

OCTOBER 2, 1969

35c

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

□ Simultaneous Emotion: Elvin Jones Talks About his Trio and the Drummer's Craft □
Festivals: Blues at Ann Arbor — Pop at Laurel — Jazz at Rutgers □ Cassette vs. Cartridge:
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By CHARLES SUBER

IN THE LAST ISSUE, we used some unkind (albeit realistic) words about the present level of most music education courses and instrumental music courses. Certainly nothing has happened to change our opinion in the last two weeks, but we would like to balance our remarks with some suggestions on how you may get a better music education on your own initiative . . . a kind of do-it-yourself until things improve.

Let's start with the school you are now attending. There are some things you can do as a student (and more if you are the music educator) that can produce results. First, have you asked the vocal or instrumental teacher assigned to your school for help? If you are not involved in a structured school music ensemble like a band, orchestra, chorus, etc., you can still ask the music instructor how to improve your reading, learn theory, or interpret and better use the self-instruction book from which you are trying to learn.

If you have a group, ask your teacher




to listen to it for technique and basic musicianship—you want help on the basics. Don't make him feel inadequate by asking for comment on today's music. Have you ever asked if you could use the music room for rehearsal when it is not otherwise employed, or whether you can play for a student assembly? Have you asked if you could rehearse your group under his supervision?

Yes, I can hear derisive laughter from readers who believe their music teacher to be beyond redemption. Sure, there are too many educators who will turn you off with a snarl or even worse, a nice smile and a benevolent pat on the head, but your teacher might, just might, be so impressed with your determination to play and learn that he will part with some of his precious knowledge.

If he fails you, try approaching any sympathetic pair of ears on the faculty. It could be that the new, groovy social studies teacher can play and wants to act out her social conscience by "helping kids create."

In short, don't give up on what there is to get from your school. Teachers (and even principals) read the newspapers about student unrest and protest. The new word out to schools this year is to anticipate student demands as much as possible and initiate and maintain dialogue before positions harden. Fatten up on this new atmosphere. Ask, request, cajole, demand.

Don't overlook the power of aroused parenthood. Get ma and pa in the act. They are, after all, the (dis)approvers of bond issues that decide the fate of many school programs.

Next we'll discuss some ways to go for a music education outside of school. 

down beat

EVERY OTHER THURSDAY SINCE 1934

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education in jazz

by Gary Burton

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Newport Backlash

I have received your issue with the critics' poll and the report on the Newport Jazz Festival. Your poll is unbelievably out of order and your Newport article slightly better. I think the critics who participate in this poll should do as they are meant to—by giving each vote a fair amount of thought and by voting for those musicians who are obviously the best in their field instead of casting their votes with unjustifiable bias. Why the critics do not rate Gary Burton first on vibes is quite beyond me. I was able to see him at Newport this year, and his performance with his group was magnificent.

If Kenny Burrell is rated first on guitar, then Ringo Starr might as well be rated first on drums. It is also a pure shame and disgrace that a guitarist such as Jerry Hahn is not rated higher under wider recognition.

How can the critics overlook Blood, Sweat & Tears so rudely? They were one of the best five bands at Newport, and they turned in an excellent performance. It's too bad that the reporter, Mr. Morgenstern, turned chicken and left before their performance. I sat through all of rock night, and I wasn't even in the box section but in a general seat. I'm still alive today and don't have a scratch on me. As for Blood, Sweat and Tears, some of the members are among the best musicians in the world. Bobby Colomby is always excellent in his playing. I again fail to see why he isn't even rated under wider recognition. Jim Fielder is probably the best electric bassist in the world, and Fred Lipsius is quite deserving on alto sax.

Now to the Newport article. Mr. Gitler tells how poor Johnny Winter's performance was. I think it was very good, especially his work on the 12-string guitar. I do believe he used too much volume, though.

If Buddy Rich's set was a climax, the festival was country and western. It was really quite boring, and the leader's solo was much short of his reputation.

As for James Brown's performance, it was a prodigious bunch of bologna. If that was soul at its best, let Mr. Brown sing it to himself.

It would be very nice if George Wein did away with rock groups. However, I do believe that performers such as Blood, Sweat and Tears, John Mayall, B. B. King, and Johnny Winter added greatly to the festival and should be kept.

So why don't the critics get personal taste out of their voting and put a lot more good taste in. Also, let's not condemn all of the rock and blues groups at Newport. Some upheld a fine standard.

Jack Evans

Marion, Iowa

Well, what, what kind of reaction to Newport's rock groups do you expect when you send Ira Gitler and Dan Morgen-

stern, *Down Beat's* Dixieland and Duke Ellington aficionados, to cover them? I wasn't there to draw my own conclusions, but I received no idea whatever from their typically myopic viewpoint.

It became obvious from the first attack on amplifiers and from the inevitable jazz guitarist who could "give the rockers a lesson" that neither was capable of giving an objective opinion because neither enjoyed rock for its own sake. They both tried to disguise this fact, however, with tokenism: Gitler thought that John Mayall, a commercialized tripe vendor, was "quite pleasant," and Morgenstern liked the Mothers of Invention, not because they were music but because they were "satire." Your reporters' attitude was summed up perfectly when they referred to the attending rock fans as "human litter." "Leave rock where it belongs: in the circus or the kindergarten."

This is the kind of garbage that nostalgia-oriented music critics have been producing for centuries, and those of us that want to live in the present have no time for it. I hate to see an excellent music magazine blemish itself with articles such as this and Gitler's insulting review of *Monterey Pop*. If *Down Beat* is going to have anything to do with rock, it should choose its participating personnel more intelligently, or else admit that this is not its bag and pull out.

Gary Milliken

San Jose, Calif.

I've been called many things, but never before a "Dixieland Aficionado." Ira Gitler digs Ellington, to be sure, but anyone who knows him knows that bebop is his true love. Yet we both try to be objective, though we can't live up to reader Milliken's standards of objective opinion, exemplified by the lovely phrase "commercialized tripe vendor." If that's objective, I am a Dixieland nut. As for "human litter," I applied that non-objective opinion not to "attending rock fans" but to the non-attending, non-anything fans milling about outside the festival, destroying property, preventing ticket holders from access to the field, and in general making a bloody mess of things. (They succeeded, of course, in having rock barred from Newport—something Ira's and my own mild criticism could never have accomplished. With such "fans", all, no doubt, living in the present, rock needs no enemies.) And what I said about the Mothers was "musical satire." We shall continue to call the shots as we hear them. —Ed.

North Texas Fan

I've heard the last recording of the North Texas University Lab Band (*Lab '69*) under the direction of Mr. Leon Breeden.

This album is really terrific and full of qualities, like the previous issues, *Lab '67* and *Lab '68*: the enthusiasm of the boys, the power of each section, the impact of the entire big band, and many, many others!!!

I'm thanking Mr. Breeden for this outstanding album and all my congratulations for his work and that of his students!

John C. Musso

Vevey, Switzerland

CANTATA IS BRUBECK'S SECOND RELIGIOUS WORK

The Gates of Justice, a new cantata by Dave Brubeck, will be given its world premiere Oct. 19 at dedication ceremonies for the new Rockdale Temple in Cincinnati, Ohio. A second performance will follow October 27 in Miami Beach, Florida at the 50th general assembly of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

The cantata was commissioned by the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati, in cooperation with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, which is the central congregational body of Reform Judaism in the U.S. and Canada.

The Gates of Justice is Brubeck's second extended work for voices, following by 19 months his oratorio, *The Light in the Wilderness*.

The text of the new work is adapted by the composer and his wife Iola from the Hebrew Bible, incorporating the teachings of the prophets into a commentary on contemporary social issues.

Erich Kunzel, who also led the world premiere and the Decca recording of *The Light in the Wilderness*, will conduct the premiere performances of the cantata. He is resident conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and associate professor of music at the University of Cincinnati's College-Conservatory.

Harold Orbach, cantor of Temple Israel, Detroit, will be tenor soloist, and McHenry Boatwright will be bass-baritone soloist in the premiere performances. Also participating will be Brubeck, bassist Jack Six, drummer Alan Dawson, organist Robert Delecamp, the College-Conservatory Chamber Choir under Elmer Thomas, and brass and percussion players from the University's Philharmonia Orchestra.

TOP JAZZMEN TO TEACH AT BROOKLYN WORKSHOP

MUSE, the Bedford Lincoln Neighborhood Museum at 1530 Bedford Ave. in Brooklyn, N.Y., will again offer thirty free music workshops for children, teen-agers and adults this fall with registration in mid-September and classes commencing in October. Free instruments are provided.

Instructors will include Chris White, Jimmy Owens, Kenny Barron, Rudy Collins, Don Jay, Fred Simmons, Kiane Zawadi, Reggie Workman and Lawrence Lucie. The workshops will be under the direction of Bill Barron of Rhythm Associates.

Jam sessions will be held on Wednesday evenings and Thursday night concerts by well-known artists will be offered every fortnight.

Further information can be obtained by writing to MUSE. Early registration is advised, especially for the children's classes.

KEN MCINTYRE NAMED TO WESLEYAN FACULTY

Ken McIntyre, more active in recent years as a teacher than a player, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Music at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. He previously taught at Central State University in Wilberforce, Ohio.

The multi-reedman, flutist and composer will conduct a course in black music his-



CHARLES STEWART

tory and will also form and direct a lab band. The history course, open to all students, will begin with the 17th Century. McIntyre also hopes to lecture at the two Middletown high schools.

Within the World Music Program at Wesleyan McIntyre may find time to pursue a degree in ethno-musicology. He also plans to do some playing in the nearby New York area. Of his new position and the teaching of black music history in general, he comments: "I think it is a step forward to put black music in perspective with all other musics, negating the subculture status that it—so-called jazz—has had since its inception."

FINAL BAR

Trumpeter Tony Fruscella, 42, died Aug. 14 in New York City of cirrhosis and heart failure. He had been hospitalized for three months until a few weeks before his death, which occurred at the apartment of a friend, who, along with others, had unsuccessfully attempted to get Fruscella readmitted to the hospital.

Born in Orangeburg, N.J., Fruscella was raised in an orphanage. He entered the Army at 18 and played in the 2nd Div. Band. He later worked briefly with Lester Young, Stan Getz, and Gerry Mulligan, appearing with the latter at the first Newport Jazz Festival in 1954. From the late

'50s on, Fruscella was only sporadically active in music, plagued by the problems of first narcotic and then barbiturate addiction.

In his brief prime, Fruscella was a poet of the trumpet with a veiled, haunting sound and a touching, very personal conception. He can be heard at his best on a long-deleted Atlantic album under his own name, with Allen Eager. His only other records are two tracks with Stan Getz on *Cool Sounds* (Verve) and a single selection from a live performance on *East Coast Scene* (Coral), both long unavailable. A date for Atlantic with Brew Moore was never issued.

Guitarist Norman Brown, 52, accompanist for the Mills Brothers for the past 32 years, died Aug. 19 of lung cancer at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles.

POTPOURRI

Tenor saxophonist Eddie Harris has been signed to write the score for the motion picture *Why America*, to be filmed in Paris by Frederick Rossif, who produced *To Die In Madrid*. Nesuhi Ertegun, president of Atlantic Records, will produce the music for the film. Harris, an Atlantic artist, will be seen on screen with his quartet.

If the big bands ever come back, the most logical place for their re-birth would be Donte's in North Hollywood. During the month of August, 13 of 31 nights were devoted to the big bands of Dee Barton, Bobby Bryant, Clare Fischer, Paul Hubinon, Mike Barone and Louis Bellson—the latter two appearing each Wednesday and Thursday respectively, with Sunday firmly entrenched as big band night for the others. One of the triumvirate that runs the club, Carey Leverette, announced a big band festival for Sept. 21-27.

Dick Hyman has recorded his *Concerto for Piano* for Command Records. Hyman is both the composer and the soloist in the 23-minute work, scored for symphony orchestra and rock-jazz rhythm section. It includes pop, jazz, rock, and romantic elements. Nick Perito conducted the 50-piece orchestra.

On Aug. 11, the *World's Greatest Jazz Band* of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart returned to its spiritual ancestral home, New Orleans, kicking off a two-week engagement at Al Hiit's club. The affable, bearded trumpeter threw an opening night party for 300 musicians, press and media people. At 9 p.m. the doors were opened to the public, which joined the free-loaders in a tumultuous, standing ovation of several minutes when the band completed its first set. This is only the second time such

a phenomennon has occurred at the club, and **Jan Noel**, Hirt's Girl Friday, revealed that the previous time it was staged.

Pianist **Jack Reilly's** *Mass of Involvement*, commissioned as a new Eucharistic celebration by the Liturgical Conference for its annual meeting, held in Milwaukee in August, was performed by vocalist **Sheila Jordan**, tenor saxophonist **Norman Marnell**, organist **Mrs. Jack Reilly**, bassist

Jack Six, and drummer **Joe Cocuzzo**. The audience participated in singing the main parts of the mass. Reilly conducted, played and also lectured on the role of jazz in church. In October, the work will be presented at Pastor **John Gensel's** Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church in New York City. Reilly is seeking backing to finance a performance of his *Requiem Mass for Chorus, Soloist and Quintet* at Town Hall this fall. Interested parties can contact him

at 54 West 16th St. in New York.

Cornetist **Jimmy McPartland's** band at the Downbeat in Manhattan included **Marshall Brown**, trombone, valve trombone, bass trumpet, euphonium; **Morty Lewis**, tenor saxophone, clarinet; **Dill Jones**, piano; **Martin Rivera**, bass; **Oliver Jackson**, drums, and **Annette Sanders**, vocals. **Woody Allen** sat in on clarinet one night.

FATHA'S DAY IN FRISCO

The Garden Court of the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco was the scene of an unusual celebration honoring Earl (Fatha) Hines on July 26th. The sponsor was Scott Newhall, executive editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

When Hines mounted the stage, Newhall unveiled an antique Steinway grand in mint condition, and presented it to the pianist as an outright gift. The *Chronicle* subsequently described it thus:

"Its rosewood finish glowed as new. Carved and gilded trim, a sculptured music rack, pedal lyre and three sets of fluted quadruple legs embellished it in regency style. It had been specially made by Steinway and Sons in 1904 for Leander S. Sherman, founder of the Sherman Clay Music Stores."

An inscription on a silver plaque attached to the lid reads: "Presented by jazz lovers from all over the world, this piano is the only one of its kind in the world, and expresses the great genius of a man who has never played a melancholy note in his lifetime on a planet that has often succumbed to despair."

Once he had overcome his first surprise and delight, Hines sat down and began an enthusiastically received concert. His first selection, appropriately enough, was one of the first numbers he ever learned to play, Irving Berlin's *I'll See You in C-U-B-A*.

(Maybe the lyrics should be updated for the benefit of the hijacked?)

An elaborated program, prefaced by a worthy panegyric from Newhall, was laid out in the form of a menu. The aperitif was the Berlin song, after which came *Hors d'oeuvres* (*Day by Day*, *I've Got the World on a String*, *A Sunday Kind of Love*, and *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*), *Potages* (*Blue Moon*, *Moon Glow*, *It's Only a Paper Moon*, and *Moon-mare*), *Poissons* (*Speak Low*, *Tangerine*, *It Happened in Monterey*, and *Lollipops and Roses*), *Entrees* (*Sometimes I'm Happy*), *Grillades* (*West Side Story*), *Salades* (Chef's mixed guitar greens with percussion dressing) *Legumes* (*Why Was I Born?*), *Desserts* (*I Wish You Love*, *Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime*, and *Mandy*, *Make Up Your Mind*), and *Liqueurs* (*I'll See You in My Dreams* and *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*). Like the other soups, a new Hines original, *Moon-mare*, reflected man's recent preoccupation with outer space.

The pianist, who had just again won *Down Beat's* International Critics' Poll, was assisted on this happy occasion by Dave Leighton (flute), Dale Ramey (guitar), Mel Boyd (bass), and Vince Lateano (drums). The distinguished audience included the city's Mayor, Joseph Alioto.

—Stanley Dance



Fatha and gift: Never a melancholy note

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

ONE OF THE MOST poignant experiences in the annals of jazz on television was *Coleman Hawkins—In Memoriam*, presented in July as part of the NET Summer Festival.

The core of the show was taped at Chicago's WTTW a month before Hawkins' passing, showing him with Roy Eldridge, Barry Harris, Truck Parham and Bob Cousins. Because of his death before the half-hour program could be scheduled, two sequences were sandwiched around it in its uncut 37-minute form, in which the quintet was reassembled with Franz Jackson replacing Bean. As a consequence, the running time was extended to an hour.

The posthumous passages were emceed by Dan Morgenstern, who produced the show with director Robert Kaiser. Toward the end Morgenstern, Eldridge and Harris attempted to articulate their feelings about the loss of their idol and Eddie Jefferson sang his special set of lyrics based on Hawkins' original *Body and Soul* improvisation. The Jefferson words, full of good intentions, sounded trite and lame, especially since they came on the heels of a spectacle that was, for all the wrong reasons, unforgettable; the final performance of Coleman Hawkins.

It was like helplessly watching a man dying before your eyes. Seated in a chair through most of the show (his arthritis made the transition between standing and sitting too painful to be negotiated more than twice), here was a grizzled, gray-bearded man who could have been 70, 80, even 90 rather than 64, staring motionless into space most of the time, now and then attempting a weak smile when Eldridge introduced him, and then—most torturous for him as for us—trying to play his horn.

I had heard Bean in person not too long before his death. Despite his debilitated condition, shrunken frame and seeming lack of interest, he was still the master of his horn, still could produce that great bear-hug of a sound that had thrilled two, perhaps three generations. But by April 19, at Coleman's last stand, the illness had finally, audibly, reached his fingertips, his breathing, his entire body and soul.

He played in truncated phrases, stopped for three or four bars as if waiting for breath or a new idea, then managed a couple more bars before pausing again. In the ballad *Yesterdays* a few traces of the giant penetrated the darkness, but the gaps were still too long and the notes too short.

For anyone who had known and revered

this genius in his prime, when he was a handsome, outspoken, full-bodied figure of a man, it was agony to see the ravages of his decline.

The fire still burned in Roy's horn on *Bean and the Boys*, on a blues, and most of all on a superb *I Can't Get Started*. Harris, too, played better than might have been expected in the melancholy circumstances. Ironically, the best saxophone playing during the hour was the *Body and Soul* heard under the introductory biography, played not by Hawkins but by Franz Jackson.

The film is a priceless document, of course, not for its musical content but for what it says about our values. Not until a month before his death could television, even noncommercial educational television, take the trouble to bring us a syndicated program built around one of the two or three greatest jazz artists ever to put horn to mouth.

The Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which made possible the creation of the Hawkins show, sprinkled our summer pleasantly with a series of music festivals around the country. Steve Allen served as permanent host, adding occasional pertinent comments from Los Angeles.

The New Orleans Jazz Festival was excellently represented in two hours of well-photographed, well-recorded sight and sound that captured something of the flavor of that obviously happy event.

The opening parade set scene and mood perfectly. Of the many highlights that followed, those that stood out for me were a ballad played by Marshall Royal with Count Basie; a delightful interchange between Clark Terry, Roy Eldridge and Bobby Hackett; a similar cutting contest on a vocal basis involving Terry and Sarah Vaughan; Gerry Mulligan and Paul Des-



mond Taking Five; a singer named Marion Love whose *Didn't We* was most affecting (but her blues shouting was nowhere), Lockjaw Davis tearing away at *Cherokee*, and a deeply moving closer, *The Lord's Prayer* sung by Miss Vaughan.

Produced by Sid Smith and directed by Walter C. Miller, this was obviously an accurate translation into another medium of a festival that must have been an in-person gas.

Quite the opposite impression was con-

veyed during the Memphis Birthday Blues Festival, another show in the same series. There were moments of real beauty, notably the soulful singing and guitar of Bukka White, but for the most part it seemed that the festival had been assembled by persons with a lack of understanding of jazz and blues, and a distinct leaning toward rock 'n' roll and bland white pseudo-soul. Even W. C. Handy, to whom a thorough and well-organized tribute surely should have been due from a city where *Beale Street Blues* and *Memphis Blues* were born, was all but fluffed off in this generally dreary mishmash.

The editing for television was highly questionable. Why didn't someone cut out Joann Kelly's funeral announcement and endless guitar tuning? Why was the *Stormy Monday* of an incompetent blues singer named Brenda Patterson included at all? Perhaps there just wasn't enough worthwhile music to stretch into a two-hour program.

Some of the performances were at least of value from the documentary or human-interest standpoint: it was touching to see the blind guitarist Nathan Beauregard, believed to be at least 95 years old. It was substantially less worth while to watch an apparently skimpy audience subjected to a program of second-rate American and British music defiling the good name of the blues. Memphis, and the blues, deserved better, as did the television viewer. **ED**



GETTING THE WORK DONE

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

REMEMBER THIS New York number: 894-6713. Write it down. Keep it. And when you're in New York, use it.

If you dial it, you will hear a recorded voice (sometimes male, cool and pleasant; sometimes female and enthusiastic) give you a run-down on who is playing jazz where in and around New York. The most thorough and complete run-down I know of. I use the number, and I pass it on regularly to anyone who calls me up and asks me who is playing where (old friends, friends of friends, people I haven't heard from in years, and every now and then, people I've never heard of at all).

The number (in case you don't write it down and keep it) is listed under *Jazz Line*, and *Jazz Line* is an activity of Jazz Interactions, one of the many clubs and organizations that have sprung up in this city in the past 35 years to "do something for jazz."

You may know about *Jazz Line* if you know anything at all about Jazz Interactions. You may also know about the 5-9 p.m. Sunday jazz sessions the organization puts on, currently at The Scene

at 8th Ave. and 46th St. The price is a \$2 admission with no minimum charged by the club. And it's a good time of the week to listen to jazz in my opinion, although my kids wish it were earlier in the day.

Those two may be the most evident of Jazz Interactions activities, but they are far from the only ones. Dig this: Jazz Interactions has gone to the New York State Council on the Arts, the Sears Foundation, and Title One, and raised enough money to send jazz musicians into the New York Public School system. They appear at assemblies, play and talk about their music, demonstrate their instruments, and discuss their heritage. Participants have included Bennie Powell, Joe Newman, Arnie Lawrence, Billy Taylor, Marian McPartland, and Harold Ousley and their groups. The pupils have loved it, it seems, and so have the teachers. Next year, the organization wants to do more of it, and hit the private and parochial schools as well.

And how about this: during the summer, Jazz Interactions has been sponsoring a series of free concerts in nearby New Jersey and on Long Island. Participants have included the likes of Jaki Byard, Frank Foster, Keith Jarrett, Roland Kirk, and Roy Eldridge. The spots chosen have been suburban shopping centers and the presentation informal and open-air. How's that for going out and reaching the public with live music? (How'd you like Roy Eldridge playing in your shopping center?)

There are other activities, like a special group deal for Newport, with housing reserved and good seats ready and waiting.

Jazz Interactions not long ago celebrated its fourth birthday with a party and Milt Jackson and Dexter Gordon showed up. (How'd you like to have Milt Jackson and Dexter Gordon show up for your birthday party?) And again, record companies donated record albums to the membership to help celebrate.

As I say, lots of organizations have come along wanting to do something for jazz in years past. Most of them have been founded by people who were quite sincere and dedicated, and some have managed to be helpful up to a point.

But what you need, if you want to help, is a precise idea of what really needs to be done or might be done but isn't being done, a realistic idea about whether it can be done, and how, exactly, to get it done. And the time and energy to get it done. A simple, highly useful, and even important thing like that *Jazz Line*, for example.

I'm glad people of Jazz Interactions like Allan Pepper, Chuck Nanry, and lots of others, no doubt, whose names I don't know, are out there. And I hope their ideas, their energy and their dedication last a long time. (Oh, they have a good time at it also, and I hope that lasts too.)

One complaint, and it's a heavy one: I don't hear too much on those *Jazz Line* tapes about who is playing at Jimmy Ryan's or at the Downbeat club. I should, and if the reason I don't is either ignorance of pre-1940s jazz styles or prejudice against them—well, both are deplorable.

Oh? You want to join? And help out? Write to Jazz Interactions, Box Kensington Station, Drawer "D," Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218. Or show up at The Scene some Sunday and make yourself known. **ED**

PLAYING THE TRUTH: ELVIN JONES

By Ira Gitler



VALERIE WILMER

IN THE SUMMER of 1967, Elvin Jones formed a trio with Joe Farrell, saxophones and flutes, and Wilbur Little, bass. From the outset it was an electrifying group, Jones' tremendous creative power setting a torrid pace. In Farrell he found a soloist strong enough to ride the tidal wave of his drumming and draw inspiration from it. With Little as the balance wheel, the harmonic fulcrum, the trio developed rapidly.

When Little left to fulfill another engagement, Wilbur Ware took over the bass spot, and then Jimmy Garrison, Elvin's former teammate in the John Coltrane quartet, joined. The Jones-Farrell-Garrison unit can be heard on the trio's two Blue Note albums, *Puttin' It Together* and *The Ultimate Elvin Jones*.

In early 1969, the group's life seemed to have come to a premature end, but in the spring, with Little once again aboard, it was revived, tighter and more together than ever. On the night of the day I interviewed Jones, I went to hear the trio at La Boheme. A set that consisted of an emotionally exhausting *Reza*, an ethereal *For Heaven's Sake*, and Little's infectious *Whew!* proved how deserved was the recent victory in *Down Beat's* International Critics Poll and pointed toward even wider recognition once more people are able to hear the trio live.

Ira Gitler: Do you have any specific attitude or approach toward the trio?

Elvin Jones: I see it this way. I'm trying not to do anything contrived and get the best out of each individual involved in the group and the best of what he can do on his particular instrument, and do it together and in a way that is meaningful and that has some significance and that will really make a definite contribution to music as we see it and as we feel it and as we live it, without bypassing or eliminating anything that's really essential, like the root of the tree is essential—it's gotta be there and firmly there.

IG: How do you feel about work?

EJ: When it's time to go with the group I look forward to it with real healthy anticipation—it's not like going to work. Everybody in the group feels that way—

Wilbur, Joe. We can't wait till the time when we get on the bandstand and play. That's the feeling that's there. And I think it's projected and communicated to the audience too. It's a genuine—it's a truthful feeling. I like that feeling. I don't like to feel that I'm going to put in eight hours in some factory or some office or do something that I'm not wholeheartedly interested in or that my mind isn't devoted to. But it's not that way with this group.

IG: You have no calculated way of getting to the audience. You get them by just getting up there and playing.

EJ: That's the only way I know, really. I suppose we could play a few tricks and rig up some situations musically that would be quite effective but it wouldn't be how we were feeling—it would just be a gimmick. That isn't my idea of what playing music should be. We just can't get a jazz feeling or get to swinging that way. Then you're digressing from your purpose. That, to me, is a sacrilege. Music is a way of life. It's everything. I play drums and that's what I believe I was born to do. At one time, when I was a kid in school, I was thinking of becoming a doctor or a scientist. But I decided to be a musician and I wanted to be a drummer. I have been very fortunate to be involved for this number of years in doing what I really love.

IG: The fact that you have consistently been voted first in various polls, by all sorts of people, indicates that you certainly must be considered at the very top of your profession.

EJ: It's a good feeling to have. And it's a responsibility I welcome. I want people to hear and appreciate what I have to do . . . my musical ideas. It's a very good thing to have recognition.

IG: Do you have any kind of philosophy of playing the drums?

EJ: I can only answer that with something my brother told me once. Thad told me this many years ago and it got to me when he said it. He probably doesn't even remember saying it to me. He just said: "Whenever you play, imagine that it's the very last chance or opportunity you'll ever

have." So just that thought is enough incentive to at least not be wishy-washy or do something insignificant. At least it will bring out whatever honesty is in you to be applied to your instrument at that time. That's the only philosophy I know—just to do the very best you can at all times.

IG: Without intellectualizing, do you have any approach to the drums that you consider personal?

EJ: Any instrumentalist should have muscular coordination so that when your mind gives the signals to your limbs—your hands, your feet—your body is in condition to respond to the thoughts immediately and apply them as they come. Good physical condition is really necessary.

IG: The way you play keeps you in shape. Just the act of playing is such a physical thing for a drummer.

EJ: High protein diet. I take vitamin B12 shots two, three times a week—try to get as much real sound sleep as I can, and not get into any area that will take away from what I really have to do.

IG: You are like an athlete in many ways.

EJ: That's a good approach to have. No athlete can be out of condition—he'll be the first to know, and about five minutes later, the coach will know it, in another two minutes he'll be in the shower, and the next day, if he isn't ready again, he'll be off the team and will be replaced.

IG: Did you participate in sports when you were younger?

EJ: Yes.

IG: What did you play?

EJ: Basketball, football, track—I used to like to do that. One of my pet things. I played in Pontiac (Mich.) school and city league teams and neighborhood teams—played when the east side would play the west side; other cities, too. I can't run any more, because I have a bad ankle that flops over. It's not the bass drum foot but the sock cymbal foot—my left foot. It doesn't bother me when I'm playing. I tried to play basketball a couple years ago in San Francisco—felt real spry—almost broke my neck. I was dribbling in to take a shot when my ankle flopped over and I went right down on my wrist—broke my watch, bruised my arm. That convinced me that I was no longer an athlete.

IG: How has the formation of the trio affected your playing? Have you been able to get closer to what you want to do?

EJ: What I wanted to do was to play the drums, primarily. But having this group—you can't describe the feeling you have in being involved with other people who feel the same way as you do about music. It's a good feeling. I'm very happy about having two people with me that are willing to do the things that I want to do without questioning. They're just as interested in their excellence as I am in mine. I think I'm very fortunate in being able to be with people like that.

IG: It seems to me the group has a freedom with discipline that really gives you the opportunity to stretch out on the drums.

EJ: Actually there is no limit to the things that can be done. Not only for me but for Wilbur and for Joe . . . he can play just about all the woodwind instruments. He must have about 13 of them.

He can play them all real well, so eventually, there are many areas we can progress to—develop into—and that makes it an exciting prospect all around. It's enough to make you want to live 1,000 years.

IG: Now that the group has two records out, do you find people in the audience requesting certain things from the albums?

EJ: That has happened. Occasionally, in some of our concerts and some clubs, people do come up and make requests and if we can do them, we do them. If people are interested enough to buy the record I can understand that they would want to hear the piece done live, because there's another interpretation you're going to hear there that's not on the record. Like a fingerprint, there's no two alike. And still you're going to hear what you want. I'm very happy to play a piece that we recorded. Occasionally, they ask if I'll play a tune that I did with John Coltrane or some other band or group, and of course that's impossible. Joe isn't John Coltrane. He's Joe Farrell and he's got his way. I'm going to play what I'm playing now, and I think in the long run that will be more appreciated than trying to placate somebody's memory by playing something that may be done well but won't be done wholeheartedly, in the spirit that it should be done, because it wasn't the person who actually did it.

IG: When I reviewed your first album I made the comment that I loved the album but I'd like to hear the group recorded live. Are there any plans to do that?

EJ: I've had plans to do it but it's a matter of convincing the powers that be in the record companies that this is the thing to do. There's another album that we have coming out later on this year that was done in a studio—our third album. With Candido, George Coleman, and Lee Morgan and a Latin trumpet player—it's the trio plus. I'm very enthusiastic about this one. But I'd like to do a live one.

IG: I remember when I came down to Pookie's Pub a couple of years ago when Wilbur was first in the group and someone came in and taped it, and I heard the tapes and they were fantastic. That feeling of being right there.

EJ: I'd like to hear from that engineer in Chicago who did that—Bob was his name, I think. I'd like to get a copy of that tape. He was an amateur but he had good equipment and really captured the feeling.

IG: It was exciting as hell.

EJ: We were lifting it up off the ground. The music was the dominant factor. That's where it all got started.

IG: It was special for me because at that point I hadn't heard anything in quite awhile that made me feel that way.

EJ: That's what I like about being involved with this group. This hasn't changed. That feeling is always there. It's just a feeling—if you want to call it jazz you can call it jazz. Anything you want to call it, but it's a spirit . . . a cohesion . . . joint effort . . . all simultaneous emotion. . . .

IG: How did you and Joe get together originally?

EJ: That's a funny thing. Frank Foster was working with me for awhile and Joe was working in Thad's band and he told somebody that he'd always wanted to play

with me. And he wanted to play where he could play more because, after all, how much can you play in an 18-piece band? You have to play your part and everybody in that band is a soloist so you'd only get a chance to stretch out a couple of times a night and that wasn't satisfying to him. And a man like him—I can see how it would be. My group offered the ideal opportunity for him to really stretch out and to do what he felt he wanted to do and I welcome that kind of enthusiasm and I wanted to work with him.

IG: The two of you have that kind of thing in common, you know, that love of playing—it's a perfect match because you both want to play.

EJ: Right. So it's a real good thing. A real good thing.

IG: Wilbur Little has been away from the group and he just came back.

EJ: Yes. After Jimmy (Garrison) left the group when we were out in California, I had Jimmy Gannon. He's a good bass player—he's a fine bass player. He lives in LA and worked with me out there for about two weeks. During that time my mind was really in a frustrated state.

IG: Joe wasn't with the group then, was he?

EJ: He didn't make that trip either. He took a leave of absence. We had come back from Europe and some things had happened there that sort of pissed him off and me, too, and he couldn't resolve it exactly. And I agreed with him, because it wasn't my fault but he had to learn this for himself, really realize and find out for himself that things just happen. So he did. And I got back to town and we immediately got back together and started doing things again.

IG: Like Carnegie Recital Hall—

EJ: Right. We did five concerts in all; three at Rutgers and two here in New York. All very successful. People were very responsive—very warm—accepted what we did with open arms. This says more to me than what we're doing is right and that it should be part of everything—it's a contribution rather than a mercenary effort. People get groups together to make money but they don't make much music. I like money just like everybody else but I want to play for it. I don't want anybody to give me handouts and I don't want to play any tricks on anybody to live. I guess I'm basically an honest guy, I suppose, I just want to play. My mind has to be in accord with what I'm doing—otherwise I won't do it.

IG: At Carnegie, it was a young college audience—with a genuine kind of response. The reaction wasn't, "Well, we know this group and we're supposed to react such and such a way . . ."

EJ: Yes, it was very genuine. Spontaneous. Nobody had to stand out in the wings and give them any signals. It was very warm. That means a lot.

IG: I read in a couple of places that a lot of the rock kids, especially drummers, check you out.

EJ: I suppose so—I meet a lot of drummers. I'm not hard to talk to anyway. If there's anything I can do to help another person get along or do something I'll do it. If he needs a pair of drumsticks—here's a pair of drumsticks.

IG: Have you heard any rock groups that have impressed you?

EJ: This is something very odd; I haven't. I haven't heard many rock groups. I've heard some of the popular ones—Bob Dylan and the Beatles' records that I like very much. That *Hey Jude*—that's a hell of a piece—I really love that. The form interests me and I like what's happening. I like the form. And there's some real creative efforts involved in that area.

IG: Have you heard anything in jazz lately that has impressed you, that stands out?

EJ: The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra—that has impressed me. People have said that the Clarke-Boland band is better or vice versa—well, it isn't that so much. The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra is the best band going today. They have a consistency like Duke Ellington. They have that force—that power—that swing feeling that I don't think another band has—other than Duke, and you almost take it for granted there. But this is so new, and so many little subtleties there, aside from the basic thing they have—to get 18 guys together who can all pat their feet and play in the same tempo. This is not an easy thing. 'Cause one guy will get a little more excited than the others and he'll rush the time or something will happen to keep it from swinging. But that band swings, and this is what I like to hear. You can sit back and listen to it all night. You won't feel bored, you won't get tired—the seat won't get hard and you won't start squirming around. That's what they have—that will-o'-the-wisp that's hard to catch—it's the spirit that's the life force—the creative force that's there.

IG: It comes from so many parts of the band and then it all comes together.

EJ: It's a cohesive force—organized. It's a beautiful thing.

IG: I was digging Thad last night . . . the way he comes in and out—you know, the way he spices it up with a short solo like spice in a stew.

EJ: Yeah. Like a chef making a good sauce.

IG: Then he'll stir when he leads. And when he plays a fluegelhorn solo, it's like throwing in some more pepper or whatever.

EJ: Yeah—Cornbread and buttermilk—grits and gravy. You know, cornmeal mush tastes pretty good—if you can get some good cornmeal and it's not ground too fine. Cook it like you cook rice and put some sugar and cream on it. And that's a good breakfast. Sticks to your ribs. Sounds kind of poverty-stricken, but it isn't really; it's a real good meal.

IG: I could have all the money in the world and I wouldn't stop eating chili.

EJ: There's nothing like it. You know who makes good chili? Gil Evans. And Coleman Hawkins used to make some great chili. Whew. I ate a whole pot of it one night at his house.

IG: Without pinning you down, have you heard some drummers lately that have knocked you out?

EJ: I tell you a drummer that's impressed me recently. Jimmy Lovelace. He's found himself. He's found his identity. Whether he ever gets to be famous or not, he is a percussionist as of now. He has gotten

/Continued on page 30

THE BLUES COMES TO ANN ARBOR

BY DAN MORGENSTERN

THE MASS MEDIA had plenty to say about the profound implications of the great Woodstock Happening—prime-time TV news coverage, editorials in important papers, etc., etc.

While the communicators were making the great discovery that pot-smokers are non-violent, they had nothing to say about the first major blues festival held in this country. (The sole exceptions, the *Chicago Tribune* (!) and the *Washington Post*, devoted space to the event as a result of the personal initiative of staffers Harriet Choice and Hollie West, respectively.)

This particular happening did not attract even one tenth of the 300,000-plus that Woodstock could boast. Total attendance for the three evening and two afternoon concerts at the Ann Arbor Blues Festival was around 20,000. But everyone

quantities by young America. Perhaps the time will come when at least a sizable segment of that audience will wake up to the real thing, and we may yet see a B. B. King, a Muddy Waters, a Lightnin' Hopkins, and even a Big Joe Williams gain their rightful share of the public adulation and economic rewards currently reaped by their variously gifted students, imitators and plagiarizers.

The setting for this historic event was Fullerflatlands, a grassy piece of land belonging to the University of Michigan. There was a sturdy, workmanlike stage, a good sound system, some improvised refreshment stands—and lots of green grass to sit or lie on. No chairs, but nobody seemed to mind. The young people brought their own blankets, pillows, loaves of bread and jugs of wine, etc., and beyond

catch fire. Crudup's singing is effortless and relaxed, and he has great dignity as well as unusually clear and excellent diction, but the spark was missing.

It was there, however, when he returned on Saturday afternoon to do a fine set including, *That's All Right Baby*, *Sittin' By My Window*, and a piece that included one of my favorite lines of poetry at the festival:

"... that's where a blind man seen my baby

and a dumb man called her name. . . ."

Next came the first of many contemporary Chicago blues bands, J. B. Hutto and the Hawks. An excellent guitarist and an engaging singer, Hutto represents modern blues at its best. His guitar work is influenced by the late Elmore James and has swing and vitality. His band boasts a good



JAMES POWELL

T-Bone Walker

there had come to hear the music—not to make the scene—and the enthusiastic response was a joy to behold.

Organized from top to bottom by students at the University of Michigan, the festival presented a most impressive and truly representative cross-section of the real blues, from deepest roots to latest branches.

Perhaps most significantly, the festival was a sincere and honest tribute to a great black American art form and its makers, organized and attended by young people almost all of whom were white. Though there was much free and easy camaraderie between artists, production staff, and fans, the performers—especially the veterans—were treated with a respect that bordered on reverence. It added up to a kind of recognition that blues artists have seldom, if ever, received from their own people—for reasons too complex to pursue here.

In this fact—and in the astonishing receptiveness and knowledgeability demonstrated by the audience—there lies much hope. The blues is the seminal music from which springs nearly all the rock, pop, soul, c&w etc. sounds consumed in such vast

the fenced-in festival area, there was plenty of land on which to camp.

The festival got under way (on time) Friday evening with the inimitable Roosevelt Sykes, a master of blues and boogie woogie piano, and an enjoyable singer. His solo stint, including two of his big hits, *Driving Wheel* and *Sweet Home Chicago*, as well as a rollicking boogie instrumental, triggered the first of many standing ovations and demands for encores. Like several of the "single" acts, Sykes returned later in the festival, and as in most of these repeat performances, his second outing was the more relaxed and impressive.

He was followed by Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup, a venerable singer-guitarist whose primary talent is not so much performing as writing. He has many a classic blues to his credit, and his avid followers include Elvis Presley. After a long and successful career, he dropped out of the performance field in 1960 and was only recently rediscovered and recorded by Bob Koester of Delmark Records.

His first set, though including such solid numbers as *Look On Yonder Wall* and *I Stay In the Mood For You*, failed to

Son House

lead guitarist, Lee Johnson; the reliable Hayes Ware on bass, and Frank Kirkland, a great blues drummer. (Jazz fans not yet hip to the blues should find Hutto's music a good place to make a start, by the way.)

The next group, also from Chicago, was led by Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins, whose strong guitar work is rooted in the tradition but also very contemporary in sound and feeling. Vocally, he was at his best on *I've Been Down So Long*, sung in a plaintive, high-pitched voice that went well with his somewhat sharp playing. Two tenor saxophonists gave the group an r&b flavor; Mickey Boss turned in some serious playing, but the other hornman came on with some tasteless, annoying gyrations. Dawkins was more impressive at a jam session later that night at the Michigan League, and in a second set on Sunday.

There followed one of the festival's big-name attractions, Junior Wells. Blues purists found his exciting set too commercial, and with numbers like *Harper Valley PTA* and *What Did I Say*, they might have had a point. However, this listener found Wells' fiery harmonica playing (he calls the in-

strument his "Mississippi saxophone") and strong singing, backed by a really together band, most infectious and enjoyable. The musically most meaningful piece was *Help Me*, dedicated to Sonny Boy Williamson (No. 2), and featuring a beautiful harmonica cadenza. "I'm gonna tickle my baby now," Wells announced, and he did.

After an encore, Wells begged off to the biggest hand so far, but what followed to close the evening was, to me, the festival's peak set. It was B. B. King, and they don't call him the King of the Blues in vain.

King combines, in a highly personal way, the best elements, past and present, of the blues tradition. He is a sensational guitarist—the peer of the best jazz has to offer—a moving singer, and an outstandingly gifted performer. From start to finish of a long set (the audience would not let him go, and one felt he could have played into the wee morning hours without losing a single listener), he made beautiful music, communicated warm emotion, and gave fully and freely of himself.

His fine backup band (John Browning, trumpet; Louis Hulbert, tenor saxophone; Booker Walker, alto saxophone; Onzy Matthews, organ, arranger; Kenneth Board, bass; and 12-year man Sonny Freeman, drums) kicked off with a jumping instrumental; then B.B. came on with his standard opener, *Every Day*, followed by *How Blue Can You Get* (written years ago for Louis Jordan by that noted blues composer, Leonard Feather), on which he played seven fantastic slow choruses of guitar, displaying astonishing time and masterly instrumental control, solidly backed by the rhythm section. A jumping *That's Wrong* featured some intriguing turning around of the time, and then B.B. introduced each member of the band with a personal and informative statement (other leaders, blues and jazz, please note).

Someday Baby had some more lovely guitar ("Can I do one more?", asked B.B. after the first chorus, answered by a resounding "Yeah!" from the crowd, and a heartfelt "Do 10 more" on its heels.) His guitar work here, as strongly jazz-flavored as any heard at the festival, bore a more than passing resemblance to prime Django Reinhardt.

Why I Sing The Blues brought the crowd to its feet for a true standing ovation, and King accepted it gracefully with a little speech about his pleasure at this support for the blues, and the fact that this year so far had been the best of his career. "You make us feel like Americans," he said. "I wish I could shake hands with all of you tonight." He followed this with a simple and eloquent *Please Accept My Love*, which stepped the vibrations up a bit higher.

King spoke again, about people. "They went to the moon," he said, "but they didn't find no people there. Look around you. Touch somebody next to you. That's what it's all about. People." He finished up with one of his biggest numbers. *Sweet Sixteen*, and there was communion in the summer night. B. B. King is a great artist, and while he is a showman second to none, there is not one iota of sham in anything he does. After the end of the program, he lingered backstage for nearly an hour,

signing autographs and taking time to chat with every young fan who'd come to see him. (His kindness and grace reminded me of that of another great artist, Louis Armstrong.) Still later, he got the jam session off to a good start, retiring from the stand only when a succession of harmonica players showed the same appalling lack of musical courtesy that, alas, has become common at similar jazz jams.

Saturday afternoon started with one of the greatest of traditional bluesmen, Big Joe Williams, his gravelly voice, and his nine-string guitar. Though not at his best, he still was something to hear, with *Baby Please Don't Go* the capper. On the next afternoon, however, he hit his true stride and got a deserved ovation for the beautiful *Vernita*. Big Joe is more in his prime than most other elder statesmen of the blues, and seemed like a veritable embodiment of the strength, directness and vitality of the blues tradition. One had the feeling that what he played and sang was himself; there seemed to be no distance at all between art and artist.

This was to have been a "workshop" afternoon, and emcee Dick Waterman, head of Avalon Productions and manager of some of the greatest blues artists in the world, gave informative and apt introductions to Williams and Arthur Crudup, summarizing their careers and contributions. He was filling in for his colleague, Bob Messenger, who arrived in time to introduce Muddy Water and his band.

Muddy's current group is one of the best he's had in recent years, and Messenger, in a well-worked out attempt to delineate different blues styles, introduced members of the band and let them do their thing. In succession, we heard from pianist Pinetop Perkins, a worthy replacement for Otis Spann, who demonstrated boogie woogie (Albert Ammons style) with a fine, rolling *Boogie Shuffle*, sang some pleasant city blues, and offered *Caldonia* in tribute to Louis Jordan; guitarist Pee Wee Madison, who did *Sweet Sixteen* in B. B. King style (he is a more interesting guitarist than singer); bassist Sonny Wimberly, who impersonated Wilson Pickett more ably than he did James Brown, and lead guitarist Sammy Lawhorn, who is a great player when the spirit moves him. The small but enthusiastic audience made it clear, however, that they preferred just plain music to didactic musical examples, and wanted Muddy most of all. Both harmonica player Paul Osher and drummer Little Willie Smith got plenty of opportunity behind the leader when he came to bat.

Muddy, in a splendid mood, did *Train-fare Home*, *Hoochie Coochie Man*, *Long Distance Call* (with a sterling guitar solo), and, of course, *Got My Mojo Working*—one of the all-time surefire blues killers. Osher, a young white musician, did some of the best harp work heard at the festival. He has a natural blues feeling, good facility, a pleasing sound, and excellent time.

Muddy and the band were on that night as well, and did basically the same set. Because Howlin' Wolf had overstayed his allotted time (he was on for 80 rather than 45 minutes) and his welcome, they were forced to do just a half hour (the program was already into overtime when Wolf went on) and did just that, almost

to the second, without any shortcuts or strain. It was a brilliant demonstration of true professionalism, and *Mojo* brought one of the biggest ovations of the three days.

The evening concert had begun with a rare treat: Sleepy John Estes and Yank Rachell, partners in blues for 40 years, and legends in their own time. Blind and frail-looking, but full of vinegar, Sleepy John is one of the greatest of blues poets. To the uninitiated, his diction can be hard to grasp, but close study of his lyrics is more than worth the effort.

Though Rachell, the world's only blues mandolinist, at times seemed to overpower his older and more subtle partner (in part due to lack of balance in respective amplification), Sleepy John scored strongly, particularly with *Divin' Duck Blues*. A sample of the happy blues was *You Shouldn't Say That*, with a joyous refrain and a melody line quite similar to the jazz standard *Shake That Thing*. The team also demonstrated a sukey jump, and with Rachell switching to guitar, did a stomping *Goin' Down the Highway*.

How well the youthful audience received these traditional performers! All the ridiculous nonsense about generation gaps was thrown into a cocked hat by this festival. Would that jazz could boast of a similarly receptive, understanding and generous audience!

Accordianist Clifton Chenier, with his Zydeco music from Cajun country in Louisiana, was not happy or relaxed without his customary backup band. Though most of his material is derivative and highly eclectic, encompassing Ray Charles, *Pine-top's Boogie Woogie*, and *Shake, Rattle and Roll* as well as traditional blues fragments, he is a sincere and interesting performer. But a logy drummer got in his way, and the sudden appearance of a tenor player (Chenier eventually chased him off) didn't help. He was so unhappy with himself that he insisted on going on again the next night, but this was a mistake.

Howlin' Wolf's rather unfortunate marathon followed. After a hilarious entrance on a motorscooter (Wolf is a huge man), he essayed a couple of fair number climaxed by *Smokestack Lighting*, on which his fierce harmonica was at its best. Though he followed up with two other hits, *Spoonful* and *Little Red Rooster*, the sameness of the tempos he picked and the seeming apathy of his normally excellent backup band combined to make the set relatively boring.

Otis Rush and his Chicago band was another story. From the opening number, on which Jim Conley's hoked-up but exciting tenor brought memories of Big Jay McNeely and Wild Bill Moore, to the closing *I'm A Cross-Cut Saw*, this was a swinging, intense set of modern blues at its best. On *I'm So Glad You're Mine*, the band generated a great, rocking beat that flowed irresistibly, and on *I Can't Quit You Baby*, Rush's singing was something to hear. He is also a fine, fleet guitarist in the B. B. King tradition, but with a penchant for chording that is his own and a bright but never piercing sound. This is another group that jazz fans would read-

/Continued on page 29

GOOD THINGS IN SMALL PACKAGES:

a selection of jazz on cartridge tapes and cassettes

Though nothing like the abundance of material available on phonograph records as yet exists on cartridge tapes or cassettes, a considerable variety of music is becoming available in these convenient forms.

The following is a selective listing of jazz (and some blues) currently obtainable on cassettes (first catalog no. shown) and eight-track cartridges (shown in italics). Most record albums issued these days are simultaneously released in tape versions. Prices vary slightly, but most cassettes now list at \$5.98, and most eight-track tapes at \$6.98.

For a survey of the current situation in the pre-recorded tape field, see article on p. 32.

Adderley, Cannonball: The Best of Cannonball & Coltrane RVS3038, 3038 In Person CAP4XT162, 8XT162	Flack, Roberta: First Take ATL8230	McPartland, Marian: My Old Flame DOT5907, 907
Allison, Mose: Live At the Lighthouse ATL1450	Franklin, Aretha: Lady Soul ATL8176, 8176	McRae, Carmen: The Sound of Silence ATL8200
Ammons, Gene: Boss Tenor PRE28	Garner, Erroll: That's My Kick MGM4463, 4463	Mingus, Charles: Mingus At Monterey FAN1002
Jungle Soul PRE63	Up In Erroll's Room MGM4520, 4520	Modern Jazz Quartet: European Concert, Vol. I & II ATL1386
Armstrong, Louis: Satchmo's Golden Favorites DEC4137, 4137	Getz, Stan: Greatest Hits RCAP8PR1002	Plays Jazz Classics PRE59
Baker, Chet: Timeless (w/Mulligan) LTR8659	Jazz Samba (w/Charlie Byrd) VER8432, 8432	Monk, Thelonious: Greatest Hits COL1810-0616
Basie, Count: First Time (w/Duke Ellington) COL1810-176	What The World Needs Now VER8752, 8752	Underground COL1810-434
Standing Ovation DOT6031, 1031	Gillespie, Dizzy: On the French Riviera PHL600-048	Montgomery, Wes: March 6, 1925- June 15, 1968 RVS3036, 3036
Straight Ahead DOT5902, 902	Sweet Cadillac IMP9149, 9149	Smokin' at The Half Note VER8633
Benson, George: The Shape Of Things To Come A&M3014, 3014	Goodman, Benny: Best of RCAP8S1358	Mulligan, Gerry: Compadres (w/Dave Brubeck) COL1810-512
Brown, James: Mighty Instrumentals KNG961	Together Again RCAP8S1030	Parker, Charlie: Memorial SAV12000
Brubeck, Dave: Compadres (w/Gerry Mulligan) COL1810-512	Hackett, Bobby: That Midnight Touch PRJ5006, 5006	Peterson, Oscar: Trio+One (w/Clark Terry) MER64005
Time Out COL1810-120	Hamilton, Chico: El Chico IMP9102, 9102	Something Warm VER8681
Burrell, Kenny: Guitar Forms VER8612	Hampton, Lionel: The Original Star Dust DEC4149, 4149	Rich, Buddy: Mercy, Mercy LTR8896
Ode to 52nd Street CAD798, 798	Hancock, Herbie: Maiden Voyage LTR8882	The New One LTR8809
Butterfield, Paul: In My Own Dream ELE4025, 4025	Harris, Eddie: High Voltage ATL1529, 1529	Roach, Max: Drums Unlimited ATL1467
Byrd, Charlie: Aquarius COL1810-0690	Plug Me In ATL1506, 1506	Rollins, Sonny: Now's The Time RCAP8S1059
Charles, Ray: Genius Plus Soul	Hawes, Hampton: Here and Now CON7616	Russell, Pee Wee: & His Dixie-Land All Stars PIC164
Equals Jazz IMP50002, 80002	Hawkins, Coleman: Desafinado IMP28	Shepp, Archie: New Things At Newport (w/Coltrane) IMP94
Coleman, Ornette: Ornette At 12 IMP9178	Herman, Woody: Woody's Winners COL1810-084	Silver, Horace: Song for My Father LTR691, 8691
Coltrane, John: Live at the Village Vanguard IMP10	Hines, Earl: "Fatha" Blows Best DEC5048, 5048	Smith, Jimmy: The Boss VER8770
Impressions IMP42	The Incomparable FAN8381, 8381	Stitt, Sonny: Night Crawler PRE43
Giant Steps ATL1311	Hodges, Johnny: Con-Soul & Sax (w/Bill Davis) RCAP8S1074	Sun Ra: Sun Ra, Vol. I ESP1014
Davis, Miles: Filles De Kilimanjaro COL1810-588	Holiday, Billie: Greatest Hits DEC5040	Szabo, Gabor: The Best Of IMP9173, 9173
Greatest Hits PRE25	Hooker, John Lee: That's Where It's At STX2013, 2013	Terry, Clark: Trio + One (w/Oscar Peterson) MER60975
Plays for Lovers RCA8PR1003	Hubbard, Freddie: High Blues Pressure ATL1501	Waters, Muddy: After the Rain CAD320, 8320
Somechin' Else (w/Cannonball Adderley) LTR8769	Illinois Jacquet: Bottoms Up PRE47	Super Blues (w/Bo Diddley) CHK3008
Steamin' PRE49	Jackson, Milt: Opus De Jazz SAV12036	Zawinul, Joe: Rise and Fall of The Third Stream VOR2002
Desmond, Paul: Summertime A&M3015, 3015	Jamal, Ahmad, But Not For Me CAD628	
Two of a Mind (w/Mulligan) RCAP8S1006	Jazz Crusaders: Tough Talk LTR8708	
Donaldson, Lou: Alligator Boogaloo LTR806, 8806	Jazz Giants: (Rollins, Hawkins, Desmond, others) LTR28013	
Ellington, Duke: And His Mother Called Him Bill RCAP8S1325	Jazz Super Hits: ATL1528, 1528	
First Time (w/Count Basie) COL1810-176	Johnson, J. J. & Kai Winding: Jay & Kai SAV12010	
Popular Duke Ellington RACP8S1193	Jr. Wells: Hoodoo Man Blues DEM9612	
Fitzgerald, Ella: The Best of Ella, Live VER8748, 8748	Kenton, Stan: Ballad Style/Romantic Approach CAP8X2T2377	
	Kid Ory Favorites: Vol. I & II GOO1042	
	King, Albert: King of the Blues Guitar ATL8213, 8213	
	King, B. B.: Boss of the Blues MOD15060, 15060	
	Kirk, Roland: Left & Right ATL1518	
	Kloss, Eric: Life Force PRE36	
	Lateef, Yusef: Eastern Sounds PRE23	
	Psychicmotos IMP92	
	Lloyd, Charles: Forest Flower ATL1473	
	Mance, Junior: Live At The Top ATL1521	
	Mann, Herbie: Memphis Underground ATL1522, 1522	
	Standing Ovation At Newport ATL1471	
	Manne, Shelly: Boss Sounds ATL1469	
	Martino, Pat: East! PRE55	

Label Abbreviations

A&M	A&M
ATL	Atlantic
CAD	Cadet
CAP	Capitol
CHK	Checker
COL	Columbia
CON	Contemporary
DEC	Decca
DEM	Delmark
DOT	Dot
ELE	Elektra
ESP	ESP Disk
FAN	Fantasy
GOO	Good Time Jazz
IMP	Impulse
KNG	King
LTR	Liberty
MER	Mercury
MOD	Modern
PHL	Phillips
PIC	Pickwick
PRE	Prestige
PRJ	Project Three
RCA	RCA Victor
RVS	Riverside
SAV	Savoy
STX	Stax
VER	Verve
VOR	Vortex

Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Lawrence Karl, 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.

Chicago Transit Authority

THE CHICAGO TRANSIT AUTHORITY—Columbia GP 8: *Introduction: Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?* *Beginnings: Questions 67 and 68: Listen: Poem 58: Free Form Guitar: South California Purples: I'm a Man: Prologue, August 29, 1968/Someday, August 29, 1968: Liberation.*

Personnel: Lee Loughnane, trumpet, vocals; Jim Pankow, trombone; Walter Parazider, woodwinds, vocals; Terry Kath, guitar, lead vocals; Robert Lamm, piano, organ, lead vocals; Peter Cetera, electric bass, lead vocals; Daniel Seraphine, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There's 77:43 of music on these two records. 70:50 of it is at least good, and some is very heavy indeed. Producer James Guercio (who, to judge from the liner, is in love with the sight of his name in print) is cornering the market on rock groups with brass, since he also produces Blood, Sweat & Tears.

Comparisons are inevitable. BS&T is potentially a more exciting band and certainly a more variegated one. Steve Katz is a more interesting guitarist than Kath (hmm—even the names are similar), and CTA has no soloist with the power of Fred Lipsius on alto, although trombonist Pankow sounds awful good.

Despite which this set surpasses either of BS&T's albums. All seven members of CTA are first-rate musicians. All the lead vocalists are effective, though David Clayton-Thomas shows more individuality than any of the CTA leads. Most importantly, the brass charts, by Pankow, are gorgeous, and they're played sharply and cleanly. Furthermore, CTA uses hard rock more integrally and more successfully than BS&T.

One of the more ingratiating traits of the music here is that the introductory riffs usually establish a pattern that leads logically but surprisingly into another figure in the same tempo, set by the rhythm. *Introduction*, for example: nice brass riff, vocal based on another pattern, good ensemble blowing, a ritard into a fine, full-toned trombone solo by Pankow, another ritard for a Loughnane trumpet spot (appropriate if not electrifying), an acceleration for Kath's guitar solo, and back to the ensemble chart for the out choruses.

Pankow is gutty and groovy after the vocal on *Beginnings*, entering with a moving cry. There's also some nice dual improvisation between him and Loughnane. The tune ends with a suspended riff followed, unfortunately, by some overextended Latin percussion.

Seraphine steals *Questions*, an interesting line with an early-Classical feel. He plays some fine breaks behind the vocal, and some stinging figures on the seventh and eighth bars of the singer's re-entry. His nicest touch, however, is to hit the closed hi-hat just a hair early on the back beat behind the brass; it really locomotes the arrangement.

Poem features Kath. His solo makes it

clear that he likes Jorma Kaukonen (in the early building) and loves Eric Clapton, emulating his tone as well as his way of getting to a climax via hard chording. Derivative as hell, but pretty enjoyable nonetheless.

The two best pieces are *Purples* and *August*. *Purples* is a real fooler: sounds like a regular blues, then gets progressively less regular. If you're used to humming or singing along with records, it'll feel like you stepped into an elevator shaft. (But the fall is a gas.) As the song's going out, the lead singer throws in the brilliantly mimicked first line of *I Am the Walrus*.

Prologue is simply a short recording of someone (Dick Gregory?) exhorting the Chicago demonstrators to march through the police barricades on S. Michigan, followed by the repeated chant, "The whole world's watching," which is used to set the rhythm for *Someday*. Effective lyrics, good vocal; the chant comes up again underneath, leading into a vocal reprise and another bit of good brass section writing, as various instruments enter staggered to construct a chillingly dissonant chord. The concept could have been gimmicky, but the way the chant sets up and reinforces the song is very natural, very appropriate, and very unnerving.

The only bummer on the records is *Guitar*, in which it is discovered that, gee, Dad, my new \$1500 toy can sound wike an airpawne or a choo-choo or somebody with severe gas problems. Feh.

Whoever thought there'd be something nice to say about the Chicago Transit Authority? This is one El of an impressive debut.

—Heineman

(Note: The group has reportedly changed its name to just plain "Chicago".—Ed.)

Dizzy Gillespie

MY WAY—Solid State SS18054; *Galveston: This Girl's In Love With You: Games People Play: Magic Tree: Whatever Possessed Me: Medley: Aquarius. Let the Sunshine In: Besame Mucho: I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter: Exotica: Birks' Works.*

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Joe De Angelis, Don Corrado, Paul Ingraham, French horn; Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone, flute, piccolo; unidentified strings; Paul Griffin, piano; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, electric bass; Joe Marshall, drums; Paul Fein, tympani; Jimmy Mundy, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

SOUL AND SALVATION—Tribute 5001: *Stomped and Wasted: Pot Licka: Blue Cuchifrito: Turnip Tops: The Fly Fox: Chicken Giblets: Casabab Melon: Clabber Biscuits: Rutabaga Pie: Turkey Fan.*

Personnel: Gillespie, Joe Newman, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone; others unidentified; Ed Bland, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Dizzy merits five stars on each of these; the ratings are based on subtraction for the backdrops fashioned for him, possibly with good (if not pure) intentions, but undeniably with atrocious taste.

My Way is slightly better, only because the repertoire is more varied and the trumpet soloist less frequently obstructed. On the other hand, *Salvation*, as a whole, is more lively.

I have no quarrel with the idea of making a great jazz artist "commercial", giving him "contemporary" material, and devising settings for him that are sufficiently fashionable-sounding to obtain some airplay and juke box exposure. If the formula works, he can then be "sold" without such trappings.

But for pity's sake, how can it work when the object of the experiment is smothered in banalities to the degree that a listener applying even the barest minimum of musical standards is made to cringe on nearly every track? People who'd actually like these records could never be expected to appreciate the art of Dizzy Gillespie. It's like smothering prime filet mignon in stale ketchup, or mixing 20-year old scotch with soda pop.

Much to Dizzy's credit, he rises above it all on nearly every track. On *Whatever*, a poignant ballad from Tadd Dameron's legacy, he is very moving (and the chart quite passable); on *Exotica*, credited to "L. Gillespie" (which I assume is wife Lorraine), he is relaxed and pleasantly nostalgic, and on *Magic Tree* (credited to Richard Carpenter with the *Walkin'* ears), he is brilliant. But even a master can't cope with the deadly tempo and logy rhythm (tympani sounds like a fat man stumbling about the studio) on *Besame* or the absolutely dumb revamping of *Birks' Works* into Latin rock, with interminable trumpet-piccolo unison statements (the piccolo must be one of the most irritating instruments devised by man, and the usually impeccable Jerome Richardson plays it badly on *Besame*). And there's no vitality in Jimmy Mundy's settings of not-so-hot Bacharach, Jim Webb and Galt MacDermot tunes. (Sure, *Aquarius* is a nice song. But it doesn't raise my hair.)

The second album gives Diz a chance to preach and moan. But what material! And what arrangements! Ed Bland is aptly named; his musical taste fits his witty titles. Sprinkle from one large bag of cliches one or more of the following: blues, soul, Gospel, Latin, bossa nova. Lard generously with backbeat, and season with doo-wah voices. Phew! What a stew!

There are a few spots for Moody's tenor (no altoist is mentioned, but if Moody is responsible for the passages on that horn, aside from the fair solo on *Stomped*, he must have had his tongue in both cheeks). No personnel is listed, but Joe Newman appears in a backliner photo, so presumably it is he who engages in a brief shouting match with Dizzy on *Giblets*. The oddly named *Turkey Fan*, a minor piece

with some semblance of melodic substance, has honest tenor and soulful Diz, and the trumpeter tries valiantly to make himself heard in front of the ceaseless ooh-ooh-oohing of the soul girls on *Pot*.

Only confirmed Gillespie fans (such as the undersigned) would care to sift his pearls from these clammy shells. Tribute, by the way, is a new label, making its debut with this masterful creation. They have signed Dizzy. Let's hope they give him a fairer break next time. And don't blame Diz—all a jazz artist wants these days is to reach a larger audience, and record companies talk a slick game. Judging from this year's crop so far, they are rapidly reaching an all-time nadir of taste. And that's not easy—as you, dear reader, no doubt know only too well.

—Morgenstern

Luis Gasca

THE LITTLE GIANT—Atlantic 1527: *Just a Little Bit; Motherless Child; Nancy; Cosia No. 2; Afro-Blue; Joy Ride; Sweet Pea*.

Collective personnel: Gasca, trumpet, flugelhorn; Joe Gallardo, trombone; Hubert Laws, Lew Tabackin, flutes; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, Paul Griffin, Mark Levine, piano; Charles Rainey, Dave Herscher, Richard Davis, bass; Bernard Purdie, Mickey Roker, drums; Mongo Santamaria, Jullito Collazo, Steve Berrios, Marty Sheller, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★

All this album has to recommend it are solid Henderson solos on *Child* and *Afro-Blue* and a light, pretty Tabackin solo on *Joy Ride*.

Gasca has good range and facility, and I'm sure he is a fine man in a section. As yet he has no distinctive voice as a soloist, and his borrowings from Miles Davis and Freddie Hubbard make one wish for an expansion of the copyright laws.

Even if you have a taste for second-hand Davis and Hubbard, I don't think you'll be satisfied by Gasca here, since he slaps together their licks with little taste or continuity. His only personal quality is an occasionally blaring tone, reminiscent of Kenton's lead trumpeters, but I find this touch unpleasant and certainly at odds with the Davis and Hubbard passages.

Little Bit, by Hubert Laws, is the essence of hippy-dip cuteness, and, as such, deserves a spot in the latest time capsule, while *Child*, arranged by Levine, is laid out on a modal rack with voicings *a la* the Jazz Crusaders.

Save your money.

—Kart

Chico Hamilton

THE HEAD HUNTERS—Solid State 18050: *Guitar Willie; Reach and Grab It; I Found Out; Head Hunters; Conglomerates; Ol' Man; Cee Ee Jaas; Them's Good Ol' Days*.

Personnel: Steve Potts, alto saxophone; Russ Andrews, tenor saxophone; Ray Nance, violin; Eric Gale, guitar; Jan Arnett, bass; Hamilton, drums, vocal; Jimmy Cheatham, recitation (track 6).

Rating: ★★

This is a slick but not very substantial LP. The casual jazz fan may think it's pretty far out because there is some poetry on a couple of tracks or because the instrumentation is unusual. However, while the album does contain these features and some other rather novel effects, there's not much in the way of significant innovation. John Handy may have influenced Hamilton's overall group conception on this LP—the composition of Hamilton's

band and of the popular Handy group of a few years ago is almost the same.

Nance, a veteran of the Swing era, rises to the occasion and plays very well here in a modern jazz context. Some of his earlier violin work was a bit too schmaltzy for my taste, but this LP seems to provide him with the kind of challenge he needs. His playing on *Conglomerates* is passionate but disciplined; he plays melodically attractive phrases, resolves his ideas logically, and produces a rich tone. Hamilton's work in the rhythm section is busy and powerful on this track and he inspires Nance.

On the rollicking, up-tempo *Days*, Nance again constructs his work carefully; however, he is not as inventive as on *Conglomerates*. I wish he would have opened up a bit more on *Days* and played with more of the joyous abandon that the composition conveys. Nance makes interesting use of double stops on both tracks.

Potts is a facile musician who seems to have been influenced directly or indirectly by men like Eric Dolphy and Ornette Coleman. His playing, while energetic, is much tamer than theirs and has a good deal in common with John Handy's work.

Gale has good technique and a warm tone and plays tastefully but doesn't exhibit much individuality here.

Hamilton's playing as an accompanist, except on *Conglomerates*, is disappointing and not nearly as imaginative as it has been many times during the past decade. He plays some tricky figures lightly, crisply and cleanly but doesn't really seem too concerned with helping the soloists or adding richness to the group performance as a whole; he just seems to be digging himself and what he's into. During *Guitar Willie*, *Head Hunters* and *Cee Ee Jaas* his Latin-influenced playing is monotonous, repetitive, and lacks dynamic variety. On these three tracks he seems obsessed with trying to be tasty.

As for the jazz and poetry tracks—*Ol' Man*, written and narrated by Jimmy Cheatham, portrays the pensive, genteel sadness of an old man. It contains corny lines like, "When evening comes you have a tete a tete/With dear old friends till maybe half past eight," Nance providing a Gypsy violin background. The track borders on the ludicrous but manages to convey some meaning due to the sincerity of the performers.

Hamilton's *I Found Out* contains a very brief, cryptic poem and the music of the kalimba, an African instrument that sounds something like a cross between a celeste and a xylophone.

—Pekar

Richard "Groove" Holmes

WORKIN' ON A GROOVY THING—World Pacific Jazz ST-20153: *Isle, Natalie; Do You Know the Way to San Jose; Workin' on a Groovy Thing; Oklaboma Toad; High Blues Pressure; Listen Here; In and Out; Dreams of the Everyday Housewife; Rhythm & Groove; I Can't Stop Dancing*.

Personnel: Jerome Rusch, Larry McGuire, Herbert Anderson, Paul Hubinton, trumpets; William Peterson, electric trumpet; Frank Strong, Thurman Green, trombone; Mike Wiberly, bass trombone; Ernest Watts, Anthony Ortega, alto saxophone; Richard Aplanald, baritone saxophone; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Wilton Felder, electric bass; Paul Humphrey, drums.

Rating: ★★

The idea here was to make an album that would sell, not to cut the esthetically best LP possible with the available per-

sonnel. This is indicated by the fact that Budimir's work is blatantly imitative of Wes Montgomery's commercial playing. (When Budimir is in a non-commercial setting he is his own man.)

The guitarist gets a surprisingly large amount of solo space, considering that it is Holmes' LP. Taking into account the limitations placed on him, he does a nice, tasteful job. Holmes, however, is the featured performer and the success or failure of this venture depends more on him than on anyone else.

The organist's work should go over pretty well with his more dedicated fans. He gives them the cliches they want to hear and plays energetically. He's played more imaginatively elsewhere, though it should be kept in mind that this LP is not meant to challenge the listener but to give him more of the same. That being the case, it would be surprising if Holmes were at his best here.

Gerald Wilson's arrangements are, all things considered, very nice; his writing for brass is especially notable.

—Pekar

Freddie Hubbard

A SOUL EXPERIMENT—Atlantic SD 1526: *Clap Your Hands; Wichita Lineman; South Street Stroll; Lonely Soul; No Time to Lose; Hang 'Em Up; Good Humor Man; Midnight Soul; Soul Turn Around; A Soul Experiment*.

Collective Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; Carlos Garnett, tenor saxophone; Kenny Barron, piano; Gary Illingworth, organ; Billy Butler, Eric Gale, guitar; Gerry Jemmott, Fender bass; Grady Tate and Bernard Purdie, drums.

Rating: ★½

This is the worst LP issued under Hubbard's name I've heard. He performs in the context of rather hackneyed, modern r&b-influenced arrangements and most of the compositions themselves are uninteresting. Obviously, this isn't the kind of setting likely to bring out the best in Hubbard's work.

In trying to play soulfully, Hubbard uses too many funky cliches. Even under far better circumstances Hubbard isn't always the most tasteful, relaxed musician in the world, and here his playing is sometimes a raucous drag.

The rhythm section is quite good and inspires Hubbard to play with a lot of fire, but his work is still unimaginative compared to his best performances. That, in the end, is what makes this LP so disappointing.

—Pekar

Yusef Lateef

YUSEF LATEEF'S DETROIT—Atlantic SD 1525: *Bishop School; Livingston Playground; Eastern Market; Belle Isle; Russell and Eliot; Raymond Winchester; Woodward Avenue; That Lucky Old Sun*.

Collective Personnel: Snooky Young, Jimmy Owens, Danny Moore, Thad Jones, trumpets; Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute; Gene Oroloff, Selwart Clarke, Emanuel Green, Kermit Moore, strings; Hugh Lawson, piano; Eric Gale, guitar; Cecil McBee, bass; Chuck Rainey, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, Roy Brooks, drums; Norman Pride, Ray Barreto, Albert Heath, percussion.

Rating: ★★

Lateef wrote all the selections except *Sun*. His originals are supposed to be a musical depiction of the Detroit he knew. Although the album has some points of interest, it's far from his best.

Some of the compositions are good; *Russell and Eliot*, for example, is a powerful, troubled kind of piece and *Belle Isle* has a pretty, haunting melody. The ar-

rangements vary in quality but more often than not are good. The writing is influenced by modern r&b, but the ideas derived from it are generally employed tastefully. Both *Russell* and *Livingston Playground* have forcefully building scores, and there is some nice writing for strings on *Bishop School*.

Lateef's tenor solos are forceful and fairly meaty, though simpler than usual. His best tenor work occurs on *Sun*, recorded with his regular group (Lawson, McBee, and Brooks). Here Lateef displays a big, warm tone and builds calmly and intelligently. He also contributes sensitive, clean flute playing elsewhere on the LP.

Gale, a solid musician influenced by jazz, r&b and psychedelic rock, takes very nice solos on *Russell* and *Winchester*, making good use of wa-wa effects during his spot on the latter selection.

Winchester, incidentally, seems to beat the marks of a Temptations' record, *Run-away Child, Running Wild*, which was produced, appropriately enough, by Motown. Wa-wa guitar work and the cry, "I want my ma-ma" are heard on both selections.

The underappreciated Lawson takes a good, harmonically interesting solo on *Sun*.

—Pekar

Helen Merrill-Dick Katz

A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE—Milestone MSP 9019: *Lonely Woman*; *While We're Young*; *Never Will I Marry*; *A Lady Must Live*; *I Should Care*; *Looking For a Boy (I Want A Little Girl)*; *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Lover Come Back To Me*; *Where Do You Go?*

Collective personnel: Thad Jones, cornet, flugelhorn; Gary Bartz, alto saxophone (track 1 only); Hubert Laws, flute, piano, arranger; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter or Richard Davis (track 1 only), bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Take a fine singer and a cadre of brilliant musicians; select 10 superior songs, deploy your ensemble in varied and stimulating combinations; devise arrangements that challenge and inspire the performers—and handle with love and care. What do you get? A superb album of which all involved can well be proud.

Pianist-arranger-producer Dick Katz has come up with a more than fitting sequel to his first collaboration with Miss Merrill, *The Feeling Is Mutual* (Milestone MSP 90003; ★★★★★).

The singer's voice is not big or dramatic, but she knows exactly what to do with it, and she is a musician, with taste, sensitivity, and intelligence. No histrionics here, no self-indulgence, no meretriciousness. Not many singers could do what Miss Merrill does with Alec Wilder's lovely *While We're Young*, backed only by Hall, Carter, and Elvin's brushes, find so much new to say in *Funny Valentine* (with Carter's bass alone), or stand up to the demands of the unique arrangement on the seldom-heard Rodgers and Hart gem, *A Lady Must Live*.

Much could be said about the genuinely imaginative settings and their execution. Solos abound, but even more important is the interplay. Hall and Katz go especially well together; Laws plays lovely things with a lovely sound; Thad Jones is superb—he always thinks about what he's doing; Carter makes his bass sing, and Elvin, in

such an environment, demonstrates that his famed energy is only one aspect of a complete musical profile.

There are delights on every track (though I feel that *Lovely Woman* is an interesting failure—with the stress on interesting) and not once do singer or instrumentalists fall back on clichés or licks. One could cite things to hear on every tune, but these will fall on the listening ear without such aid. Let me just add that I found *Boy* particularly delightful—for the piano solos preceding and following the vocal (Katz's touch is a thing of beauty), the singing, and the lyrics, adapting *I Want A Little Girl* to a woman's point of view so aptly and charmingly . . . the verb "cook", especially taking on a new meaning.

But you must hear for yourself. What a contrast this album is to most of the "product" that passes through our hands and in and out our ears these days! A happy combination of talent, craft, taste and care, this little gem may not win a Grammy or make the charts, but if you like good music, it will surely win a permanent place in your affections.

—Morgenstern

Snoozer Quinn

THE LEGENDARY SNOOZER QUINN—Fat Cat's Jazz FCJ 104: *Nobody's Sweetheart*; *Georgia On My Mind/Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*; *Singin' the Blues* (2 takes); *You Took Advantage Of Me*; *Snoozer's Wanderings*; *Snoozer's Telephone Blues*; *Clarinet Marmalade*; *Out of Nowhere*; *After You've Gone*; *Lover, Come Back To Me/On the Alamo*; *My Melancholy Baby*.

Personnel: Johnny Wiggs, cornet (tracks 1, 3, 4, 8, 10, 12); Quinn, guitar.

Rating: ★★★★★

Edwin McIntosh Quinn is a legend come to life in this album. He seemed born to music—his was a musical family—and had learned something of the mandolin and violin before settling upon the guitar in 1913—at the age of seven. In a few years he was playing professionally, and hit the road at 17 with a band led by drummer Jack Willrich, which at one time included Jack and Charlie Teagarden. He was jobbing in New Orleans when Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer arranged for him to join the Paul Whiteman band (earlier in the '20s, he worked in Shreveport with the even more legendary Peck Kelly, the Texas pianist who, at his own insistence, went a lifetime without recording).

I am indebted to annotator Al Rose for these biographical details—so little is known about Quinn that almost any scrap of information is welcome. He tells us that these recordings were made on Johnny Wiggs' home equipment at the hospital where Quinn was convalescing "in the early '50s" (he died in 1952). The two had played together in Kelly's band, and remained friends over the years. Thank goodness for that recorder, for there is precious little of Quinn's work to be heard anywhere.

Rose, in his liner lament over Snoozer's recording misfortunes (a solo date for Victor and a session with Bix and Tram for Columbia were lost, and his accompaniments to singer Jimmie Davis and records with Whiteman afford little chance to hear him as he preferred to play), curiously avoids mention of seven titles by

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Trumbauer's Orchestra, cut for Okeh in March and April of 1929, on which Quinn's chordal and single-string work can be heard quite clearly, especially on *Futuristic Rhythm*, where he provides an obbligato to Trumbauer's vocal.

His sound had an astringency that Ed Lang's (his predecessor and successor on the Whiteman/Trumbauer recordings) lacked, as well as a shade more clarity and incisiveness that were probably due to his higher-pitched guitar (a smaller box, perhaps, than Lang's). His playing, however, is very similar to Lang's, acknowledging that the latter was the style-setter of that time.

These tracks show a modified, mellowed Snoozer with a gentle, personal style found through years of playing for his own pleasure (and, surely, that of his listeners). It was thoroughly based on the white southern blues. I can think of no better way to describe Quinn's work than to call him the Jack Teagarden of the guitar.

No serious student of the plectrum should fail to hear this album, and it will be mandatory for all devotees of traditional solo and rhythm guitar. The Bix cullists, too, will be interested in Wiggs' extraordinarily good outing here. I've never been a guitar person, but now that I have this disc, I can't imagine ever being without it.

The album is available from Fat Cat Jazz Records, Box 458, Manassas, Va., 22110.

—Jones



Lonnie Smith

TURNING POINT—Blue Note 84313: *See Saw*; *Slow High*; *People Sure Act Funny*; *Eleanor Rigby*; *Turning Point*.

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Bennie Maupin, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Melvin Sparks, guitar; Leo Morris, drums.

Rating: ★ 1/2

Given the limitations of most contemporary organists, I don't expect them to be very distinctive (Jimmy Smith still hovers overhead), or very inventive, but I do expect them to have good time and swing. Smith, on this album, doesn't. His breaks on *People*, for example, are so rhythmically vague that it's a small wonder that the drummer manages to resume the original tempo. Even Elvin Jones couldn't keep Smith from dragging, and the heavy-handed Morris is certainly not Elvin.

With this kind of support, it's no surprise that the horns are at a loss. Morgan sounds disinterested (who could blame him), and this is the dulllest playing I've ever heard from him. The promising Maupin is apparently too young to know the name of the game, and actually tries to play some music. He makes a half-try at a thematic improvisation on *Eleanor Rigby*, which, through no fault of his own, sounds rather comical—whatever the tune's virtues in its original version, it is not a good vehicle for jazz improvisation.

A star-and-a-half to Morgan, Maupin, and Priester for showing up, and may the

producers trip on the way to the bank.

—Kart

Ike and Tina Turner

GREATEST HITS—Warner Brothers 1810: *Tell the Truth*; *Good Times*; *You Are My Sunshine*; *It's All Over*; *All I Can Do Is Cry*; *Something's Got a Hold on Me*; *Early in the Mornin'*; *I Can't Stop Loving You*; *Somebody (Somewhere) Needs You*; *A Fool for You*.

Personnel: Tina Turner, vocals; unidentified big band led by Ike Turner.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In a letter to *Chords & Discords*, (DB, June 26), Lennie Tristano wrote: "I think Diana Ross is the greatest jazz singer since Billie Holiday." I don't know about Tristano's choice of Miss Ross, but there's no doubt that he was aiming in the right direction. If Billie Holiday is the core of female jazz singing, her truest disciples today are in r&b and soul.

But I wonder whether Tristano has heard Tina Turner, because I think she conveys the essence of the Holiday method more than anyone—the ability to make often banal lyrics reveal the proud, sturdy nature of real love. And the typical soul ballad has lyrics that are even more silly and masochistic than the material Billie transformed.

Take *All I Can Do Is Cry*, for example, since it is the most powerful performance on this excellent album. The lyrics tell about a girl who attends the wedding of her man to another girl. She sits in the back of the church so everyone can see how hurt she is, and, when the ceremony has ended, all she can do is etc. Pretty grim.

But Tina turns this sob-sister tale upside down and inside out by inserting a long talk-sung section describing the wedding that boils with rage, pride, and a savage, spit-in-his-face humour.

Some of the techniques she uses to put this across are remarkable. There's the quality of her voice—tough, wiry, sometimes rasping, with no hint of weepy contralto. And her superb rhythmic control—the line "I saw my man walking down the aisle with another girl" is one perfectly placed explosion of sound that might have come from Booker Ervin's horn (its emotional effect goes without saying). As for overt word-coloring, the rendering of her ex-lover's speech after the wedding ("Tina darling, even though we are apart, I'll always reserve a certain little spot for you in my heart") is a delightful piece of sarcasm. On "darling" her voice booms with his pompous satisfaction, while "apart" and "spot" are emphasized in spiteful, acid tones—her reaction to his words.

But what makes this a classic performance, above all, is the emotional curve of the song as Tina sings it. When she finally gets to the screamed-out, climactic line ("All I could do was cry!"), you feel that, instead of a tale of suffering and sobbing, she has told us, "I can take care of myself, and to hell with that man!"

The rest of the album is not far below this level, and *Tell the Truth* swings as hard as anything I've heard recently. Only *Somebody* is a studio cut; the rest of the tracks were recorded in person at two Texas ballrooms, and the backing is by a rough, stomping band led by Ike Turner, who gets in a few vocals licks on *Sunshine*. I recommend the album highly.

—Kart

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Ellington-Henderson, *The Big Bands/1933* (Prestige 7645)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coleman Hawkins, Mary Lou Williams, *Jazz Pioneers* (Prestige 7647)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Django Reinhardt and the American Jazz Giants (Prestige 7633)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Benny Carter/1933 (Prestige 7643)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Benny Goodman and the Giants of Swing (Prestige 7644)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Berigan-Freeman-Stacy-Sullivan, *Swing Classics* (Prestige 7646)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wingy Manone, Vol. 1 (RCA Victor LPV 563)

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The six reissues from Prestige are among the most exciting block of Swing era performances to hit the scene since Columbia was turning out its boxed sets of Billie Holiday, Ellington, etc. five or six years ago. This is not to say there haven't been rewarding reissues from other companies in the interim, but rarely so many containing so much in one batch. Moreover, there's a unity to the whole group; many themes link each LP to the other.

Each album is a mixture of several sessions, some good, some not so good, some classic. If each record were to be rated in terms of its best tracks, each would get an unequivocal five stars, for none is without brilliance of the highest order. But as this would be misleading, my ratings attempt to strike a balance between the elements of each LP. All should belong to those who love jazz and can respond to beautiful and exciting music.

Big Bands/1933 offers three sessions: four tracks by Ellington made for British release and 10 by the Henderson brothers (Horace serves as titular leader on one session). *Merry-Go-Round* was recorded by Ellington two years before the more famous and long available Brunswick-Columbia version, which is still the better of the two. We also get the earliest of Duke's many issued versions of *Sophisticated Lady* (the first, done for Victor in 1932, was never released), *Down a Carolina Lane*, and *World on a String* with an Ivy Anderson vocal.

The real meat of the LP, however, is the Henderson tracks, which go a long way toward completing the picture of the band so far provided by Columbia, Decca, and several smaller firms (the major remaining holdout is RCA). These are important records in the band's history.

Talk of the Town is the vehicle for Coleman Hawkins' greatest, most haunting ballad performance of the decade next to *Body and Soul*. Another consistent stand-out is trumpeter Red Allen, whose legato horn made him one of the most visionary soloists of the period. Both he and Hawk contribute stirring solos in *Queer Notions*, an iconoclastic composition by the latter based on a series of augmented chords which yield a semi-atonal effect. (Allen's

two vocals are less welcome than his playing.) We also hear prime Dicky Wells in top form on three tracks. The band sounded best on moderate-tempo swingers. It seemed to lack the precise intonation and section discipline to make the high speed killer dillers work as well as some later bands. *Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day*, *I'm Rhythm Crazy Now* and *Ain't Cha Glad* are mellow big-band definitions of the verb to swing.

The Henderson theme carries over into *Jazz Pioneers*, which features a 1934 Henderson contingent including Hawk, Allen J. C. Higginsbotham, and Hilton Jefferson plus the band's rhythm section. *Jamaica Shout* is powerful and relentless, Hawk driving hard in eighths. Allen's solo is more rhythmically varied. Hawk rhapsodizes on *The Day You Came Along* and is contemplative on *Heartbreak Blues*. Allen shows his debt to Armstrong on *Day*. Three tracks with pianist Buck Washington accompanying Hawkins follow.

The British rhythm section on Hawkins' initial European date does more thumping than swinging, but Bean comes through with a bracing *Lady Be Good*. There is also a *Honeysuckle Rose*, about which more shortly.

The Mary Lou Williams selections are from three 1936 dates in which she uses the Andy Kirk band's rhythm section. They show a Teddy Wilson-Earl Hines influence, combining the quiet harmonic symmetry of Wilson with some of Hines' aggressiveness.

The Coleman Hawkins theme of *Jazz Pioneers* rises to its climax in the next LP, *American Jazz Giants*. This record is completely dominated by a 1937 session which produced an elegant *Out of Nowhere* and three hair-raising swingers. The setting was a basic saxophone quartet with rhythm, and arrangements by Benny Carter (who recreated this date in his smashing *Further Definitions* LP for Impulse in 1961). *Honeysuckle* contrasts significantly with the version mentioned above. Hawkins was fascinated with chords at the time and spreads out to explore them fully. Three years later, the trend is toward tension, drawn ever tighter through the use of frequent riffs. The tone has softened, too.

Crazy Rhythm is everything *Honeysuckle* is and more—much more, if that's possible. Hawk's two choruses burst upon the listener with eight bars of riffs and then swoop into the heights of inspiration for a thrilling solo flight. One feels the mounting fury is cut off prematurely by prevailing time limits. The fourth track, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, would be the top item in any other Hawkins session; it's a jumping version with climax piled upon climax. But it is overshadowed by the extraordinary *Crazy Rhythm* happening. I would be content to let Bean's stature as a great musician stand or fall on the basis of this music.

The balance of the Hawk material consists of four otherwise commonplace band sides in which the tenorist provides the solo backbone for some elementary arrangements. He drives hard in the second of his two choruses on *Avalon*, which also features some dazzling Django Reinhardt. *Blue Moon* finds the tenorist in top form

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Somewhat swamped in the flood of inspiration unleashed in the 1937 Hawkins-Carter date, Django shines in a 1938 Carter-led session in the company of a superlative group of U.S. and continental musicians. *I'm Coming Virginia* is the standout. Much of the reason for the success of these tracks (as well as the 1937 ones) is Benny Carter's limber writing for four saxes and his strong lead alto in the section work. Carter's reed sections were tightly disciplined but always swinging—two components that were never mutually exclusive in his hands. Finally, a session led by the short-lived pianist Garnet Clark features Bill Coleman's trumpet, Django playing rhythm guitar only.

The Carter theme is carried on further in *Benny Carter/1933*, which offers in addition to several potent Carter arrangements, mighty solos by Chu Berry, Teddy Wilson, Floyd O'Brien, J. C. Higginbotham, and Max Kaminsky, plus a rhythm section anchored by Sid Catlett. Four tracks are by an octet (The Chocolate Dandies) and eight by full orchestra. Chronologically, the first session is the least interesting, marred primarily by three pseudo-Crosby vocals by Carter himself, which take up valuable solo time. Although the final session finds Berry absent, the loss is made up for by some of the most advanced scoring of the period, especially for reeds. *Blue Lou* has a dull and pointless interlude by trumpeter Bill Dillard (hear the 1936 Henderson recording with Roy Eldridge and Berry for the definitive treatment) but bounces back with a Wilson chorus that changes the entire complexion of the record. *Symphony in Riffs* has the mellowest sax teamwork on the LP and scored passages that sing with the bounce of improvised solos.

The date by the octet shines. Chu chugs forward with inexorable force on *I Never Knew* and *Krazy Kapers* (reminiscent of the later *Sing Sing Sing*) and plays with considerable beauty on two ballads. Carter, whose alto is as swift and light as the wind throughout, takes a fine trumpet solo on *Once Upon a Time*. This track, however, is also dominated by Teddy Wilson's piano.

Wilson's presence in Carter's initial band was largely the result of the eyes, ears, and enthusiasm of jazz's greatest patron and one of the music business' finest men, John Hammond, who recommended Wilson to Carter and paid for his transportation from Chicago to New York. Hammond's work in behalf of the great musicians of the period is the bridge which takes us to the final two LPs in this Prestige series.

Most of the sides here were U.S.-made for English release and supervised by Hammond. *Benny Goodman and the Giants of Swing* offers Goodman's first date for Hammond, a gig that produced *Texas Tea Party*, *Ain't Cha Glad* (complete with Hal Kemp-type triplets) and two others. Until recently, three of these pieces were available on Epic's Jack Teagarden collection (SN 6044) and are therefore probably familiar to fanciers of this genre. Suffice it to say that all cats are in good form, with Teagarden especially fine on *Dr. Heckle and Mr. Jibe*.

But Goodman's best moments undoubt-

edly come in a quartet of tracks made under Gene Krupa's name in Chicago in 1935, specifically in *Last Round Up* (hear him pick up on Gene's paradiddle) and *Three Little Words* (a stirring solo and fiery ensemble work, Krupa exploding frequently). Bassist Israel Crosby makes some eloquent statements on *Blues of Israel*.

Four sides led by Joe Venuti provide some interesting fragments but as a whole shape up as pleasant period pieces. Benny rises above it all doing King Oliver's *Dippermouth* solo on *In De Ruff*, and also shines in *Jazz Me Blues*.

The essence of *Swing Classics* is two Bunny Berigan sessions from 1935. On *The Buzzard*, Bunny treats us to several bars of low-register horn before opening up. The phrases roll from his horn with symmetry and grace, and dig that smeared note in the final bar of his solo! His work is uniformly superb throughout. Bud Freeman is heard on four tunes, revealing he was moving toward a more legato style. The sides on which he participated are generally the more interesting. Eddie Miller plays tenor on the other Berigan date, diminished occasionally by Ray Bauduc's Dixieland drums—a rhythmic albatross. *Blues* is the top item from this group, although Bunny shimmers and glows throughout.

There is also a Jess Stacy trio and solo date, from which *World Is Waiting for the Sunrise* is the standout. The pianist's approach, although less facile, is similar in many ways to the Mel Powell-Benny Goodman version of 1942 (Mainstream 6009), and he is sparked by the rhythm team of Krupa and Crosby. Krupa especially (until he starts slapping a cymbal near the end) is brilliant in his understated intensity. The LP ends with four Joe Sullivan piano solos from 1933. Fats Waller fans will recognize some familiar phrases woven into the fabric of Sullivan's playing. Included is his famous *Gin Mill Blues* and an absorbing rendition of *Honey-suckle Rose*.

In this context, it is appropriate to mention RCA's *Wingy Manone*, Vol. 1. Like Berigan, Manone was a fixture on the early 52nd Street scene, and in these selections, dating from 1936 to 1941, he surrounded himself with the likes of Buster Bailey, Chu Berry, Cozy Cole, Joe Marsala, George Brunies, and even Mel Powell.

Limehouse Blues and *Blue Lou* are the tracks to hear first; they're all instrumental and feature some mighty Berry—especially the former, which also has good Bailey. *Swinging at the Hickory House*, *Dallas Blues*, and *My Honey's Lovin' Arms* (with more Chu) also hit the mark. Most tracks have vocals by Wingy, whose singing I find a consistent delight. His horn, very much derived from the Armstrong school, frequently strikes sparks, and technical limitations never seemed to prevent him from stirring up excitement. For those who seek pleasure from music, this set will be a happy find.

It's odd, considering Chu Berry's presence on this LP, that annotator Robert Thompson could make the somewhat hyperbolic assertion that Eddie Miller is the greatest of all tenor men.

—John McDonough

GARY BURTON BLINDFOLD TEST

Early in 1968 I interviewed Gary Burton and Larry Coryell for a two-part, two-man *Blindfold Test* that appeared in the issues dated March 7 and April 4. In the introduction to the first segment, I stressed the musical closeness of the two and compared it with earlier famous musical partnerships.

As it turned out, the team was to break up in July, and while Coryell went his own way, Burton found a replacement in Jerry Hahn who has turned out to be no less effective. Some critics have even found the new alliance more mutually fruitful.

Burton's career has gone onward and upward with astonishing celerity. Last December, *Down Beat* readers voted him Jazzman of the Year. His recent album *Country Roads and Other Places* is a stunningly varied set that displays the complexity, lyricism, beauty and technical wizardry of the 26-year-old vibes master.

Burton is as swift and eloquent with words as with music. Following is the slightly edited essence of a solo blindfold flight conducted during his last visit to Shelly's Manne Hole in Los Angeles. He was given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather



JAN PERSSON

1. MIKE MAINIERI. *Minnesota Thins* (from *Insight*, Solid State). Mainieri, vibes, arranger; Lynn Christie, bass, composer.

I don't know who that is, because it didn't really go on long enough for me to know. It seemed rather trite rhythmically; very little variety in the rhythms. A very simple rock feeling, which leaves very little room for creativity in this situation. The solos were awfully short, which again would give very little time for anybody to get into anything.

There just didn't seem to be very much going on. This is the kind of thing I wouldn't want to hear more than once. I think I heard everything that was there in one time through; I could only rate that one.

2. BOBBY HUTCHERSON. *Black Circle* (from *Stick Up!*, Blue Note). Joe Henderson, tenor sax; Hutcherson, vibes, composer; McCoy Tyner, piano.

First of all, I thought it was a pretty nice tune. The section with the solos seemed awfully lightweight in comparison to the tune, because there was a lot of very interesting rhythmic variety. The sense of harmony was very nice; then as soon as the solos happened, it suddenly became very conventional. With a tune that sets up such a nice mood, as that one did, it would have been nice to stay in the same feeling and to have kept the rhythmic breaking going on.

Almost everyone at some point seemed to have a little trouble with the changes; the pianist the least. He may have written it, because there was a lot of complex changes in the tune and that was my main observation about the tenor player.

The vibes seemed to be slow getting off to a start. The first chorus or so, the rhythmic feeling was a little weak and didn't seem to be quite with the rhythm section. Stylistically, it was like Bobby Hutcherson. However, if that was Bobby, I would say that this was far from his best.

Also, an observation I would make on the vibes solo, the solos seemed to be cut short. There's a way to play short solos, but they have to be limited to a single concise statement and type of feeling, and once you get it said, then stop. It's very hard to play short solos and make them not sound cut off. Most players have to

play longer solos in order to sound like they've reached the end of what they have to say.

Very often for a recording nowadays, they'll say: "Now try to hold it down; everybody take two apiece," or whatever, and if on the job you're used to playing eight or 10 choruses on every tune, then suddenly it will sound cut off when you're in a studio. And I got that impression from this. The piano player seemed to have the best control of the changes and of the song itself.

What they set up in the melody, I would have preferred that to have been the style of the whole tune, and it would really have been a heavy performance if they'd done that. For the tune I'd give it three stars.

3. MILT JACKSON. *A Walkin' Thing* (from *Milt Jackson & The Hip String Quartet*, Verve). Hubert Laws, flute; Benny Carter, composer; Tom McIntosh, arranger.

In all likelihood that was Milt Jackson, though I've never heard this record before. There's a very good use of strings, I thought. They really fit into the style of the thing and the whole performance was all in character and straight ahead. They had obviously spent a lot of time getting it together, and he played it very well.

It's the kind of thing that made me smile a lot as it went down. Excellent arranging as well. I'd give that five stars, I guess. Four at the least.

Only the vibes soloed, and there was a little token flute solo that could have been either excluded or let him play, one or the other. That would be the only fault I could give it; that one little concession there to try to work everyone in without letting them take over. It would have been cleaner in performance if they'd just left it all vibes.

4. ROY AYERS. *In The Limelight* (from *Virgo Vibes*, Atlantic). Gerald Wilson, composer.

I don't know at all who this is. There seemed to be a general lack of empathy among the players, between the solos and the rhythm section. Everyone was pounding very hard and playing fast and furious, but very little real interplay or empathy. And everybody, to a man, overplayed. Lots of flashing shots, and small content musically, so I'd say one star.

5. SUN RA. *Heliocentric* (from *The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra, ESP*). Sun Ra, bass marimba, composer; Ronnie Boykins, bass; John Gilmore, tympani.

The textures seemed uncertain. This kind of music deals very much with the types of sounds and their contrasts from one instrument to another, or combinations to another, rather than individual notes. Possibly some of it could be recording difficulty in that it's very difficult to record bass marimba, bass and tom-toms on the same channel and remain separate; they tend to cancel each other out. Particularly if the bass marimba part is busy. . . .

I have no idea who that was. It could have been any of the people who are experimenting in new things. I applaud the effort to experiment with newer sounds, and particularly other mallet instruments besides vibes, but I don't think this could be considered a great success. I'd say two stars for the effort, and I hope to hear more. (Later: I approve of Sun Ra in general.)

6. GARY MCFARLAND. *Sandpiper* (from *Point of Departure*, Impulse). McFarland, vibes, composer; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Steve Swallow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

That's confusing. It was very inconsistent, I thought. I liked the opening and most of the melody chorus, but immediately after that it suddenly switched to very typical 4/4 flashing solos, and I thought it's a shame they didn't keep some of the original character of the thing; and about that time the vibes player came in and did play some of it that way. I liked the spirit in which he played it, and the way the rhythm section and he played together.

The vibes playing was a little rough, from a technical standpoint, but the content showed a lot of thought, and he had definitely something in mind that he was trying to do. The whole performance could just have been more consistent. I'd give it three stars.

The other people's playing seemed incidental—competent. The rhythm section was interesting, but mostly I liked the song. The opening time they played it there was a lot of linear and rhythmic variety, which showed a lot of facility on their part, and they could have maintained more of that in the playing of the song.





Dizzy Gillespie: like a high-velocity shell

Rutgers Jazz Festival

Rutgers University Stadium,
New Brunswick, N.J.

This was, among other things, the first large-scale venture by the Institute of Jazz Studies, originally housed in Marshall Stearns' home in New York City, now moved to the Newark campus of Rutgers. The credits read, to be precise, "The Newport Jazz Festival (i.e., George Wein) in association with the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies and the Carnegie Hall Corporation presents . . ."

No one who has not tried it can possibly know what foot-tons of energy (and wagonloads of risk capital) go into the making of a big jazz festival, nor the exasperations, the harassing crises, and the fearsome uncertainty of the material rewards that are supposed to come out of it. Having run some fair-size sessions myself—and this was long ago, when competition for both audiences and musicians was far less keen—I do know, and I tell you no sane, commercially prudent man of business would touch this *business* with a pole as long as Carnegie Hall. I salute those who risk their time and money doing it; in this case George Wein and his backers—if any.

Financially, this festival was, in George's terse phrase, a bomb. 4,000 people the first night, in a stadium that looked as if it could accommodate 30,000, of whom only 3,000 paid to get in. The second night, Sunday, had 6,500, but this was not enough to salvage the event.

The music, by and large, was just fine, taking into consideration two factors that may be regarded as constants for such affairs: one, that no one was on long enough to give an adequate account of his capabilities; the other, that as with many recent "jazz" festivals, the lineup both nights included people who could by no stretch of meaning be called jazzmen, sandwiched in between jazz immortals.

Saturday night got off to a burning start with what could qualify as the greatest set of the festival, or one of them—the Dizzy Gillespie quintet (James Moody, alto and tenor saxophone, flute; Mike Longo, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Candy Finch, drums). Dizzy met the vast void—of both bodies

and minds—with his customary aplomb. He kicked it off with the first of three firstclass songs by pianist Mike Longo, a bright-tempo bossa nova titled *Beach Buggy Boogaloo*; took the first solo himself, driving straight down the hard-jazz line like a high-velocity shell; yielded to a wailing alto solo in Moody's mood, and, after swinging contributions by bass and drums, whipped into the theme again, light and crisp as Sunday-morning bacon.

The 3,000 rather blank-faced youngsters sitting out there in the waning daylight scarcely reacted; one felt fairly sure they had only a vague idea as to who Dizzy Gillespie was or what he and his men had just laid down. Diz came to the mike with his characteristic humor: "Thank you, thank you," he tongue-in-cheeked, "for that tumultuous reception." This and other jests had the intended effect of warming up the peasantry; thereafter they seemed to pay more attention.

Next they played a nice blues line by Longo, *Let Me Out of Here*, with Moody leading off; Diz stalked in with a muted solo that raised welts on your mind, with a simple, insistent, torrid rising-second interval that became a theme; Moody again growled and wailed, this time on tenor. Longo's solo was equally stimulating, with a lyrical ending that blended perfectly into Merritt's thoughtful bass song. Their final number was a small masterpiece, *Frisco*, a 6/4 up-tempo blues by Longo. After the ensemble theme, Moody blew a coolly swinging flute that set the stage for a biting, rocking open-horn trumpet ride that at last awoke even the most retarded auditors to the fact that something memorable was happening. The pianist's own solo, many choruses long, which wound up the set, cut any piano playing I've heard recently. It was what you go to a "festival" in hopes of experiencing.

Herbie Mann's new sextet came on after that, with a "free-form" nothing (I have it in my notes as *Memphis Underground* and that is where I wish it had stayed), featuring mostly his very boring guitarist Sonny Sharrock, and somewhat rescued by tenorman Steve Marcus, who got it back on tempo with some "soul" swinging. Then they played *Tangier* and *Ooh Baby*, which

made little impression on me.

On the next song, a bossa nova, Mann was having some trouble with the very distinct echo effect from the empty stands, which he ingeniously solved by playing unaccompanied echo-duets with himself, much to the crowd's delight. The final number was their best, an 8/4 blues theme that featured a good tenor solo once again, though marred by a final ensemble that sounded for a few moments as if they were tuning up. Mann's best moment, for me, was an *a cappella* flute bossa nova that swung remarkably, and of course made for a real climactic effect when the rest of the group joined in. The crowd loved it and Mann, and sent him off with a big ovation.

Wein now introduced the first rock group, which calls itself Jethro Tull (the name, as I later learned from leader Ian Anderson, of an 18th-century English agriculturist who invented the seed-drill). Their advent was spectacular and misleading. Spectacular, because it began with this bizarrely costumed humanoid of undeterminable age, with wildly flying hair and beard down to his armpits, leaping knowingly onstage and making feeble jokes and using the word "shit" freely, which of course enchanted the thousands of children in the stands. Misleading, because the humanoid (Ian Anderson) and his almost equally odd-looking crew proved to be excellent musicians and, behind all that hair, extremely clever and likeable. The first song was *My Sunday Feeling*, on which Anderson sang genuinely moving, tarpaper blues in a good, black voice that hardly suggested his British origins, and his pals backed him up with a great beat and some rather tasty *obbligati*, all of it of course about 20 times louder than I would have liked, but what can you do? Then they did a good adaptation of a Bach *bourree* with a very fine bass solo by Glenn Cornick, *Martin's Tune Again*, which featured guitarist Martin Lancelot (that is his middle name) Barre; and finally, *A New Day Yesterday*, a Gospel/blues-based "vamp till ready" theme that grooved everyone, though I was beginning to wish I wore a hearing aid so I could turn it down. (I had an interesting chat with this group after the set; seems their first LP, which is "No. 40 on the charts" [whatever that really means] in the U.S., is No. 3 in England. I asked Ian why all the jiving and prancing about onstage, and his reply was simple and eloquent: "Money." No comment necessary.)

B. B. King and his six-piece band were next. I have been enjoying King for some time on records, TV, etc., but hadn't realized until now how much vaudeville he goes in for. I had really expected something a little deeper from him, but his jiving, falsettoing, etc., were O.K., though his amplification was nearly as terrifying as the Jethro Tull's. He pleased the already enthusiastic crowd with a vamp-accompanied "preaching" blues about men and women just before his final number, a fast and rather exciting rock-blues that brought down the house—such as it was. He was well backed up by his competent blues band, with Onzy Matthews, organ; John Browning, trumpet; Booker Walker, alto sax; Louis Hulbert, tenor sax; Kenneth

Board, bass; and Sonny Freeman, drums.

I had been waiting through a long evening for Cannonball Adderley and brother Nat, with Joe Zawinul, piano; Walter Booker, bass and Roy McCurdy, drums. When they did appear, the first thing was in part a disappointment for me—a free-form mishmash of lyrical lines partly lost in a scuffle of unmatching rhythm, now and then a strain of blues, a sort of Egyptian-sounding solo on cornet from Nat, and—at last—some funky, swinging piano by Zawinul; all of it, it seems, comprising a “composition” by the latter misnamed *Directions*. A ballad, *Some Time Ago*, featured Cannon with very pretty alto, and “natural” piano; things picked up some more with *Walk Tall*, a powerful Gospel message, and ended with the familiar *Mercy*, *Mercy*, which, needless to say, drew yells of recognition from the fans. Cannon’s tone was as huge as ever, and when did Nat ever play bad?

The final attraction was Booker T. and the MG’s, whom I will leave to their young fans, if nobody objects. For me, their music was a good deal emptier than the stadium, but it is only fair to add that not many of those up in the cheap seats agreed with me.

Despite radio warnings of “possible thundershowers” all day Sunday, the crowd

musical catfight that Miles won—I guess. And, to my intense chagrin, the set was over.

The Newport All-Stars couldn’t have been more welcome. Ruby Braff, just about my favorite of all living pre-bop horns, led off, with that incredibly rich tone of his, on a swinging *A Train* that was like a drink of cool sparkling spring-water, ravishingly backed by Red Norvo, Tal Farlow, Larry Ridley, Cliff Leeman, and George Wein at the piano. Oh, man, how those guys swung! You tend to forget, when you haven’t looked through *Macbeth* or *David Copperfield* for awhile, just how great they really are. That’s somewhat the way I felt listening to this incomparable brand of jazz, like “Man, this is what it’s all about,” as eternal as sex and sunlight. *Mean To Me*, *Undecided*, *Exactly Like You*—every song was a story, a little work of art, complete and final, and all too short—as was the set, which ended right there, almost, as it seemed to me, before it had begun. (I asked a blank-faced 17-year-old chick how she had liked them. She came back with a real clever sally: “It’s music to go shopping at Klein’s by.”)

Buddy Rich’s big band was next. Wow. For steel-like discipline, intensely swinging, up-tempo, big-band delivery—a sort of controlled delirium—this band could just



Ruby Braff: shopping at Klein's?

that night was two and a half times bigger—so big that I found myself still snarled in the traffic crawling toward the stadium when I should have been digging the first set, which was more than half over by the time I reached my seat.

Naturally, it was by one of the bands I was most anxious to hear—Miles Davis, with Wayne Shorter, reeds; Chick Corea, piano; Dave Holland, bass, and Jack DeJohnette, drums. Worse, they were then in the throes of what I most deplore, a free-form free-for-all in which only Miles’ own playing had any interest for me, and then only in spite of its context, rather than because of it. Miles’ horn always gets me right in the kishkas, almost independently of what he’s playing or anything else; there is, for me, a whole cosmos of meaning and melancholy in that cool, deep, tearing tone which, this Sunday night, seemed more profoundly moving than ever; a true mystery for our time and about our time, full of humor and despair and virulent, dangerous energy. But even this appeal failed, for me, as the backdrop of musical chaos thickened and degenerated into a

about cut anyone. Rich, as you probably know, has shrewdly decided to join the big beat rather than try to lick it; his first two assaults, *Ruth*, which was ruthless, and *Wonder Bag*, were couched in the machine-gun rhythms of the very hardest rock, mounted against a white-hot wall of sound reminiscent of some of Woody’s wildest moments in the late ‘40s. *The Machine* featured an effective descending bass line, with railroad-like effects; and almost without pause, the army pitched into Rich’s now celebrated arrangement of *West Side Story*.

All the arrangements were of course built solidly around the drummer star who never quit or slackened the blistering pace he set from the opening shot, but the finale, Rich’s 10-minute solo, was a true climax, and knocked everybody out—from the pimpest groupie present to the highest-level jazz stars gathered around the bandstand digging the still-swinging Boy Wonder of the Drums, a human, no, a superhuman stick of living TNT. Rich has had heart attacks? The average man could have one just watching him. Outstanding

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in this magnificent band were soloists Richie Cole on alto, Pat LaBarbera on tenor, and Bob Yance on trumpet.

Nina Simone, who was billed, and Donald Byrd, also announced, didn't make the gig (Wein told me it was because nobody had remembered to remind Byrd in time, but I hope he was kidding); drummer Tony Williams filled in with a nice trio, but I thought putting *any* drummer into the spotlight right after Rich was unjust to everyone; then we had a comparative newcomer named Roberta Flack, a small, very charming girl who played pure piano and sang pure songs, backed by bassist Marshall Hawkins and drummer Bernie Sweetney. Some of the Unhousebroken Generation rudely chanted "We want Nina" in the middle of Miss Flack's first song, but by the time she had been on for three or four minutes, she had the 6,500 people in that stadium right in the palm of her little hand. Her voice is everything a Gospel-oriented girl's should be, and with careful choice of material, this girl could make trouble one of these days not only for Nina but also for Aretha: she communicates utter sincerity in every note; and the emotion comes across untarnished by any affectations or mannerisms; artless, appealing, musically adept, she's a potential black Judy Garland.

The songs varied from *The Impossible Dream* (from *Man of La Mancha*) to come-to-Jesus black Gospel, but had one thing in common: They were all Morality Songs—and she made 6,500 converts on the spot. She had to beg off, from a screaming, standing crowd, to make room for Blood, Sweat, & Tears. Judging by the shouting and clapping, I think she was the surprise hit of the Festival.

BS&T finally came on, at midnight, and everyone seemed to dig them. Their new, quite ambitious arrangement on *Old Man River* had some interesting parts to it, but I think left the young majority of the audience behind, except in the rock passages—which, I would say in general, this crowd seemed to wait for. Never having heard the group in person, I was gratified to find them a thoroughly musicianly and widely ranging nonet of honest and swinging performers, boldly mixing rock, jazz, and classical idioms and managing, most of the time, to emerge with palatable and often imaginative results. They told me after the set that they considered this just about the worst performance they had ever given anywhere, being tired out mentally and just not in the mood to create anything; but without presuming to judge it other than on its merits, I have to say that I found some of it very fine jazz indeed, particularly their final blues number, *Can You See Me Here*, which utilized a variety of tempos and rhythms, and featured a stimulating electric-piano solo by Fred Lipsius.

As they were going into a tongue-in-cheek free-form finale, with Dave Clayton-Thomas kidding around with various percussion instruments (this crew kids a lot), the festival was overtaken by a cloudburst the like of which I hadn't seen since Hurricane Carol, and everyone took evasive action. It was a fittingly dramatic climax to a genuinely dramatic and smoothly put-together music festival, which only cost its

creator, that stonefaced capitalist and merciless exploiter of innocent geniuses, a net loss of \$23,000 (he says).

*

Footnote: One musician alone, I happen to know (because he told me so) got \$4,000 for his appearance there. This is exploitation?

*

Postscript: Illustrative of Wein's relations with some of his "victims" was the reaction of one musician on learning of the beating his "exploiter" had taken: "Pay me when you can afford to, George."

—Ralph Berton

Laurel Pop Festival

Laurel, Maryland

Buddy Guy is onstage with three guitars, tenor and drums, the speakers are at mach nine and as I ease into my seat in the press section I notice that the guy in front of me, who's taking notes, has two big wads of cotton in his ears. Looks like a long—and loud—two evenings.

It was. And with the exception of Guy and a few others (Guy's specialty, besides playing very loud, sloppily-executed blues, was faking hitting guitar chords with his left hand while someone else played them with his right) it was a musically-rewarding two evenings as well.

This was the first Laurel Pop Festival. It was produced by the same trio—Elzie Street, James (Turk) Scott and George Wein—who produced the Morgan State and Laurel jazz festivals this summer and it offered a good, varied sampling of popular music today from Gospel to blues to jazz-rock to Wheatfield Soul.

The Edwin Hawkins Singers—a Bay-area gospel chorus backed by piano, organ, bass and drums—were one of the standouts of the Friday night concert. They opened with *Sweet Joy*, followed with *To My Father's House*, a real shouter with Elaine Kelly soloing and closed with *Oh, Happy Day*. Everybody's doing this tune these days but the Hawkins Singers showed what can be done with it as soloist Shirley Miller and the group built to three almost unbelievably powerful climaxes, the chorus and musicians taking their cues from Miss Miller who, besides a fine voice, has a fine sense of dynamics.

Jethro Tull, a British group, provided some of the best musicianship—as well as showmanship—of the evening. Both Ian Anderson, the leader, and Clive Bunker, a drummer in the Louis Bellson tradition with very fast hands (and two bass drums) are strong soloists. *My Sunday Feeling* had some good Anderson flute work a la Roland Kirk and *A New Day Yesterday*, a blues, featured Anderson vocally and on harmonica and flute. While the others are soloing (the guitars were nothing special), Anderson, who looks like a pied piper, travels nervously about the stage with leg kicks, Ben Wrigley twitches, and offbeat comments. It's all very entertaining.

The Al Kooper band (Kooper was formerly with the Blues Project and more recently with Blood, Sweat and Tears) fused jazz and rock in a tightly-swinging presentation ranging in sources from the

Beatles to Martha and the Vandellas. Kooper's singing seemed somewhat strained and affected but the band, with some of the top studio musicians and jazzmen in New York (Sol Schlinger, Bernie Glow, Joe Farrell, Jimmy Knepper, Al Porcino, Ernie Royal and Seldon Powell) was a joy to listen to.

Then it was time for white soul, the whitest of white soul. Johnny Winter is an albino from Texas who presented, even in this company, a startling appearance. But it was more than that that brought the kids up out of their seats and down in front—some tough, shouting, down-home delta blues. The effect of Winter on the crowd was galvanic. He sings and plays guitar with a great deal of intensity and feeling and though he lacks the final assurance of the accomplished blues singer, when he gets it together, look out.

Led Zeppelin, another British rock group, made a valiant attempt to sustain the level of performance set by the Hawkins Singers, Kooper and Winter but space sounds, wah wah effects and soggy drums resulted in a loud but not very moving set. Jimmy Page, a guitar disciple of Eric Clapton, had an interesting but overlong solo on *White Summer*. That was it for Friday night.

On Saturday, two hours were consumed drying off the equipment after a rainstorm and putting down rubber matting on the stage so the musicians wouldn't electrocute themselves (the ultimate finale?) By the time Guess Who hit it was 10 p.m. Burton Cummings (flute, organ, vocals) and Randy Beckman (lead guitar) were the standouts of this group which combines good musicianship with some highly original and dramatic social commentary, including some acid (excuse me) remarks about the current drug scene.

Ten Years After, still another rock group from England, produced a lot of gyrations and histrionics (using the mike stand to fret, etc.) but not very much music. Finally they played *I Wanta Go Home*, and did, leaving the stage to the Mothers of Invention.

This madly inventive group, led and master-minded by head Mother Frank Zappa, provided the most musically satisfying performance of the Saturday night concert, and perhaps of the entire festival. They led off with a hokey version of their *Let's Make the Water Turn Black* which segued into a pastiche of themes, some of which sounded to me like the Hollywood background music they used to play during the Errol Flynn dueling scenes and then (I know this sounds insane, but so do the Mothers) like Chinese rickshaw music.

This segment led into a fast blues with the horns wailing, the guitars punching along and featuring some Archie Shepp-like shrieks and wails from either Bunk Gardner or Ian Underwood on alto. Zappa meanwhile was patrolling the periphery of his tribe—he had about 10 players, including two percussionists—occasionally directing and offering encouragement. They closed with a little nasal retentive callopie music, a chorus of laughs and out. The second tune, *My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mama (and Burn Your Dad)*, offered a Zappa vocal, a bow to the

baroque, more space noise and a bagpipe theme.

There is no categorizing the Mothers, who are among the most creative of the avant-garde rock groups. Able to play well in a bewildering variety of styles, at their best they're a cross between musical burlesque and guerrilla theater. Their theatrical potential was limited at Laurel because of the tight festival schedule, but the sharp satire and just plain good musicianship was there and though the Mothers' approach is more cerebral than visceral, the audience dug it.

After the Mothers, there was another pause for rain and another drying-out period before Jeff Beck, an English blues group, went on. Beck was loud and demonstrative, but good nonetheless, and the kids went for him. By this time it was 2 a.m., and several bonfires had sprung up to ward off the early morning chill, prompting a plea from the management—"Please don't burn the chairs." As the fires climbed higher, the plea turned to a threat that Sly and the Family Stone wouldn't appear until they were put out, and they promptly were.

Sly, a predominantly black group from the west coast, but integrated as to sex, laid down some solid soul with boogaloo that provided a fitting close to the festival. Sly exited abruptly about 3 a.m. with another group, the Savoy Brown Blues Band, still to appear. They never did. Neither did anybody else except for the stage hands but most people were too tired to care except for one girl who stood on a chair shouting "We ain't leaving" at the departing crowd. End of concert.

The producers were understandably unhappy about the chair-burning and initially seemed disinclined to bring the festival back but after looking at the books they found that only about \$100 worth of furniture had gone up in flames and things didn't look so bad after all. They now say they'll be back at Laurel next year. If the caliber of the groups is as high as it was for most of them this year, the 1970 Laurel Pop Festival can only be a success.

—James D. Dilts

Blossom Dearie

Cafe Carlyle, New York City

Personnel: Miss Dearie, piano and vocals; Ron Carter or Charlie Haden, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Some years ago, I led off a review of Blossom Dearie by saying that I was in love with her because of the way she sang and played the piano. My love remains constant.

Actually, viewed as an object, Miss Dearie's voice offers scant reason why it should be loved—or even liked. It is small, not to say tiny, with little resonance and no range to speak of. So, what is the fuss about?

The fuss is about a principle that lies at the heart of jazz: that the way in which the equipment is used is as important—some would say more so—as the quality of the equipment itself. It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it, to air a jazz cliché. And Miss Dearie does it very well, indeed.

Her secret lies, I think, in a gay ebullience of spirit that never quite hides a wry

sense of humor which surfaces even in the sadder songs. Further, her keyboard sorties are no mere perfunctory fingerings, "background" for her voice. They are an integral important part of the performances which lend her offerings a more substantive timbre than her voice might have alone, especially in the upper registers. Also, she knows exactly what the lyric means. Any lyric. Hence, what is imparted to an audience is not a collection of words but a meaningful attitude toward a particular subject.

Miss Dearie deals primarily with material that might be described as world weary, the kind that has been supper-club staple for years. The type of song that a gentleman brings his date to hear late at night in hopes that it will supply proper preparation for what he intends to propose later on—*When the World Was Young, Discover Who I Am, The End of a Love Affair, The Look of Love*, etc.

But to compare Miss Dearie to the usual purveyor of this jaded romanticism



Blossom Dearie: pixy humor

is to compare the silk purse to the sow's ear. Her manner is ebullient, not effete. Her piano sings, it doesn't whine or moan. And, of course, there is that continuing undercurrent of pixy humor.

I heard the group on two separate nights and found, with the exception noted below, rapt and enthusiastic audiences. For most of the engagement, Miss Dearie had as her associates bassist Carter and drummer Harewood. You can't do any better than that and it shows yet another of Miss Dearie's strengths: she picks supporting musicians as unerringly as she picks the proper songs. A sample of the latter: *You Ain't My Sweet Lover No More* and the satirical, semi-campy *Peel Me A Grape*. Both were written by Dave Frishberg, a pianist-composer-lyricist of most superior capabilities. *Grape*, incidentally, was by far the most requested number from the audience.

Carter, one of the big guns in the jazz arsenal, really showed his caliber on the date. His solo skills aside, he is surely a superb accompanist. His work jelled so with that of his leader that they came out as two parts of a whole rather than just two parts.

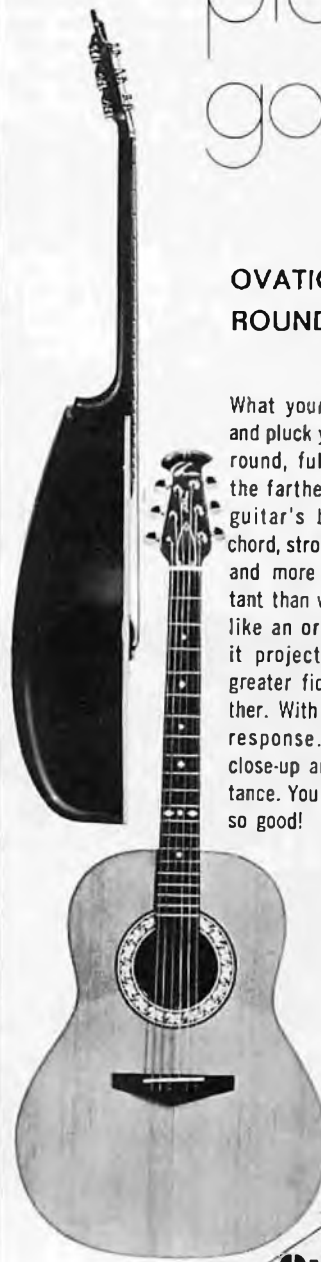
Harewood was particularly effective on the softer deliveries, but I found him a trifle loud for the Dearie pipes on the faster tempos. However, at some of these moments I was sitting next to his drums and this could account for my opinion here.

Later in the engagement, Charlie Haden replaced Carter, who defected because of recording commitments. In my judgment one of the seminal bassists of this decade,



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Haden was most dextrous but did not fit Miss Dearie's groove as well as Carter. There could be many reasons for it, one being insufficient rehearsal time after a hurry-up call.

The audience exception referred to above was a group of four salesman-types who, judged by their eating habits, might have been direct descendants of Henry VIII. Their conversation, loud and clear, was strewn with jewels like "Yeah, but the poor bastard I sold didn't even know he was being sold," and other such scintillating ripostes.

Miss Dearie fought back. In her tiny voice, she informed the quartet that she kept a huge trained hound in her hotel-room and that, if they did not desist, she would invite Fido down, point out the offenders and shout: "Kill!"

The audience applauded in good-natured support, and it kept the revelers quiet for at least 40 seconds. Alas, in posh supper clubs as in the rest of the world, the Enemy never sleeps.

—Don Nelsen

Benny Goodman

Ravinia Park, Highland Park, Ill.

Personnel: Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Urbie Green, trombone; Goodman, clarinet; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone; Derek Smith, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Jack Lesberg, bass; Mousie Alexander, drums; Lynn Roberts, vocals.

When swing titan Goodman whittles down his itinerary of gigs to two a year, which is now the box score for 1969 with nothing but classical dates set for the future, it becomes news when he plays a jazz concert. Why he prefers to take it so

easy is not clear. If he is not getting attention from talent bookers, it's certainly not because he still can't draw a mob of listeners. The pavilion at Ravinia was packed, and thousands overflowed onto the vast lawn.

His best moments invariably came as he re-explored the familiar tunes he's played for 30 years. When the group played *Aquarius* from *Hair* and Goodman took his choruses, his mind seemed to be elsewhere as his lines slipped into quotes from *I Found a New Baby*. When he played the latter tune, however, his solos frequently bristled with arresting twists and fresh slants on a melody he's played thousands of times.

Goodman began with *Sweet Georgia Brown*, a tune that has become a staple in his repertoire since he formed his Cheatham-Spann-Feld-Hall-Jones sextet in 1966.

Some of the riff figures Goodman developed in his solos on *Georgia* then have now been institutionalized into an ensemble ride-out routine that sounds somewhat stiff by comparison. There is a privately made concert tape of the tune that is making the rounds of collectors today. Done by a fan in June, 1966, it reveals the current structure of *Georgia* in a state of early development, and the impact is savage as Goodman blows one of his most intense solos of recent years.

His virtuoso showcase was, as usual, *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, which he ripped through with dizzying speed, frequently digging in for some piercing, hard-jabbing, shimmering riffs. The audience thought he was really catching

fire and responded with great enthusiasm. Though it is a number that often seems to inspire him, he really added nothing to it that I haven't heard many times before—always with great pleasure, however.

Then there were also the regular ballads—*Yesterdays*, *Memories of You*, and *Poor Butterfly*.

I've often wished he would drop these items from his program, since he usually plays only a chorus and a half and does little with them. For me, they just take up important time. But during the applause following a typically elegant though otherwise routine *Butterfly*, a man leaned over to me and said he wished he could have a tape of it. He was moved by it; he thought it was the greatest moment of the evening. Some people just like to hear pretty music. That's why Ellington still plays his medley of hits at concerts, even though it causes his hard-core fans to grind their teeth.

Goodman was especially loose and swinging on *Chicago* for three choruses. His pace was moderately brisk, his ideas fresh and coherent, and his execution as smooth and flawless as anything he played that evening. His lines had direction, and there was no noodling, a practice that sometimes serves as a substitute for improvisation, as in *Aquarius* and brief fragments of a few other solos during the evening. There was also some exceptionally well-sustained playing on *Flying Home*. He was in a jovial, informal mood all night with no sign of the famous old "ray", even when the ensembles got a little sloppy.

Goodman's band was a pickup group brought in from New York City for this date alone. Green, a Goodman regular since 1954, was a stalwart contributor throughout. Nottingham had only two previous BG gigs to his credit: in the big band that toured following the Russian trip in 1962 (Cootie Williams was the star horn man) and on a Command record date in 1967. He has a big tone and a lot of volume that assault a melody head on and flail it about. He used a plunger mute to advantage on *Airmail Special*.

Richardson brought a more contemporary note to the group. Although his acknowledged favorites are Sonny Stitt and Charlie Parker, he was playing Coltrane on *Aquarius* and *Here's That Rainy Day*, his solo number. Given the musical environment, however, he was probably best on *Flying Home*, in which he played a wide-open, swinging series of choruses.

Alexander is a steady, clean drummer and performed well, although he never really sparked the group. Lesberg and Pizzarelli provided fine backup.

Goodman himself seemed pleased with the evening, the band, and himself. Although nothing really memorable happened, the audience did hear Goodman in better-than-average form and in better form than he's been heard on some of his recent LPs. (Speaking of records, Goodman said arrangements are now being made with *Reader's Digest* to release some things he's been sitting on for years. He also said he would record some new things for them as well.)

—John McDonough

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BLUES

(Continued from page 15)

ily enjoy.

The Sunday program got under way a half hour before noon and continued almost uninterrupted until 11:30 p.m. Yet it never was too much of a good thing. Among the highlights were an afternoon stint by Big Mama Thornton, an irrepresible performer who sings, plays harp and guitar, and also did a not-bad turn at the drums. Her big numbers, *Ball and Chain* and *Hound Dog*, on which she was backed by a jazz-flavored little band, were predictable audience-rousers, but she showed another side of her nature when she sat down with Fred McDowell, the great bottleneck guitarist, to do a moving, way-back rendition of *Heavy Load*. McDowell, whose guitar work is exceptional, also did his own set earlier in the program.

A quite different kind of guitar was represented by T-Bone Walker, one of B.B.'s admitted idols, and a superb musician—when he wants to be. He is, however, heavy on showmanship, and upstaged his own playing with jumps and gyrations. But when Luther Allison, a brilliant young Chicago guitarist, came on to challenge him, some exciting exchanges ensued and T-Bone showed what his reputation is all about. He is, by the way, closely allied to the jazz tradition, and one wonders if Charlie Christian might not have heard him in his early days.

I found Allison's two sets with his own band a bit disappointing, but he showed his mettle at the jams, and left no doubt that he is a player to contend with.

A pleasant job was done by drummer Sam Lay's little band, which features another good white harmonica player, Jeff Carp. Their repertoire is derivative (*Tell Me Mama* was Washboard Sam's *Back Door*; *Key to the Highway* is a staple and their *Mojo* wasn't up to Muddy's by any stretch) but the solid time of the leader, the togetherness of the band, and the conviction with which they played made the set jell.

Lightnin' Hopkins, on the other hand, is anything but eclectic. His style, both vocally and on guitar, his demeanor, and his material (though he, of course, also dips into the traditional well) are genuinely original, and he was a joy to behold. *Sharp* from dark glasses to yellow shoes, he seemed determined to have a good time and take the audience with him. "It's good out here in the prairie like this," he told them, launching into *Mojo Hand*. Among the things that followed in a set that seemed to end too soon (Lightnin' knows how to pace himself) the standouts were *Don't Wanna Be Baptized* and a long anecdote about a girl who stole his brand-new second-hand Cadillac.

Magic Sam scored the biggest success of the day and was one of the indisputable hits of the festival. A talented guitarist and convincing singer (his rather soft, somewhat tremoloed voice reminds a bit of Lonnie Johnson's), he was expertly backed by Sam Lay on drums and a good bassist, the threesome generating more heat than many a larger band. *Need You So Bad*, *If You Love Me*, and *Sweet Home Chicago*

were fine, but the climax came with *Lookin' Good*, propelled by a strong eight-to-the-bar beat and featuring a thrilling, expertly executed stop-time segment. This number really broke it up, and the festival's inept emcee (a Chicago disc jockey named Big Bill Hill) had a great deal of trouble getting the show moving again. Cries of "Magic Sam" recurred throughout the rest of the night.

Charlie Musselwhite, the festival's sole white leader, headed a mixed band including the first-class drummer Fred Below, pianist Skip Rose, and the festival's only steel-guitar player. Musselwhite is a good harpist, a pleasant singer, and a sincere, ungimmicked performer. *Help Me* and *Long Way From Home* featured his vocals, but the emphasis throughout the set was on

instrumental work. He closed with the festival's only obvious reference to jazz, a swinging version of *Comin' Home Baby*.

Freddie King came on strong and tried hard—too hard—to break it up. He has personality and power, but his blatant imitations of B. B. King (to the point of calling his guitar "baby") and rather cute routines did not score heavily with the crowd. *Have You Ever Loved a Woman* (also known under various other titles) was his most convincing number, but on the whole, this was a jive set.

There was quite a bit of jive in James Cotton's performance as well, but if there can be such a thing, it was sincere jive. Not a brilliant harp player nor a particularly gifted singer, Cotton works tremendously hard to get to an audience, and he



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succeeded that night, even though he had to jump down from the stage, sing while lying on his back, and eventually resorted to removing his shirt, displaying a scarred potbelly. It was all good fun, however, and *Turn On Your Lovelight* really did it, what with r&b effects, ceaseless repetition of lines, and a well-organized backup band. When he let up, pandemonium ensued.

In stark contrast—and one could have thought of no more fitting way to end this festival—was the finale. After quieting down the audience, Dick Waterman spoke. "You've heard all kinds of blues," he said, "but we thought it appropriate to end this festival without horns or amplified guitars. We want to go back to the roots."

And he brought on an aged, stoop-shouldered black man, simply but neatly dressed in white shirt, blue pants, and a blue string tie. The old man sat down, gingerly grasped a steel-body National guitar, and, after the mikes had been adjusted, began to talk about the blues. This was Son House from Mississippi, friend and companion of Charley Patton, teacher of Robert Johnson, and sometimes called "father of the blues." That might be hyperbole, but there can be no doubt that there is no purer living representative of the source.

Son House spoke in a soft voice, but clearly, like a grandfather telling a story to attentive ears. And it was quiet as in church. He talked about Robert Johnson, and then he began to play and sing. His bottleneck stroke was slow and deliberate, but the sound rang out pure and strong. The voice quavered a bit, but it still had power, and the words were clear. *Death Letter Blues*. Many verses, each beautiful, and the guitar accompaniment—phrases of uneven length—full of unexpected twists and turns. When the last note died, there was silence, and then, terrific applause—not of the kind that greeted James Cotton, but just as emphatic.

The old man smiled and shook his head, as if in disbelief. Then, joined by his wife, he told another story, leading into "the church says Lord have mercy when I come to die, but I say, Lord have mercy before I die." And they did the song—a spiritual as much as blues—Son House keeping strong time with his foot and digging into the strings with surprising energy. Another ovation. Then his wife sings *Precious Lord, Take My Hand* a capella in an unschooled but rich voice, and then, together, they sing *This Little Light of Mine*.

When they finish, many people have tears in their eyes. It has been an immensely moving and wholly appropriate finish to a great festival—a stroke of genius on the part of Dick Waterman, whose idea it was to end it this way. It was a gamble—some people backstage were concerned about anticlimax and such—but the audience proved itself worthy.

The Ann Arbor Blues Festival did not make headlines. Yet it was without doubt the festival of the year, if not the decade. We hope it becomes a permanent institution and that it will live up to the standard it has set for itself. To producer Cary Gordon, John Fishel, Janet Kelenson, and the other youngsters who worked so hard and well to bring it off—more blues power!

JONES

(Continued from page 13)

over that hump of lack of confidence—whatever it is that drummers lack that makes them rhythm men—whatever it is, he's passed that obstacle and he's an excellent drummer. My hat's off to him. He's playing now at La Boheme. I admire his spirit and his determination—he's a man, and that's what's essential. You get to the point where you don't have to con your friends out of lunch money and you become your own—you're an individual person. He's done it and it's been transplanted into his playing and communicated from there. He has maturity—authority. It's good to see this. So many people think that you can pick up a pair of sticks and imitate the dominant sounds and adopt the title of drummer and give yourself a diploma. That's not true. You have to be able to function as a man—as a percussionist with other instruments, and know what your instrument is in relation to other instruments and how to use it. And it takes some thought and application—and mental energy. There are no magic words. You've got to work at it. IG: What are your immediate plans for the group?

EJ: We were supposed to leave on August 21 for the continent, but let's say that the monetary conditions for one of the jobs were far from satisfactory. They wanted us to pay our own transportation. That wouldn't have been dignified. I'm not that anxious to go. We are booked to go into the Jazz Workshop in Boston in October. And we're slated for another recording date Sept. 26. And I'd like to do a live date.

IG: What might be an alternative is to invite friends and others to come to the studio and that would help create that live atmosphere. It's the next best thing to being in a club. I'd like to come. Are there any other thoughts that you'd like to get across?

EJ: There's a gripe that I've had for awhile. Far be it from me to put anybody down—I'm not going to mention any names of the people who seem to be too busy to do things properly. There have been a lot of things happening around New York where my group hasn't been involved—concerts in the park, festivals, etc.—and I would have liked to have made some of these for the benefit of the group exposure, for one, because I have to make a living too and it wouldn't have taken anything away from what was going on. It would have been a contribution.

IG: I saw you perform at Newport in 1968 to standing ovations—I know what would have happened.

EJ: I'm just wondering why I haven't been doing more of this. It's puzzling me. Why haven't I been doing more in the immediate area? I would hate to think that it would be because of some personal vendetta—that anybody could be that cruel, that anybody could stoop that low. I would like to be involved more in things like that—not just me, but other groups, new groups trying to get recognition, to put forth their efforts before the public—I would like to be included. That's all. I think that isn't too much to ask.

(db)

(db)

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BOBBY BRYANT'S "Good Morning, Starshine" SOLO By David Baker

The musical score is a handwritten transcription of a jazz solo. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Chord symbols (A7, D7, E7) are placed above the staff to indicate harmonic changes. Performance markings such as 'p' (piano), 'mp' (mezzo-piano), and '(hold back)' are used to guide the performer's dynamics and phrasing. There are also circled letters (A, B) and numbers (3, 6) that likely refer to specific measures or techniques. The score is organized into ten staves, with some measures spanning across staves.

THIS SOLO by trumpeter Bobby Bryant is taken from the album called *The Jazz Excursion into 'Hair'* (Pacific Jazz ST-20159). The specific composition is *Good Morning Starshine*, although the solo choruses are based on the blues. The album is under the leadership of Bryant, with arrangements by Shorty Rogers.

The solo spans 28 measures; a four measure break plus one complete blues chorus (the changes are twice as long as they would be in a regular blues). The key is concert G major and the range of the solo is from the written note, A below middle C to

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written F sharp two octaves and a 6th above. Instruments in concert C read the solo one step lower than written.

Bobby Bryant is an excellent trumpet player with deep blues roots, an infallible sense of time, a gorgeous sound all over the horn and a propulsive sense of swing. The entire solo gives an illusion of being in double time. Bryant's melismatic runs, using asymmetrical groupings, are both tasty and extremely dramatic. (Measures four and A20). His use of turns, slurs, drop-offs, bent notes and rapid changes of dynamics makes this solo most excit-

ing. He makes use of basic scale colors in this solo, the blues scale and the chromatic scale. Specific points of interest:

1. Skillful use of the chromatic scale in measures 3-4 and again in measures A7-8.
2. High incidence of embellishing note figures (A1, 3, 17, 18).
3. Humorous quote from *Lonely Avenue* (A5).
4. Use of repeated figures to lend cohesion and build tension: A1-4; A9 and again in 11; A13-14-15; A21-22-23.
5. The odd triplet feeling in A7 and 8; A19.

TRENDS IN THE THE WORLD OF TAPE

A Look at Stereo Tape Cartridges and Cassettes

By Charles Graham

THERE ARE TWO contending tape-cartridge systems today. They share some advantages over phonograph discs: shove a little, flat, plastic box into place; push a button or two; and listen.

One, the older system, provides a single reel (endless loop) of four-track (and now, more widely, eight-track) recorded music on tape, in a cartridge, produced largely for use in automobiles. The other, newer system, uses a smaller (one quarter the size of cartridges) box called a cassette.

The four-track cartridges will gradually fade over the next few years as they are replaced by the already more numerous eight-track car players (and also by cassettes in cars, but to a lesser degree). There are between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 four- and eight-track car players on the road now, and Ampex, which releases many of these tapes, projects a 50 to 100 per cent increase in their number this year. But Ampex also sees an even greater increase in cassette machines, with their overtaking the cartridges by 1970.

To get industry predictions as well as figures on the recent sales of tapes in plastic boxes, we talked with the leaders, Ampex, RCA Victor, and Columbia.

Although about a hundred record labels have music available on tape as well as discs, RCA and Columbia still dominate the business, with Ampex releasing most of the others through its affiliate, United Stereo Tapes. RCA and Columbia haven't yet got into cassettes, but they will before long. All three companies are still also making reel-to-reel stereo tape recordings, but those sales (never tremendous) are slowing and interest few people but those who want the best possible home reproduction, with cost and convenience secondary.

RCA's tape executive, Elliot Horne, pointed out that its sales of cartridge tape already total more than five times (8,000,000 tapes in all) as many as all the reel-to-reel recorded tapes the company has sold since it started in the tape field, 14 years ago. RCA came out with 165 eight-track cartridges in 1965 and has about 1,200 recordings in car tapes now, with dozens more being added each month in classical, folk, rock, pop, and some jazz. RCA will be supplying tapes for car

players in 1969 that are installed at the factory by Ford, Mercury, Lincoln, Chevrolet, Olds, Buick, and Cadillac. (Motorola is the major maker of the automobile eight-track players, designed by Lear Jet.)

Columbia's Clive Davis said the firm sold over 50 per cent more four-track cartridges in 1968 than in 1967 and that it is opening a new plant in Terre Haute, Ind., just to produce four-track, eight-track and reel-to-reel recorded tapes.

Columbia has more than 1,500 musical selections out on tape, most available on four-track and eight-track car tapes as well as reel-to-reel. It is issuing new four- and eight-trackers every month in all musical categories. It expects to be selling nearly 10,000,000 tapes a year of all three types by 1970.

Ampex concedes that the cassette system is not yet up to good reel-to-reel recordings. But it's improving. Frequency response of the tiny cassettes can be flat up to 10,000 cycles now and within two years will be beyond 12,000 (good reel-to-reel units are flat to 15,000 today). Ampex also points out that eight-track players move the head from track to track, whereas cassette machines have fixed heads, like open reel-to-reel ones. Cassettes also can go fast forward in reverse, a difficult, tricky maneuver with the constantly rubbing cartridge tapes, which are coiled tightly within themselves in the endless single spool.

Watching innovations in sound for more than 20 years causes one to be cautious in using new devices or systems. But enthusiasm and endorsement are in order at this time: the cassette is here, now.

It is well to remember that cassettes are actually small, cartridge-contained, reel-to-reel units. The sound from cassettes played in stereo through big system can be almost as good as the best recordings on discs or on reel-to-reel machines.

There is a definite swing to cassettes throughout the home-entertainment industry. Most major equipment companies are offering cassette units, in consoles as well as in a wide variety of portables and components. These range from inexpensive (\$20) copies of the Ampex-Norelco-Bell & Howell carry-about players (\$30, mono playback only) through \$60 stereo playback decks for component systems to \$125-

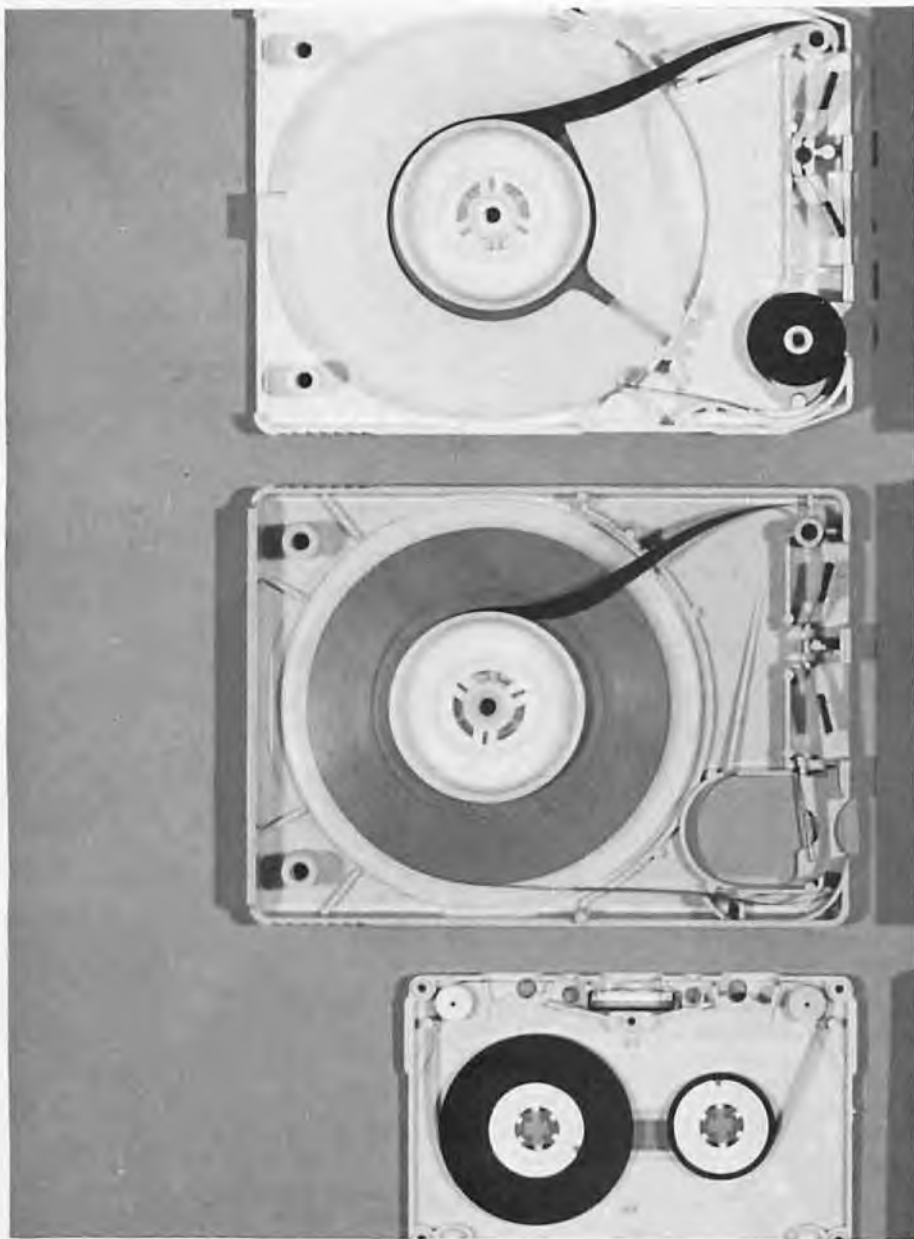
160 stereo record-playback decks.

There are complete systems that include FM radio, cassette recorder-players, and their own separate speakers. Lafayette Radio, for example, has one excellent system like this (with built-in phonograph) for \$250.

In Europe, automobile cassette players are widely used already, far more than four-track or eight-track machines. But since so many cartridge players are already

chines. Fast forward, when available with car machines, is tough on the tape. Even in normal playing, cartridge tapes get much more abuse than cassette tapes because they're always sliding against themselves—and the necessary lubricant on the tape is a fidelity-limiting factor.

The automobile cartridge has been around for four years, usually selling at \$6 to \$7 each. Cassettes, which are just getting around, are priced at about a dollar



An inside view of (from top to bottom) eight-track stereo tape cartridge, four-track cartridge, and stereo cassette.

in autos in the United States, most car players will be eight-track, endless-loop cartridges for the next decade. This system has certain inherent problems, not the least of which is that there are only a few machines on which to record for cartridges. Such recorders, for home use only, cost much more than cassette recorders, which are widely available, both in home units and portables. Furthermore, fast forward with cartridges (reverse is not practical with car tapes) is much slower than with cassettes, which also can go backwards as fast, or faster, than most open-reel ma-

less and play longer. Ampex has started issuing microcassettes—short-playing cassettes with four to six tunes and priced at \$2.

Cassettes already have begun to serve alert business people as the most convenient and least expensive dictation system to date. Bell & Howell offers a cassette home movie sound system, used in line with its home music cassette system.

Larry Zide, editor of *DB, The Sound Engineering Magazine* said, "Prospects are brightest, qualitywise, for cassettes. In fact the fidelity is better already because the

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—Leonard Bernstein

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only limits in the cassette systems are in the tape itself, while the re-entrant, single-loop cartridges (four- and eight-track) are makeshift systems, which do an adequate job in cars, where wind and tire noise mask the slight deficiencies."

Rudy Van Gelder, one of the most respected recording engineers on the jazz scene, said he makes a cassette copy of all of Creed Taylor's sessions for Herb Alpert's company, A&M records, the moment the musicians stop blowing. Taylor then takes it with him and listens to it in his car, at home, or in his office, before starting to edit it or choose takes. He just sticks a couple of cassettes into his pocket and drops them into a handy machine.

This writer has an Ampex Micro 50 component-type cassette recorder plugged into his home stereo system. It's great for making copies of rare 78 discs he'd never trust himself to carry out of the living room for fear of breakage. It's also good for taping FM broadcasts in New York of Ed Beach and Billy Taylor on New York's two best jazz stations, WRVR and WLIB-FM. These cassettes are played back in his car or elsewhere away from home on an Ampex Micro 12 machine.

Good buys in machines abound, including the following excellent representative units from the leaders: Ampex Micro-85, a three-piece stereo recorder-player with two separate speakers in wood at \$190; the Micro-50 is similar but has only pre-amps, for plugging into a components system. Norelco and Bell & Howell offer units nearly identical to Ampex (all are Norelco-designed). Ampex and Norelco have carry-about players at \$30, the best sounding of all the portable units we heard at less than \$100. They both supply mono recorder-players at less than \$60 and excellent FM radio-mono recorder-players at \$130.

Whether one buys Bell & Howell, Ampex, or Norelco should depend primarily on price and the reputation of individual dealers for giving service, though the cassette mechanism is so much simpler than reel-to-reel recorder mechanisms that it is likely to set a new standard for trouble-free operation.

We also tried Lafayette Radio's fine-sounding RK-20 car cassette player (one of the few available for playing cassettes in cars at this time), which plays stereo, records mono, and includes a car-mounting bracket at \$80 (speakers are \$7 extra). Lafayette also has surprisingly good portable recorders at \$30 and \$40, with FM radio at \$60 (or AM only at \$50). The best small portable machine we found is Sony's TC-100, priced at \$100.

It is available with rechargeable battery (and battery-condition meter). Most portables use regular flashlight batteries but for \$4 to \$6 more can work on AC house current as well. The portables sound like small table radios, but the same cassettes played on a components system sound nearly as good as the best reel-to-reel tapes (\$60 for Norelco, Ampex, or Bell & Howell play-only decks). Panasonic, Sony, and nearly everyone else now offer several portable, deck, and complete three-piece systems for cassettes.

There are several cartridge recorders, but they cost quite a bit more than cassette recorders and aren't portable. Car-

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 34th annual down beat Readers Poll is under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Oct. 30—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot, printed on a postage-paid, addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, fill in your choices, and mail it. No stamp is necessary. You need not vote in every category, but your name and address must be included. Make your opinion count—vote!

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Oct. 30.

2. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.

3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1969.

4. **Hall of Fame:** This is the only category in which persons no longer living are eligible. Vote for the artist—living or dead—who in your opinion has made the greatest contribution to jazz. Previous winners are not eligible. These are: Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, Jelly Roll Morton, Thelonious Monk, Art Tatum, Eric Dolphy, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, Charlie Christian, Bessie Smith, Billy Strayhorn, Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Wes Montgomery, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden.

5. **Miscellaneous Instruments:** Instruments not having their own category, with three exceptions: valve trombone (included in the trombone category), cornet, and fluegelhorn (included in the trumpet category).

6. **Jazz Album of the Year:** Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

tridge systems are not recommended for recording. But for listening, in cars, they sound fine. The sound quality from cartridge or cassette players will rise with the price, but be certain, as with any tape recorder, that guaranteed service facilities are nearby.

Many packaged console radio-phonographs now have cassettes built in, and they will sell well, because it costs only about \$60 (consumer price) to add a cassette record-playback unit, where it used to cost \$200 or more to add a reel-to-reel recorder. Furthermore, a cassette mechanism takes up little space, where a conventional tape recorder takes up more room than the radio and amplifier combined.

Blank tapes for recording FM radio or records onto cassettes cost \$1 to \$1.50 for 30 minutes, \$1.50 to \$2 for an hour, and \$2.50 for two hours (using both sides). The 3M (Scotch) and Audiopak blank-tape cassettes cost slightly more than private-label blanks, but are a bargain for putting FM radio or LPs into the tiny reel-to-reel system tapes. Local stores may charge slightly more but blank tapes are a good deal if you want any but the very highest fidelity, in which case, stick to Ampex, Tandberg, TEAC, or Revox reel-to-reel machines.


Not to be confused with the cassettes are the little square cartridges that use cassette-width tape but in an endless-loop configuration. These have the small-size advantage of cassettes (they're only slightly larger than half an actual cassette) but have the disadvantage of the automobile cartridges—their single-reel, endless-loop setup precludes the potential high fidelity of cassettes made on good machines. However, for the beach crowd, strictly for fun, they serve a purpose. Two well-known brands of these are Playtapes and Music Machine. The players (no recorders are available) cost \$15 to \$20 and are inexpensive versions of the \$30 carry-about player made for true cassettes.

In summary, cassettes are much smaller, play longer, and can give higher fidelity (depending on the machine used) than the endless-loop, four-track and eight-track cartridges made for cars. And they are especially easy to record music on.

Car cartridges are available, bearing a considerable variety of music, and they'll continue to be issued in increasing numbers and variety for years. Cassettes are being issued in increasing variety, though not yet as many selections are available.

In a couple of years, machines for cassettes will record as well as do today's medium-priced, home, reel-to-reel machines. (The new magnetic recording tape, chromium dioxide, not yet available for home recording, is one of a number of developments in tapes that will improve the fidelity of cassette recording, as well as reel-to-reel tapes.)

Four-track machines are on the decline. Eight-track machines and cartridges sound good in cars and will be around for a long time.

But the cassette for the car is the future, and it is, too, if you listen at home and especially if you want to record your own tapes with much greater convenience than reel-to-reel machines permit. 

jazz improvisation

A Comprehensive Method of Study for All Players by David Baker, Forward by Gunther Schuller. Chicago: 1969, db/Music Workshop Publications, 192 pp. (104 music plates). 8½x11, spiral bnd., \$12.50.

September, is the publication date for JAZZ IMPROVISATION, the first in a series of down beat/Music Workshop publications, original materials for the study and performance of jazz.

The methodology and music of JAZZ IMPROVISATION have been developed by David Baker from his experience as a professional musician, composer, arranger, and teacher. The programmed concept of JAZZ IMPROVISATION has been thoroughly "field-tested" by Mr. Baker in his jazz study classes and demonstrations at universities, clinics, and seminars throughout the U.S.A. Manuscript copies of JAZZ IMPROVISATION were used as primary texts for Mr. Baker's 1969 summer school improvisation classes at Tanglewood. JAZZ IMPROVISATION addresses itself to the needs of:

- all players at all levels of proficiency who want to learn the essence of jazz in its many styles. Professional players will similarly profit from its disciplined studies.
- music teachers who want to be relevant to America's music, and who want to equip their students with the basics of musical creativity.
- libraries — music or general; school or public.

Table of Contents: I Nomenclature, Chord Charts. II Foundation Exercises for the Jazz Player. III Use of Dramatic Devices. IV An Approach To Improvising On Tunes, Three Original Compositions: I.V. Swing Machine/Le Roi Roly Poly. V The II V₇ Progression and Other Frequently Used Formulae. VI Construction of Scales and the Technique of Relating Them to Chords, Scale Chart. VII Cycles. VIII Turnbacks. IX Developing a Feel for Swing, List of Bebop Tunes. X Developing The Ear. XI The Blues, List of Blues Tunes, Blues Chart. XII Constructing a Melody. XIII Techniques to be Used in Developing a Melody. XIV Constructing a Jazz Chorus, Three Solos Analyzed: Kentucky Oysters/121 Bank Street/Moment's Notice. XV Chord Substitution, Substitution Chart. XVI The Rhythm Section (Piano), Piano Chart. XVII Bass. XVIII Drums. XIX Psychological Approach to Communicating Through an Improvised Solo. XX Some Advanced Concepts in Jazz Playing; List of Standards, List of Jazz Tunes.

JAZZ IMPROVISATION will be a standard text for the various jazz courses offered during 1969-70 at Indiana University (Bloomington). Other colleges also plan to adopt JAZZ IMPROVISATION as a text or "required study." Many high school music educators and private music teachers have placed advance-of-publication orders.

Educator's "examination" copies available on 10-day approval basis if request is made on official school stationery. Book store and music dealer bulk discounts on request. Order Now!

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New York: Sonny Stitt was in New York for the first time in quite a while, working at the Village Vanguard . . . Anita O'Day returned to the Half Note for a week, backed by pianist **Dave Frishberg's** trio . . . **Jimmy Smith's** trio and the **Charles Mingus Quintet** were at the Village Gate . . . Slugs' had a rare double bill, featuring the **360° Musical Experience** and a new quintet led by bassist **David Izenzon** with **Carlos Ward**, alto saxophone, flute; **Gato Barbieri**, tenor saxophone; **Karl Berger**, vibes; and **Barry Altschul**, drums . . . **Bill Graham** presented **Jefferson Airplane** in a free concert in Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Another San Francisco group, **Santana**, was the supporting act . . . While **Thelonious Monk** was at the Village Gate, old friends **Willbur Ware** and **Art Blakey** sat in with him . . . **Chico Hamilton's** group at Plaza 9 consisted of the leader's drums; **Jimmy Cheatham** and **Bill Campbell**, trombones; **Steve Potts**, alto saxophone; **Russ Andrews**, tenor saxophone; and **Jan Arnet**, bass. **Hazel Scott**, with bassist **Milt Hinton** and drummer **Walter Perkins**, followed Hamilton . . . Pianist **Andrew Hill** premiered a new group in a free concert at the Rita Plaza Auditorium, FDR Drive and East 6th St. . . . Pianist **Benny Aronov** and bassist **Reggie Workman** have been playing at the Lost and Found, 39th and Lexington . . . Drummer **Johnny Robinson**, also utilizing piano and kazoo, is at the Limelight in the Village, Monday through Wednesday . . . Singer **Joe Lee Wilson** participated in a "Service of Worship in the Jazz Idiom" at Trinity Reformed Church in Newark. He also did a free concert in Tompkins Square Park at which the **Noah Howard Quartet** appeared . . . Drummer **Michael Shepard** led a group in a Sunday afternoon concert at Brooklyn's Moulin Rouge with **Master Wizard**, trumpet; **Young Sorecerer**, trombone; **Old Sage**, piano; and **Junior Booth**, bass . . . **Booker Ervin**, back from Europe, spent the month of July at the Five Reasons of the Avaloch Inn, Lenox, Mass. With the tenor saxophonist were **Jane Getz**, piano; **Bill Wood**, bass; and **Lenny McBrowne**, drums. August at the same pub belonged to young vibist **David Friedman** with **Steve Cahn**, guitar; **John Miller**, bass; and **Jeff Smith**, drums . . . **Clark Terry** and **Ed Shaughnessy** performed at Eastman Institute's *Arranger's Holiday* program in Rochester, N.Y. in early August. Included were a work by **Manny Albam** for Terry and orchestra, and another for Shaughnessy, two additional drummers and band. There some of Terry big band charts were played, and there was a duet between Terry and Shaughnessy, the latter playing tabla . . . Vibist **Vera Auer**, with trumpeter **Richard Williams**, tenor saxophonist **Paul Jeffrey**, bassist **Lisle Atkinson** and drummer **Al Foster**, did a Jazz Vespers at St. Peter's Church, a Jazzmobile turn in the Bronx and a concert at a shopping center in Bayshore, L.I. . . . **James Stevenson's** **Jazz Circle** with **Ralph Towner**, guitar; **Glenn Moore**, bass; **Bob Moses**, drums; and the leader, piano, Taiwanese flutes, argol and mind bender, spent the month

of August recording at the Record Plant for an album due out next spring . . . Pianist **Cedar Walton** taped an album for Prestige with **James Moody**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Reggie Workman**, bass; and **Tootie Heath**, drums. **Jaki Byard** recorded a solo piano album for the company, and singer **Eddie Jefferson** did his second album, backed by **Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **Charles McPherson**, alto saxophone; **Barry Harris**, piano; **Gene Taylor**, bass; and **Bill English**, drums.

Los Angeles: This year's edition of the Watts Festival could boast little jazz, or for that matter, little of anything. General apathy, plus bureaucratic red tape combined to dampen the event. Despite the lack of excitement and publicity surrounding the festival, **O. C. Smith** deserves much praise for giving up \$12,000 worth of bookings in order to take part in the week-long affair. Meanwhile, **O.C.** is up to his talented larynx in legal hassles with his manager, **Lee Magid**. The case was expected to go to Superior Court shortly . . . **Ernestine Anderson** is back in town after a six-year hiatus. She worked Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills, backed by **Dick Shreve**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; and **Gene Pello**, drums . . . **George Shearing** played the Hong Kong Bar for the second of three gigs this year (next: Nov. 10 for three weeks). Personnel remains the same: **Charlie Shoemaker**, vibes; **Dave Koonse**, guitar; and the rhythm section that is bringing in more and more of George's jazz colleagues: **Andy Simpkins**, bass; **Stix Hooper**, drums . . . **Ray Charles** followed **Buddy Greco** into the Coconut Grove. Main difference in gigs: **Buddy** used **Freddy Martin's** house band for backing; **Ray** had his own band, with the **Martinettes** taking care of dancing. **Charles** taped a guest shot for **Andy Williams'** new NBC-TV series. It will be aired in October . . . **Sergio Mendes** and his **Brasil '66** plus a **Mendes** find, the **Bossa Rio Sextet**, and organist **Walter Wanderly's** group shared the outdoor stage of the Hollywood Bowl for a one-nighter . . . The **Watts 103rd St. Rhythm Band** concluded a tour as supporting act for **Dionne Warwick** . . . Musicians Union Local 47 sponsored two recent events for residents of ghetto areas: a **Jazz At The Park** concert at the South Park Recreation Center, featuring **Buddy Collette** and his 21-piece orchestra and **Ray Brown** and his quintet; also a block party, with **Rene Hall** and **Eddie Cano** helping to coordinate the free admission event . . . The **Milt Jackson-Ray Brown** quintet played **Shelly's Manne-Hole** and recorded there for **Impulse Records**. The group included **Teddy Edwards**, tenor sax; **Monty Alexander**, piano; and **Dick Berk**, drums. (**Shelly Manne** subbed for **Berk** opening night. Quite a sub!) **Brown** was telling everyone proudly how he finally induced his parents to fly to California from back east. First time on a plane for his folks. Backstage at **Shelly's** towards the end of the **Jackson-Brown** gig was **Eddie Harris**, due to follow at the club. Unlike most musicians, he arrived a few days early, and spent his spare time showing and demonstrating his new invention (just patented): a reed mouthpiece on a trumpet!

According to Harris, Clark Terry and Nat Adderley have tried it and given their seal of approval . . . *Bound To Be Heard*, an hour-long documentary featuring highlights of a recent nine-week road trip with Stan Kenton and his orchestra, was premiered locally on Channel 5. Stan is bank-rolling efforts to get the show syndicated . . . Bill Fritz, ex-Kenton reed man, conducted a jazz workshop ensemble at Fresno State College—a program of neophonic works and students compositions . . . Filmways, Inc. has entered the music business by acquiring Skye Records for an undisclosed amount of Filmways common stock . . . One of the British blues groups that has virtually made Los Angeles its second home is led by John Mayall. His tenor man, Johnny Almond, is a real product of today, spending half his time and talent in the world of jazz, and the other half in rock. Leonard Feather and Mike Vernon just co-produced an album of rock flavored jazz called *Johnny Almond's Music Machine* for British Decca sub-sid., Deram. In addition to vibes and organ, Almond played various reed instruments, paired with Hadley Caliman, Curtis Amy and Vi Reed. Others on the session included Joe Pass, guitar; Charles Kynard, organ; and Earl Palmer and Joe Harris alternating on drums . . . Lorez Alexandria, after a month at the Pied Piper locally, will be goin' back to Chicago for a return engagement at the Apartment . . . Johnny Hartman worked the Baby Grand West, one of Los Angeles' newest clubs, backed by Gerald Wiggins, piano; George Morrow, bass; and Jimmy Smith, drums . . . Henry Mancini, who had only one fling as a big band pianist (with Tex Beneke) recorded his second album as featured pianist for RCA, fresh from the success of *Warm Shade of Ivory*, with its *Romeo and Juliet Theme*. Mancini has also ventured into the symphonic pops field for the first time, conducting his own suite, *Beaver Valley '37*, for RCA with the Philadelphia Orchestra. "Standing in front of 110 musicians like those Philadelphians makes you feel small. But where can you get a better demo," he said.

Chicago: A free 10-hour blues concert entitled *Bringing the Blues Back Home* was the final activity of the city's summer Reach Out program. Among the blues artists announced for the blues marathon, held Aug. 30 in Grant Park, were Muddy Waters, B. B. King, Junior Wells, John Lee Hooker, Little Brother Montgomery, Victoria Spivey, Koko Taylor, Big Mama Thornton, Lightnin' Hopkins, Buddy Guy, and Sam Lay . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presented a concert at the Hyde Park Art Center featuring several new pieces for the A.A.C.M. big band by Muhai (Richard Abrams), John Stubbsfield, and Henry Threadgill . . . Miles Davis, Nina Simone, and Herbie Mann played a doubleheader at the Auditorium theater . . . On Aug. 22, altoist Sonny Criss, trombonist Bennie Green (on vacation from Duke Ellington's band), and drummer Roy Haynes and his sextet did a weekend at the Apartment. Criss, Green, and Haynes stayed over for Joe Segal's 14th Annual Charlie Parker

Memorial Concert, which also featured singer Eddie Jefferson . . . Vince Sanders of radio station WBEE held a benefit for Provident Hospital at Ben Lewgee's Red Carpet Room, (formerly the Sutherland Lounge). Criss and Green played the benefit along with tenorist Clarence Wheeler and The Enforcers, Odell Brown and The Organizers, the Eddie Buster Quartet with tenorman Von Freeman, organist Lady Byron, tenorist Prince James, and other Chicago-area musicians . . . Count Basie and his band closed Old Orchard Shopping Center's free summer concert series. Basie also played one-nighters at the Burning Spear and High Chaparral . . . Buddy Rich brought his big band to the Plugged Nickel for a

Monday night, August 25 . . . Sonny Stitt returned to Soul Junction for a weekend . . . Singer Kerry Price from Detroit and Wisconsin's Riverboat Ramblers were special guests at Sloppy Joe's second Dixieland Festival Aug. 24. Also on hand were the Original Salty Dogs, Little Brother Montgomery's band, and Franz Jackson's combo with singer Jeanne Carroll . . . Drummer Wilbur Campbell and tenorman Sandy Mosse are playing weekends at a new lounge, the Bourbon Bush on Howard St. Stu Katz and Eddie Baker have alternated on piano, and Steve Cohn has been the bassist . . . Red Saunders played 10 nights at the Burning Spear (the old Club DeLisa). Singer Brook Benton was with the band.

1970 Grants Total \$6,500.00

down beat's 13th Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Grants

In 1956 down beat established an annual scholarship program in honor of its Jazz Hall of Fame, suitably located at the internationally famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

The Hall of Fame Scholarship program provides for fourteen (14) scholarship grants to be awarded to student musicians on the basis of their potential and current abilities.

Members of the Jazz Hall of Fame whom these scholarships honor are elected by down beat's annual Readers and International Jazz Critics Polls. The Berklee School of Music offers a four-year music and academic curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Music degree in Composition, Music Education or Applied Music; and a four-year professional diploma curriculum with recognition in Arranging/Composition of Instrumental Performance.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE? Anyone, male or female, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the following age requirements is eligible.

Junior Division (under 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated high school and who has not reached his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1970.

Senior Division (over 19): Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1970.

DATES OF SCHOLARSHIP COMPETITION: Official application must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 24, 1969. Scholarship winners will be announced in an April, 1970 issue of down beat.

HOW JUDGED: All decisions and final judging are the exclusive responsibility of down beat and will be made on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

TERMS OF SCHOLARSHIPS: All Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are applicable against tuition fees for one school year (two semesters) at the Berklee School of Music. Upon completion of the school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

All scholarship winners must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1970 or January, 1971, or else forfeit the scholarship award. Scholarships are not transferable.

The 1970 Hall of Fame Scholarship grants are made in the following amounts.

Two scholarships valued at \$1,000.00 each	\$2,000.00
Six scholarships valued at \$500.00 each	\$3,000.00
Six scholarships valued at \$250.00 each	\$1,500.00
Total value of down beat's 1970 Scholarships	<u>\$6,500.00</u>

HOW TO APPLY: Fill out the coupon in this announcement, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, down beat, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, Illinois 60606. You will be sent immediately an official application form. With the official application, you will be required to send to down beat a tape or record of your playing an instrument or of an ensemble performing your original composition and/or arrangement.

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Detroit: A benefit concert for the family of the late **Ernie Farrow** held at AFM Local 5 was an outstanding success. More than 500 people turned out to honor the bassist, generally regarded as the leading force in jazz in Detroit. Among the musicians in attendance were two recent returnees from the West Coast, vocalist **Austin Cromer** and drummer **George Davidson**. Music was provided by Farrow's last quintet (**John Hair**, trombone; **Joe Thurman**, tenor; **Will Davis**, piano; **James Youngblood**, drums) with **Dedrick Glover** on bass; pianist **James Tatum's** trio, augmented by a contingent of musicians from the University of Wisconsin; the **Bob Hopkins** big band with soloists **Donald Towns**, trumpet, and **Wild Bill Moore**, tenor, plus union representative **Willie Green** as guest bassist; pianist **Harold McKinney's** quintet; vocalist **Cromer** backed by bassist **Robert Allen's** trio; the **Contemporary Jazz Quintet**, a quintet organized by bassist **Andy White**, and a host of sitters-in. In all more than 60 musicians lent their talents to the effort and a host of others, including saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, who had just completed an engagement at Baker's, were in attendance. . . . Later in the week, the Farrow band with **Glover**, and **Bu Bu Turner** in place of **Davis**, opened at Clarence's **Bluebird** under **Hair's** leadership. The **Bluebird** had been home base for the band up until **Farrow's** death. . . . Drummer **Doug Hammon** had been scheduled to bring his quintet to the benefit, but he received a call to join singer **Damita Jo** in Puerto Rico. The vocalist's group also includes **Detroiters Charles Boles**, piano and **Charles Dungey**, bass. . . . The **Contemporary Jazz Quintet** (**Charles Moore**, trumpet; **Leon Henderson**, tenor; **Kenny Cox**, piano; **Ron Brooks**, bass; **Danny Spencer**, drums) have been keeping busy while preparing for their second **Blue Note** recording date. In addition to participating in the Farrow benefit they took part in the **St. Louis Performing Arts Festival** in July; shared the bill with pianist **Isaac Hayes**, organist **John Patton** and the **Staple Singers** at the **Masonic Temple** Aug. 24; appeared the next night at **Wayne State University's Community Arts Auditorium** in a program sponsored by **Detroit Adventure** which also featured the groups of **McKinney** and guitarist **Ron English**; played a private reception for the **Founders Society of the Detroit Institute of Arts** Sept. 11, and took their regular turn among the groups sponsored by the **Detroit Creative Musicians Association** at 285 East. . . . Another **DCMA** band, reed man **Larry Nozero's** quintet (**Doug Halliday**, trumpet; **Keith Vreeland**, piano; **John Dana**, bass, and **Jimmy Peluso**, a recent arrival from Chicago, replacing **Paul Ambrose** on drums) took another turn at 285 East before switching their after hours activity to a regular gig at the **Red Roach** on **Plum Street**. . . . Other groups heard recently at 285 East have included **English's** quartet with **Charles Eubanks** on piano, **Spencer** on drums, and **Glover** and **Jesse Starks** splitting bass chores, and drummer **Archie Taylor's** revamped group with trumpeter **Nick Ferrette**, pianist **Dave Durrah**, and bassist **Max Wood**. . . . Guitarist **James Ullmer** has replaced reed

man **Larry Smith** in organist **Charles Harris's** trio at the **Twenty Grand's Fire-side Lounge**.

Philadelphia: The **Clef Club** and **AFM** local 274 (Philly's black local) suffered quite a setback when their **South Broad St.** quarters were robbed, ransacked and vandalized. A safe was removed from the building and enough damage was done to require closing for a number of weeks. . . . **Esther Edwards** and **Warren Briscoe**, the new skippers of the **Show Boat Jazz Theatr**, were left stranded when the **Mongo Santamaria** group pulled out unexpectedly after only two days of a scheduled eight-day engagement. A trio led by **Colmar Duncan**, piano, and featuring **Spanky DeBrest**, bass, and vocalist **Jimmy Scott** came to the rescue. **Scott** had recently opened the room with the **Eddie Green Trio** featuring **Tyrone Brown** bass, and **Charles (Steeple) Johnson**, drums. The **Sam Reed** group drifted in a few days early for their engagement and little by little the room seemed to attract crowds after having been closed for a number of months. The **Robert Kenyatta Afro-Drummers** were slated to follow **Reed**, and vocalist **Irene Reid** was due for a future engagement. . . . **Protean** is the best word to describe the talents of young **Elmer Gibson**, who plays flugelhorn, trumpet, piano and bass. His knowledge of the roots and foundations make him a welcome guest on any bandstand. We heard him play with **Cat Anderson** and **Jimmy Oliver** recently, and nobody seemed to mind at all when he came back the following night. . . . Speaking of **Anderson** and **Oliver**, these two were to be present at a big Aug. 30 **Beboppers and Swingers Reunion** and **52nd Street Jazz Party** held by the **Fred Miles American Interracialist Jazz Society** at **Drews Rendezvous** on **North 52nd Street**. **Al Grey**, **John Lamb**, **Buddy Savitt**, **Kid Haffey**, **Evelyn Simms** and **Mildred Anderson** were among others expected for the program held to honor the birthdays of **Lester Young** (Aug. 27) and **Charlie Parker** (Aug. 29). . . . **Herbie Hancock** brought **Joe Henderson**, **Johnny Coles**, **Jimmy Garrison** and **Albert Heath** with him to the **Aqua Lounge** for much excitement. **Heath** had played the room recently with **Sonny Rollins**, and earlier with **Yusef Lateef**. Brother **Jimmy Heath** is also a familiar on the **Aqua** bandstand (most recently with **Milt Jackson**). The **Tony Williams Trio** was slated to play the spot next. . . . **Ernie Banks** sang at the **First Nighter Club** with pianist **Gerald Price's** trio, featuring **Earl Wormack**, bass, and **Richard Easley**, drums. **Easley** and vocalist **Bobby Brookes** have taken up acting with a local theater group. **Evelyn Simms** followed at the **First Nighter** with the **Jazz East Trio**. . . . A big **Atlantic City** rock festival drew huge crowds from the entire east coast area and it would not be surprising if it became an annual affair. . . . The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** had a return engagement at **Temple University** after the first sell-out performance. . . . The **Ray Charles Show** has been in the shore area for a number of engagements, **Allentown Fair** and the **Lambertville Music Circus** among them. . . . **Pearl**

Bailey attended the funeral of her mother, Mrs. Ella Robinson, 78, in Philadelphia. Mrs. Robinson passed away July 21 after a long illness at Mercy Douglas Hospital . . . To be really close to the action, I find that it is always good to attend a jazz function with a jazz celebrity well versed and familiar with the participants. For the recent big Nancy Wilson concert at the giant Spectrum, I had the pleasure of being with my 6-year old son. Young Fred was most anxious to hear Mel Lewis, one of his favorite drummers (he is also very strong on Louis Hayes and Gus Johnson) and we were both eager to hear the band Mel and Thad Jones had brought for the concert. We took seats with the stage crew, under the revolving bandstand, just as Eddie Harris began to play. We listened to the Ramsey Lewis group, and we admired two beautiful black ladies as the Friends of Distinction performed. Then came the group we were waiting for, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Big Band. Snooky Young looked down at us and smiled as the trumpet section revolved past our seats. We listened with pleasure as Joe Henderson, Jerome Richardson, Roland Hanna, Jerry Dodgion, Richard Williams, Pepper Adams and many other fine soloists whirled past. Young Fred's face showed great excitement as Mel Lewis and his drums rolled in to view. After leading the band through a number of fine arrangements, Thad left the stand to make way for lovely Nancy Wilson, the star of the show. The lady was most elegant in an almost topless gown. But after a moment or so, the ears became even more stimulated than the eyes. The band gave Nancy excellent support. As we rode home after an enjoyable evening, little Fred proudly clutched a snare head that his friend Mel Lewis had given him. On it was written: "To Frederick; Keep playing and when you are big, I'll come and listen to you. Mel Lewis."

Dallas: Club Lark had Roland Kirk and his ensemble for a 10-day engagement, Aug. 15-24 . . . James Brown and his revue were scheduled for a Memorial Auditorium one-nighter Aug. 16 . . . Herbie Mann was to headline the three-day Texas International Pop Festival over the Labor Day weekend at Dallas International Motor Speedway. Also announced were Janis Joplin, Chicago Transit Authority, Canned Heat, B. B. King, Sam and Dave, Rotary Connection, Led Zepplin and others . . . Pepper-Tanner Recording executive Larry Muhoberac, one of the city's premier musicians and arrangers, has left the Dallas branch of the Memphis-based jingle firm for the West Coast, along with drummer Ronnie Tutt. Both are said to be working the Las Vegas engagement of Elvis Presley, for whom Muhoberac served as musical director a number of years . . . Trumpeter George Cherb, drummer Phil Kelly and bassist Billy Michaels, all of Dallas, joined the Doc Severinsen band for a recent Johnny Carson show in Houston . . . Pianist Red Garland is maintaining and active schedule locally, nightly at Dallas Club Arandas and after hours at Fort Worth's Malibu, following Eddie and the Rays. Also on

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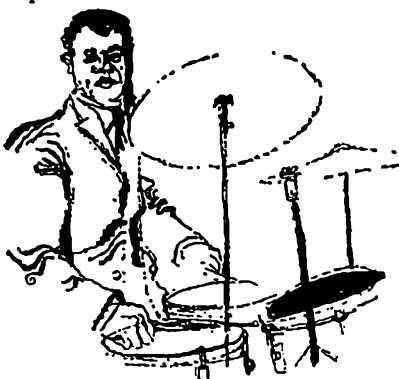
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the Fort Worth jazz scene, drummer **Bob Stewart** and his trio (**Jim Shannon**, guitar; **Raymond Green**, organ) are appearing weekends at the Flamingo Club. Stewart, incidentally, still maintains his nightly jazz show on KFAD-FM . . . Pianist **Jac Murphy** and his quartet received a return booking into the Hyatt House (formerly the Cabana Motel) lounge following a successful July engagement. Trumpeter **Don Jacoby** has stepped in as a surprise addition to the group after Jac's younger brother **Nipper** received a call to join the **Woody Herman** band . . . Two young jazz musicians from the same area of Dallas died within a week's period. They were composer-saxophonist **Allen Solgarnick**, 27, a former member of the **NTSU One O'Clock** band and a professor at San Jose State, who passed away in Oakland, California, and **Joe Ed Savage**, 31, guitarist with the original **Cell Block Seven** and **George Mosse** groups, victim of a helicopter crash in the Grand Canyon . . . In statewide news, Houston's City Park and Recreation Department, in cooperation with Local 65, has been sponsoring a series of outdoor jazz concerts, featuring such names as **Hal Tennyson's Young Jazz Artists**, **Cedric Haywood's Ebony Workshop**, **Richard Shannon**, and the **Buddy Brock** big band with guest soloist **Arnett Cobb** . . . **Bob Morgan's Jazz Octet** from Sam Houston State College, Huntsville, were among local groups featured on the Austin segment of the Longhorn Jazz Festival, along with the 23-member **University of Texas Jazz Ensemble**, directed by **Dick Goodwin** and guest tenor-altoist from **NTSU Randy Lee**. The Morgan group then departed immediately to take part in the ninth annual Texas Jazz Festival, several hundred miles south in Corpus Christi. The four-hour free concert headlined trumpeter **Clark Terry**, who appeared with **John Gallardo**, piano, **Sal Pedroza**, bass and **Ernie Durawa**, drums. Also on hand were the **Luis Gasca Sextet** with vocalist **Carolyn Blanchard**; tenorman **Joe Henderson**; the **Kansas City Jazz Artists**; **Rene Sandoval** and the **Houstonians**; the **Raul Cuesta Octet**; the **Galvan Brothers Quintet**; the **Claudio Rosas Orchestra** from Tampico; the **Canavantra Band**, the **Blue Diamonds** and an all-star area big band. Mulmor Records of Corpus has much of this year's festival available on a stereo album.

New Orleans: The Greatest Show in Town, an annual police benefit program at City Park Stadium, featured a jazz-oriented program that included reedman **Al Belletto**, pianist **Ronnie Dupont's** combo with trumpeter **Warren Luening**, and pianist **Dave West's** trio. Adding some show-biz glitter to the program were vocalist **Abbe Lane**, pianist-composer **Gene Austin**, singer **Frankie Brent** and **Leon Kelner's Blue Room** band . . . **Pete Fountain** met his old friend and former employer **Lawrence Welk** at the airport when the latter came to town for a one-nighter at the Municipal Auditorium . . . Trumpeter **Thomas Jefferson** and his band will return to the Paddock when trombonist **Nick Gagliardi's** contract expires . . . Drummer **Freddie Kohlman** has joined the **Dukes of Dixieland**. The **Dukes' bassist, Rudy Aikels**, sat in with **Willie Tee and the Souls** at the Jazz Workshop during a breather between engagements. The Souls were on the scene at the Lakeside Shopping Center for a promotional concert recently . . . Vocalist **Betty Farmer** did a brief engagement at the Playboy after leaving the Bistro . . . Rock Night a Pontchartrian Beach (once Milneberg) spotlighted **Paul Varisco** and the **Milestones**, **Bobby Reno**, **The Q**, and several other groups.



Paris: Pianist **Burton Greene** recorded one album for Byg records, and trumpeter **Jacques Coursil** made two . . . **Cecil Taylor** played in the south of France (Fondation Maeght) at the end of July with his group, composed of altoist **Jimmy Lyons**, tenorist **Sam Rivers**, and drummer **Andrew Cyrille**. Taylor spent a few days in Paris on his way back to the U.S. and is scheduled to return to Europe as part of

George Wein's Newport Festival Tour in October and November . . . Also at the end of July, **Archie Shepp**, with trumpeter **Clifford Thornton**, trombonist **Grachan Moncur III**, pianist **Dave Burrell**, bassist **Alan Silva** and drummer **Sunny Murray**, played the African Arts Festival in Algiers. In early August, Shepp and the group arrived in Paris to record a series of albums for the Byg label. As a matter of fact, about 10 LPs were recorded within a two-week-period starting Aug. 11. Shepp, Moncur, Silva, Burrell, Thornton, Lyons, and Cyrille recorded one or two albums each as leaders, most of the time using the others as sidemen. For one of his sessions, Shepp used **Lester Bowie** and **Thornton**, trumpets; **Arthur Jones**, **Hank Mobley**, **Roscoe Mitchell**, reeds; **Dave Burrell**, piano; **Earl Freeman**, **Malachi Favors**, bass, **Sunny Murray**, **Philly Joe Jones** and **Art Taylor**, percussion. All the sessions were supervised by **Claude Delcloo**, a young avant-garde drummer and journalist . . . **Hank Mobley's** recording date for Blue Note underwent a last-minute change of personnel from the one mentioned in this column in the Aug. 21 issue. Recording with Mobley were **Dizzy Reece**, trumpet; **Slide Hampton**, trombone; **Vince Benedetti**, piano; **Abby Cullaz**, bass; **Philly Joe Jones**, drums . . . Pianist **George Gruntz** has been replaced by **Gordon Beck** of London in **Phil Woods' European Rhythm Machine**.

Denmark: Altoist **Phil Woods** played at the Montmartre for the first three weeks of August, accompanied by **Kenny Drew**, **Niels Henning**, **Orsted Pedersen**, and drummer **Makaya Ntshoko**. On Aug. 26, **Dexter Gordon** opened a one-month engagement, his first long stay at the club in several years . . . **Jazzhus Tagskaegget** in Arhus opened in new rooms on July 26, and a lot of Danish musicians, plus **John Hiseman's Colosseum** from London, played at the opening festivities. **Dexter Gordon** played at the club during the last three nights of July, accompanied by guitarist **Hans Jacob Sahlertz** and his quartet. On Aug. 18, **Phil Woods** and his Montmartre rhythm group played at **Tagskaegget** . . . The fourth annual summer jazz clinic at the Vallekilde Folk High School, arranged by the Danish Jazz Academy, was a tremendous success. The course was oversubscribed, and aside from a lot of well known Danish jazz personalities, the staff of teachers included composer-arranger **George Russell**. **Dexter Gordon** and **Ben Webster** gave a joint concert with the **Kenny Drew** trio, and two South African musicians, **Dollar Brand** and **Makaya Ntshoko**, were reunited during the 10 days of activities. The Danish Radio will broadcast five one-hour programs from the final mammoth concert—the five hours are not even half the total music performed. Danish television has prepared a 30-minute program from the course . . . Altoist **John Tchicai** and his group recorded for the German MPS Records July 15 in Copenhagen. The session was supervised by **Joachim Ernst Behrendt** and the album with the Danish Jazz Musician of the Year will be issued with financial assistance from the Danish Jazz Academy.

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