a wonderfully relaxed vocal by trumpeter Reid McCoy was their best number.

I was unable to remain for all the U. of Indiana Band's set, so a final opinion would be unfair, but the 2½ numbers I heard were not to my taste, either in writing or performance. Leader Dave Baker does most of the writing, and he seems to have turned from the exciting 1947-Gillespie-Gil Fuller flavor of his well-known *Screaming Meemies* to Coltrane-like modality with Kentonesque orchestration. The drumming was loud and busy, although it did seem as if some kind of explosion were needed to move the brass-heavy writing. Perhaps I just caught them on a bad night.

Three of the combos which appeared were composed of Illinois students, al-

though not all the performers were members of the big band. Ron Elliston's Quintet (Bridgewater; tenor saxophonist Larry Cangelosi; Elliston; bassist Jeff Foote, and drummer Rick Kvistad) lacks a unified approach, maybe because the leader's introspective solo style doesn't mesh with the more assertive music of the horn players. Elliston's music is reminiscent of Bill Evan's *circa* 1962 (the Village Vanguard period), but he convinces you that he has arrived at that mode of expression entirely on his own. It is a beautiful music which no one else is playing these days, Evans included, and, hearing Elliston, one can only be grateful that he does what he does.

Bridgewater seemed to be much more in his element with his own sextet (trombonist Mervin Jones; tenor saxophonist Howie Smith; pianist Don Smith; bassist Foote, and drummer Maurice McKinley). The style was 1960s mainstream modern, with Don Smith's solos giving hints of a real understanding of Cecil Taylor. The surprises of the group, to me, were the cooking drums of McKinley (he plays conga in the big band) and the solo work of Howie Smith. A superb lead altoist with the big band, he here displayed a deep-toned voice on tenor, avoiding fashionable Coltrane mannerisms in his carefully structured yet hot improvising. I suspect that Smith, like many young saxophone players, is re-examining Sonny Rollins.

The last Illinois group was Ron Dewar's Quartet (Knapp, Dewar, Monaghan, and Braughan), and, aside from Don Smith's piano solos, it was the only group that hinted at the avant garde. As mentioned above, Dewar has many voices on his instruments, and the group seemed to take their cues from this skill. They began with a statement of Rollins' *St. Thomas* in which each phrase of the melody was swung powerfully, but in which the space between phrases was allowed to expand or contract quite freely. The performance then evolved into a long, relaxed conversation among four equals, with Dewar generally proposing the changes of mood. It was a dramatic music with an affinity to Roscoe Mitchell's approach, but occasionally there was a "we're feeling our way" quality, which indicates that more must be risked, technically and emotionally, for total success. Still, on their present achievements, this group and Bridgewater's are more interesting and enjoyable than most groups now being recorded. And a record of Elliston in a context compatible with his style would be a delight.

The other combos came from Indiana and Michigan State. Indiana's Harry Miedema Quartet (trumpeter Larry Wiseman; alto and soprano saxophonist Miedema; pianist Steve Alle; bassist Dave Baker, and drummer Harry Wilkerson) was professional but unimpressive, drawing their material from the conventions of late-'50s post-bop. Miedema's solos were well organized, but, as John Litweiler is fond of saying, structure is no substitute for ideas.

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mer Billy Parker, and vocalist Dee Dee Garrett) was a bore, with the leader sounding like a fourth-rate Parker imitator, or, looking at it in another way, like a Gigi Gryce disciple. Miss Garrett came on like a young Nancy Wilson, and I'd hoped that one Nancy Wilson was all we'd have to endure.

Also appearing were the Melodons, a big band from Notre Dame High School in Niles, Illinois. I suppose that for a high school band comparative rather than absolute standards should be used, and since I haven't heard enough high school bands to make an accurate comparison. I must cop out. The Melodons were spirited and technically clean in ensemble, but none of their soloists seemed to be promising improvisers, and the band's material, except for an arrangement of Archie Shepp's *Hambone*, was uninteresting.

On the whole then, an enjoyable afternoon and evening of music, and while the excellence of the Illinois Band and small groups is, as indicated above, not that startling a phenomenon, they are very good. I assume and hope that elsewhere there are college performers who can meet their standards of achievement i.e. the standards of the jazz world in general.

—Larry Kart

Muddy Waters—Michael Bloomfield—Paul Butterfield

Auditorium Theater, Chicago

Personnel: Waters, guitar, vocals; Bloomfield, guitar; Butterfield, harmonica; Otis Spann, piano; Ira Kamin, organ; Donald (Duck) Dunn, bass; Sam Lay, Buddy Miles, drums; Nick Gravenites, guitar, vocals; Quick-silver Messenger Service (John Cipollina, guitar; David Freiberg, bass; Greg Elmore, drums); James Cotton, harmonica. Ace of Cups.

It was the names of Butterfield and Bloomfield that drew most of the 2,800 young persons to the Cosmic Joy Scouts Super Jam, a benefit concert for the metaphysical Phoenix Fellowship; but it was Muddy Waters who fused those 2,800 individuals into a screaming mass of hysterically happy humanity.

Waters was really ready for this performance, since he had just the night before finished a scorching three-day recording session with Bloomfield and Butterfield, plus the never-let-up rhythm section of Spann, Dunn, and Lay.

It was a musically rewarding reunion of the two B's with Waters and Spann, who a few years ago were the young men's informal teachers. It was basically the same group that performed at the concert, and they continued in the spirit of the recording.

By the time Waters came onstage, the audience was ready, too. It had been brought to the edge of ecstasy by a set featuring Butterfield, Bloomfield, and Miles.

This lead-in session began with Bloomfield singing *Hey! Little School Girl*. His singing is not spectacular, but his guitar playing is of consistent and high quality. Throughout the night, his work was seldom less than superb—no electronic tricks marred the clear-toned, snaking lines that leaped from his amp; few clichés muddled the logic of his phrases or the finely etched shape of his solos; no hesitation damped the fire or broke the almost-hypnotic spell

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of his improvisations.

On *Losin' Hand*, a slow blues (his meat), Butterfield sang with remarkable intensity and feeling. After the first vocal, he showed why he is, for my money, the best blues harmonica man around.

He tore off a roaring, almost chilling chorus filled with yelps, howls, screams, and moans that was reminiscent of a passel of mourners at an Italian funeral. Bloomfield's heart-slashing solo and the call-and-response between him and Butterfield were other high points of *Losin' Hand*.

Miles was the featured singer for *Down on Broadway* and *Texas*. He is generally a satisfying blues shouter, sort of a credible Lou Rawls, and he is a master of falsetto, which he used to humorous effect in exchanges with Bloomfield's guitar on *Texas*. (As a drummer, Miles leaves something to be desired—he drives plenty, but his playing is often clumsy and uneven.)

Then it was Muddy Waters' time.

With the excellent Lay in place of Miles and Spann added on piano, he went in a medium-grooved *Hoochie Coochie Man*. His seasoned-leather voice and ever-varied delivery were joyous to behold, and the people (most of them probably hearing him for the first time) fastened onto his singing like filings onto a magnet. During *Hoochie's* breaks, one could hear the soft slapping of thousands of feet keeping perfect time.

He kept them with *Long-Distance Call*, taken at dirge tempo (with Butterfield's harmonica heaving at fever pitch between the vocal phrases). Waters, using his bottleneck adroitly, played a beautifully simple and moving solo (followed by a fine one from Bloomfield) before singing it out.

The next two blues—*Baby, Please Don't Go* and *Sail On*—were pleasant, though not as soul-stirring as *Hoochie* and *Call*. But they were merely calms before the storm.

When Waters and the band went into *Got My Mojo Working*, it was as if electricity shot through the audience.

Mojo is a crowd-shaker to begin with, and this crowd was ready for shaking. Muddy laid it on them heavy and they responded in kind. By the end, everyone was on his feet, yelling his joy. And when Miles raced across the stage to a second set of drums, and Waters went into a faster version of *Mojo*, there was no holding the people. It was one of those rare moments—Mingus at Monterey, Duke at Newport, and now Muddy at the Auditorium . . . 3,000 shouting people, jumping up and down in the aisles, on the seats, made wild by the blues. It was exhortation from both sides of the stage.

The rest of the concert fades into mere prelude and anticlimax, though there was a pretty good set by Gravenites and Quick-silver Messenger Service in the first half (you should forget the Ace of Cups, five girls who opened the show) and a fair jam session (Spann sparkled here) that ended the concert.

But this was Muddy Waters' night, and nothing or nobody could take it from him.

—Don DeMicheal

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TEAR IT DOWN By Wes Montgomery

THIS WES MONTGOMERY solo was transcribed from the Verve LP *Bumpin'* (6-8625). It has been excerpted from the recently published *Wes Montgomery Jazz Guitar Method* (Robbins Music), with text by Lee Garson and guitarist Jimmy Stewart as music editor.

In his notes to the solo portion of the book, Garson points out that "because the left-hand fingering is personal and varies from player to player, it is not notated." Further, "it is suggested that (the student) listens to Wes' records." Notes within parentheses are so-called ghost notes, "notes that are not clearly played nor defined, yet are audible. . . ."

Swing four ♩ = 200 F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7



Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb7 Eb⁶ Ebm7 Ab7 Bb D7

Gm7 C7 F7

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

Cm7 F7 Bb7

Eb⁶ Ebm7 Ab7 Cm7 F7 Bb

Break —————

Guitar Solo

Cm7 F7

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Cm7

F7 Bb7 Eb Ebm7 Ab7 Bb D7

Gm7 C7 Dm7 Gb7 (Db bass) Cm7 F7

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7

Bb7 Eb Ebm7 Ab7 Dm7 Db7

Cm7 F7 Bb G7b9 G+7 2

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Mod A (Beguine)

Guitar 1 *IX* *pp* *mf* *sol*

Guitar 2 *VII* *pp* *mf*

Guitar 3 *VII* *pp* *mf*

Guitar 4 *II* *pp* *mf*

Guitar 5 (optional) *II* *pp* *mf*

Rhythm Gtr (Acoustic) *G* *(G#4)* *D7* *G* *(G#4)* *D7* *E♭ F#* *G A°* *A° E♭7* *Am7 D7*

Muffled Gtr (SUBSTITUTE BASS PART) *mf*

Bass *mf*

Drums *mp*

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1 *A9*

2

3

4

5

Am7 *(b9)* *Am7 D7* *G* *(b9)* *D7* *Dm7 Bm7* *E7* *Am7* *F7 F#°*

(b9) *(b9)* *(b9)* *(b9)*


19

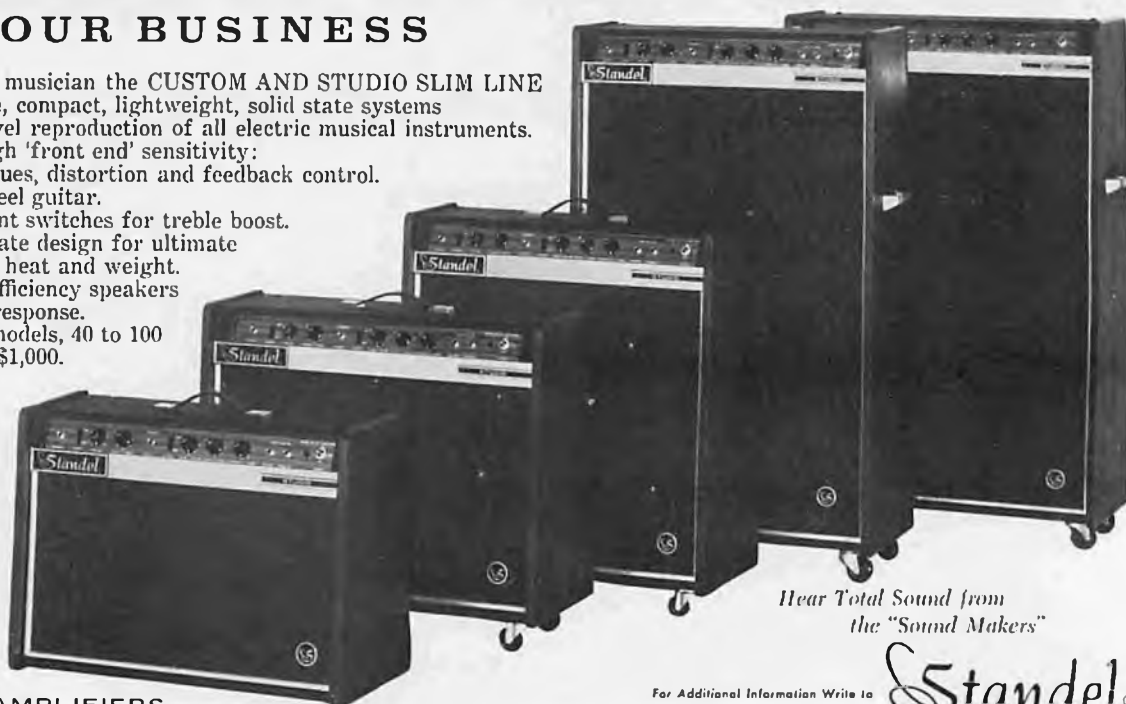
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UPCHURCH

(Continued from page 18)

groove than anything else," the leader explains. It has not yet had much exposure, but at the time of the interview, he was looking forward to an appearance at the St. Louis Jazz Festival on June 15—his first festival gig.

Since he is a very versatile musician who has played in many different bags, we asked Upchurch what he thought of merging rock and jazz.

"A lot of people mix cats with rats by trying to blend the two," he answered. "I think Gary Burton has been the most successful at it. What he's doing is highly original—especially the new album (*Country Roads*) with Steve Swallow playing electric bass. He utilizes the whole range of the instrument without falling apart, and the ensemble work is unbelievable. But most of the other mixing I've heard doesn't come off—the cats don't have that rapport."

"Gary's been shaking me up, and Wes, and Oscar Peterson. The last time I saw Wes, he told me about a Canadian guitarist for about half an hour, raving about this cat (we decided it must have been Sonny Greenwich, though Upchurch couldn't recall the name). I don't think we're going to see another Wes in this generation—someone who'll make the guitar stand out like that. But there are lots of talented guys. George Benson is one of the strongest contenders."

Upchurch finds himself listening more

and more to pianists for inspiration, he says. "Herbie Hancock and McCoy Tyner have really been socking it to me; and Oscar Peterson—he's a speed demon, but he makes sense."

Perhaps surprisingly to some, he also digs the guitar playing of Jimi Hendrix. "He's interesting. A lot of people put him down, and perhaps he does use tricks, but it's imaginative and it's individualistic. To me, it's musical, and he improvises . . ."

As for his own direction, Upchurch would "rather set a trend than follow one. Anyone can jump on a bandwagon and do some Bacharach and Beatles tunes. Wes thought I was going to put him down for playing popular tunes, but he did them his own way. That's what I'd like to accomplish. Simplicity is the key. Wes' thing was never cluttered, and it was always lyrical. The guitar is one of the hardest instruments. With a horn, all you need to get along is playing single notes and lines, but with the guitar, you've got to go in all directions."

Upchurch sometimes regrets that he "didn't come up in New York, where cats could get together and inspire each other in sessions and such. What I came up in was mostly a jobbing situation."

Yet, playing for a living rather than for kicks almost from the start has provided this talented young man with much invaluable experience. It wouldn't be a great surprise to those familiar with his work at its best if someday soon he realized his greatest ambition: "To get a standing ovation just sitting down and playing." **ES**

BLOOMFIELD

(Continued from page 16)

playing is truly intellectual, really complex—it's almost classical, you see, playing seven strings and playing voicings like he does. But still it has heart; there's a great deal of soul in his music, which I just found lacking in most of the jazz guitar players. And when they attempted blues . . . well, I found it just appalling."

Vibrato is another thing that Bloomfield said he found few jazz guitar players used. For some reason, with the guitar, one can get a vibrato that sounds just like a human voice, he said, and it can be made to vibrate horizontally or vertically. "You can play it," he said, "like a sitar. You can play it going across instead of down; you can bend notes seven or eight frets and play it that way. Django did it. B.B. did it. And they sound like voices. They sound like singing. They sound like the ultimate instrument, the human voice. They were the ones for me."

If he could gather together 100 young, promising guitarists, what would he tell them?

"I would tell them to try to play as simply as possible," Bloomfield said, "to reassess their musical knowledge to see how much of their music is just mechanized licks, just something they can play with their eyes closed, just involuntary hand usage, and to assess their music on that point—and then clear all that garbage away. Think, if you've got a lick, where can you use it, and break it down into just notes, leading one note into another, see the logic of music, and learn the value of a note."

"These things sound so horribly abstract, but it took me so many years to learn because I did it wrong for so many years. I just learned licks and put them together any old way I could. I finished my one lick, and then my brain would immediately come up with another lick that was there by rote in my mind. After a while, I would be able to alter the licks a little, and this is how I learned. But it's not the right way to learn. You should be hearing the music in your head, what you want to play, a definite musical pattern. Then play it the way you're hearing it."

"To a young guitar player, this will sound like just so much bull, because he'll hear someone playing 500 notes and he only knows 50 notes. And he won't even know that maybe his 50 notes are being better played and more intelligently played than this guy's 500 notes, because 500 notes make no sense at all."

He paused and reflected for a few moments, and then he said:

"There's another thing—musicality and taste. Oh, God! I've been playing since I'm 13, and I'm 26 now, and I'm just beginning to learn what attack is, what articulation is, how to give one note four or five different values—with vibrato, without vibrato, with attack, with timbre, and things that are just so important to being very musical, to playing highly musical music. You know, musicality. That's all I think about now." **ES**

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(Continued from page 14)

lonious Monk and Horace Silver filled the nights with music. The Gillespies included James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Mike Longo, piano; Jymie Merriitt, bass; and Candy Finch, drums. Monk had his trusty sidekick Charlie Rouse on tenor saxophone, along with two new rhythm associates, bassist Vic Gaskin and drummer Buster Smith. Silver's quintet was made up of Randy Brecker, trumpet; Benny Maupin, tenor saxophone, flute; Lanny Fields, bass; and Alvin Queen, drums . . . Dexter Gordon left for Europe May 5, several weeks ahead of schedule, after doing two weeks at the Vanguard and a Sunday for the Left Bank Jazz Society in Baltimore. His first-week rhythm section was Barry Harris, piano; Ron Carter, bass; and Mickey Roker, drums. For the second week, Bobby Timmons and Percy Brice replaced Harris and Roker, the latter leaving to make a gig with Lee Morgan at Slugs'. Pharoah Sanders was opposite Gordon at the Vanguard with Leon Thomas, vocals; Lonnie L. Smith Jr., piano; Norris Jones, bass; and Roy Brooks, drums. When Sanders did a one-nighter at Cornell University on a Friday, Roland Kirk filled in, with Ron Burton, piano; Steve Novosel, bass; Steve Ellington, drums; and Joe Texidor, tambourine. Kirk, incidentally wants it known that he was never contracted for a job at Stanford University and says he was falsely advertised by the promoter . . . Marian McPartland played at a party given by Friends of the Whitney at the Whitney Museum . . . The *First Generation Blues* series at the Electric Circus drew a huge crowd which packed the dance floor not to dance but to listen. Music was supplied by Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Buddy Moss, Bill Dacey's Atlanta Blues Band featuring Luther Johnson, and the Voices of East Harlem, a 34-voice gospel choir . . . When Roland Alexander couldn't make a concert for MUSE, Bill Barron, director of MUSE's Jazz Workshop filled in on tenor saxophone with Danny Mixon, piano; Skip Crumby, bass; and Al Hicks, drums . . . Jaki Byard was heard in concert at the University of Massachusetts with Buell Neidlinger, bass, and Alan Dawson, drums. Byard also appeared at Whelan (Mass.) High School with trumpeter-violinist Ray Nance and Dawson. The pianist-alto saxophonist-composer has been jazz specialist at the Woodward School in Brooklyn since September 1968. He teaches the 6th, 7th and 8th grades twice a week . . . Electric pianist Wakefield Taylor did a week at Count Basie's lounge and a week at the Palm Cafe with Steve Furtado, trumpet; Dave Hubbard, tenor saxophone; Tom Butler, bass; and Wes Anderson, drums . . . Drummer Les De Merle, who has been working with Wayne Newton, joined Harry James in New York in May . . . Guitarist Chuck Wayne is back at Chuck's Composite with Jerry Ascher, piano, and Ernie Furtado, bass . . . Trumpeter Jothan Collins took a quintet

to Birmingham, Ala. for a concert at Miles College and three high school concerts. With him were George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Williams, piano; Michael Fleming, bass; and Sonny Brown, drums.

Los Angeles: Pianist Al Dailey's first trip to LA (with Freddie Hubbard's combo) was marred when he broke his leg in a freak accident and had to sit out practically the entire Lighthouse gig listening to such subs as Kirk Lightsey, Hampton Hawes, and Stanley Cowell . . . Max Roach, playing Shelly's Manne Hole at the same time, had his own piano headache. Cowell departed soon after opening night, Roach saying he had a gig in Europe. The group was pianoless until Cedar Walton filled the void. Roach was also featured in a combination concert and clinic at the Red Velvet Club, sponsored by the Professional Drum Shop to tout the Meazzi Hollywood Tronicdrums. In Roach's group were Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Gary Bartz, alto sax; Reggie Workman, bass . . . Vi Redd found a new way to make "between engagements" pay off: she was hostess at the Lighthouse during the Hubbard gig . . . Oliver Nelson returned from his eight-week State Dept. tour of Africa . . . Drummer Dick Berk dropped in at Donte's on his first night out since returning from Japan with Georgie Auld to hear Tommy Vig's 21-piece band, and lined himself up some Donte's dates: backing guitarist Lennie Breau with bassist Ray Neapolitan, backing guitarist Walt Namuth with Roger Kellaway, piano, and four nights with Don Menza's piano-less quintet: Jay Daversa, trumpet; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Tom Azzarello, bass . . . Vladimir Vassiliev also caught Vig's band and asked the vibist to join his group, The Aquarians, for their Lighthouse Sunday matinees . . . Sunday big band bashes continue at Donte's, with Clare Fischer and Dee Barton following Vig's two Sundays. Wednesday nights have returned to Mike Barone's band, with the leader and pianist Mike Wofford responsible for most of the new charts. Wofford is also scoring some independently produced documentaries, and is the regular pianist with Shelly Manne and his Men (Gary Barone, trumpet; John Gross, tenor; and newcomer John Heard replacing Dave Parlato on bass) . . . A recent session at the Manne Hole found Bob Lan, alto sax; Pete Robinson, piano, and Bart Hall, drums. Lan is back in LA after a disastrous two-year hiatus back east, sans family, sans instruments, but with his sense of humor intact . . . Kim Richmond's band is now playing Sundays at the Fire and Flame . . . Bud Shank's SRO Pilgrimage Theater concert had Jay Daversa, trumpet; Mike Lang, piano; Chuck Domanico, bass, and John Guerin, drums . . . The Quintet De Sade appeared at Inner Spring Quantum Whiffie in Temple City. Leslie Bowman, daughter of Ray Bowman, who produced the concert, directed the avant-garde choreography for the happening. The quintet also played a one-nighter at the Icehouse . . . Meanwhile, other local avant-gardists are having some luck in getting their music recorded. The New Art Jazz Ensemble,

co-led by John Carter, reeds, and Bobby Bradford, trumpet (other members are Tom Williamson, bass, and Bruz Freeman, drums) have recorded for Revelation records and are about to wax for Bob Thiele's Flying Dutchman label, which has also signed another avant-garde Los Angeles combo, the Horace Tapscott Quartet; Steve Allen, and a local rock group, Fusion . . . Another avant-garde event found poet Kenneth Rexroth appearing with the Schawkie Roth Quartet (Roth, tenor saxophone; Dave Pritchard, guitar; Frank Blumer, bass; Mick Pontier, drums) . . . A get-together by the Southern California Hot Jazz Society at Larchmont Hall featured trumpeter Jimmy Rinaldo with a group that included Dan Snider, trombone; Les Shephard, clarinet; Hazel Rudebaugh, piano; Dick Duncan, banjo; Ted Deary, drums. Also heard was a combo led by Barney Bigard with Alton Purnell, piano; Len Glass, banjo; Bob Broadie, bass; Jake Flores, tuba; John Brent, drums . . . At the latest meeting of the Society for the Preservation of Dixieland Jazz, veteran New Orleans bassist Ed Garland played his famous bowed solo on *Closer Walk* for his wife, Jennie, who had passed away a week earlier. Another final chord: Flora St. Cyr, widow of Johnny St. Cyr. . . . Another Sunday Jazz Cruise swung around Los Angeles harbor with an added attraction—body painting. The earlier cruise just featured music. Patrons were invited to paint a trio of beauties on the second deck. Leader Hank De Vega had Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Joe Castro, piano; Jeff Castleman, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums . . . King Pleasure joined Curtis Amy's group at the Club Casbah . . . Lorez Alexandria is now with Ike Issac's trio at the Pied Piper . . . Louis Jordan moved into the 940 Club . . . Count Basie appeared for two nights at the Whisky A Go Go . . . Lionel Hampton's group at the Hong Kong Bar included Wallace Davenport, trumpet; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; John Spruill, organ; William Mackell, guitar; Larry Bergen, bass; Clifford Bacon, drums. Valerie Carr and George Smith shared vocals.

Philadelphia: Horace Gerlach, pianist and songwriter, penned the hit *Daddy's Little Girl* some years ago, but has always been most proud of *Swing That Music*, which he and Louis Armstrong wrote in 1936. He had a large write-up recently in the *Philadelphia Daily News* . . . The big band of Harry James was at Cappriotti's Club in New Jersey for a one-nighter May 14 . . . New jazz by local avant gardists was scheduled for an Ethical Society presentation in May and a church concert in early June, with bassoonist Dan Jones and vibist Bill Lewis featured on both bills . . . Vocalist Evelyn Sims sang with the Johnny Walker Trio at the Flying W Ranch in South Jersey and followed up with a TV appearance on the *Soul Scene* program. She has also been doing a lot of weekends at the Sahara with the Jazz East Trio . . . Moms Mabley replaced the young men from the Miles Davis group in a last minute booking-switch for the big Ray Charles Show at the Spectrum . . . Ernie Whitmore,

former Al Grey vibes star, was held over at the Gay Parce in North Philly with his group, **The Modern Four** . . . Saxophonist **Danny Turner** featured pianist **Al Thomas** at a recent Clef Club engagement. Previously, Turner had been at Drews Rendezvous with the **Eddie Campbell Trio** . . . This writer's column in *Scoop USA*, the Philadelphia entertainment weekly, has undergone changes. Formerly known as the Swinging Door, the column now bears the name **The Wonderful World of Black and White**. Projects under consideration by the **Fred Miles American Interracialist Jazz Society** include a beboppers convention slated for late August in honor of the birthdays of **Lester Young** and **Charlie Parker** . . . The **Afro Brothers** recently did a Saturday afternoon show at Sonny Driver's First Nighters Supper Club, also featuring **The Visitors** . . . Station WXPB-FM of the University of Pennsylvania will stay on the air this summer (beyond the period financed by the school) if the staff has its way. Efforts are being made to raise money for a summer schedule. **Down Beat** contributor **Mike Cuscuna** is a jazz DJ on the station . . . Saxophonist **Sam Reed** led his Uptown Theater houseband behind **Sammy Davis Jr.** at a recent benefit . . . **Little Jimmy Scott**, with the **Eddie Green Trio**, has been a regular attraction at South Street's Postal Card . . . Pianist **Paul Currey**, the musical director for **Hines, Hines and Dad**, was back in town recently and played a number of local schools with former **Duke Ellington** sidemen **John Lamb**, bass; and **Herry (Skeets) Marsh**, drums . . . **Frankie Root** (brother of saxophonist **Billy Root**) has been playing at a number of Dan Jones Sunday afternoon sessions.

New Orleans: The Blue Room of the Roosevelt Hotel is featuring **Lou Rawls** through June 25; **The Lettermen** from June 26 to July 16, and **Ella Fitzgerald** from Sept. 18 to Oct. 8 . . . The new Royal Sonesta Hotel on Bourbon St. will have a jazz hall probably spotlighting the **Dukes of Dixieland** as the house band. **James Nassikas**, manager of the hotel and president of the New Orleans Jazz Club, plans to call the new spot Economy Hall . . . Pianist **Denny Zeitlin** visited another doctor-pianist here, **Chuck Berlin**, and participated in a massive party and jam session at Berlin's house . . . Grammy winner **O. C. Smith**, a native of Mansfield, La., was in town for a concert with fellow Louisianan **Allen Toussaint** and his orchestra . . . St. Bernard Parish Auditorium was the site of a concert by **Jefferson Airplane** . . . **Bill McConnell's** new Sphinx Club on Decatur St. will feature folk singers. Another new club on Decatur, the Lost Buddah, is reportedly considering a live entertainment policy . . . Elsewhere in the French Quarter, the Sheriff's Office opened on Dauphine and Conti with pianist-vocalist **Lavergne Smith** playing nightly . . . The 544 Club has changed management but not musical policy. **Oliver Morgan's** r&b group replaced the **Clarence (Frog Man) Henry** combo. Henry's group moved across the street to the Ivanhoe Lounge . . . Jazz buff-newscaster **Doug Ramsey**

was among the guests at **Duke Ellington's** White House birthday party . . . A teen fest at City Park Stadium featured reedman **James Rivers** and his trio, pianist **Ronnie Kole**, and the **Loyola University Jazz Lab Band** . . . Dixieland Hall sponsored a series of six drawings of New Orleans jazz scenes by award-winning artist **Francisco McBride** . . . A fire gutted the interior of trombonist **Jerry Hirt's** Conti St. lounge.

Washington, D.C.: The **Charles Lloyd Quartet** played a free concert recently at Howard University . . . Blues Alley presented trumpeter **Don Goldie**, followed by **Marion McPartland**. The Georgetown club's Sunday night sessions featuring pianist **Tee Carson** have been discontinued for the summer. . . . Bassist **Al White** leads a fine trio at the Embers Cocktail Lounge. **Gus Simms** is on piano,

and the drummer is **Harold S. Manne**. Late sets are augmented by vocalist **Faron Taylor** . . . A scheduled engagement by organist **Jimmy Smith** was cancelled at the last minute when Smith injured his hand in a car door mishap. He was to have appeared at the Cellar Door in Georgetown . . . The bridge, one of the newest clubs in town, recently featured in successive weeks the **Paul Hawkins Latin Jazz Sextet**, **Lloyd McNeill's Quartet** with the leader on amplified flute; pianist **Gene Rush**; bassist **Steve Novosel**; drummer **Eric Gravatt**, and vocalist **Talya Ferro** . . . **Peggy Lee** and entourage moved into the Shoreham Hotel's Blue Room in fine style in late April. The singer consistently surrounds herself with top musicians. To augment her already potent act, she brought musical director and pianist **Lou Levy**; trumpeter **Snooky Young**; bassist **Bob Cranshaw**; lead gui-



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tarist Mundell Lowe; guitarist Wayne Wright, and local guitarist Earl Bank. Grady Tate was the drummer, and his vocals have become a regular part of Miss Lee's show . . . Count Basie and the band did a one-nighter at Byrd's Nest in suburban Silver Spring. Both shows were sold out a week in advance. A return date by Basie in mid-May had identical results. Charlie Byrd returned to the Nest from a successful west coast tour. His six-week stay at the club was broken up only by a weekend appearance of Earl Hines and trio and a week-long engagement by tenorist Eddie Harris and his quartet . . . Murphy's Supper Club headlined organist Greg Hatz, followed by the Freddy Cole Trio. Organist Skip Fennell with Rocky Wynder, tenor, and Chauncey Smith, drums is now performing in an extended engagement at the club . . . Jimmy McPhail's Gold Room featured tenorman Houston Person and his trio, singer Etta Jones, and Wynton Kelly's trio (Jimmy Garrison, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums) . . . Roberta Flack's trio has been enlarged to a quartet with the addition of guitarist Nathan Paige. Her drummer is Bernard Sweetney, and the bassist is Marshall Hawkins. They continue at Mr. Henry's . . . Another Capitol Hill club, The Hawk and Dove, continues with Sunday sessions by the Harold Kaufmann Trio . . . Don Walker plays at the Carroll Arms Restaurant . . . Trumpeter Donald Byrd appeared in concert for the Back Alley Theatre as part of their *Showcase '69* series. Along with outstanding plays, the

series has managed to present many local jazz musicians.

Baltimore: Mabel Mercer, accompanied by Buddy Barnes, sang her way through 30 evergreens and originals April 19 at Mt. St. Agnes College . . . Chico Hamilton, Arnie Lawrence, Sonny Rollins, and the Duke Pearson big band played successive Sunday afternoon concerts through April for the Left Bank Jazz Society . . . Herbie Mann and Tim Hardin appeared at the Community College of Baltimore April 20 . . . The Mothers of Invention were among several rock groups featured at a concert at the Civic Center the following Sunday . . . Composer-trombonist Bill Russo has been named visiting professor of composition at Peabody Conservatory for the academic year starting in September.

Seattle: The Nathan Hale High School Band of Seattle won first place in the 10th Annual Olympic College Stage Band Festival in Bremerton. John Mowad directs the band, which also won last year. Nearly 500 students from 29 high schools attended the event, organized by Olympic College Band Director Ralph Mutchler. Second and third place bands were from Franklin High School of Seattle and Fort Vancouver High School of Vancouver, Wash. . . . Recent University of Washington Jazz Concerts were played by the Bobby Hutcherson Quintet with Harold Land, the Byron Pope Ensemble of Seattle, and the Jazz Equinox, led by

saxophonist Joe Brazil . . . Organist-trumpeter Sarge West heads a blues-jazz group, Sledge Hammer, nightly at the Impact Tavern in Bellevue, with guitarist Rich Dangle (formerly with the Floating Bridge); trumpeter Ron Soderstrom, and saxophonist Anthony Atherton . . . the Buddy Rich Big Band is booked with Tony Bennett for a week's run at the Seattle Opera House June 13-18 . . . Seattle Jazz Society concerts now include one Sunday a month at the Checkmate and one Sunday monthly at the Ridgemont Theater. The last Checkmate session was played by trumpeter Charles Henderson, saxist Tim Gemill, pianist Bob Cozzetti, bassist Pete Lelonen, and drummer Steve Swartz . . . At the Ridgemont June 8 were tenorist Charlie Keagle, pianist Dick Dunlap, bassist Chuck Metcalf, and drummer Prentis Drew . . . Rainier Brewery and the SJS are planning four Sunday park concerts in both Seattle and Portland with name and local groups on each bill; the opener is July 12, at Washington Park, Portland, and July 13 in Seward Park at Seattle.

Dallas: The Longhorn Jazz Festival will repeat its tri-city format this summer with stops in Dallas, Austin, and Houston on July 18, 19, and 20 respectively. Producer George Wein has announced Miles Davis as headliner, along with Hugh Masakela, Nina Simone, B. B. King and Young-Holt Unlimited. Also sharing top billing and carrying on the theme *Jazz-Pop '69* for the Pepsi-Cola sponsored event is

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the British rock group Ten Years After. The annual festival was born in 1966 at Austin, and last year's first attempt at a three-stop junket drew 20,000 fans . . . May's grand opening festivities at the Fairmount Hotel saw 119 musicians working during a single Wednesday evening. Included were a 15-piece Jerry Grey band fronted by George Cherb for the Jack Jones show in the downstairs Venetian Room; Grey and 18 more men behind Robert Goulet in the Regency Ballroom; the Enel Box quintet spelling Grey; Jerry Hitt in the Pyramid Lounge; 75 strolling strings for cocktails, and an ensemble of herald trumpeters . . . Lou Marini, young reed man featured for a number of years with Don Jacoby, has taken an all-star five piece group into Club Village for six weeks. The vocal-instrumental group, first to utilize the Moog Synthesizer locally outside the jingle studios, features Wayne Harrison on trombone, Whitey Thomas, piano and "moog", Brian Beck, bass, and Banks Dimon, drums . . . The Dave Brubeck jazz oratorio, *The Light In The Wilderness* presented April 19-20 in its southwestern premier at Dallas' First United Methodist Church, will be repeated Aug. 3. Performing the work will again be pianist Glen Burns, with bassist Kerby Stewart, drummer Pete Messick and 30 voices . . . The Jac Murphy trio, recently returned from a State Department tour of Central America, becomes a four-some this summer with the return to Dallas of Jac's younger brother, trumpeter Nipper Murphy. The group is scheduled to debut as a quartet at the Cabana's Nero's Nook during July . . . Sunday afternoon jazz sessions were revived at two Dallas spots following the Easter holidays; Juvey Gomez' expanded group appears at the Villager, while the Marriott Motor Hotel offers Red Garland, James Clay and vocalist Shad Rack . . . Singer Susan Grey, wife of pianist Sonny Grey, who formerly operated Tulsa's Rubiot jazz spot, did a week in May at Harper's Corner . . . A concert of contemporary works, both classical and jazz, inaugurated the series of concerts May 11 at Houston's Miller Outdoor Theatre in Herman Park. Featured were works in both idioms by Lanny Steele and Bob Morgan. *Intersection*, involving two small groups within a large ensemble, and *Space Walk*, performed by flutist Jan Cole, were among the pieces by Steele, former instructor and assistant in the North Texas Lab Band department, now on the faculty of Texas Southern University. Morgan, of Sam Houston State via NTSU, presented *Anadage*, utilizing a range of instruments in both controlled and improvised situations, *Market Square*, and *Requiescat In Pace/Elegia*, composed in memory of Houston musician and teacher H. Kittrell Reid.

Paris: On June 16, Jim Hall starts a two-week vacation tour in Europe with his family. He is due to tape two TV shows, one in Paris, one in Barcelona. He will also share the bill of a concert at Le Havre with Barney Kessel (backed by Michel Gaudry, bass; Jean-Louis Viale, drums) and Phil Woods & His European Rhythm Machine. On July 2 and 3, Hall will do a TV concert in Stockholm

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with Art Farmer and Red Mitchell . . . Kessel, at the moment at the Cameleon in Paris, recorded two albums in Rome for RCA Victor. One was a strictly jazz album with Giovanni Tommaso, bass; Daniel Humair, drums . . . The Club Saint-Germain, reopened to jazz on last December went back to a pop policy . . . The Gary Burton Quartet will tour Europe in October and November . . . Singer Helen Merrill spent three days in Paris in May. She made contacts for a European tour next January . . . Byg Records, a new French record company, will distribute the Orpheum and Savoy catalogs here . . . The Vega company started a new series of jazz albums devoted to French groups. The first four records, just released, present vibraphonist Claude Guillot, guitarist Jean Bonal, clarinetist Maxim Saury, and the Claude Cagnasso big band . . . Pianist-arranger Jef Gilson, back from a tour of Madagascar, gave a concert in Paris with his group. He shared the bill with the Raymond Fol Octet.

Denmark: He deserved it, and he got it. The jazz baron, Timme Rosenkrantz, who opened Timme's Club in Copenhagen last August, has had so much success that he plans to enlarge the club. It was packed every night during April with big Ben Webster in charge of the situation. Webster's visits to Denmark during the last years have shown the veteran tenorist at a remarkably high level of creativity, and his stay at Timme's was no exception. Behind Webster were such Danish veterans as pianist Bent Schjarrf and bassist Erik Moseholm . . . Lee Konitz, on amplified alto sax, could be heard at the Montmartre during the first weeks of May, with Ole Molin, guitar; Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, electric bass, and J.C. Moses, drums. American drummer Stu Martin was heard at the Montmartre on occasion during early spring . . . Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry played at the Tagskaegget in Aarhus May 7, and the next day gave a concert in Copenhagen, where B.B. King was the other attraction . . . Talented and ambitious Danish tenorist Carsten Meinert made a recording with his own quartet (Ole Mattiesen, piano; Henrik Hove, bass; Ole Streenberg, drums) in late 1968. But he found that no label had the courage to issue the music. Consequently, the tenorist did it himself. The album, entitled *To You* (M.S. Records S1001), gives evidence of the high standard of the new generation in Danish jazz . . . Denmark participated in the worldwide tributes to Duke Ellington on April 29. Two days before Ellington's birthday, the Danish radio and TV had several programs about him, and the papers carried essays and articles about the man and his music. The quarterly *Jazzrevy* had the Ellington orchestra's piano-player on the cover of the May issue . . . Papa Bue and his Viking Jazz Band, the most popular Danish Dixieland band for the past 12 years, will be touring the United States for six weeks this summer. The band is the only internationally popular Danish jazz group with many admirers in Germany, Holland, and Great Britain. The most noteworthy Viking is trumpeter Finn Otto Hansen.

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