

MAY 14, 1970

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THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

COMBO ISSUE

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IN ROCK COUNTRY

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FORMULA

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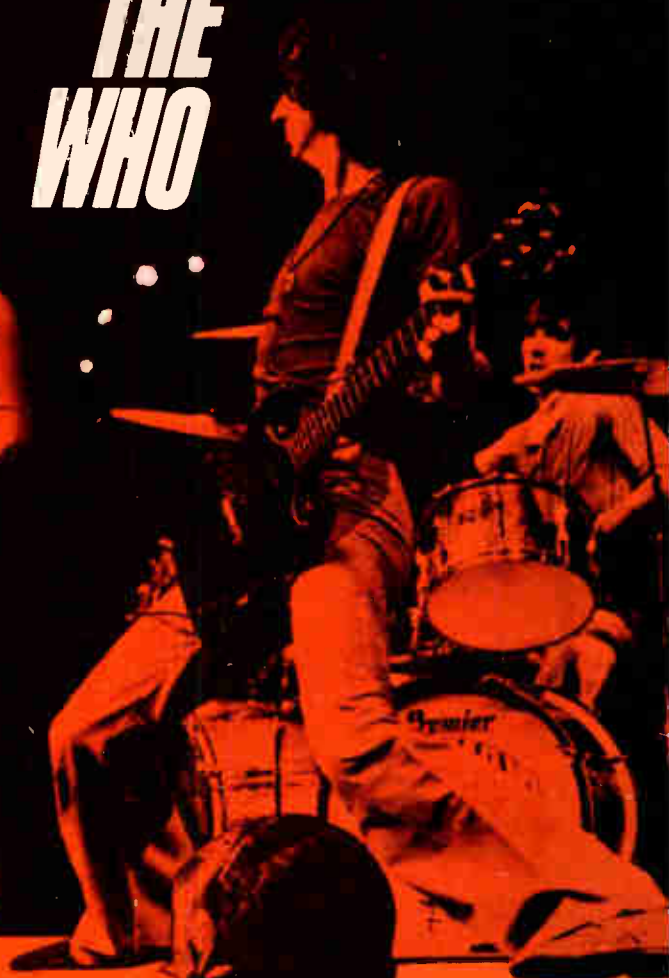
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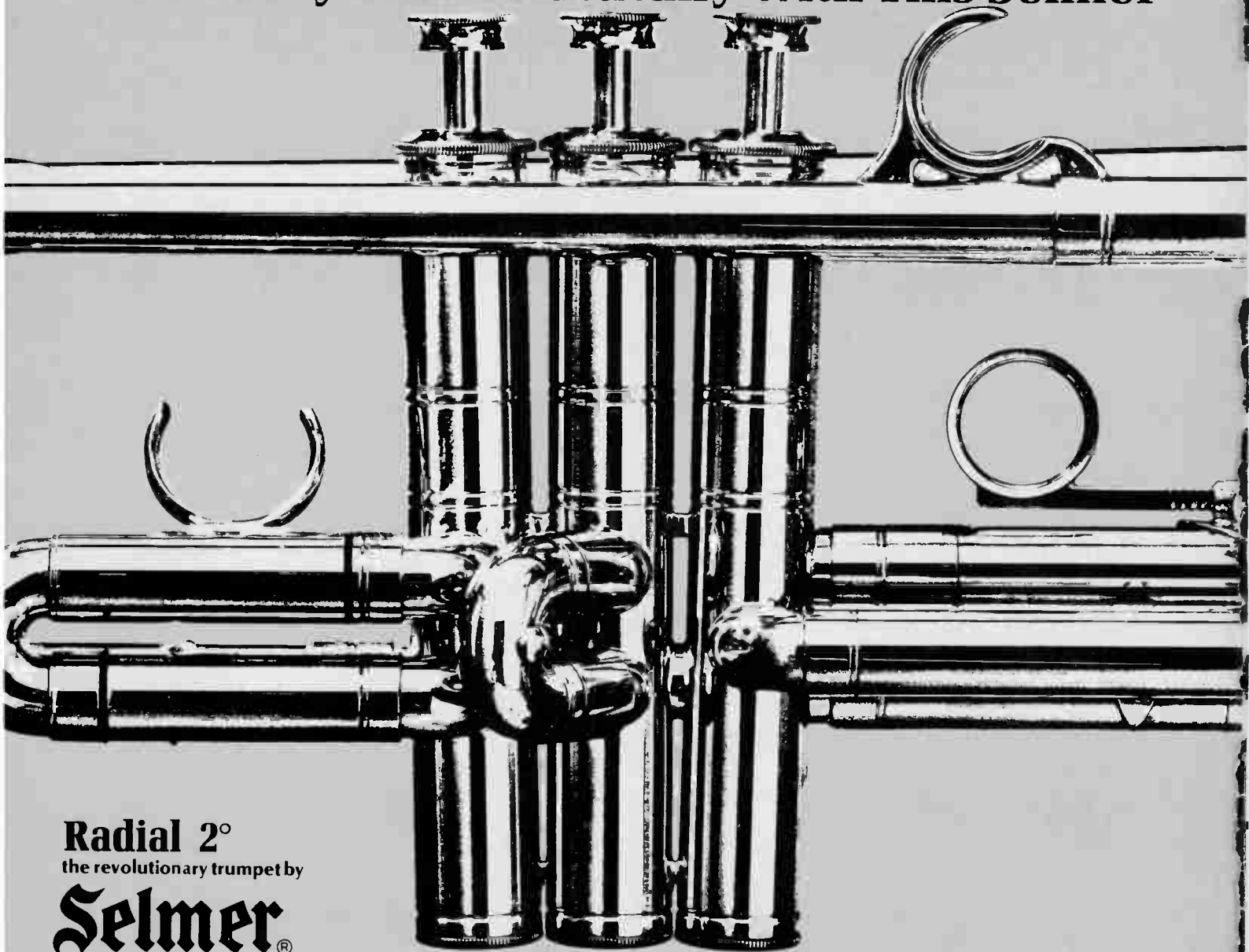
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THIS IS OUR 18th annual Combo Issue. A brief look at that first special combo issue in 1953 provides some insight as to where we are now—and a remembrance of things past.

The front cover featured Les Paul and Mary Ford.

News headlines included: "Zoot Sims Joins Kenton"; "Kessel Leaves Peterson Trio" (Barney wanted to stick to studio work—Herb Ellis left the Soft Winds to take his place); "Jocks Spur Band Business With Teen Dances on Coast"—these were not record hops, but low-priced admissions for young dancers; "Cast Now Completed for down beat Star Night"—Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic with Flip Phillips, Oscar Peterson, and Ella Fitzgerald were added to the big show at Chicago's Soldiers Field sponsored by down beat.

Page three featured Richard Rodgers telling arrangers "to take it easy on my tunes. . . . Peggy Lee's *Lover* is about as as you can go in the way of distortion and still have the nerve to use the title."

Leonard Feather reported from New York that the new Eddie Sauter-Bill Finegan band sounded the same in person as they did on records—"even with the use of their six-rheostat control panel with which they can bring up, or down, any of the wild variety of sounds at their command." Also reported was Larry Elgart's new Brunswick LP—"a series of eight weird instrumentals (five saxes, one trombone, four rhythm) entitled *Impressions of Outer Space*."

Jerry Wexler, head of Atlantic Records (then and now) wrote a feature "Mainstream of Jazz is R&B": "There is no definable difference between jazz and Rhythm&Blues, and there never has been."

Five Star record reviews included: Nat Cole, *Angel Eyes*; Dave Brubeck, *Jazz At Storyville*; Cool and Quiet with Buddy DeFranco, Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Lennie Tristano and others; Frank Sinatra, *My One and Only Love*; Johnny Ace, *The Clock*; Stan Getz, *Erudition*; The Orioles, *One More Time*; Adlai Stevenson Speaks, and Spike Jones, *Three Little Fishies*.

1953 Ad Lib: Neal Hefti reforms his band for summer dates. . . . Dooley Wilson, 65, dies. He was the *As Time Goes By* pianist in *Casablanca*. . . . Paul Quinichette forms new r&b group. . . . Harry James opens at New York's Astor Hotel with Buddy Rich on drums and Tommy Gumina on accordion. . . . George Shearing starts a five-week engagement at the New York Embers. . . . Buddy DeFranco still doing great business at the Clef in Hollywood. . . . Sonny Stitt and Ruth Brown continue one-nighter tour. . . . Sarah Vaughan's new trio includes John Malachi, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; and Roy Haynes, drums. . . . Some of the combos on the road included: Sidney Bechet, Gene Ammons, Page Cavanaugh, Shorty Rogers, Serge Chaloff, Barbara Carroll, Art Van Damme, and Marian McPartland. The Ronalds Brothers spoke these immortal lines: "Customers keep asking us if we use stimulants because of our electrifying activity on the stage. The answer is 'No'. We are just crazy that way—for a price"

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Drum Thunder

Your recent edition on drums (Percussion Issue, *db*, Mar. 19) should have been called the "Revulsion Issue". What the hell is this? Ginger Baker puts down Elvin Jones, Elvin Jones puts down Ginger Baker and *everyone*, including Baker and Stix Hooper puts down Buddy Rich, the best drummer in the universe.

There is more than an ample supply of jazz naysayers in the square world so that internecine sniping within the music com-

munity is both wasteful and, in many respects, sad.

I happen to agree with Elvin's suggestion that Baker be appointed an involuntary astronaut, but this is the sort of intemperate remark that is better aired at the bar in Jim & Andy's than within earshot of a *Life* reporter.

Self-destruct works great on *Mission Impossible*, but among musicians it seems rather childish and bitchy. Play nice, fellas—no fighting.

Al Fisher

Wantagh, N.Y.

Finally, after waiting over a year, *down beat* has printed a decent article on the greatest drummer the world has ever

known—the thunderous Ginger Baker (*db*, Mar. 19). Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am prejudiced against any other percussionist. Also, I am probably the biggest Baker freak around. In other words, I worship the ground this man walks on.

I've only seen the living legend once (at the Oakland Coliseum) and it was the greatest night of my entire life. He came on and did an incredible drum solo which was the highpoint of the evening. I naturally bought a giant Ginger Baker poster three Blind Faith picture books. I am anxiously awaiting an Airforce tour of the States.

In your article, *Ginger Baker: Anglo Afro?*, Ginger said: "... I think Buddy Rich is a lunatic. He considers himself the world's best drummer but his feet are nowhere at all!" I agree 100% on this statement. Rich is a great drummer but he can't even begin to compare with the egomaniac Baker. . . .

Dean Owen

Hayward, Cal.

I enjoyed your Percussion Issue (*db*, Mar. 19) immensely, especially the *Capital Caper* story on Buddy Rich in Washington. I have seen Buddy Rich's Orchestra many times in the Boston and New York areas and this band generates more excitement than any other big band going. That driving beat is enough to blow your mind.

It was also interesting to see names mentioned like Pat LaBarbera, a tenor man from the Berklee School of Music who has come into his own with the band. Also, Richie Cole, another Berklee alumnus, who blows an excellent alto sax.

I have followed this band since it picked up in 1966 and I am infatuated with it more so than ever. I think this band and its personnel should be recognized. It is the now sound of the '70s.

N. P. Romano Jr.

Boston, Mass.

Generation Gap

Since the age of 15, I have been an avid jazz fan, and a very interested reader of *down beat*. Being 20 years old now, my age group is associated with the "rock" generation, and they tend to identify jazz as an old, old music about which they hear their parents reminisce every now and then. Because of this, they almost totally disregard jazz and don't give it a chance.

JAZZ IS NOT DEAD, and I believe it has a lot to offer, both now and in the future. I am convinced it is getting better all the time.

This problem could be helped by having jazz exposed more on radio (both day and night broadcasts), television, and college campus concerts.

I would like to add a bit of praise for Peter Ingram, owner of the Frog & Nightgown in Raleigh, N.C. Because of this club's presence in the Raleigh area, there has been a renewed interest in jazz, by both the *younger* and older sets. Because of people and places like Peter Ingram and the Frog and Nightgown, jazz will hopefully become a familiar word in the vocabulary of the younger generation.

George B. Greene

Raleigh, N.C.

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Cover Photos: The Who, courtesy Decca Records; Sun Ra, Valerie Wilmer. Design by Robert Robertson.

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Subscription rates \$8 one year, \$13 two years, \$18 three years, payable in advance. If you live in any of the Pan American Union countries, add \$1. for each year of subscription, to the prices listed above. If you live in Canada or any other foreign country, add \$1.50 for each year.

DOWN BEAT articles are indexed in The Music Index and MUSIC '70. Write DOWN BEAT for availability of microfilm copies (by University Microfilm) and microfiche copies (by Bell & Howell).

If you move, let us know your new address with zip code (Include your old one, too) 6 weeks in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies and we can't send duplicates).

MAHER PUBLICATIONS:
DOWN BEAT, MUSIC '70;
MUSIC DIRECTORY; NAMM DAILY



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

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, 222 West Adams St., Chicago, IL., 60606, (312) 346-7811. Dan Morgenstern, James Szantor, Editorial. D. B. Kelly, Subscriptions.

EAST COAST OFFICE: 250 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y., 10019, (212) 757-5111. Jane Welch, Editorial. Jack Maher, Advertising Sales.

WEST COAST OFFICE: 11571 Wyandotte St., North Hollywood, CA. 91605, 875-2190. Harvey Siders, Editorial. Martin Galloway, Advertising sales, 14974 Valley Vista Blvd., Sherman Oaks, CA. 91403, 784-0042.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 222 W Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois 60606

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NATIONAL COLLEGE JAZZ FESTIVAL SET FOR MAY

The first National College Jazz Festival, sponsored by the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in collaboration with *down beat*, will be held May 16-17 at Krannert Center on the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois. The event had originally been scheduled for Washington, D. C., but no suitable facilities were available.

In announcing the Kennedy Center's sponsorship of the event, artistic director George London stated: "We plan to make the festival an annual event at which we may suitably encourage and honor this country's young jazz musicians."

Big bands, combos and vocalists from six regional college jazz festivals have been invited to perform non-competitively in four concerts at the new, acoustically superb Krannert Center.

Invited groups from the Mobile, Little Rock, and Northridge, Calif. festivals include big bands from Loyola Univ., Stephen F. Austin State College, and Los Angeles Valley College; combos from Texas Southern Univ., Sam Houston State Univ., and Los Angeles Valley College, and vocalist Angelo Arvonio from San Fernando Valley State College. Added to these will be winning groups from the Elmhurst, Ill., Hamden, Conn., and Salt Lake City festivals.

Invited as guest performers are the famous big bands from Indiana Univ., Milliken Univ., North Texas State Univ., and the host institution, the Univ. of Illinois.

Invited guest soloists and conductors include Cannonball Adderley, Benny Carter, Quincy Jones, and Clark Terry. Willis Conover will emcee, and the Voice of America will cover the event. Clinics, seminars, and overall production will be supervised by Prof. John Garvey of the Univ. of Illinois and *down beat* publisher Charles Suber.

DON CHERRY RECEIVES COMMISSION FROM JCOA

The Jazz Composers Orchestra Association has initiated a program of commissioning new works for the orchestra from noted jazz composers.

JCOA plans to award 10 commissions of \$2000 each over a two-year period. The new works will be presented during the orchestra's yearly season and will be recorded on the JCOA label.

The first commission was awarded in April to Don Cherry, who was previously involved with the orchestra as trumpet soloist on its first album and in concert. Cherry is presently artist-in-residence at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N.H.

Additional composers will be commissioned as soon as the necessary funds become available, the association stated.

CHARLIE HADEN GETS COVETED GUGGENHEIM

Bassist Charlie Haden has been awarded a fellowship for composition from the John



GIUSEPPE PINO

Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation.

Haden becomes the fourth jazz musician to receive a Guggenheim. The previous awards (all for composition) went to Ornette Coleman (1967), Gil Evans and Jimmy Giuffre (1968), and George Russell (1969).

"I am very grateful for the fellowship that was awarded me," Haden told *down beat*. "I only wish that there were more fellowships of this kind that could be awarded to all dedicated jazz musicians and composers in this country," he added.

MOTHERS REVIVED FOR L.A. SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Mothers of Invention, who disbanded at the end of last year, have been reconvened by leader Frank Zappa for a May 15 concert with the Los Angeles Philharmonic under Zubin Mehta's baton at the University of Southern California.

The concert will feature works by Mel Powell and Edgard Varese performed by the orchestra alone; a Zappa-scored interpretation of Varese's *Integrale* and an additional piece performed by the Mothers alone, and a final portion in which the Mothers and the Philharmonic will join forces in excerpts from Zappa's 2½ hour-long composition *200 Motels*, conducted simultaneously and interchangeably by Mehta and the composer.

In preparation for the concert, the Mothers will do a series of appearances, described as "obscure warm-up engagements," at New York's Fillmore East (May 8-9) and at the Philadelphia Academy of Music (May 10). The demotoballing of the group will also be utilized in conjunction with the filming of *Uncle Meat*, Zappa's long-in-progress Cinemascope documentary on the Mothers.

FINAL BAR

Discographer Ernie Edwards Jr., 41, died March 18 in Los Angeles after a long illness.

Considered the world's foremost authority on big band recordings, Edwards, with co-editors George Hall and Bill Korst, published a series of discographical booklets, including seven volumes on assorted big bands, a bebop piano volume, and Nat King Cole and Art Pepper "name" discographies.

Edwards' chief project, a complete Woody Herman discography including all known broadcasts, transcriptions, etc. was nearly finished at the time of his death and will be completed by his associates.

POTPOURRI

Two major music festivals took place in April at the University of California in Berkeley. The first Berkeley Blues Festival, held April 1-4, featured Jesse Fuller, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, John Jackson, Luther Allison's Chicago Blues Band, T-Bone Walker, Rev. Robert Wilkins, Furry Lewis, Bukka White, Robert Pete Williams, Big Mama Thornton, Rev. Gary Davis, Juke Boy Bonner, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, K. C. Douglas, and the Georgia Sea Island Singers. The fourth annual Berkeley U. C. Jazz Festival, held April 24-25, starred the groups of Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley, and Charles Mingus.

Joe Venuti was felled by an ulcer attack in early April and was unable to appear at his scheduled April 7 Carnegie Hall concert in New York. At presstime, the veteran violinist was in a Seattle, Wash., hospital.

The Berklee School of Music is now the Berklee College of Music. The famous Boston institution, founded in 1945, has long had its degrees accepted at full credit by graduate schools throughout the country, but the official change of name reflects recent authorization by the Board of Higher Education of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The First Lady of Song, Ella Fitzgerald, took over the Waldorf's Empire Room on Mar. 30 for two tuneless weeks, to everyone's delight. Tommy Flanagan's trio with Frank de la Rosa, bass, and Ed Thigpen, drums accompanied . . . The World's Greatest Jazz Band played opposite the Bobby Hackett-Vie Dickenson Quintet on a heavy music bill at the Roosevelt Grill. On Sunday afternoons, Bill Berry's new big band continues . . . The Roy Eldridge Quartet held forth at the Half Note through most

/Continued on page 45

TV SOUNDINGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

ONE OF THE MOST ambitious musical undertakings of the TV season was NBC's hour-long *Switched-on Symphony*. Produced by Jack Good, it was a mixed-media musical open house, with Zubin himself as Mehta d'hotel, along with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Ray Charles, Jethro Tull, and close to a dozen other rock and classical groups or soloists.

The concept cannot be dismissed out of hand. That the often segregated worlds of rock, jazz, pop, etc., are feeling one another out with a view to amalgamation has long been common knowledge. What must be borne constantly in mind is that efforts of this sort too easily can fall short of their worthy objectives and collapse in a maze of camp, kulchur, and clichés.

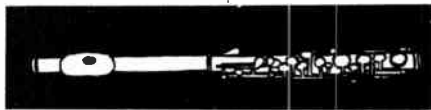
That was what happened too much of the time during *Switched-on Symphony*. I was reminded of a similarly failed, though less confused attempt to intermingle Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic with an avant garde jazz group. That was in 1963. It would now appear that Mehta wants to be the Leonard Bernstein of the 1970s.

The program's two chief problems were the musical fragmentation and the visual gimmickry. Too often one of the classical artists would start to become involved in a performance, only to yield abruptly to, say, Jerry Goodman of the Flock—an-

nounced as "a different kind of virtuoso."

Moments later, we would be at a Philharmonic rehearsal, with Mehta suddenly transformed from swallowtail coat into turtleneck sweater, and Jack Benny discovered in the string section for a touch of left-field levity.

Altogether, there must have been close



to 20 selections, or chopped-off portions of selections, which, after deducting time for the commercials (Bell Telephone), left little room either for continuity or for the establishment of a mood.

There were some exciting moments if you were willing to wait patiently through the many minutes of pretention and vulgarization, the trite commentary or dialog. For example, a splendid pianist from Argentina, Martha Argerich, played a Chopin etude faultlessly but first had to deliver such lines as: "I'm sort of vulnerable to Chopin" and "You're completely naked when you play Chopin."

The 17th century bourree played by flutist Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull was another outstanding performance, provided one wasn't bothered by Anderson's theatrical eye-rolling. But another Anderson number was deleted, for reasons known only to the sponsors.

Ray Charles was fitted up with a white-tails outfit and a gaggle of strings and voices to deliver himself of *Yesterday* in

a manner that can hardly have pleased any but the squarest of his viewers. It was as though an attempt were being made to prove that Charles plus 100 accompanists is five times as important as Charles plus 20.

During the Mooged-up excerpt of a Bach Brandenburg Concerto, as well as in several other numbers, there were innumerable examples of pretentious staging: vari-colored silhouettes dancing, flames and water fountains in the background, a phony period opera house set, even a string section in powdered wigs (shades of the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street!). As if all these ancient devices were not irritating enough, we were subjected to a patently synthetic applause track.

Among the others roped into this mish-mash were Bobby Sherman, in a rather ineffectual rendition of Donovan's *Guinevere*, Santana, the Nice and a promising, young (20) classical guitarist, Christopher Parkening.

Toward the end of the uneven, often embarrassing hour, Mehta said, "This is just a trailer for the big picture. . . . The symphony is opening up to a new, young audience."

I don't doubt the accuracy of his claim but must question seriously this kind of attempt to cash in on the trend. If *Switched-on Symphony* is undertaken again, it had better assume more intelligence on the part of both classical and rock viewers, unless the sponsors want millions of switched-off sets. **db**

Why Brazilians Take Dim View of Sergio Mendes

WHY ISN'T SERGIO MENDES Brazil's most popular musician—in Brazil? It could be because he's deserted his native country.

Mendes, one of the entertainers who made popular Brazilian music big in North America is, it seems, in the U.S. to stay. That fact will never endear him to his fellow countrymen.

People here are naturally proud that Brazilian melodies and rhythms have become so well liked in the U.S. When Mendes and *Brasil 66* return to Brazil, concerts are usually sold out.

But at home, other Brazilian musicians, such as Roberto Carlos, Wanderley Cardoso, and Wilson Simonal sell more records than Mendes.

One of the reasons is that Mendes no longer lives in his native country. That is at the root of the Brazilian's dislike of what Mendes has come to represent.

Mendes showed up unannounced a few months ago in Rio de Janeiro on business. The English-language newspaper here, the *Brazil Herald*, said that, among other things, he was probably looking for songs that he could later record and sell in the U.S.

There's nothing wrong with that, in the opinion of Maysa, a São Paulo night club singer who knew Mendes before he went to the United States. But Maysa told a Brazilian reporter that she doesn't like it when Mendes contracts Brazil's best composers and then pays them relatively little, compared to what he can make from their songs in the U.S.

Mendes once publicly apologized for inadvertently omitting from the jacket of his U.S. albums the name of a Brazilian



composer who had co-authored one of the songs.

The Brazilian press and Mendes do not get along well.

"Have you adulterated Brazilian music to please the American taste?" a reporter

asked him during a visit in June, 1968.

"I've adopted a universal beat that is liked and understood by everyone," answered Mendes.

"Why don't you record music that's totally Brazilian?" he was asked during another visit a year later. A newsman had noted that one of the American girls in his group spoke only "reasonably good Portuguese," yet made her living singing Brazilian songs.

Mendes protested that his music is at least 80 per cent Brazilian or sung in Portuguese. "There is no 'typical' Brazilian music," he continued. "Even the samba has African rhythms. And singing some of the songs in English just means they'll be better accepted in the U.S."

Mendes, in turn, thinks little of Brazilian reporters. He says they look only for gossip, and will invent it if they can't find it.

The son of a Brazilian doctor, Mendes grew up in Niteroi, across Guanabara Bay from Rio de Janeiro. He says he won't come back home because there is no money for him here and the music market is very small.

He's right. Brazil is much poorer than the U.S. and Americans are able to spend proportionally more on entertainment.

Brazilians, however, still feel left out of the success of Sergio Mendes. As long as he stays away, some will insist he's acting just like any other North American who wants to take advantage of them.

—Elaine Handler

SUN RA'S SPACE ODYSSEY

Sun Ra is a unique musician and man. For many years, he has been the leader, spiritually and musically, of his own ensembles, first in Chicago, and since 1960 in New York.

Composer, arranger and player of many keyboard instruments, conventional and unconventional, Sun Ra has had a profound influence on many musicians. Some, like reedmen John Gilmore, Pat Patrick, and Marshall Allen, have been associated with him consistently for many years. Others who have played his music include trombonist Julian Priester, tenorist Pharoah Sanders, baritonist Charles Davis, altoist Marion Brown, altoist-flutist James Spaulding, bassists Richard Davis and Richard Evans, and drummer Clifford Jarvis.

Early in his professional career, Sun Ra played piano in Fletcher Henderson's house band at Chicago's Club De Lisa, and was with bassist Gene Wright's big band, but he has always been chary with information regarding his background. ("My Zodiac sign is Gemini; month of May; arrival zone, U.S.A. I studied music under the guidance of Nature's God, and this study is yet in being; at college, I studied under a private tutor, Mrs. Lula Randolph of Washington, D.C.")

In recent years, Sun Ra has performed at Carnegie Hall, the Newport Jazz Festival, and in New York's Central Park, and has toured New York State universities and colleges under the auspices of the N.Y. State Council on the Arts. Since 1966, he has been a near-permanent Monday night attraction at Slugs' in the East Village.

Sun Ra's space music is indivisible from his system of thought, which might be described, in conventional terms, as metaphysical. In this day and age, with pseudo-mystic cults and fads proliferating, some readers—particularly those not spiritually inclined—might be tempted to impatiently dismiss Sun Ra's words as merely another manifestation of this trend, or simply be baffled by his way of expressing himself.

They are urged to read on, for in the course of the interview that follows, ideas and concepts that at first may seem difficult to understand are made clear. —D.M.

Tam Fiofori: How do you feel about the moon shot, in the light of your space music?

Sun Ra: Well, I'm not playing Space Music as the ultimate reach anymore. That is, not in the interplanetary sense alone. I'm playing intergalactic music, which is beyond the other idea of space music, because it is of the natural infinity of the eternal universe ETERNAL . . . it is of the universes, as all the universes together make another kind of universe. There is a need for that type of beingness upon this planet at this time. The Space music of the previous years was presented to prepare people for the idea of going to the moon and other places like that in the interplanetary thing, but now, since that has been accomplished, or the idea of it has been projected or propagated (however it is), of course there is no need for me to propagate it myself, since somebody else is doing it. I don't like doing things other people do . . .

On this planet, it seems, it has been

very difficult for me to do and be of the possible things and projects. As I look at the world today and its events and the harvest of possible things, I like the idea of the impossible more and more. I spoke of the impossible recently in *Esquire* magazine, in connection with the moon shot, when I stated: "Reality has touched against myth/humanity can move to achieve the impossible/because when you've achieved one impossible the others/come together to be with their brother, the first impossible/borrowed from the realm of the myth/Happy Space Age to you".

So now, I'm on my infinity impossibles . . . as to what and which I'm going to do, and as to what and which I'm not going to do, because it deals with the impossibles . . . the world of Nots. It gets very involved . . . you cannot explain it to people who are not spiritual-minded in an advanced sense, or who have not had the experience of precision-discipline; or who have used their time doing other things, other than the study and the being-experience of spiritual evolution achievement.

I'm not referring to the earth knowledge of good and evil, because that is the earth idea of things. In a sense, it is like any other thing in which achievement is involved: you have to experience or study and experiment-experience just like in football or business, or any other of the earth-adventures. So if you are not aware, generally speaking, of that which you should be aware of in a particular sphere discipline, you may not be able to function with artistic-discipline precision skill in that sphere-achievement-being. That is not to say that you can't, but you will have to do and be what is required before you are of the precision-equation-infinity-discipline intuition.

When I say space music, I'm dealing with the void, because that is of space too; but I am dealing with the outer void rather than the inner void, because somehow man is trapped in playing roles into the haven or heaven of the inner void, but I am not in that. That particular aim/goal does not interest my spirit-mind and because of that it moves out to something else where the word space is the synonym for a multi-dimension of different things other than what people might at present think it means. So I leave the word space open, like space is supposed to be, when I say space-music.

As you see, in answering a question I touch upon many things because that is the way I am. It is the infinity approach. Well, so that's what the moon shot meant to me and the music I am . . .

Fiofori: What are the special qualities of the intergalactic phase of music? Can you point out the relationship it has with what is called Jazz Music, and also with your earlier phase-space music, and how that also related to jazz?

Sun Ra: The intergalactic phase of music touches upon many points. For instance, everything is every thing and outside of that is nothing. So in order to deal with the infinity, I would have to deal with the nothings and the everythings, of which each one has its different potentials. Then, after that, each one has its multi-potentials; and after that each one has its pur-

poselessness, like the whole infinity of the duality everything. There is no purpose . . . because if purpose is considered by some as an end, then endlessness to others would mean without purpose. Infinity, however purposeless, does not hesitate to sponsor infinity idea-projects. . . .

The music is of experience and potential. Jazz is part of that experience, but on an advanced-natural plane. All music of the natural spirit is related by the relativity of its equi-distance from the changing points. This includes its counterpoint differentials, the patterns of rhythm and the vibration-harmony. The same point concerning jazz applies in this case to the earlier phase-space music.

To me, the best point about jazz is that the idea or being of jazz is based upon the spontaneous improvisation principle. Pure jazz is that which is without preconceived notion, or it is just being, and that's really my definition of jazz. This is the result of my experiences through the years and my acquaintance with jazz from my so-called childhood. While in high school, I never missed a band, whether a known or unknown unit. I loved music beyond the stage of liking it. Some of the bands I heard never got popular and never made hit records, but they were truly natural Black beauty. I want to thank them, and I want to give honor to all the sincere musicians who ever were or ever will be. It's wonderful to even think about such people. The music they played was a natural happiness of love, so rare I cannot explain it. It was fresh and courageous; daring, sincere, unfettered. It was unmanufactured avant garde, and still is, because there was no place for it in the world; so the world neglected something of value and did not understand. And all along I could not understand why the world could not understand. It was all there. Was it because the world considers music as only a commercial commodity? I am glad that that is not my code.

As a lover of music, I didn't judge the different bands I heard by how popular they were, but I judged them by what they were doing, and in that way I heard a treasure of jazz that other people didn't hear. Music that didn't get on records and that didn't get the support that it should have gotten from either white or black. It was shamefully neglected and bypassed. Part of the emptiness of teen-age life today is due to that fact. I am glad that I had the chance to hear these wonderful musicians . . . I always give credit where credit is due, whether good or bad.

Basically speaking, jazz has been a bridge to something else, other than the regular music, a bridge to anything else rather than the non-energetic forms, because it moved on a faster vibration, and in doing that it could serve as a bridge. But on a bridge of that sort, there are necessary stop-gaps for the unworthy because the principle of natural jazz is of the order of spontaneous natural creative being. If there is a generation gap, it is because someone tampered with the bridge.

Natural jazz is a classical form all its own; it is a rare art that cannot be duplicated. It is a communication point to somewhere else. That is my code concerning the whole thing of jazz . . . that is

the way it is for me at this phase of space.

So I've chosen intergalactic music or it has chosen me. Intergalactic music concerns the music of the galaxies. It concerns intergalactic thought and intergalactic travel, so it is of the realm of the impossible. That is where I found myself, and that is why earlier I called the ensemble "Myth-Science Arkestra". Some people, in order to find themselves, must rise from the bottom past the top to the Eternal. The intergalactic music is of the precision-discipline order of things. It includes free-form, but that is because it includes everything in its proper place, or improper place, if there is a need for it. That is what I call the emergency allowance. It is a vast universe and sometimes that happens. . . .

Now when I speak of Black, I am speaking of more than what others speak of. I am speaking of ancient Black people and ancient Black Wisdom people, who are of the natural government of Nature by the oath of their ancestors; for that is what is meant of them when it is said they are under a curse, for they are under an oath which is of an eternal nature. This oath is in infinity with an initiation plan which is the why of things as they are, or things as they seem to be. And some nations owe their existence and prosperity to this fact. So some black people, because of their standing on the intergalactic scale of measurement, are not of this world, and because of this, the world also has a chance to improve itself by another standard of improvement. . . .

As far as intergalactic music is concerned in its relationship with jazz, it is related just like I have been to the world and just like some other Black people have been . . . a part of and yet not a part of. I have to face the fact that some people are materialists, and there is such a thing as spiritual man. At that point, there is an expansion and diversion of the word "brother" . . . different orders are in being. There is an infinity between the every thing of everything, so I am still talking about music and jazz, and I still say that jazz did serve as a bridge, like everything else does, to somewhere or nowhere at all or some no place unknown like intergalactic; but from the point of view that I did not cross the bridge of jazz to go to intergalactic, I crossed the bridge of jazz to come from where intergalactic music is, or perhaps I should say is a fundamental phase of being.

It is better to put it that way—even that may not be clear enough to convince a person that I am not just playing with words. The approach to humanity for one particular era was jazz, and that was for that, but this is for this approach through the idea of the word of jazz. It is a point where some people need the electronic form of music for the harmonization of their energies, and others need nature-forms of vibrations suitable to their psyche-needs.

Some people might feel that this music is only an expansion of jazz. Perhaps it is better to consider the idea that jazz touches upon it or it touches upon jazz, for different states of music are like different states of the world. Each state has its own code, and states touch upon one an-

other but not necessarily the code. In a sense, each state is a bridge or border to the next state. So it happens on this planet that jazz is the bridge I chose, because it is a spontaneous creative form of art. I am not disparaging other forms of music. It just happens that at this time, the other forms of music are not in a position to be and do what is needed to soothe the savage beast.

To me, music is a synonym for movement. Different musics have different backgrounds—that's what makes them different. Early jazz was played as a form of happiness, for no reason all except as a natural expression. The history of classical music and commercial music is different from that of natural jazz in a most remarkable way . . . The natural jazz man expressed the inexpressible the only way he knew how, and that knowing is intuition.

Some of the things I envision concern-



ing this music and some of the things I have spoken concerning it may sound impossible, and I realize that, so at some performances I use lights and props and film projections, so that the people can see as well as hear the sound-image-expression of everything.

I cannot reiterate that this music is of precision-discipline. In the same way that I had to seek to be proficient in the mastery of it, so those who seek to find out the relationship of the music to themselves must really hear this music under the proper circumstances. This music is of the realm of the alter-destiny. In order to develop it, I had to separate myself from the world. Such a state of being has its untold splendors. It is something no one can ever take away from one . . . It is an is that no one knows where is. . . .

So you see, some people do not know where it's at. Because of the alter-state of being, my code is different from the world or the code of the world as it is known—or unknown, if there are some who do not

know it. The spiritual development in some people is not the same as the spiritual development in others. I have to face the fact that maybe it is not meant that some people should understand. It is just like some people think that music has no value except for commercial purposes, and I'm almost convinced that if they are supposed to do that, possibly that is all they can do, because about certain things they have no understanding.

Now, intergalactic is the way out from two points of interpretation . . . Fortunate are the people to whom and for whom a ransom of music is sent where captors and captives dwell in disguised expectation of something better. That is the weight of circumstances, and that is the determining point of the intergalactic potential. **Fiofori:** When you introduced the primary phases of space music, you said the music was a language of joy and that the compositions are filled with beauty and happiness because the people of this planet are sorrow addicts. Will this intergalactic phase also be a language of joy, and do you still think the people are sorrow addicts?

Sun Ra: Concerning the "man of sorrow" aspect, I'd hate to hem humanity up with saying they are anything that they couldn't get out of. So I would say that they are sorrow addicts and that they aren't, because of the fact that there are two kinds of sorrow, because there are two kinds of woe. So they have to find out what woe is from the twin standpoint. Intergalactic is a disciplined precision language, a tuned intuition sound . . . a sound music is to build sound bodies, sound minds and sound beings. The intergalactic plane will be filled with happiness, but from a different point of view. This time, the joy and happiness will be of the fact/myth that the intergalactic music has made its appearance as a coordinate parallel on which they can step over into the intergalactic realm/region of being. The intergalactic phase is really outside the realm of the future on the turning points of the impossible. It is over in the impossible thing, but it is still existent, as astronomy testifies. The intergalactic phase is of the expansion-continuation dictionary form. As a dictionary it is applicable to multi-sense adaptive expression; it reaches encyclopedic proportions. It is the myth-joy that speaks, for the music is of that astro-infinity sound interpretation. And the interpretation is of balanced precision necessity in accordance to the determination point of the imperative needs of a world that is in the throes of another pro-creation pre-creation nothingness. But this nothingness will be raised to the planes of everything since the vibration frequency of All is in the sound/voice of the music . . . The music is the language of everything of the greater universe, and this includes the different interplanetary designs of joy. It is more expansive on a wider projection of astro-infinity.

Fiofori: Did you have any direct contacts or musical exchanges with John Coltrane or Miles Davis?

Sun Ra: Once, while I was in Chicago, I had a brief conversation with Miles concerning the music. At that particular time, Vernon Davis (Miles' brother) was



Sun Ra and oboist Marshall Allen

time not in my sphere, and I not in theirs. Whether by being a part of them or stepping back and looking and not being a part—either way, I know it will influence them. If I am over there with them it will influence them; if I'm not, it will influence them to go a particular way. So it's one of those things where, if I am, that will affect human destiny and if I'm not it will affect it. Either way, if I'm just not in things, just standing back looking and they bypass me, they'll miss something and that of course will affect their destinies, because they might need what I have and they'll have to come back anyway. So they'll try to find out, to try to seek to see what they missed, because that's the way it is for humanity. Every time they bypass someone who had something really worthwhile, they will have to go all the way back to try to find out what was happening . . . But they might not ever find it . . . they'll just hold on to that straw like a drowning man trying to keep from sinking, when all along they wouldn't have had to go through all that if they had done what they were supposed to do by intuition. It's not a matter of its being right, it's just a matter for their survival; certain things they are supposed to do at a certain time. And you do that, then everything is alright for humanity, but then, if there is something they are supposed to do at a certain time and they don't do it, then everything is all wrong for them. Looking at the state of the world today, I can say yes, they must have bypassed something of value. . . .

Fiofori: With all the musicians that went through your band while it was in Chicago . . . people like Julian Priester, Richard Davis, Charles Davis, James Spaulding, and the many musicians who played with you in New York, do you plan to have a reunion like the extended 100-piece Arkestra that you had in New York in Central Park in 1967?

Sun Ra: I did have an idea of a reunion of the band, but that was on the Interplanetary Design. Now I am involved on a different realm of achievement on a vaster plane. Not many musicians understood what I was saying and I was so worried—still I tried to share my research with them. If they did not learn, it is not because I did not want them to. Still, I like to think that I taught them some things because they were in contact with me. I want to thank them for contributing their time and energies to a beautiful music, but if I had communicated the idea to them fully, they'd still be with me today. But I suppose they did what they had to do, as I have done what I have to do.

Fiofori: You've always said that music is a universal language, and now that your music has influenced not only jazz but also classical and popular rock and roll music, do you think that the barriers of categorization within music are breaking down in this new age, and we will just have one music?

Sun Ra: You couldn't have one form of music unless you just have one form of person, and then you wouldn't need but one man . . . what good would the rest of them be? But as long as you have different forms of people, you'll have to have different forms of music, because each

taking lessons from me during the experimental stages of what I was doing in music in Chicago then. I still have the tapes of Vernon doing experimental vocals. It is very beautiful; he has a pleasant voice. I met Miles through Vernon—he took me down to the Regal Theater, where Miles was playing. We met Miles in the alley as he came out of the stage door, and Vernon introduced me. He described to Miles what I was doing. Miles promptly said it was impossible for anyone to do that. And he was right. Still, I'm going to do the impossible. Vernon reminded Miles that he (Vernon) was also a musician and that one day Miles would see for himself how wrong it was to feel that way. Miles never did get a chance to hear what we were doing at that time. He did not get a chance, like Coltrane did, to hear the actual blueprints of the music in its differential projection probes . . . and he did not get a chance to read the keys of the ancient wisdom interpretation. It was immediately after Coltrane heard these tapes that he left Miles and got his own unit.

Fiofori: Apart from the leaders of New Music/Jazz groups—people like Marion Brown and Pharoah Sanders, who played in your band—did you have any direct contact and influence on other musicians in the New Music, like John Coltrane, Albert Ayler, and Archie Shepp, either while you were in Chicago or in New York?

Sun Ra: I first met Pharoah Sanders at a place called the Playhouse; we were playing there in New York. Gene Harris, the pianist, owned the place. He felt that we were really doing something worthwhile, so he let me play in his place in the West Village. Quite often we would be playing to an empty house. Sometimes Billy Higgins would play with us. On very cold nights we'd play in overcoats, but I felt that I should always be doing what I was supposed to do on this planet, regardless of whether the planet responded or not. I had a job to do, so we'd be there every night, so that the world could

never say that I didn't try to do my spiritual duty. So if there is any reason they have not heard this music it is most certainly not because I am not available to be heard. We stayed at the Playhouse for nearly a year, and then, as I said, I met Pharoah Sanders. He got a job there as manager (I think) so he could be around us every night. He was playing with Coltrane then. He was listening to what we were doing, and finally when John Gilmore went to play with Art Blakey in Japan and Europe for a while, that's when Pharoah Sanders played with my Arkestra. And then from that, he introduced Marion Brown to the music. Marion Brown played with us for awhile. Albert Ayler never played with my Arkestra, but the contact was through Pharoah Sanders. That's what happened.

Since I wasn't directly involved in the different space-sessions they had, or whatever you might call it, I can only go by the results of things as they came out. Of course, these sessions were sometimes held around Archie Shepp, possibly . . . Archie Shepp was in there too, but Archie Shepp was doing some things before I met him. He was still with Cecil Taylor, and they were doing their thing, but they were not talking about Space or Intergalactic things . . . They were talking about Avant Garde and the New Thing. That was what was happening when I came to New York. But what I was doing also entered into the picture, as a remote but indirect influence.

So I got over into the Jazz Composer's Guild and Archie Shepp was in that too, and everybody was vowing they weren't going to get put under the big companies—when everybody did but me. I say that because I look at the record; everybody finally got with big companies. But then, it's possible they were only trying to survive and that's the only way they saw to play the game. But what I'm doing is bigger than that, and it wasn't about big companies or anything like that. It is about the destiny of humanity and what I possibly could do to help. But now I realize there are some human destinies at this

person is music himself and he'll have to express what he is or have his spirit companion do so for him. The one is alright, but I like the attunement because it is of the atwo-en-ment.

Fiofori: In other words, the variety in the types of music being played now is needed and will always be needed?

Sun Ra: They say variety is the spice of life . . . and it is. Music is a universal language. The intergalactic music in its present phase of presentation will be correlative to the key synopsis of the past and to the uncharted multi-potential planes outside the bounds of the limited earth-eternity future. The intergalactic music is in hieroglyphic-sound: an abstract analysis and synthesis of man's relationship to the universe, visible and invisible, first man and second man. The word "spirituel" is a better word to use for it than the word spiritual. *Spirituel*. That word is of the initiates of that order of being. That's why I have done as I have done because I am an initiate of another order of being. There are different orders.

Fiofori: You've always introduced new keyboard sounds into your music and music generally. How do you see the electronic age in terms of sounds and keyboard instruments? Do you feel that keyboard instruments are finally limited?

Sun Ra: No. All anything needs is a new idea of presentation or a sincere spirit to propagate it in the necessary manner. It is all in the interpretation and the circumstances, and every environment is given according to what it gives. Since man is in trouble, or humanity is in trouble, all kinds of ways are being given as the possible way out of the difficulty. The doors are open, but the whole project is so vast in its influence that it touches upon the whole of humanity, both living and dead, as to what is done. It will take a master spirit to do anything about it . . . To be able to put all that together or to hold it together, it definitely will take a master spirit because humanity is very vast and very involved and an ordinary man can't tackle it. It's too big. He can't do anything

about it, because he'll have to understand everything at one time and some certain times, and then at other times know nothing at all. He'll have to be the epitome of wisdom and the bottomless depth of ignorance and topless wisdom. The wide open spiritual realm is very observant of the wide open earth realms. I notice that San Francisco has bottomless and topless revues. You can't have bottomless and topless things and not have bottomless and topless spiritual things because the spiritual world is sometimes ironic, and in a sense imitates the physical world. So there can be some kind of communication and understanding through words as far as the bottomless ignorance and the topless wisdom or whatever you have is concerned. Perhaps humanity should get interested: pragmatically concerned. There stands the world and here stand I. Perhaps the world should understand rather than overstand its position. Changing aspects require change considerations.

Fiofori: Marion Brown once said of you that although you play the piano and other keyboard instruments, your real instrument is the Arkestra. Have you found any keyboard instruments that fit this concept?

Sun Ra: Actually, in my intergalactic music every person is a key to something. Every one of them knows something or they don't know nothing, so when it comes time for their key to speak they'll be in place or out of place as required. They are pressed, too, like any other key, and they won't make a sound unless they are pressed. Some people are like rests, and they won't make a sound when pressed . . . that seems to be their function.

Fiofori: So the Arkestra will always be the instrument?


Sun Ra: The people are the instrument. That's the intergalactic principle. They are the instruments now. They are the keys to be, but then they are very involved and complex now. It used to be very simple, but they are so confused . . . They are complexities now, but they don't know who they are, and if you press them they

might make another sound instead of the one they are supposed to make, as they are all out of tune . . . like a key on an instrument that is out of order.

Fiofori: Is it more difficult to stay in tune in this changing age than it used to be?

Sun Ra: Well, everybody was in tune to the past age. That was alright, but in this age they have to change their tune. They have to be tuned up another way. The Intergalactic council has a different tuning system. The keyboard instruments I used formerly were just preparatory instruments in order to be able to play with speed electronically, with the right kind of pressure and touch. That's what they were used for. But I realized all along that other instruments were coming along, electronically and otherwise, that had never been brought forward or maybe never even thought of. I was just getting prepared for these instruments, and they are coming out now more and more. Of course, an earth-minded person won't be able to place them properly to reach the masses, or reach them to be able to harmonize them, not only for a dollar. Not only the masses, either, but the whole thing, because they are so closely bound . . . the top and the middle and the bottom . . . that is just like the human body.

Up to this point, I have felt everyone would appreciate learning something, if given a chance. Now, however, I have begun to feel that a selfish person can not learn certain things. Because of his narrowness the world of the greater universe is closed to him until he considers the creator's side of the story. There is a *Creator of the created realm of Beingness*.

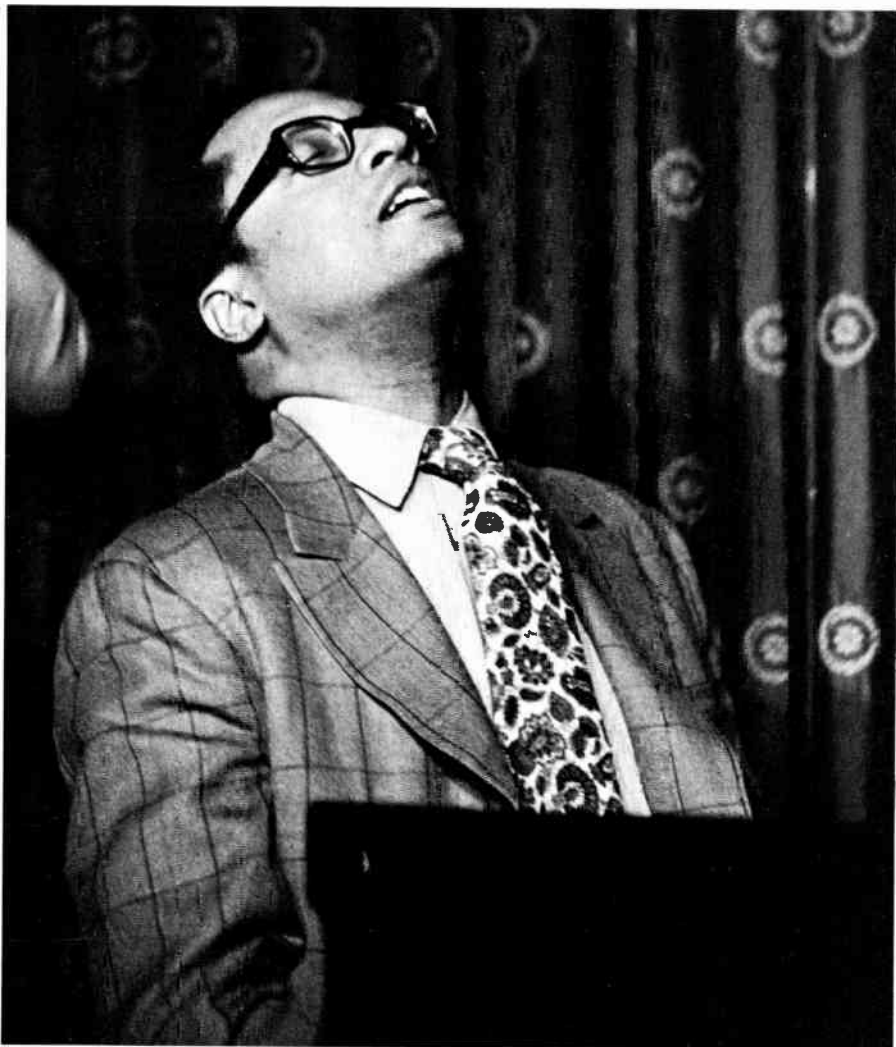
When a person begins to see and feel his insignificance, then he can see his worth and worthlessness, and see that sometimes worthlessness and valuelessness and pricelessness are synonyms on another plane of understanding. All of this is involved with the word "light", which has been deemed on this planet as trivial and insignificant by those who didn't and still don't understand. 



A Monday night Space outing at Slugs'

RAMSEY'S GOLDEN TOUCH

by Edwin Black



BOB RICHARDS

WHEN IT'S FIVE BELOW ZERO and windy on a Chicago winter night, it takes something special to lure people from their warm abodes. It was on a such a night that the Ramsey Lewis Trio opened at the London House last February, but it might as well have been spring. The big room was packed to capacity.

The pianist has never found much favor with the critics, but as far as the London House crowd was concerned, he could have been Art Tatum. They hung on every note.

It was in 1965 that the Ramsey Lewis Trio exploded into the pop market with *The In Crowd*, following up with *Wade In the Water*, *Hang On Sloopy*, and kindred hits. The beat was unmistakable, the sound appealing and extremely marketable. There are some 30 Lewis LPs in the current catalog, and new ones appear with regularity.

Lewis seemed to face a crisis when his veteran sidemen Eldee Young and Red Holt decided to venture out on

their own a few years ago. But their replacements—Cleveland Eaton, bass, and Maurice White, drums—quickly adapted themselves to the "Ramsey sound," and there was no crisis after all. The fact that Young-Holt Unlimited went on to considerable successes of their own merely proved that Ramsey's coat tails were wide.

Lewis hasn't tampered with the trio's basic instrumentation, but a new color has recently been added. Drummer White occasionally features the kalimba, also known as the African thumb piano, a percussive-melodic instrument with a clean, harp-like sound.

White plays a natural kalimba in clubs and an amplified version in concerts. He says he first heard the instrument played in Chicago last year and liked the sound.

"It's extremely hard to play," he points out, "but when you master it, it can almost become a piece of your hand. I practice at it all the time when we're on the road. Sometimes, like when

I'm in a big concert hall, we'll hook her up, but either way, the range and dynamics are just tremendous."

Though Lewis doesn't play electric piano, bassist Eaton often uses an electric instrument.

"It doesn't really restrict what I want to do," he says. "I never did want to be limited strictly to accepted jazz bass. What I'm doing now is a lot more free. We also do experimental things. For instance, we've been playing a new piece by Charles Stepney called *Cohesion*, a symphonic work. So far, we've performed it with the Toronto, Milwaukee, Oklahoma, and Minneapolis symphony orchestras."

It is not only in symphony concerts that the trio performs with full orchestra. Most of Lewis' recent albums have been done with orchestral backgrounds.

"At first," Lewis explains, "the addition of the orchestra was purely for variety. It does give us more freedom—not that we feel restricted in a live performance by ourselves. That's what we're used to, and that's really the most fun. It's a different type of freedom, though, when we're recording with the orchestra."

"As a matter of fact," the pianist says, "that's what this whole thing is about. We don't want to be fenced in by old jazz patterns, or any patterns, for that matter."

The trio, while still doing such popular staples as the *West Side Story* medley, is currently emphasizing an "ethnic" sound, with heavy doses of blues, church, and Ray Charles-type material, plus the African accent of the kalimba.

"It's only natural that we should get into the ethnic sound," White points out. "Ramsey's from Chicago, Cleve's from Birmingham, and I'm from Memphis, so we've all got pretty good background."

Despite such trends, however, the format of the trio remains basically unchanged. Lewis will admit that his style has "mellowed and matured since the gig began in the '50s" but insists that his conception has remained much the same.

His many loyal fans would not disagree. They seem more than willing to accept all of Lewis' musical offerings, be they pop, jazz, blues, symphonic, or just plain soul. "Some people are saying that jazz is dying out," the pianist comments. "I'm not saying that's true, and we're not abandoning the old, but on the other hand, we're not ignoring the new."

One thing is certain—the Ramsey Lewis formula works. The critics may scorn him, but anything Ramsey touches seems to turn to gold.



MILES AHEAD IN ROCK COUNTRY

by Bert Stratton

ROCK 'N' ROLL, embodied by the SRC, Stooges, Up, and the MC5, walks the streets of Ann Arbor, while jazz hides behind the record collections of a few pre-Beatles age graduate students at the University of Michigan.

It's not exactly the place where one would expect to find a jazz festival, but nevertheless Ann Arbor did have one of sorts—a two-night, student-organized program featuring the Miles Davis Quintet, Ron Carter's New York Jazz Sextet, the Cannonball Adderley Quintet, Alvin Batiste, and William Fischer.

Having seen Miles Davis last summer while visiting New York, I naturally qualified as the jazz expert among my undergraduate friends, and I was fairly certain they were not going to dig Miles. After all, the Davis Quintet doesn't sound a whole lot like the Stones.

No matter; they and everybody else knew Miles was supposed to be hip—what with his cover story in *Rolling Stone* and all—so how could they lose? Tickets sold fast, and Miles practically filled the 4,000 seat auditorium on the festival's first night.

As for what the quintet (plus added guitarist John McLaughlin) laid down that night, it was typically fantastic. But my peripheral interest was focused on how the crowd would react. I remembered, when I had seen Miles in Central Park, that only a handful of first-row admirers had given the quintet a standing ovation. The vast majority of the audience, like myself, had been left behind.

But in Ann Arbor, Miles' performance received an overwhelming reception—far out, freaky, heavy, and every other catch phrase was thrown around. A standing ovation was assured.

It seemed simple: the people had been told that Miles is great, and they did their best to make their minds confirm it. Maybe somebody's got a name for that—like “directed” thinking. But anyway, the fact is that everybody dug it, and with a degree of concentration and sensibility rarely if ever displayed at a rock concert. Mental fatigue!

After having been put through an hour-and-ten-minute session with Miles' group, our raggedy heads were supposed to listen to Ron Carter's New York Jazz Sextet.

With such an arty name, I assumed it was going to be an avant garde freak-out, and there was no way the frazzled crowd would go for that. Luckily, I had guessed wrong. Out they came—the classical lines of the grand piano and the acoustic bass and the dark suits of the musicians were almost too much to handle. Definitely not avant garde freaks; but then again, nobody in his right mind walks out onto an Ann Ar-

bor stage in a business suit. It looked like the '50s smoke-filled nightclub scene all over again.

When Carter choked Ravi Shankar-like incantations from his bass, or when the group set out on *Straight, No Chaser*, all the disparities and cultural gaps were easily forgotten. No trouble to find the beat—straight blues and bop.

Carter had the winning formula, quite possibly the only one that could have successfully followed Miles. And he got a prolonged standing ovation. But Carter's sense of jazz protocol wouldn't permit him to do an encore, which was justifiably infuriating to an audience that demands three encores from the Byrds and gets them.

Even so, the first night was an unqualified success. What happened on the festival's second night was completely different. The bill read “Cannonball Adderley, Alvin Batiste, and William Fischer.” Which, needless to say, was interpreted as “Cannonball Adderley and some other guys.” Apparently, the latter two performers were booked by a student from New Orleans who knew Batiste and Fischer personally.

Well, Cannonball has yet to make *Rolling Stone*—tickets weren't moving. The auditorium was only about half full the night of the concert, and a sizeable part of the crowd was made up of blacks from Detroit.

Adderley's Quintet was backed up by the University orchestra with William Fischer conducting his own Third Stream piece *Experiment in E*. It was long and pretty involved, and since it was up first, the crowd gave it a chance and got into it.

When Fischer and the orchestra left, Adderley's Quintet got their own show together. He was right out of B. B. King, another funky blues preacher. Batiste, on clarinet, joined in, and things got moving. Fingers were snapping.

After about two numbers, Cannonball informed the audience that the group had already reached its peak in the experimental Fischer piece. At least he could have been more subtle about it! Hell, I thought they were just getting warmed up. He was in a hurry; maybe he was tired or something, but I sure got the feeling he wanted to split—which he did after a couple of perfunctory encores.

Not to knock Cannonball's immense musical ability, but it just seemed that the whole atmosphere he laid down quickly evaporated.

I guess I wasn't the only one who felt that way. After the festival, the record stores in town got all of Miles' recordings in, and simply ignored Cannonball. Miles was the hot property.

Maybe Cannonball's time with the white college audience is not up. Sure,

his music is close to some of the sounds of the blues revival, but his sophistication and polish are a little too shiny for most blues freaks, who oftentimes use raunchiness as the major criterion for that most important ingredient—authenticity.

The Davis Quintet, however, strikes very close to where many white listeners are at, and I think that has to do mostly with guys in his group—like Chick Corea on electric piano and Dave Holland on electric bass. They're out front, mixing together everything new—spontaneous jazz, rock rhythms, and a whole spectrum of sounds. Corea's piano turned on as many people as did Davis' trumpet.

I bet if Miles were to cut a “live” college performance album, he'd find himself in some pretty unlikely company, like the Stones, Crosby, Stills, Nash&Young, Beatles, etc. Who knows what Miles would say to that, but I know rock 'n' rolling Ann Arbor would sure dig it.



THOMAS R. COPI

Who's Who: An Interview with Peter Townshend

WHEN THIS INTERVIEW took place, the Who had just finished a two-and-a-half-hour performance at Cleveland's Music Hall, which included their full-length rock composition, *Tommy*. They had played without a break, doing short sets of hard, hard rock before and after their "opera", yet they were radiating as much pure physical energy and *elan* in their final number as they had at the start of the evening.

Peter Townshend, the Who's guitarist and composer of *Tommy*, was perched atop a little sink in a dressing room full of people, talking enthusiastically and articulately, fixing me with his eyes, extending a huge hand to make a point, playing with the faucets, and showing great imagination in arranging his giraffe-like frame on his precarious roost.

D.V.: Thanks for the show. I haven't seen that kind of energy and joy in performing in a long time. Aren't you getting a little tired? You seem to be doing about a concert a night on this tour.

P.T.: We've only got two more concerts to go. If we had another week or two to go, perhaps it would be different; but through the last couple of gigs you're going to do, there's a psychological thing that builds up. You think, "Wow, we're only doing two more gigs." You want to squeeze that last bit of energy out. Also, it's been a well-organized tour . . . we've never lost a night's sleep, I'll put it that way.

D.V.: I hear you said some good things about a Cleveland group, the James Gang, and Joe Walsh, their guitarist.

P.T.: Oh, absolutely. I don't want to sound ridiculous, but he really is one of those guys I kind of go nuts—rapturous—about. I like the group, too; they're a tight group. Let me explain—I don't know anything about them. They're handled by Mike Belkin, a good promoter. We were in Pittsburgh. The guy at the door didn't let us in; the dressing room was full of dippy kids—they bring you presents and they want photos—some of them are real schizophrenics, you know? But you go along with them.

D.V.: You'd shatter them otherwise.

P.T.: Yes, they build their whole evening around it. So we went through all that, and all of a sudden we heard the music drifting through to the dressing room. Well, it sounds fair, I said. And if it sounds fair in the dressing room, it has got to sound incredible from the stage, you know what I mean? From the side of the stage they were blowing my mind, and I jumped down into the front of the audience. I listened to their last four numbers, and I thought they were really a musical group—not visually exciting. I went up and complimented them all, and they were flattered; it was all rather stiff. So they knew a couple of friends of ours, and they laid their album on us—they said, "It's our first album, it's crap." So I put it into my suitcase along with some other albums I'd collected along the way.

D.V.: It's pretty good, really.

P.T.: Yes, I'm getting to that. You see, for four days we went on a holiday in Florida—we lived on an island in the

Everglades. I started to play this album, and every note just had basic freshness. What was so nice was that I felt in a lot of ways that they said a lot of things about their first album that we said about ours. It took me two years to get into the Who's first album, you know what I mean? I think they're going to be a big group.

D.V.: Some people say no, because Cream killed the trio commercially.

P.T.: Oh, there's no precedent at all; none. Nothing's sacred in rock. On our tour, I've played the album even if I had to lose four hours of sleep to do it—drive five hours to a record player to play it.

D.V.: To what extent can we talk about *Tommy*?

P.T.: Well, ask me some questions and we'll see.

D.V.: Is *Tommy* totally fictional, as opposed to being based on your personal experience?

P.T.: Mostly fictional, in that it's about ideas which are intellectually worked out, intellectually realized; but they're ideas which I hope I could one day physically and spiritually realize. They have to do with my spiritual aims. It's nothing to do with where I'm at. Well, it does have

something to do with where I'm at, and where I'm at has a lot to do with where the Who is at. It's kind of a circle, or really, a spiral—the Who are one of those bands which are going to progress upward in a spiral.

D.V.: I had the sense near the end of the performance that *Tommy's* awakening from the loss of his senses might have something to do with Peter Townshend's awakening, or desire to awaken, from another kind of sleep—becoming aware. It struck me that your association with Meher Baba might have a lot to do with it.

P.T.: What Baba has to do with it is that I was writing *Tommy* while I was following him. Some people might call that coincidence, but I don't. As far as the intentional concept of the opera goes, it's difficult to find likenesses between what Baba said and what I said. What I'm good at is living for him—and loving him—but I'm not good at explaining him.

D.V.: I'd like to ask about a couple of specific episodes from *Tommy*. First of all, the mirror-smashing episode.

P.T.: The mirror sequence was one which was in mystical terms, and even in christological terms, if we explain that *Tommy's*



predicament was a mental or spiritual block. He witnessed a traumatic event, and the key which people have missed was that the event was mirrored. We purposefully obscured the fact of his witnessing a murder in the mirror; but the key is that in the background vocals on *1921* you get reflections—"You didn't hear it (I heard it)," and so forth. What we get to is the point that Tommy has lived the whole of his life able to see only his own reflection.

(Someone brings in a shopping bag full of beer, wine, and potato chips and hands Townshend a bag of chips.)

P.T.: Oh, what do I get? Crisps!—What happens is that he focuses on his reflection and sees himself as a Messiah, something which he obviously is not. The reflection is the only other person in his world. As he gets older he becomes dependent on that vision. When the mother finds out that this is what's going on, she smashes the mirror and brings him into the real world. And because of the trauma of that event, it balances his witnessing the murder and equalizes his physical state, restoring his senses—he transcends his old physical state and his spiritual state as well.

D.V.: Let's go back to the murder. How does that work?

P.T.: The father shoots the mother's lover. Tommy's father was assumed missing—"Don't expect to see him again"—before Tommy was born. Then we move to 1921—three years after the war—and we see that the mother is obviously involved with someone else; she is saying, "1921 is going to be a good year." Then Tommy's father bursts in, throws open the door, and shoots her lover. There was a gunshot that was taken off the record; our producer, Kit Lambert, was very much against all sound effects, except for the mirror-smashing.

D.V.: What about the last song? There seems to be a lot of controversy about it—Tommy's Holiday Camp has been called "fascistic." Is Tommy putting his followers through a test?

P.T.: That was a very peculiar part for me. I explained it after I wrote it. There, Tommy becomes for all intents and purposes the equivalent of a Messiah. The people see him as someone who has conquered the biggest problem of all. They see him as someone who has transcended. They see him as an answer to their problems—all these things like, "My mother wants me to cut my hair," ridiculous little problems like that. They come to him and tell him, "We want to do it your way . . . I want to skip that, I want to get through." He encourages them, very simply: come to me, be like me; "welcome to this house"—be in my presence, you might learn the simple fact of life. Uncle Ernie sees what Tommy's doing. He sees that Tommy is inviting the kids to be around him and that the kids are anxious to get into religion. So Uncle Ernie cashes in. But Tommy doesn't go against that. The kids have gone along with it, and Tommy sees that. Uncle Ernie is taking advantage of the situation and is trying to make money, and at the same time Tommy sees that the common people are accepting this and going along with it. He realizes that it's beyond his control. They are demanding something that he can't give. He'll have to

force them through to the point where they see that he cannot give them anything which they haven't already got. They aren't going to do it by blinding their eyes and stuffing corks in their mouths. They are going to have to do it in their own way. Where he ends up is that he has suffered his crucifixion purposely, for himself. They've run out on him—not accepted him for what he is but for what he says—left him.

D.V.: But doesn't the "opera" end triumphantly for Tommy?

P.T.: Poignantly is the word, I think. He still needs them—he hasn't got their physical presence; and even more he needs their spiritual presence. Why are there ever Messiahs? Some of it has got to do with ego, and some of it with the exact opposite of ego. You know something which other people don't, and you tell them. I always got the feeling that people in cults were trying to achieve a union with other people, then found that they could only achieve that union the hard way. Tommy cannot help people get a short cut; they've got to do it the hard way. In the meantime, he can revel in his own glory.

D.V.: Have you been approached about producing *Tommy* theatrically?

P.T.: A lot of people have come to me personally about putting on a ballet or opera—not legitimate opera, but small companies, modern opera, something like Brecht's *Three-Penny Opera*. I've passed all them on to our manager. So far nothing has happened in that area. There were a lot of midwestern ballet companies, but one of the things they always insisted on was having my interpretation of *Tommy*, which I can't give. What I put into it and what I got out of it myself were thoroughly different. It's very difficult for me to clarify *Tommy* to people. There is an off-Broadway production scheduled in 1971; it will be something similar to *Hair*, but more serious and more intelligent—still, intended to make money. We intend to make a film of it with MGM starting next year. We finally got over a lot of things like contracts and finances, that kind of bullshit. We got the release from Decca, and now we're getting down to working with directors.

D.V.: Will the Who be appearing in the film?

P.T.: We won't actually be in it. We will be performing musically as a group. We might have narrative roles—a performing narrative; it's still too loose. We don't know. I haven't spoken to any script writers.

D.V.: Some questions about rock in general. There's been a lot going on in Michigan that seems to make a connection between rock and revolution. Do you feel rock has anything to do with revolution? I'm referring to people like the MC5, for example.

P.T.: It hasn't anything to do with it. The MC5 are presently trying to get out of that. They were a vehicle for revolutionaries who were interested in their own remuneration and their own good times. John Sinclair—ever since he was 15, every minute of his life he was free. Some people can do that, take care of their own problems, never need to work, and get along.

Abbie Hoffman, too—he can take bad trips and never do a stroke of real work and live and go through his own particular kind of existence and come out. The MC5 were manufactured; at that point they were a good rock group, but they were used. Revolution is something which *happens*. Wearing a badge saying "Revolution" means nothing. It means no more than wearing a badge saying "I've got the biggest . . . in the whole of Massachusetts." All you're doing is wearing a badge. D.V.: What's necessary for America, if not revolution?

P.T.: What is necessary is a revolution—but you don't get revolution by incitement. In a way, every revolution that has ever happened has been incited; people have sat in back rooms and talked about it before it happened. In the U.S., the revolution is a universal revolution. The whole of America wants to have a revolution. Middle-aged people want a revolution to reduce the generation gap, which sours them—really sours them. America has lost every ounce of prestige it ever had . . . American youth has done nothing—*nothing*—but live off the American system. That's why in European universities Communist Russia and Mao have more respect than American youth. Chairman Mao has done quite a lot for change in his country. D.V.: What about the Moratorium activities in Washington?

P.T.: I always feel two ways about demonstrations. Demonstrations are pointless, and yet I still feel myself doing them, just like I still feel myself writing songs about changing society. I know perfectly well nothing *at all* is going to change because of it. Still, if I had nothing better to do, I would be down there with the demonstrators. Cops have broken my head dozens of times, and I've always come out laughing. I always dug the cops, I dug what they had to do, I dug why they arrested me. But demonstrations are too impersonal, wars are too impersonal; confrontation is better, man-to-man.

D.V.: If rock isn't revolutionary or even political—

P.T.: The best rock isn't.

D.V.: —then what do you want your music to do?

P.T.: I want it to do what it already does. No, I don't want to do a copout; that's a Dylanish copout. I mean, what you want it to do never happens. What your music does to you it doesn't necessarily do to your audience. You can write a song with the intention of its doing something; you can even announce on stage what you think it has done—I could give an interpretation of *Tommy*. But the audience will get their own things out of it, and my interpretation might destroy those things, especially what a lot of people have already enjoyed in *Tommy* through their own interpretations.

D.V.: What is in the future for you and the Who, besides the film and off-Broadway production of *Tommy*?

P.T.: We're still going to tour, probably a European tour.

D.V.: Are you still writing? Anything big?

P.T.: Yes—I have something big, something medium, and something little. No clues right now as to what the big thing is.

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Record Reviews

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

Susan Carter

WONDERFUL DEEDS AND ADVENTURES—Epic BN 26510: *Bluebird*; *Young Girl Blues*; *Temptation 'Bout to Get Me*; *Medley for Billie Holiday (Billie's Blues; Lady Sings the Blues; Lonely Women)*; *Brighten Your Night with My Day*; *I Need a Good Man Bad*; *I'm So Tired*; *Old Country*; *Illinois*; *Jam Session: Cruising with the Blues*.

Personnel: Al Porcino, Randy Brecker, Lew Soloff, Chuck Winfield, trumpets; Jerry Hyman, trombone; Dick Halligan, trombone, flute, organ, piano, arranger; Howard Leshaw, reeds; Fred Lipsius, alto saxophone; Elliott Randall, guitar; Jim Fielder, electric bass; Terry Plumeri, acoustic bass; Bobby Colomby, drums; Herb Lovelle, percussion; Miss Carter, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This sounds like the debut of an important and different new vocalist. Maybe it's just a one-shot, but the evidence suggests a strong command of an individual style. Miss Carter can sing. She can't belt, as the last number and the refrain of Lennon and McCartney's *Tired* both indicate too well, but she can croon, and she can cry, and her material is quite fresh.

She demonstrates a clear, pretty voice on *Bluebird*, and adds a melancholy bite on the Billie Holiday medley (the first and last tunes of which are by Laura Nyro). The vocals on *Young Girl* and *Brighten* are superior performances, and *Old Country*, a Nancy Wilson vehicle, is highlighted by Miss Carter's liquid reading and a fluid, rich trumpet solo—probably by Brecker—complemented by Plumeri's fat-toned slurs.

The ensemble arrangements are effective throughout, thanks to Halligan's work, and the musicianship of an augmented Blood, Sweat & Tears.

The only bad track is the blues jam; Miss Carter's vocal on *Feel So Bad* is strained and inauthentic, and the solos are nondescript, except for Lipsius on alto, who redeems it at the end.

Wonderful Deeds is a sleeper. There is nothing on it that would make the listener sit up and take immediate notice—except for certain moments during the Holiday medley—but it sounds as if there's quite a musician born here in Miss Carter.

—Heineman

Babs Gonzales

THE GHETTOSBURG ADDRESS—Expubidance EXP-010: *Them Phoney New York People*; *M.E. Me*; *The Rock Festival Scene*; *Them Career Colored Ladies*; *You Need Connections*; *The Ghettoburg Address*; *Our Crazy N. Y. Pets*; *The Hippy Santa Claus*; *The Fairy's Tale*; *The Junkies*.

Personnel: Gonzales, narrator; unidentified tenor saxophone, organ, guitar, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The intrepid Babs Gonzales, a hip embodiment of the free enterprise spirit, here presents the fourth LP on his own label. (He's also published his autobiography, and to date has sold thousands of copies throughout the U.S. and in Europe, all

under his own steam.)

Unlike his previous album, which focused on singing, this effort is a collection of humorous monologues in rhyme, delivered in rhythmic cadences against discreet musical backdrops.

Babs is a trenchant observer of the scene, seldom bitter, often cutting, and almost always funny. He doesn't pull his verbal punches, but by current standards of libertarian speech, his use of colorful language is quite decorous.

My favorites among these wry vignettes of contemporary urban life are *Fairy's Tale*, a slice of Fire Island life, and *The Junkies*, which succinctly tells it like it is. Also, the cute *M.E.*, a hip advertisement for himself, and the updated Gonzales favorite, *Santa Claus*, transformed from "Bebop" to "Hippie," and with LSD and "speed" added to the gift list.

If Babs can't make you laugh, you're either a prude or very uptight. My only complaints are that he didn't sing a little, and that, in the title piece, he succumbed to the currently fashionable debunking of Mr. Lincoln.

The record is expubidantly available from Babs Gonzales, Apt. 3 C, 10 West 93rd St., New York, N.Y. 10025.

—Morgenstern

Herbie Mann

STONE FLUTE—Embryo SD 520: *In Tangier*; *Paradise Beach*; *Flying*; *Don't You Know The Way (How I Feel About You)*; *Miss Free Spirit*; *Waltz For My Son*; *Pendulum*.

Collective Personnel: Mann, flutes; Roy Ayers, vibes; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Ron Carter, Miroslav Vitous, bass; Bruno Carr, Mickey Rocca (sic), drums; Gene Orloff, Manny Green, Peter Dimitriades, violins; Selwart Clarke, violin, viola; Al Brown, viola; George Ricci, Kermit Moore, cello; William Fischer, arranger.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This, one of Mann's first releases on his new Embryo label, is an excellent, well-planned set. Some might call it mood jazz—a label fairly accurate but somewhat misleading and, in this case, unjust. Most mood albums are soporific; this LP is languid but exhilarating. A lot of work obviously went into it and arranger Fischer deserves special praise.

Evocative strings, melancholy Mann and effective use of percussion creates an attractive, haunting atmosphere on *Tangier* and an unidentified pianist illuminates *Beach*. Ennui taints *Flying* but Carter's bass work and Mann's blowing redeems the closely allied *Don't You Know*.

Free Spirit is overlong. The solos are undeveloped, but Vitous supplies interesting, vigorous bass lines. March-style brush work highlights the liveliest track, *Pendulum*.

This album represents an interesting, satisfying change of pace for Mann and the

potential is there for further development. Next time, though, the keyboard artist (also heard on electric piano and organ) should be identified—and isn't "Rocca" Mickey Roker?

—Szantor

James Moody

WORKSHOP, Vol. 1—Prestige 7663: *Keepin' Up with Jones*; *Workshop*; *I'm Gone*; *A Hundred Years from Today*; *Jack Raggs*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Mambo with Moody*; *That Man o' Mine*; *Blues in the Closet*; *It Might As Well Be Spring* (Takes 1 and 2); *Moody's Mood for Blues*; *Faster, James*; *Blue Walk*; *I Got the Blues*; *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*.

Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; Willie Shephard, trombone; Moody, alto, tenor saxophones; Pee Wee Moore, baritone saxophone; Sadik Hakim or Jimmy Boyd, piano; John Lathan, bass; Joe Harris or Clarence Johnston, drums; Eddie Jefferson or Iona Wade, vocals. Recorded 1954-55.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In a nutshell, five stars for Moody, three for the band. Some of the charts are nice, but with the exception of pianist Boyd, none of the other musicians does anything extraordinary—except swing like hell, which, of course, is not inconsequential.

Gone, a medium blues, features some interesting harmonies behind the leader's tough tenor. *Raggs* is a gassy tune, an up-tempo rocker with a Latin introduction. Moody's first notable solo comes on *Rainbow*, a brilliant, unsentimental alto reading epitomizing Moody's intelligence, economy, and logic. (This reading clearly served as the inspiration for Byard Lancaster's recent recording of the tune.)

Closet begins with the rhythm section for the first chorus. The ensemble joins in for the second, and Moody double-times it on tenor in the third. He just may be the best blues player of any jazz reed man alive.

The high point of the album is the two takes of *Spring*, the first on tenor, the second on alto. How to describe them in conjunction? Utterly different, intimately related. The tenor version is grittier, more unrelenting. Moody stutters, sputters, makes the melody into a blues with some astonishing bends and slurs, and then returns it to a ballad. Listen to the chording on the second eight bars of the melody statement.

On alto, Moody is cooler. More warm vibrato, fewer effects. But he refers to the first take by becoming bluer and bluer as the solo progresses and takes it into double-time for the out chorus. These two tracks—and, indeed, a sizable chunk of Moody's total opus—provide awe-inspiring evidence of a man who, while mastering two instruments, respects the individuality of each and still preserves his own consistent style. (And he doesn't even play flute on this session.)

More evidence: *Mood for Blues*, the al-

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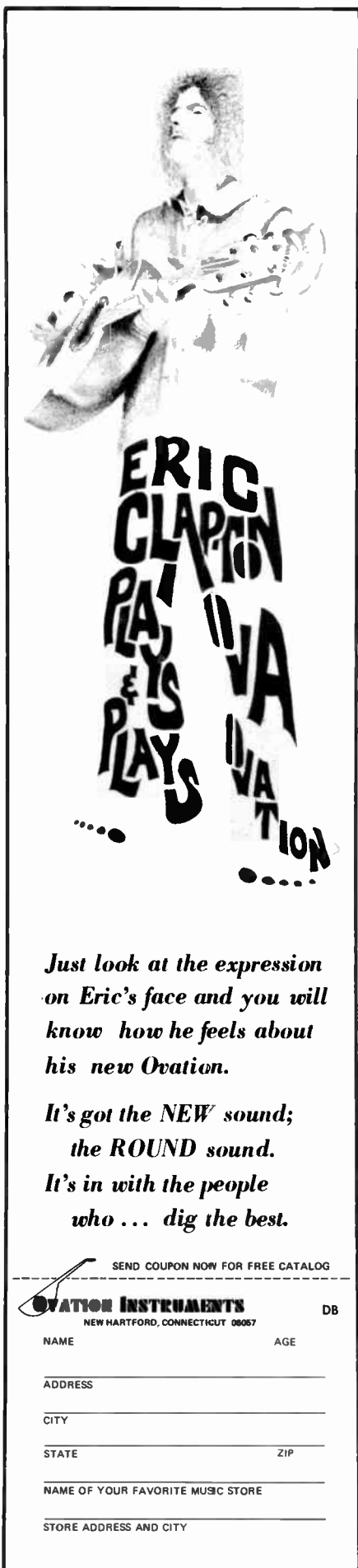
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bum's longest cut, a slow blues with Moody playing two choruses on alto and sliding into three on tenor so naturally that if the liner notes didn't alert the listener, he might miss the switch.

Most of Jefferson's vocals, as on *Workshop*, are virtuoso exercises that one forgets as soon as they're over. *Got the Blues*, based on a Moody tenor solo on *Lester Leaps In*, is exceptional; the lyrics make sense, and Jefferson's singing is most effective. The closer, *Trouble*, is sad, dreamy, pained. A nice finish.

These 1954-55 sides are very welcome. The band must have been dynamite in a dance hall, and the leader's work is ageless. One hopes that Moody will be recognized for the giant he is while he's still at the peak of his power. That recognition hasn't come yet, but this Prestige reissue may help put things in perspective.

—Heineman

Shuggie Otis

HERE COMES SHUGGIE OTIS—Epic BN 26511; *Oxford Gray*; *Jennie Lee*; *Bootie Cooler*; *Knowing (That You Want Him)*; *Funky Thitbee*; *Shuggie's Boogie*; *Hurricane*; *Gospel Groove*; *Baby, I Needed You*; *The Hawks*.

Personnel: Melvin Moore, Bob Mitchell, trumpet; Gene (Mighty Flea) Conners, trombone; Willie Ruff, Richard Mackey, French horns; Preston Love, Tank Jernigan, Jack Kelso, flutes, saxophones; Plas Johnson, Jim Horn, saxophones; Ginger Smock, Joe Lichter, Isadore Homan, Eunice Wennermark, violins; Rollice Dale, Marilyn Baker, violas; Hyman Gold, Herman Lipshultz, cellos; Otis, guitar, vocals; Johnny Otis, celeste, piano, harpsichord, percussion; Ray Johnson, piano; Leon Haywood, organ; Wilton Felder, celeste, harpsichord, electric bass; Stix Hooper, Abe Mills or Paul Lagos, drums.

Rating: ★★

Well, there must be a West Coast studio musician somewhere who didn't play on this session. This album is a tragedy and a travesty—a promising, exciting, young (15 years old) blues and rock guitarist has been smothered by dull, pretentious arrangements. The blame is close to home in that Shuggie's father Johnny co-arranged and produced the album.

The three stars are for Shuggie's playing on *Oxford* (an incredibly cluttered, motley arrangement), *Gospel*, and particularly on the coda of *Hawks*, a beautiful, original, strong tour de force. On many other tracks, notably *Cooler* and *Thithee*, there's so much one-chorus soloing by 89 different players that nobody gets anything going.

Boogie also has good guitar work, once it gets under way, but it's marred by an unintentionally condescending spoken introduction interspersed with Shuggie's guitar evocations of B. B. King, T-Bone Walker, Elmore James, and others—decently performed, but anybody can play the clichés those giants brought into the language.

Hurricane is Shuggie's best vocal, a rocking blues with a reading out of the Stevie Wonder bag only grittier. *Baby* is effective, too, a medium-tempo tune with nice changes and a good, direct lyric. Young Otis' voice is double-tracked here. And there are some pleasing forays into half-time on the second chorus of the aforementioned *Hawks*, also a boogie. The horn backings on this cut are as tight as they get on this album.

We'll hear more from Shuggie Otis. As he matures, he will, one hopes, be less enticed by the sugary superficiality that destroys this session.

—Heineman

Tom Scott

PAINT YOUR WAGON—Flying Dutchman FDS-114; *The Gospel of No Name City*; *I Still See Eliza*; *I Talk To The Trees*; *Hand Me Down That Can O' Beans*; *Gold Fever*; *They Call The Wind Maria*; *Wan'drin' Star*; *Main Title (I'm On My Way)*.

Personnel: Scott, soprano, alto, tenor saxophones; Roger Kellaway, piano; Chuck Domanico, string bass; John Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

A rather unlikely vehicle for a stimulating, vibrant jazz LP, *Wagon* is certainly not the *ne plus ultra* of Lerner and Loewe scores, but Scott and company have transformed it into a very palatable entree—deftly sidestepping its more mawkish and superficial elements. Moreover, they transcend its limitations with their hip interpretation and, above all, sterling improvising. Not since Oscar Peterson's *West Side Story* set has a show score been handled with as much taste, invention, wit and virtuosity.

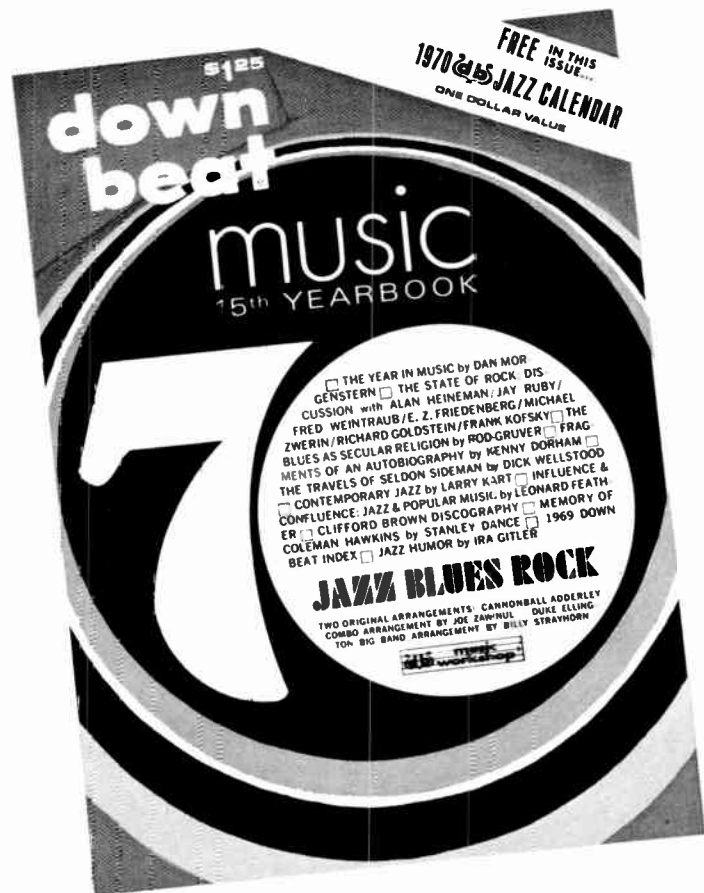
The album subtitle, "A jazz/rock excursion" (for merchandising purposes), is a misnomer—only one track, *Fever*, has rock overtones. But forget the labels. This is *music*—imaginatively conceived and brilliantly performed by four young astonishingly creative musicians.

Though Scott performs on soprano, alto and tenor saxophones, the liner notes list him as playing tenor only—a fact made all the more amusing by his being listed as producer. At any rate, his use of the additional horns is one of the reasons the albums excels. His tenor work is hard-toned and gutty on a Stitt-Ammons-type riffer, *Gospel*, and he preaches mightily on the also gospelish *Beans*, which contains some idiomatic brilliance by the remarkable Kellaway. Scott's soprano is lovely and impassioned on the plaintive *Eliza*, perhaps the best track (dig the rhythm section under his sustained concert E-natural near the end), and his deliverance of the *Maria* melody made me forget how much I dislike the tune. Excellent as he is on tenor and soprano, I prefer his alto work (swinging and inventive on *Trees* and *Way*)—he seems more cogent and inspired on that ax. And though he is somewhat eclectic in his influences, he has his own rich harmonic imagination and his style is distinctive.

Kellaway is a marvel. Though I detect diverse influences (Cecil Taylor-boogie woogie, Tyner-Garland, Brubeck-Evans) in his playing, his incorporation of the best elements of these on top of his own conception, humor and taste makes for most interesting listening, and Kellaway is his own man. All his solos are excellent, but my favorites include his romping work on *Fever* and his spare lyricism on *Eliza*.

Both rhythm players are also outstanding. Domanico, a bassist of robust tone and sprightly phrasing, contributes lines of special merit behind Kellaway's solo on *Star* and Guerin, a solid, mature, versatile drummer, is heard to fine advantage on a 32-bar solo on *Gospel*.



Further commendations must go to the musicians for making the most of a grossly commercial session. Whereas other young heavies might have refused the date or else fluffed it off, these musicians seized the opportunity to reach a large audience by their very conscientious efforts. Though it goes without saying that they would



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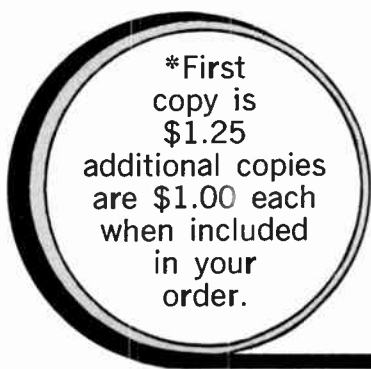
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have perhaps preferred to record something other than this material, they have manipulated it to their own personal and highly artistic ends. Their identity is far from lost. They chose the colors and textures for this distinctive "paint job".

The liner photos deserve mention. The front photo shows Scott, in a period (now almost contemporary) costume, aboard an unpainted wagon. The back photo finds him, mouth agape, in front of a cafe—which is closed. Whether the photos have any symbolic meaning or not is immaterial. The group does its own cooking on the up-tempo tracks and the paint job is very good. No thinner was added. —*Szantor*

Tony Scott

TONY SCOTT—Verve V6-8788: *Ode to an Oud*; *My Funny Valentine*; *Satin Doll*; *Homage to Lord Krishna*; *Blues for Charlie Parker*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Swara Sulina* (The Beautiful Sound of the Flute); *Nina's Dance*; *Brother, Can You Spare a Dime*.

Personnel: Scott, clarinet, baritone saxophone (Track 6); Attila Zoller, guitar (Tracks 1, 2, 4, 7, 8); John Berberian, oud (Tracks 1, 7); Colin Walcott, sitar (Track 4); Beril Rubenstein, piano (Tracks 2, 8); organ (Tracks 3, 5, 9); Richard Davis or Milt Hinton (Tracks 1, 4, 7), bass; Jimmy Lovelace, drums (All tracks); Souren Baronian, dumbek (Tracks 1, 7); Steve Pumlila, percussion (Tracks 1, 7).

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

From a jazz standpoint, this is a more interesting LP than world-traveler Scott's two previous efforts for Verve, which were exclusively devoted to Asiatic-type music. There is a goodly amount of exotica here, too, but also some straightforward jazz.

Those who relish experiments in non-Western music may find *Oud*, *Krishna*, and *Swara* more to their liking than this reviewer, who admittedly prefers the real thing. Scott has spent much time in the near and far East, and his feeling for the idioms is undoubtedly sincere. Nonetheless, the net result is music reminiscent of what one may hear in the Turkish and Armenian cafes of our cities, and *Krishna*, despite the title, is Greek to me.

It is on the jazz tracks that Scott, currently making his home in Morocco, proves that he has lost none of his skill as an improviser and has in fact matured as a player. The tendency towards emotional histrionics that sometimes marred his style is happily absent here, and the album's best track, *Brother*, is perhaps the most moving and affecting statement the clarinetist has recorded—simple, direct, deeply felt, and beautifully played.

Blues for Charlie Parker, one of Scott's most celebrated pieces, has also been stripped of excess emotion here and is now nostalgic and reflective rather than strident and angry. The third major achievement is *Sophisticated Lady*, featuring Scott's warm baritone sax accompanied only by Davis' bass. It is quite a challenge to play this tune, which belongs to Harry Carney, on that giant's instrument, but Scott brings it off in his own way.

Also pleasant, but not on the same level, are *Satin Doll* and *Valentine*, the latter played in bossa nova style. *Nina's Dance*, while showing Scott's command of the clarinet, is a bit hypertense. Davis' short solo is the high point.

The various sidemen give excellent support, but this is Scott's show. It's good to be reminded that he is still on the scene, and even better to hear that he is playing

more than ever when he abandons the frills and just digs in. For *Brother* alone, this album is worth investigating.

—*Morgenstern*

Bud Shank—Bob Alcivar Singers

LET IT BE—World Pacific Jazz ST-20170: *Let It Be*; *Games People Play*; *Something*; *Long Time Gone*; *Both Sides Now*; *Love's Been Good To Me*; *A Famous Myth*; *Didn't We*; *Long and Winding Road*; *For Once In My Life*.

Collective Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Larry Knechtel, Michael Lang, electric piano, organ; Dennis Budimir, Howard Roberts, Michael Anthony, guitar; Carol Kaye, electric bass; John Guerin, drums; John Bahler, Loren Farber, Ronald Hicklin, Gordon Mitchell, Louis Morford, Ian Freebairn-Smith, Sally Stevens, Susan Tallman, Jackie Ward, vocalists; Alcivar, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

Alcivar is the vocal arranger for the Fifth Dimension and the album's overall flavor is very much in that groove. That's fine as far as it goes, but what elevates this LP above the commonplace is the presence of Shank.

Shank is a romantic and the accompanying voices fit his style well. Though he is much his own man, he effectively combines the melodic ingenuity of a Paul Desmond with the swing and heat of a Phil Woods. On this album, his work exudes beauty, strength, and coherence.

The chorus is excellent, the arrangements are tasty and effective (some of the voicings are reminiscent of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross) and the rhythm section extremely competent. *Didn't We* is especially poignant, and *Once* features swaggering, inventive Shank, strong walking by Miss Kaye, and the voices in fine shape.

Shank fans will want this LP—the altoist is in excellent form here. To those unfamiliar with him but fond of hip interpretations of contemporary material, the altoist will supply a valuable bonus. Overall, this is one of the best jazz-flavored pop albums I've heard.

—*Szantor*

Sonny Sharrock

BLACK WOMAN—Vortex 2014: *Black Woman*; *Peanut*; *Bialero*; *Blind Willy*; *Portrait of Linda in Three Colors*, *All Black*.

Personnel: Teddy Daniel, trumpet (Tracks 4, 5); Sharrock, electric and acoustic guitar; Dave Burrell, piano; Norris Jones (all tracks), Richard Pierce (Tracks 4, 5), bass; Milford Graves, drums; Gary Sharrock, bells (Track 1); Linda Sharrock, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Sharrock is one of the few musicians I've walked out on. I do it regularly, whenever circumstances force me to listen to the Herbie Mann group. I mean, Mann is wretched anyway, but I know when Sharrock steps forward to solo that no matter what the tune has been like up to that point, the guitarist will play a few unrelated, dissonant notes and figures and then start flailing away, producing non-chords in dull rhythmic patterns with no melodic or harmonic content. Sonny never disappoints me.

Until now. There's some of this aimless frenzy on *Black Woman*, but there is also a great deal of powerful, original music.

The title number sounds like the introduction to a Baptist hymn. The intro gets repeated several times, becoming progressively screwier. A striking effect, although it wears thin on rehearing.

Peanut sounds like the hymn itself, when it begins, voiced once and then modulated.

Sharrock does his usual solo number—*sproioioioing*—and suddenly Linda Sharrock is screaming with the ensemble. It's hair-raising—textures and shades I've never heard before in vocal-instrument unions. Burrell solos, Miss Sharrock enters again, and then—rising from the Graves—thrashing thunder and a sudden end. Some dull spots during *Peanut*'s 9:14, but some electronic interludes.

Bialero begins with a lovely crystalline vocal in a language I can't make out by Miss Sharrock, buttressed with interesting piano arpeggios and wandering basses and drums behind that. A flowing, vaguely Spanish line, arranged by Sharrock (though the liner says it's a traditional French tune).

The guitarist does staccato tremolos between the vocal sections, aided by Graves' stuttering, closed hi-hat figures and in contrast to Burrell's rich chords.

I've listened to *Willy* about 903 times. I love it. It's a simple, symmetrical folk tune of such universal appeal that it might equally well be from Mississippi or Serbia.

Sharrock fades in on acoustic guitar, playing the tune on the upper strings and droning with one of the lower ones. Four choruses, hypnotically similar and growing constantly louder: then a drop to the lower strings, the drone gone and the melody an octave lower, a couple of variations in the line. This for two choruses, and then two more, using fast strums instead of sustained chords, and then three more choruses, retaining the strumming format but utilizing fascinating rhythmic variations, wonderfully askew syncopation, and then back to the upper strings for the fadeout.

This is a simple, complex, monotonous, developmental, primitive, sophisticated, lulling, stimulating, three minutes. Placed as it is between chaotically free tracks, it's all the more compelling.

Linda is the most complicated. Like all the others except *Willy*, it's part success, part failure. The Sharrocks sing a wordless, folkish tune in harmony. Sharrock on guitar takes the line in 3/4 with his consort singing counterpoint. Daniel enters, first playing harmony but then breaking free (with little originality or excitement) while Burrell stays with the tune's chords and Graves goes absolutely berserk. Linda Sharrock croons harmony, then sings atonal lines, then evinces pain, trills like a maddened bird, chants, screams with broken voice. Her range is fantastic. With the exception of Daniel, the players alternately cushioning and attacking her are talented, but like the overwhelming bulk of free music, there's too much ME and not enough WE going on.

Still, as in *Peanut*, some of the things the vocalist gets into are new and brilliant, evoking goose pimples, fear, terror, compassion and antagonism in the sympathetic listener. (One might profitably contrast her work with that of Yoko Ono, which has no substance, no talent, intelligence, or discipline behind it, despite the superficial similarities of the two singers' respective contexts.)

Sonny Sharrock, too, could use some discipline. His playing is schizoid: chording for another soloist, as with Mann, he

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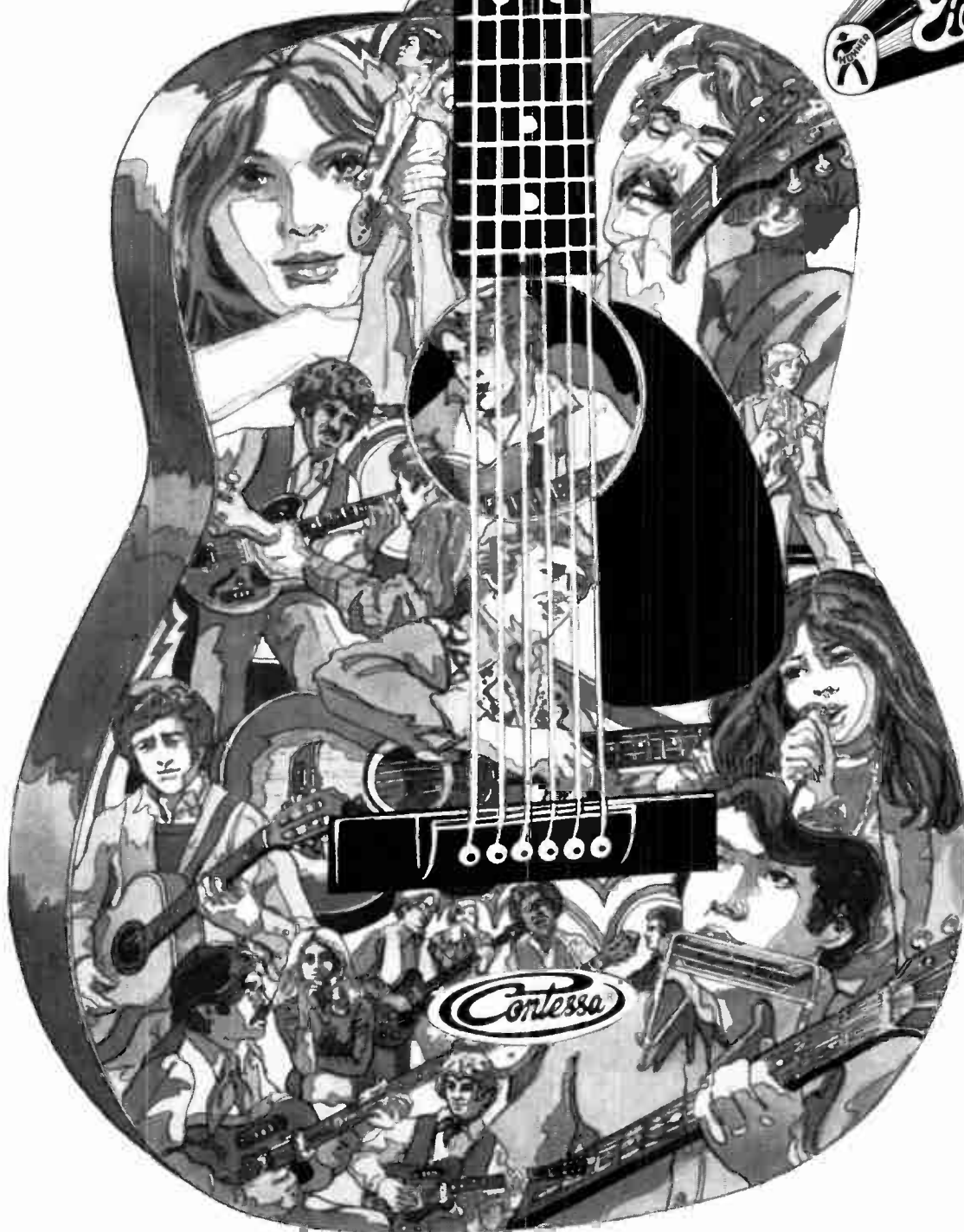
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is fluid and facile (the intellect); soloing himself, he is repetitive and uncontrolled (the emotions). But *Black Woman* shows signs that this dichotomy may be reduced.

—Heineman

Horace Tapscott

THE GIANT IS AWAKENED—Flying Dutchman FDS-107: *The Giant Is Awakened; For Fats; The Dark Tree; Niger's Theme*.

Personnel: Black Arthur Blythe, alto saxophone; Tapscott, piano; David Bryant, Walter Savage Jr., bass; Everett Brown Jr., drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Tapscott and Blythe are the primary soloists, the altoist featuring a pure, metallic, full sound and clarity in all registers. But hard, busy ideas appear in disorderly fashion, broken with rests, and with an inconsistent flow, or else meander off.

Specifically, the rhapsodic quality that Coltrane's later music often suggested (and that Pharoah Sanders now explores) is dominant, but is characterized by a lack of structure or emotional orientation.

Tapscott is a more overt rhapsodist. The kind of unmelodic impressionism that Bill Evans introduced has done a generation of pianists no good. Tapscott mixes this with a sophisticated sense of "free" piano harmonies and, recurrently, "soul" rhythms.

His *Giant* solo is a series of effects. In *Tree* he includes some angular phrasing and harmonic free association at the beginning before banality takes over. Cocktail piano lurks in this style's background, though Tapscott compensates for it with a blunt attack. His structures depend on gradually increasing harmonic density, complicated by harmonic distance and/or simple, repeated rhythms.

As an accompanist, he is not strong, despite being recorded on top of the alto. His two repeated notes during Blythe's *Niger's* solo are irritatingly unnecessary.

In solo, one bassist bows very dee-e-eply, while the other is an agile plucker. The latter has a brief, interesting thematic solo on *Giant*, phrases tumbling down a boulder. A moment later, Brown offers a fine experiment with tuned drums.

This is a good group, though the insistence on simple, repeated background rhythms in all songs effectively avoids putting the group's unity to a test.

The lines themselves are vague, containing bold beginnings but reaching no resolutions, or else are spy-movie type, as heard in *Tree*. The quintet works in a modal/outside vein, and though the improvising is quite skillful, the LP's net effect is that of a music just a step or two from pop jazz.

—Litweiler

among the dozens of records I listen to, find nothing in and file away, I'm passing up some good music that I was too impatient to hear. Not that my opinion means a damn, but if it's happening to me, it's happening to everybody else, too, I'd imagine. So here, with no organization in sight, and with apologies to those I've overlooked, are some random impressions.

Two overrated albums: *Let It Bleed* (London NPS-4), by the Rolling Stones, and *Arthur* (Reprise 6366) by the Kinks. The Stones can be a compelling rock and roll band (I should admit up front that I've never gone bananas over them), but here, Jagger postures endlessly, particularly when he comes on country-boy, and the



musicianship, while competent, is cluttered. The bite is missing.

Arthur was the score for a British TV play. The music is weak-kneed, the lyrics are staggeringly obvious condemnations of British society, the Kinks' rhythmic sense is virtually nil, and Ray Davies is a flat-voiced, off-key irritating lead vocalist. A couple of nice tunes (*Victoria; Mr. Church-Says*) among several bummers; *Nothing to Say* is a warmed over version of the Beatles' *Good Morning*, and the instrumental bridge of *Yes, Sir, No Sir* is right out of The Who's *Tommy*. (Comparisons have been made between *Arthur* and *Tommy*. There's no comparison.)

In *Basket of Light* (Reprise 6372), Pentangle shows signs of running out of gas. Very pleasant listening, but not too much going down. The complex metric shifts of *Light Flight* are fluidly handled. John Renbourn's sitar work on *Once I Had a Sweetheart* is very beautiful, and the minor harmony of *Lyke-Wake Dirge* is chilling, but apart from that and Pentangle's always admirable acoustic musicianship, there's little to say about the record. You've heard it before.

Well, then, how do you explain this one, Heineman? You've heard *Willy and the Poorboys* (Fantasy 8397) before, too, and it's dynamite. Creedence Clearwater is, for my money, the best rock and roll band going. (As opposed, I guess, to art rock, or something.) John Fogerty is a superb singer, and does great jobs with all the tunes here; the band is crisp and tight; and this is genuinely visceral, grab-you-by-the-shorthairs music. Fogerty as lyricist seems to be getting into social comment (*Fortunate Son; Don't Look Now*), but the messages are well done and subliminal. They don't interfere with the body music, they just sort of linger on vaguely afterward. I have yet to hear even one *bad* song from Clearwater, and this is their fourth album.

Lighthouse's second album, *Suite Feeling* (RCA LSP-4241) is better recorded than the first, thank God, though the sound is still thin and there's considerable surface noise—on my copy, at least. The music is complex and intermittently highly interesting, although Lighthouse isn't capable of as tough a brand of rock as

Chicago or Blood, Sweat & Tears. *Taking a Walk* has an impressive instrumental section: horns, strings and piano wander over a light, brisk beat, fade, and give way to a Chopinesque piano interlude played by co-leader Paul Hoffert. A trumpet then adds a modern counterpoint to the classical-sounding piano line—nice contrast—before the ensemble returns with a heavier rock beat.

Another good cut is *Eight Loaves of Bread*: several breaks by the horns (good trombone by Russ Little), and a sure, crisp drum solo by co-leader Skip Prokop, including some highly controlled, light press rolls. Later on, an intelligent chart counterpointing brass and strings, with several ritards and accelerandos, a section of unaccompanied Bach-like organ by Hoffert with the brass in Baroque accompaniment before leading back into the original rock rhythm and segueing to *What Sense*, which uses some of the classical motifs already established. The music on the album is uneven, and the treatment of *A Day in the Life* is alternately derivative and pretentious, but this 14-piece unit has something individual to offer.

Briefly, two British albums you've probably missed, both quite good: *Ballzy* (Fontana 67598), by Ambrose Slade, and *Yes* (Atlantic 8243), by Yes. Or Yes by Yes. Or something. Anyway, the former plays hard, teeth-grating rock. Many of the tunes are originals by other groups, like *Ain't Got No Heart* (Mothers), *If This World Were Mine* (Marvin Gaye), *Martha My Dear*, *Born too Be Wild* and *Journey to the Center of Your Mind*. *No Heart* is done harshly, with none of the self-irony of the original; *Martha* features interesting violin by Jim Lee, and has more drive than the Beatles' rendition, and the last two cuts named are both similar hard rock vehicles. The only real failure is the Gaye thing, because the lead vocalist had no idea of what the soul idiom is about. The original cuts are all at least appealing and *Genesis* is a powerful, memorable song.

Yes is a thoroughly together group. They sing harmony really well—as on the Crosby, Stills, Fortas and Porter-flavored *Beyond and Before*. The Byrds' *I See You* (dreadful lyrics!) has fine instrumental work all around: light, peripatetic legato guitar by Peter Banks out of Garcia and Kaukonen, going in and out of rhythm with only drummer Bill Bruford behind him, doing jazz rhythms occasionally. A brief quote by Banks from a Bach piece I should know by name; he later refers back to it and stretches it out some. *Harold Land* (a distant relation of the Bee Gee's *Harry Braff*) is built on a strong and diverting organ motif; Yes does some chorale-type harmony before settling into an uncompromising rock beat. They give Lennon and McCartney's *Every Little Thing* a strong rock intro based on fast, even 16ths and sing the melody in strikingly effective harmony at medium tempo with hints of the first tempo surfacing from time to time in the rhythm section. This is a first-rate first album by a strong quintet; you should hear more from them.

Well. Since I started this, six more albums arrived. Once more unto the breach, dear friends. Later.



ROCK BRIEFS

BY ALAN HEINEMAN

I'LL TELL YOU, it kills me. A conscientious reviewer ought to listen with some care to every record he receives. (Occasionally, I make an *a priori* exception to that dictum—Rod McKuen, or Bobby Short, e.g.) And I also like to try to organize columns like this in some meager way. But within the last three days I've gotten 41 new albums. Really, man. . . . And I know that

BOOK REVIEWS

The Blues Line, compiled by Eric Sackheim, with illustrations by Jonathan Shahn. Grossman Publishers; 500 pp., \$20.

If you have any sort of compelling affinity for the blues and can spare twenty bucks, you *must* have this book.

It does not explain or tell you about the blues; it is simply (and not so simply) a collection of country blues lyrics, reproduced with compelling accuracy from recorded performances. But I mean reproduced: when a singer has broken up a line, there is white space on the page; if the singer says, "Mmm," or "Ohhh," or "Yeah," the interpolations are in the text; if the ostensibly repeated second line of a chorus is varied in the performance, the variation is printed. The singers' spoken commentaries are also preserved in parentheses.

To take but a single example, if you have heard Blind Lemon Jefferson's *Prison Cell Blues*, you can hear it again, jumping off page 74. Astonishing, effective and moving.

In his preface, Sackheim admits with a candor that disarms criticism that he might well have misheard certain words. He doesn't claim total accuracy there, not in his groupings of singers on a chiefly geographical basis. Using my own memory

(also far from perfect) and random checks of specific recordings, I can say confidently that there are damned few verbal errors. I found no important ones.

Aside from the informational and nostalgic pleasure afforded by seeing the lyrics of the more than 250 blues printed—seeing them treated as the folk poetry they are



—one is also provided a sort of abstract aesthetic pleasure by the book's format. The pages are large and the lyrics are laid out attractively (though one might wish the type somewhat larger). And some of Shahn's drawings depict with stunning force the power, loneliness, sexual appeal and/or deep humanness of these folk artists spawned, brutalized and forgotten by our society. The sketches of Sleepy John Estes, Robert Wilkins, Peetie Wheatstraw, Bukka

White, and a lovely, spare, stylized version of Mississippi John Hurt, among many others, are spectacular. A few of the drawings are only workmanlike reproductions of the popular (and in some cases the sole) old photos of bluesmen—Charlie Patton, for example—but on the whole, Shahn's work adds immeasurably to the appeal of *The Blues Line*.

A lone negative note: the final 50 pages, called "A Survey of Sorts: Various Voices," contains transcribed comments by and about the blues and its people intersticed with quotations from an incredible variety of literature—Oriental, Greek, Latin, Renaissance, contemporary.

Sackheim says in the preface that these passages "... are not there because they are felt to shed any more light on the blues they follow than any other quotations might have done ... Their inclusion is predicated on the conviction that constructive dialogue can be established between almost any two points ..."

It is an Oriental conviction, one I do not share. To be sure, the imaginative mind can fill in the ellipses between the poles of this "dialogue," but then the imaginative mind scarcely needs this sort of random stimuli.

This last section, however, while not interesting to me, is certainly not obstructive or annoying. And the rest of the book is utterly magnificent, useful to the expert and engaging and affecting to connoisseur and casual listener alike. —Alan Heineman

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TEST/MIKE NOCK

As pianist-leader of The Fourth Way and composer of many works in its repertoire, Mike Nock recently has made a strong impact on the world of contemporary electronic jazz.

Nock was born Sept. 27, 1940 in New Zealand, in a native village, Ngauahawhia. His father, a non-professional pianist, taught him music fundamentals.

He left school at the age of 14 and immediately became a professional musician. He moved to Auckland, New Zealand's capital, at 16 and two years later to Sydney, Australia. While in Sydney, he made his first records with his own trio.

In 1960 he took the combo to London and stayed there for six months, working at Ronnie Scott's and other clubs. In 1961 he left for the U.S., having won a down beat scholarship to Berklee. He had not been in Boston long when Herb Pomeroy took him under his wing. Soon he was well known locally, playing for a year as house pianist at Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike.

In 1964-66 he toured with Yusef Lateef. Settling in New York, he worked with Art Blakey, Booker Ervin, Steve Marcus and Dionne Warwick. John Handy then invited him to the West Coast; it was during his 18 months with Handy's group that he and Mike White worked on the concept for the Fourth Way. The combo was launched in San Francisco in Aug. 1968.

1. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Jack Rabbit* (from *Inventions & Dimensions*, Blue Note). Hancock, composer, piano; Paul Chambers, bass. Recorded 1964.

Yes, that was Herbie Hancock, it's obvious almost from the beginning. But really early Herbie. It's like an experiment that didn't really come off, I felt.

The concept was good . . . Andrew Hill had been doing some things similar to that, but with more use of Afro-Cuban rhythms, instead of just playing on top of them. That record was like an experiment where they'd gotten into the studio, and we're going to do this, but never really got into it.

The recording kind of gave it away, and Herbie . . . he's much more developed now, and the whole concept has changed so much. Two stars . . . I couldn't hear what the bass player was playing too much; it was just kind of a background.

2. PHIL MOORE JR. *Hog Call* (from *Right On*, Atlantic). Moore, composer, electric piano.

I don't really know what to think about that one. That was really strange. I thought it was Joe Zawinul at first, then when they kind of faded out it sounded like it might be some kind of rock band. I couldn't really recognize anything too distinctive.

I enjoyed it, though, for what it was. I really like that sound. Especially, as you probably noticed, it's similar to the sound we're getting . . . the Fender bass and electric piano, except it stayed on a more basic level than I really like to hear.

Was that part of a suite, or something? Is that just a piece like that, or is there more?

Just judging it as music, it didn't really make it. It seemed like a piece of something . . . but it was a groovy piece. I guess that's three and a half stars, because I enjoyed it.

3. YUSEF LATEEF. *Bamboo Flute Blues* (from *Psychicmofus*, Impulse). Lateef, composer, bamboo flute; George Arvanitas, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; James Black, drums.

Yeah, I really enjoyed that one. That, of course was Yusef and I haven't heard that before, but I guess that was his band just immediately after I left, so that was James Black playing drums, although I couldn't really tell from the drumming, because it sounded like Yusef playing drums! In-

asmuch as it sounded like that's the way he wanted it. I guess the piano player was George Arvanitas . . . he sounded nice.

I recognized Reggie Workman. That was beautiful. Yusef uses space much more than most people do. Like the way the drums kept on . . . with that high hat crash . . . That was really nice. I worked steady with him for about a year, although I was associated with him for two years, maybe longer. That was a really beautiful experience for me, because Yusef has a basic kind of attitude that I have . . . I don't know whether he's a Libra or whether that has anything to do with it . . . but he likes to play a variety of music, which is the kind of thing I dig to do, too. So we really had a ball together.

I really enjoyed that; I liked the recording too. I like the way it was played, with Reggie in the middle. It was really a good stereo thing. And, of course, his flute playing . . . bamboo flute, yeah! George sounds good, too. I'd give that four stars.

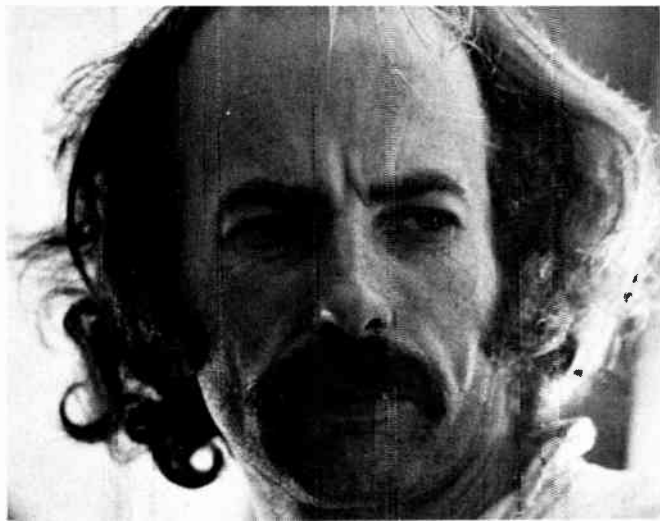
4. JOE ZAWINUL. (from *Money in the Pocket*, Atlantic). Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Zawinul, composer, piano; no alto saxophone.

That was a strange record, to me. I enjoyed the trumpet player, whoever he was . . . sounded again like it was recorded a few years ago, and whoever was playing like that I'm sure isn't playing like that now. I really enjoyed that . . . what he got into then.

I don't know who the piano player was; sounded familiar. The whole thing sounded familiar to me, but I just couldn't place it. But for what that was, it was good. Had a little bit of imagination with the order of the solos. . . . I don't know who the alto and tenor player were; they played good, though. At first I thought that piano player could have been Hampton Hawes, but now I don't think so. I'd give it three stars.

5. WOODY HERMAN. *Impressions of Strayhorn* (from *Light My Fire*, Cadet). Herman, alto saxophone, leader; Richard Evans, composer, arranger.

That's a hard one for me to rate. I hear shades of early Stan Kenton, early Duke Ellington . . . in fact for a minute I



by
Leonard
Feather

thought it was Johnny Hodges. But it's got a bit of electronic gimmickry happening.

For what it is I guess it's good, but it's so hard for me to really relate to that. For my own taste, I have to give that about one star because it's a whole different area of music. That can't even really get to me. I've played a lot of music like that. I've worked with a lot of big bands and played, if not quite like that, in that general area when I was in New York, when I was eking out a living doing that kind of thing.

That was very lush, and I'm sure for what it was it may have been a five star effort . . .


6. PHINEAS NEWBORN JR. *Little Niles* (from *Please Send Me Someone to Love*, Contemporary). Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Randy Weston, composer.

I loved that tune; it's Randy Weston's *Little Niles*, and the piano played it a little differently than I've heard it. I don't know whether that was Randy Weston; whoever it was, he sounded like he's listened a lot to Monk.

I enjoyed the head, but then the rhythm got messed up in places. I don't know who the drummer or bass player were either, but they all sounded like on the same kind of rhythmic trip. In the first place, it was very very heavy; I don't like that really heavy style of playing, and it was too erratic. I'll give it two and a half just for the tune.

7. JOHNNY GUARNIERI. *Tiger Rag* (from *Breakthrough in 5/4*, Bet). Guarnieri, solo piano.

Wow, you really threw me a curve on that one! I think that was Erroll Garner, but I sure didn't believe it until the last few bars. Damn, that's five stars . . . that's definitely five stars! I thought that was two pianos. At first I thought it was Art Tatum. I don't know anybody else that can play like that, except Jaki Byard, on occasions. Let me hear the record again.

(After second hearing). Well, whoever that was . . . *5/4 Tiger Rag* . . . Art Tatum, Erroll Garner . . . I don't know. And it sounded like an old recording, to make matters worse; didn't sound like the way they record pianists today. Since it's in *5/4* I immediately have a suspicion who it is—Johnny Guarnieri. I used to enjoy his playing when I was about 15 years old, on those old Artie Shaw Gramercy Five records. He's a fantastic piano player; I never realized that. I've got to give that five stars just for sheer excellence. 



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Wisconsin Delta Blues Festival Beloit College, Beloit, Wis.

Personnel: Roosevelt Sykes; Robert Pete Williams; Jimmy Dawkins Trio; Carey Bell-Eddie Taylor Blues Band; Fred McDowell; Furry Lewis; Lazy Bill Lucas; Rev. Robert Wilkins; Son House; Johnny Young's Blues Band; Johnny Shines; Mance Lipscomb; J.B. Hutto and the Hawks.

Ninety miles north of Chicago, just across the Wisconsin state line, the friendly town of Beloit and the very small campus of Beloit College hosted the season's first blues festival, promoted by student Lee Pierson as an expression of his love for the blues—particularly the rural blues. The event was notable for its total commitment to good music and a complete disregard for vaudevillian presentation and the “we gotta have a name to draw them in” attitude. When a few advertised household names failed to show, no one complained—except the college comptroller.

The 12-bar blues in all its shades and forms was the star of the show. Individual artists were given plenty of time to warm up to their art and an air of informality suggestive of a Chicago West Side blues joint or of a guitarist's living room prevailed.

Roosevelt Sykes set the mood with his opening set Friday night, talking and jiving with his audience, and turning the whole gymnasium into an oversized piano bar with standards such as *Night Time Is the Right Time*, *44 Blues*, the bawdy *Dirty Mother for You* and the more recent *Big Ben and I'm a Dangerous Man*.

Sykes has been living in New Orleans for several years, working the piano bars and jazz clubs, but he had never met native Louisianan Robert Pete Williams, who followed him. Williams is extremely shy backstage, always seeming a bit surprised to be in the company of all the “big-time recording artists”, but once he is on, all nervousness disappears as he pours forth his naked personal blues, almost conversational in their reflection of a rough life in a violent land.

We don't think of guitarists from Mississippi who recorded in Memphis in the late 1920s as showmen, but the medicine-show background of Furry Lewis almost removes him from the category of “rural” blues. He's great, but, perhaps as in the case of the old jazzmen, audiences resent his attempts at comedy. In the informal

atmosphere of the Beloit Fieldhouse, he gave us a glimpse of a part of the Memphis-area blues scene about which too little is known. (It must be recorded that he had the other artists in stitches backstage.) Though he has used an artificial leg for years, he later appeared out of nowhere to dance to the music of some of the other bluesmen.

Jimmy Dawkins' trio was thus honored by Furry twice. Dawkins came on with Earnest Gatewood on Fender bass and Bob Richey on drums, and erased the sad memory of the Ann Arbor Blues Festival, where his music and reputation had almost been ruined by the last-minute addition of a saxophonist who tried to tom his way to fame. Dawkins was the surprise of the festival to all who had seen him before, because he managed to generate immediate rapport with the same stern stance and lack of gimmickry that have defeated him before.

As the slight and slender figure of Fred McDowell from Mississippi appeared on stage, you could feel the expectancy of the crowd awaiting his bottle-neck guitar sound. After a few solo numbers, he was joined by Sunnyland Slim, who had driven up from Chicago with Sykes and was hired on the spot to replace Lafayette Leake (prevented from appearing by contractual fussiness on the part of management of the Chicago Blues All-Stars). Slim later recalled that he had played with McDowell only once before, at a Southern folk festival, but they worked surprisingly well together, in a manner reminiscent of the “Melrose” recording sessions of the '40s for RCA and Columbia.

Carey Bell's Blues Band, featuring veteran guitarist Eddie Taylor, closed the show with the mellow '50s blues sound that featured the harmonica so prominently. Bell's mastery of the chromatic idiom was demonstrated on *Bad Dreams*, and his ever-improving vocal talents were heard on *Everybody Loves Somebody* (which he recorded while with Earl Hooker's band). The self-effacing Eddie Taylor left most of the guitar lead to Royal Johnson until Dawkins (who works with the Bell-Taylor group in Chicago) came onstage. But before the set was over, Taylor was persuaded to do his specialty, *Big Town Playboy*. I had heard Taylor many times before as a guitarist, but this was the first time I realized that he's still a first-rate vocalist.

The next day's workshops were held in three locations. The city bands either had to return to Chicago for Saturday night gigs or had not yet arrived after playing late in Chicago the night before, so the Saturday afternoon appearances were all by soloists. The guitar workshops were held in the Student Union amid a forest of tape recorder mikes (clutched by blues freaks too eager for a personal memento of the occasion to bother asking the artists' permission). McDowell, Mance Lipscomb, Johnny Shines, Robert Pete Williams and Furry Lewis generally outdid their splendid evening performances.

The main thrust of interest in the blues has centered around the folkier instruments (guitar, harmonica, mandolin, wash-

board and jug) but a recent change in taste was evidenced by the attendance at the piano workshop. The pianists arrived before the planned starting time, so the session ran from noon to early evening. Aside from original material by participants Lazy Bill Lucas, Roosevelt Sykes and Sunnyland Slim there were tributes to



Johnny Shines

Sonny Boy Williamson, Doctor Clayton, Big Bill Broonzy and even Fats Waller and Percy Mayfield. Lazy Bill mixed '50s rock and blues with a few gospel songs, since the session took place in the college chapel. It was competitive but friendly. At one point, Sunnyland Slim left the piano bench after playing a few bars of Sykes' *Have You Seen Miss Ida B*. The composer picked up the next note right on beat with total nonchalance.

Son House had not been expected to play guitar on his set, but he did a few numbers accompanying himself on his Steel National, one of manager Dick Waterman's friends also backing him up. Then he got on his feet to do some country gospel, a cappella. It was a marvelous comeback for a performer whose career almost ended when he temporarily lost the use of his fingers due to a severe case of frostbite last winter.

The first Chicago blues band of the evening was led by Johnny Young, with Birmingham Jones on harmonica. The guitar of Lee Jackson (of the J. B. Hutto band), Sunnyland Slim (sitting in for the full set), Hayes Ware on bass, and S. P. Leary on drums completed the monster band. It was the best Young performance I have ever heard. His mandolin was one of the high spots of the festival as he punctuated his vocals, band-directions, and good-natured clowning with it—rationing it so no one got too much of a good thing.

Johnny Shines was next, continuing his excellent earlier workshop program. After solo performances on the Steel National, he switched to electric guitar, joined by Sunnyland Slim. In spite of Shines' long association with Slim, this team didn't come off as well as McDowell and Slim had the night before.

The gently masked power of Mance Lipscomb comes through even better in person than on his Arhoolie records. The



Furry Lewis

DIANE ALLMEN

Texas songster included his unique version of *Mama Don't Allow* (which predates the familiar Cow Cow Davenport version and includes many verses not in it). A ripple of applause greeted the first bars of his *Rock Me (Baby) All Night Long*, but no one pointed out that Lipscomb had done the old Big Boy Crudup song years before B. B. King.

It was past midnight by the time J. B. Hutto and the Hawks took the stage. From the first bars of *Hip Shakin'* (his new rhythm section lent the tune a refreshingly new beat), the audience was with J. B. all the way, through the regular set and three encores. It must be admitted that Hutto knows how to milk an audience, but his bottleneck-electric style and Satchmo-like personality can hold their own anywhere—at a blues festival or in a Southside Chicago blues bar.

McDowell was being introduced for another set as we were leaving. We later heard that Rev. Robert Wilkins ended the festival with the much-requested *Prodigal Son*.

It was a fabulous festival. Unfortunately, Lee Pierson will leave the campus at the end of this term. Hopefully, someone else at the college will engineer another success next year. —Bob Koester

Modern Jazz Quartet

Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, New York City

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraphone; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

The MJQ's claims to being modern as a jazz group were valid 15 years ago when, as a departure from bop, they and many other "progressive" jazz musicians felt that European classical music might prove to be the new inspirational force needed to sustain jazz, and hopefully would be the one giant step forward that would finally make jazz a world-wide art form.

Of the many "Third Stream" groups that emerged during this apparent re-evaluation of jazz and its ultimate direction, few if any still perform regularly. As they ventured into the MJQ's new-found pastures they were disillusioned by the barrenness of really new ideas and a rigid-deadness in the core of the music they sought to learn from. Ironically, this period, during which progressive jazz musicians felt the need to embrace European classical music, represented a phase within classical music when it was actually undergoing an honorable death amidst all the pomp and grace of symphony orchestras and opera houses, its more progressive composers in turn looking towards jazz (even more so now) for the vital energy they needed to rejuvenate their music and free themselves from its rigid framework in favor of the more challenging demands of improvisation and "freshness" that jazz music demands.

As one looks at the MJQ today, one can admire them for having chosen a direction and stuck to it for so long, and going by their music, which finally is what they have to offer and project (i.e., barring all that sedate, concert-hall-image business) the best thing one can say is that they keep trying to make something out of what at best is a "bad job". Thus, their music as presented at Lincoln Center

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was not particularly modern in terms of the '60s. Neither was it indicative of what the music of the future might be like . . . and whether the music they play is jazz or has any true relation to jazz is open to debate.

With their first selection, *Bags' Groove*, it was apparent that the MJQ still felt and projected their music as they did years ago. *Bags' Groove*, played in much the same way as when they first recorded it, proved to be the most inspired piece of the concert, due mainly to the fact that Milt Jackson has a natural affinity for the blues, and his blues-tinged style contributes the genuine elements of swing to be found in the group's music. Throughout the concert, the rare moments that could be identified as "swing" seemed to emulate from and revolve around blues lines. Thus, most of the music performed was in the same bag and groove as their now-famous *European Concert* album . . . a sameness that seemed to stop time, and initiate a visual replay (with a few minor changes in the props, like Nehru jackets) of the concert album, right down to the warm and polite applause that greeted the end of each number.

That they were including new works at this concert was difficult to sense, and the impressive titles (*The Blue Necklace*, *Misty Roses*, *Kemek*, *Monterey Mist*, *Visitor from Venus*, *Visitor from Mars*, *Jasmine Tree*) only succeeded in disappointing those who expected to hear something really new and moving.

The members of the MJQ are very skilled musicians whose earlier work with contemporaries like Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins is still memorable for its clarity, but as they continue to refine their group music, they seem to have eliminated that element of surprise the listener expects from musicians of their caliber. The music they now play is so devoid of a true feel of improvisation that one suspects that a mechanical automation motivates the music.

Their excursions into Space Music, *Visitor from Mars* and *Visitor from Venus*, borders on mundane romanticism. Maybe it was a combination of the snow, the holiday spirit, and the locale, but the concert gave the impression that space-wise the MJQ's idea is still relative to their earlier *Skating in Central Park*, and it seemed doubtful that they still remember the "imagery" of one of their classics—*Pyramid*.

As a voyager, I would rather go into Space with accomplished pilots like Sun Ra, flying Eastwards, and not necessarily the "American" way, as one of the Earth airlines advertises.

—Tam Fiofori

Charles Tolliver

Jazzhus Tagskaegget, Aarhus, Denmark
Personnel: Tolliver, trumpet; Stanley Cowell, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jimmy Hopps, drums.

Charles Tolliver, 27, visited Denmark for the first time in late 1968, when he played with and conducted the Danish Radio Big Band in Copenhagen. He came back in July 1969 to play at the Montmartre in Copenhagen with his own quartet, including drummer Jimmy Hopps.

And now, Tolliver has visited Denmark for a third time, playing some weeks at

the Montmartre, and even going to Aarhus to play at the Tagskaegget for a couple of nights.

The qualities that made Tolliver's music inspiring and stimulating when I heard him last summer in Copenhagen were still there, but something more had been added, primarily because the very gifted McBee had taken over on bass.

Hopps is a very fast drummer—he will grasp a rhythmic idea coming from the soloist in less time than it takes to say "Hopps", and deliver his version of the idea, change it a little and throw it back at the soloist. When he really gets into the music, this constant flow back and forth



of ideas and patterns almost absorbs him. If the only challenge to Hopps is a single player—for instance Tolliver—the group will develop a very vivid trumpet-drums axis, and a lot of things will happen. The joy of creating music will certainly be there, but at the same time the listener might feel the music a little static because the flowing, legato sound which only the bass can give will be missing—or simply be drowned out by the sound barrier of percussion and brass.

This has been changed with the addition of McBee. Technically very gifted, and with a fine ear for what is happening in the group, McBee was functioning both as a second challenge to Hopps and as a new sonority in the over-all sound of the quartet.

The group plays each set, averaging between 75 and 90 minutes, as one long number. Tolliver's relaxed authority as a leader is obvious in the changing of themes and tempos, and he also takes a lot of solo space. The crisp and dancing collaboration between McBee and Hopps makes it very demanding to be the only horn player in the quartet. This listener, at least, often had difficulties in not hearing Tolliver's beautifully logical but not particularly daring improvisations as background commentaries to the bass and drums festival.

Cowell is a relevant pianist in the quartet. It seems as if he has realized that the strength of the group is the triangle Tolliver-Hopps-McBee, and so he kind of super-vises the music of these three, filling holes wherever they may be, adding a touch here, giving extra strength to a rhythmic pattern there.

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sets, when the quartet was really cooking, it was very obvious—from what our ears told us, and from what we saw in the faces of the musicians and the audience—that Cannonball Adderley certainly was right when he said in the first 1970 issue of this magazine: "Jazz Is Still New."

—Finn Slumstrup

Collegiate Jazz Festival '70

University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Ind.

The 12th annual CJF maintained the high musical standards and superior production values one has come to expect from Notre Dame.

This year, the competitive aspects of the festival were toned down. Rather than selecting an over-all winning group, or having to choose a "best" big band or combo, the judges were instructed to select three finalist groups in each category.

Thus, there was no need for the three finalist big bands and three finalist combos to perform competitively—a fact which resulted in more relaxed playing and fewer disappointed musicians.

The winning big bands represented varying approaches. Each band was excellent in its own way, and it was good to have them judged equals.

The most dramatic of the three was the Towson State Jazz Ensemble from Towson State College, Baltimore, Md. Nearly 30 pieces strong (five assorted percussion players; two French horns; two basses; tuba, and contrabass clarinet in addition to the conventional big band instrumentation), the ensemble performed compositions and arrangements by its leader, Hank Levy, with precision, verve, and conviction.

Levy, who has contributed to the Don Ellis library, is a highly skilled writer with his own style. Though it contains elements of the Kenton-Johnny Richards approach, it is less bombastic and more flowing, though a mite strident at times. The three pieces performed were *Antea*, *Rock Odyssey*, and *New Kind of Country*.

The only soloist up to the level of the ensemble was trumpeter Tony Neenan, who also shared the lead book. A different kind of asset to the band was the mini-skirted contrabass clarinetist, Stephanie Tolen—which is not to say she didn't play well, too.

The Memphis State Univ. Jazz Band "A", at Notre Dame for the third consecutive year, is a different kind of band. Leader Thomas Ferguson obviously knows how to instill a jazz spirit in his players, and even though most of the material could be called fairly conventional (Sam Nestico's *Magic Flea* and other Basie-type charts), the treatment was not.

There was also a good chart from within the band—Quincy Jones' *Walkin' In Space*, adapted by trumpeter Mark Blumberg. But best of all was the spirit of the band and the ability of soloists, sections, and ensemble as a whole to really swing without losing precision. This was no doubt the looest and happiest-feeling big band at the festival.

The third finalist band was Herb Pome-roy's veteran M.I.T. squad. The school has no music department, so the band is

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This time out, Pomeroy's policy of making the musicians play over their heads—i.e., challenging rather than pampering them—really paid off. Section work (particularly the saxes and rhythm) was together, and there were three above-average soloists. The material, as always, was interesting, but this time, there was more from within the band, specifically by trombonist Richie Orr.

Cohen also stood out. This was a big band with a truly contemporary jazz feeling.

The combos were also representative of diverse approaches. In a class almost by itself was the Midwest Collective from Indiana University. Hampered at their first appearance by the absence of the bassist (he appeared in time for the second round), the brilliant three-horn front line (trumpet, alto, tenor) and strong rhythm team (piano & electric piano, drums) seemed undaunted and took care of business in no uncertain terms.

as a collective that the group was most impressive. All members seemed at ease with the music; jazz obviously wasn't their adopted language but their native tongue, so to speak.

Trumpeter Ken Sloane, tenorist Kim Hutchcroft, and altoist Paul DeMarinis are all fluent soloists with mature conceptions—Sloane perhaps the most confident and DeMarinis the most original. Janes, the leader, is also an exceptional talent, and bassist Kyle Tullis and drummer Phil Johnson contributed mightily.

The Graffiti, a combo with members from five different universities (Ball State, U. of Illinois, Drake, Indiana, Eastern Illinois) was a polished unit emphasizing smooth ensemble work.

Led by trombonist Dave Pavolka, a two-time best trombone award winner at CJF, they were most impressive in a tasteful arrangement of *Lover Man* spotlighting the warm, mature tenor work of Bob Hores. Pavolka is a stunning technician with a fine sound, and trumpeter-fluegelhornist Jerry Hey has a sensitive conception, but the standout of the group (without overplaying his role) was bassist Wayne Darling, a player with almost frightening chops and splendid musicality.

The third group, the HGJK Quintet from Michigan State was, to my mind, somewhat below the level of the other two combos, if only because of an overwhelming Miles Davis influence—the Miles of a few years ago, not of today.

Trumpeter Dan Jacobs has that aspect of Miles down very well and handles his instrument with skill and confidence. Tenorist Jerry Kalber impressed most with his pretty flute work, and drummer Warrick Carter and bassist Michael Grace made a good team. Pianist Jim Hartway was a somewhat tentative but promising soloist. As one of the judges pointed out, the musicians "played the right notes." But the spirit was on the bland side.

A fourth combo was chosen to perform in the finals, both for the sake of variety and in recognition of its musicianship. This was the U. of Illinois Dixie Band, the first traditional jazz band to appear at a college festival in years.

Judging from the enthusiastic audience reception, especially from the packed finals house, the time may be ripe for yet another traditional revival. Be that as it may, the Dixie Band is an unusual group. Leader-pianist Larry Dwyer (who also writes and plays trombone for the U. of Ill. No. 1 Jazz Band) came to traditional jazz relatively late, and the other members of the group became initiates through him.

Thus, they lack the antiquarian attitude of most professional traditionalists, and bring to the music a refreshingly independent spirit. Furthermore, they do not play the warhorses of the standard Dixieland repertoire, but draw almost exclusively on the recorded legacy of Louis Armstrong's classic Hot Five-Hot Seven.

Purists may not find the band's approach to their liking, since solos (except on set pieces like *Ory's Creole Trombone*) often roam far from old-time conceptions, but the ensemble work is idiomatic, and the group has spirit.

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trumpeter Ric Bendel's convoluted solo style (hearing in my mind the Armstrong original), but I found that he grows on you and in fact is a player of considerable originality, though he needs to relax a bit.

Jim Cuomo's clarinet work is excellent, and trombonist Rich Roush had his tailgate wide open on *Ory's*. Drummer Chuck Braugham surprised with his ability to step into a style so different from his regular big-band drumming, and tubaist Dean Leff was solid. Banjoist Terry Pettijohn uncorked some sparkling solo work, and Dwyer, a Fats Waller admirer, did some happy striding on *Honeysuckle* and *I Got Rhythm*, the only non-Armstrong canon pieces performed.

Not making the finals was the U. of Ill. Jazz Band II, a good unit seemingly bent on placing itself in the shadow of its big brother by performing much of the same repertoire. The undisputed star was vocalist DeDe Garrett, as easy on the ear as on the eyes, who unfortunately was only given one number.

The only other female singer and featured vocalist of the event, Marilyn Walton from Elmhurst College, had to go on without her regular trio but nevertheless impressed with her sincere, soulful and unaffected style and delivery.

The U. of Northern Iowa Jazz Band, a sleeper finalist last year, played with spirit and drive but just didn't quite come up to the finalist's level. Leader James Coffin deserves great credit for what he has managed to accomplish—Cedar Falls is hardly a jazz mecca.

Also deserving of mention was the Tommy Lee Quartet from the U. of Pittsburgh, a pleasant, clean group sparked by the leader's musicianly flute playing. However, a certain lack of color made itself felt during the group's set—doubling on alto flute and perhaps piccolo and/or bass flute would help.

For the first time in years, a group from the host institution was on the program. The Larry Beachler Sextet hasn't been together long, but showed considerable promise and had an outstanding soloist in guitarist Norm Zeller and a spirited, truly swinging drummer in Pete Szujewski. Trombonist John Buchanan also showed talent and a good jazz feeling, and John Prendergast is a capable bassist. The group had a pleasingly contemporary and unstuffy approach.

A band not in competition almost stole the show and would have had a good chance to make the finals, had it been eligible. This was Fr. George Wiskirchen's outfit from Notre Dame High School in Niles, Ill., a Chicago suburb.

The Melodons have long stood for the best in high school jazz, but never before has the good Father had such a talented crew. For the first time in my hearing, there were good soloists in the band. These included two big-toned trombonists, a good clarinet, and two excellent guitar players, Mark Madsen on rhythm, and Shayne Howell (son of trumpeter John Howell), solo. At one point, these two engaged in an exciting duet.

The band's material was, as usual, provocative and original—quite a step beyond many college bands. There were adaptations, mostly by John Redman and


Jim McNeely, of pieces from the Mothers of Invention, C.T.A. (Chicago), and Archie Shepp, and use of mellophoniums and psychedelic guitar effects for added color.

A hip little soul singer, Bob Green, added spice to the band's version of *Muddy Water*, and they did up *Old Beelzebub Blues*, one of the U. of Ill. No. 1 band's showpieces, in a manner that left little to be desired.

At one point, fellow judge Richard Abrams turned to me and said: "They must be midgets." Indeed, it seemed improbable that a mere high school band should be capable of producing such thoroughly enjoyable music . . . not just school music, impressive for such-and-such technical and/or educational reasons, but music.

Speaking of judges, the panel was a diversified one, but operated without dissent. Educator Leon Breeden, reedman Joe Farrell, arranger Ernie Wilkins, pianist-composer Richard Abrams of Chicago's AACM, and yours truly found little to disagree about. (It was a particular pleasure to serve with Abrams, who, in his first outing as a judge, showed enthusiasm, understanding, and a truly open mind.)

Individual winners included bassist Wayne Darling (best bassist and outstanding instrumentalist); saxophonists Louis Keel of Memphis State, Paul DeMarinis and Bill Hurd; trombonist Richie Orr, who also was voted best arranger; trumpeters Ken Sloane and Tony Neenan; flutist Tommy Lee; pianist Shelby Janes; guitarist Norm Zeller; drummers Warrick Carter, Pete



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Szujewski, and Bill Reiber (the latter of Towson State), and singers DeDe Garrett and Marilyn Walton.

Willis Conover did his usual expert job of emceeing and added the prestige of his presence to the event, and the sound system, installed and supervised by expert technicians from Electro-Voice and featuring some exceptionally sensitive new microphones, was near-perfect.

Perhaps most gratifying was the record attendance, most of it coming from the Notre Dame student body—which has not been the case in the past. It was good to see adequate local support for what has consistently been one of the best (and best-run) festivals of its kind in the country. The chairman this year was a lady, Ann Heinrichs, and she and her staff did a fine job.

—Dan Morgenstern

Robin Kenyatta

Further Explorations in African Contemporary Music
Village Vanguard, New York City, N.Y.

Personnel: Kenyatta, alto saxophone, flute, shekere; Stanley Cowell, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Ernest Xavier Smith, electric bass; Buck Clarke, congas, bongos, cowbells; Clifford Barbaro, drums.

The "new" element displayed at this concert was an experiment with rhythms other than those usually associated with either the mainstream of jazz or its offshoot, New Music/Jazz. And for Robin Kenyatta, who in many ways can be associated with the younger wave of "new-musicians", this was a departure from the free-form rhythms that characterize the "New Jazz".

Here, the emphasis was on a basic beat; unusual in that the beat was a fusion of Afro-Cuban-Latin rhythms, which provided the platform for the melodies and improvisations by Kenyatta and Cowell.

The format of most of the tunes performed was straight ahead: theme statement, then solos, while the rhythm section maintained its steady beat. Rhythmically, there was the absence of the free-melodic interplay of counterpoints/polyrhythms usually notable in African music. Instead, the drummers played slight variations well within the beat, and the rhythmic emphasis was on drum-sound textures . . . trap drums, congas, Moroccan bongos, shakers, cowbells. The most interesting rhythmic element within the rhythm section was the blend of Fender and acoustic bass, and in the playing of Smith (formerly with Jackie Wilson and the Isley Brothers) and Williams there was an empathy that pulsed the rhythm section. As a unit, the rhythm section displayed a remarkable sense of dynamics.

Kenyatta has a full alto tone, and for this concert, his solos on alto and flute were within blues lines and pentatonic scales. On some of the tunes, the blend of horn and rhythm section achieved Eastern flavors. Cowell displayed more than competence, and his mature taste and confidence as a soloist confirm that he is one of the better young and new pianists in jazz.

A vocal by Smith, soul-style and laced with "sock it to me's", provided an entertaining departure from the overall Afro-Cuban-Latin-mood of the concert. Pleasant music.

—Tam Fiofori

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Jeremy Steig's "Superbaby" Solo Transcribed by David Baker

Transcribed from *Jeremy and the Satyrs* (Reprise RS 6282). Written by Warren Bernhardt.

About The Solo:

1. Blues in F (Flute is in Concert Key).
2. Three choruses. (Each soloist actually overlaps the preceding soloist for one chorus paraphrasing the theme. These 12-measure segments have not been included in the transcription.)
3. Written range: F above middle C to G two octaves and a second above.
4. Special effects: extensive use of double time (B) 3, 6-12. (C) 3-12. Harmonic double stop (sounding two notes simultaneously, glissandi) (B) 8. Effect produced by singing and playing at the same time (C) 3.
5. Odd metric groups and the attendant feeling of suspended time (C) 7-9.
6. Humorous quote (C) 3.
7. Quote from the tune itself (A) 11-12.
8. Skillful use of the diminished scale (C) 5-6.
9. Pervasive use of the blues scale.
10. Examples of motivic development: pickups to letter (A)—developed (A) 2-3-4 (A) 8-9. Letter (C) motive in measure one (1) shifts placement in measure two (2).
11. Rhythmic variety and vitality.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

Campus Ad Lib: Texas jazz groups won top honors at the recent fourth annual Little Rock (Ark.) Jazz Festival. The big band winner was the Swingin' Axes from Stephen F. Austin State University (Nacogdoches, Tex.), led by Darrell Holt. Combo division winner was the Jazz Octet of Sam Houston State University (Huntsville, Tex.), led by Robert Morgan. Receiving \$200 scholarships to the Berklee College of Music were trumpeter Randy Holmes, Univ. of Missouri (Columbia); trumpeter Benjamin Jones, Arkansas A.M.&N. (Pine Bluff); reedman-arranger Gary Topper, Memphis Central High School; and drummer Craig Herman, Sam Houston State Univ. Honorable mention went to bass trombonist Bob Hearst, Henderson State College (Ark.); and pianist Don Kinnison and bassist Jim Hackman, Univ. of Missouri. The Saturday night finalists included big bands from Memphis State Univ. (Jim Simmons, director); and the Univ. of Missouri (Tom Senff, director). The other combo finalist was the New Jazz Sextet from the Univ. of Missouri (R. G. Holmes, director). Other participants included the Lorenzo Smith Quartet and the Jazz Lab Band from Arkansas A.M.&N. (George Galbreath, director); and the Henderson State College Lab Band (Wendell Evanson, director). Judges were Russ Benjamin, director of Instrument Music for Dallas, Tex.; Tom Ferguson, director of bands, Memphis State Univ.; Bill Scarlett, director of bands, Univ. of Tenn. (Knoxville); down beat publisher Charles Suber; and Phil Wilson of the Berklee College of Music. Wilson also performed as solo trombonist with the Univ. of Missouri band at the Saturday night concert and worked with Ferguson and Benjamin on clinic sessions for high school musicians on Friday . . . Trombonist Urbie Green was the featured trombone soloist at the recent annual Jefferson (Iowa) Jazz Festival. He performed with the local high school band, led by Jack Oattes, which had previously won top honors at the Univ. of Northern Iowa Stage Band Festival. Sixteen-year-old lead altoist Dick Oattes duetted quite capably with Green in two numbers. Fifteen high school jazz bands performed during the day with the judges choosing three finalists: Odeboldt-Arthur high school (Gary Slechta, director); S. E. Polk high school, (Ed Darlington, Jim Esklof, directors); and West Waterloo high school (Bob Shafer, director) . . . An April 25 Elk Grove High School Jazz Band Concert, *And All That Jazz* presented Univ. of Illinois Jazz Band lead altoist Howie Smith as guest soloist. Smith also directed an April 4

clinic session. Other Univ. of Illinois musicians (trumpeters Ken Ferrantino, Cecil Bridgewater; Smith, drummer Chnck Braugham) acted as clinicians on Feb. 3 and Mar. 19 jazz workshop sessions which included full band rehearsals, sectionals, and improvisation workshops. Tentative future plans include special summer music courses, with credit, on improvisation, arranging, and jazz lab band, with instructor Len W. King . . . Winners in the annual Festival of Jazz competition at Mundelein (Ill.) High School Mar. 21 were: AA, Proviso East #1; A, Warren Township high school. Trombonist Warren Covington, former leader of the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, acted as clinician.

Following are additional listings to *Guide To Summer Jazz Clinics, Camps, and Schools* (db, April 30, 1970). Abbreviations legend: Dir: director. F: faculty. Curr: curriculum. bb: big band. se: small ensemble. im: improvisation. th: theory, ar: arranging. CCH: course credit hours.

DELAWARE: Wilmington, 19803; City Jazz Workshop, Dept. of Parks & Recreation, June 22-Aug. 28. Dir: Hal Schiff. F: unk. Curr: bb/8, se/8, im/4 th/4, ar/4, materials/2. CCH: unk.

Wilmington, 19803; Wilmington Music School Jazz Workshop, Aug. 7-21. Dir: Hal Schiff. F: unk. Curr: bb/12, se/12. im/4, th/5, ar/5, materials/2. CCH: unk.

ILLINOIS: Charleston, 61920; Eastern Stage Band Camp, School of Music, Eastern Illinois Univ.; July 12-19. Dir: Peter M. Vivona. F: Jamey Aebersold, Ladd McIntosh, Vivona. Curr: bb/15, se/8, im/10, ar/5, th/5. CCH: none.

NEVADA: Las Vegas, 87701; Highlands Music Camp, Highlands, Univ.; June 7-13. Dir: Champ B. Tyrone. F: Clark Pontsler. Curr: bb/6. CCH: 2 quarter hrs.

RHODE ISLAND: Kingston, 02881; Rhode Island Music Educators Assoc. Music Camp, Univ. of Rhode Island; July 26-Aug. 7. Dir: Joseph Herne. F: unk. Curr: bb/7, th/5, ar/5, se/unk, conducting. CCH: unk.

TEXAS: Austin, 78712; Univ. of Texas, Austin, Dept. of Music; June 1-July 17 and July 20-31. Dir: Dr. Dick Goodwin; F: Goodwin. Curr: bb/½ pop/rock graduate seminar/4. CCH: bb/1, seminar/2.

AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

of April . . . Slugs' had Elvin Jones and his group the week of Mar. 17. Starting Mar. 24, the Hank Mobley-Jimmy Heath group did a week, followed by the Charles Mingus Quintet. Sun Ra continued his Monday night sessions at Slugs' . . . The Village Gate had Junior Mance upstairs. Chico Hamilton's group moved in downstairs Mar. 31, and Herbie Mann's Quartet did the weekend of Apr. 3 . . . Uncle John's Straw Hat had Budd Johnson's Jazz Giants Mar. 29. With the saxophonist were Ray Nance, Earl Warren, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Oliver Jackson. On Apr. 5, tenorist Julian Dash's Quintet featuring trombonist Dickie Harris did Uncle John's, again with Pierce, Ramey and Jackson. Cyril Haynes played

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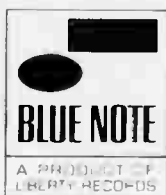
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intermission piano . . . **Thelonious Monk** is feeling much better after a self-imposed rest following near-pneumonia and overwork . . . Singer **Leon Thomas** lectured in Brooklyn Mar. 22 at an education seminar held by the Afro-American Teachers Association . . . **Eddie Gale** and his **Ghetto Music Ensemble** did a free jazz concert at MUSE in Brooklyn Mar. 19. Gale was also at Brooklyn's The East, Mar. 27-28. Appearing at the same spot the weekend of Apr. 3 was **Sonny Sharrock's** new group, making its debut. With the guitarist were **Teddy Daniel**, trumpet; **Norris Jones**, bass, and **Milford Graves**, percussion . . . Port of Call East had **Grachan Moncur III's** group Easter weekend, with **Dave Burrell**, piano; **Mickey Bass**, bass; **Beaver Harris**, drums, and **Selwyn Lissack**, congas . . . **George Shearing** opened at Plaza 9 for three weeks Apr. 17 . . . **Howard McGhee's** band did the Easter Sunday Jazz *Vespers* at St. Peter's Lutheran Church . . . **Vibist Karl Berger** gave a concert of his original compositions Mar. 31 at NYU's Loeb Student Center. With Berger were **Carlos Ward**, alto saxophone, flute; **Bill Wood**, bass, and **J. C. Moses**, drums. **Ingrid Berger** did "abstract vocals" . . . **Warren Chiasson's** Monday night sessions at the Signs of the Zodiac at Broadway at 136th St. have been blockbusters. With the vibist are his regular drummer, **Sonny Brown**, and visiting guests. The latter have included **Atila Zoller** and **Cecil McBee** (Mar. 23); **Ron Carter** and **Sam Rivers** (Mar. 30); **Lee Konitz** and **Larry Ridley** (Apr. 6). Chiasson also did a concert at Ramapo High School in Spring Valley, N.Y. in late March, using **Brown** and **Art Davis**, bass . . . **Sy Oliver** made his first public appearance as a bandleader in many a moon, opening with a new nine-man aggregation at the Club Downbeat Apr. 3. With the arranger were **Harold Johnson**, trumpet; **Britt Woodman**, **Candy Ross**, trombones; **George Dorsey**, alto; **Bobby Jones**, tenor; **Cliff Small**, piano; **Leonard Gaskin**, bass, and **Bob Pike**, drums. **Buddy Smith** was the vocalist.

Los Angeles: A veritable who's who of veteran jazz musicians, now known as writers rather than players, shook the cobwebs from their chops and formed a band for the Grammy Awards dinner at the Century Plaza. **Bill Cosby**, the emcee, generously remarked that "the cripples had their fingers vulcanized for the occasion." They included **Ray Coniff**, **Don Costa**, **Frank DeVol**, **Sid Feller**, **Earle Hagen**, **Quincy Jones**, **Johnny Mandel**, **Henry Mancini**, **Pete Rugolo**, **Irving Townsend**, **Pat Williams**, and **Cosby** himself. Mancini conducted . . . More nostalgia: a one-nighter filled the Hollywood Palladium when **Tex Beneke** led a *Salute to Glenn Miller* on the 25th anniversary of the bandleader's death. Among members of the original and post-war Miller bands on hand were **Graham Young**, trumpet; **Paul Tanner**, **Bob Pring**, **Jim Priddy**, trombones (Priddy playing Miller's trombone); **Gene Cipriano**, **Musky Ruffo**, **Wilbur Schwartz**, reeds; **Rolly Bundock**, bass; **Jack Sperling**, drums. Rounding out the

band were **Don Rader**, **John Hohmann**, trumpets; **Jack Laubach**, **Bob Lawson**, reeds; **John Banister**, piano. Sight and Sound Productions are toying with the idea of repeating the salute in other cities . . . Attractions for the spring jazz festival at the Pilgrimage Theater starting April 26 lined up as follows: **Louis Bellson** and his band, with **Doc Severinsen** as featured soloist in Bellson's jazz ballet; May 3: **Roger Kellaway**; May 10: **Bobby Bryant** and his band; May 17: **Kellie Greene** and her ensemble; May 24: **Bill Plummer** and the **Cosmic Brotherhood**; May 31: **J. J. Wiggins Trio** plus **Don Cunningham Quartet**; June 7: **Craig Hundley Quartet**; **Ray Brown Quintet**; June 14: **Dee Barton** and his band; June 21: the **Jazz Crusaders**; June 28: **Don Ellis** and his band. The concerts are held on Sunday afternoons in an outdoor amphitheater, with no admission charge, and are sponsored by various Los Angeles County agencies and AFM local 47 . . . **Roy Ayers** followed **Les McCann** into the Lighthouse. McCann, incidentally, has lost 120 pounds and attributes his successful dieting to "a bunch of people on personal growth." . . . **Gene Russell** continues at **Ernie's** in Hollywood on weekends. **Larry Gales**, who recently left **Erroll Garner**, replaced **Leroy Vinnegar** on bass; **Harold Pitts** is on drums; **Fran Carole** does the vocals. Recently sitting in on flute and piccolo was **George Johnston** . . . **Kenny (Pancho) Hagood** continues to preside over the huge piano bar at the Stock Yard Steak House. Sitting in with great regularity: pianist **Jimmy Bunn**. On Sundays and Mondays, **Bunn** and drummer **Bill Jackson** work at the Hyatt House in the City of Commerce, and **Bunn** also sat in at **Redd Foxx's** for **Les McCann** . . . **Clare Fischer's** big band (19 pieces) seems to be getting bigger, especially around the leader. For his most recent appearance at **Donte's** Fischer played piano, **Fender Rhodes** piano, soprano and alto saxes, and his newest interest: a Yamaha combo organ. At the Ash Grove, **Bessie Jones** and the **Georgia Sea Island Singers** were followed by **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** . . . **Ike and Tina Turner** and their revue were set for the Anaheim convention Center April 24, and at Fresno Center, April 25 . . . **B. B. King** will be at the Checkmate Inn, Palo Alto, May 27-28 . . . **Lionel Hampton** is scheduled to play Disneyland May 28-30 . . . **Don Ellis** worked the Lido Room for a one-nighter, and two Sundays later **Count Basie** came in for one . . . **John Klemmer** has been keeping busy: three one-nighters at the Lido Room; two at the Surf Rider; and the campus route—Cal State, Ventura College, and Los Angeles High School . . . **Edgar Hayes**, the veteran pianist and former band leader, is now at the Cast 'N Cleaver in Riverside . . . **Young J. J. Wiggins** and his trio played the Kappa House for a Sunday matinee gig. His former "boss," **Craig Hundley**, will be at UCLA May 5 for a concert . . . The lineup at Mr. Woodley's includes the **Lorenzo Holden Trio** (Wednesday through Sunday) and **Jimmy Hamilton** (Sunday through Tuesday) . . . **Gene Harris** and the **Three Sounds** continue at the It Club, with the **Ernie Scott Trio** on hand for Saturday

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and Sunday matinees . . . Bruce Cloud has become a permanent fixture (over four months now) at the Club Libra, and Little Esther Phillips seems on the way to become the same at the Pied Piper, where she is backed by Ike Isaacs' Trio. She was featured in an Easter Sunday special on the local Metromedia station, Channel 11: Greg Dykes' jazz cantata *The Prince of Peace*, performed by members of the Synanon Foundation in Santa Monica . . . Carmen McRae headlined at the Troubadour, backed by a pianoless trio of Al Gafa, guitar; Chuck Domanico, bass; Frank Severino, drums. Sharing the stage: the Fourth Way (Mike White, violin; Mike Nock, piano; newcomer Kenny Jenkins, bass; Eddie Marshall, drums) . . . Organist-vocalist Chuck Rowan was the opening act at the new Chalon Manchester . . . The most recent meeting of the Los Angeles Bass Club was sprinkled with jazz names: Monte Budwig, Lou Kabok and Wolfgang Melz. Vic Mio was appointed treasurer of the organization . . . Pianist Dick Horn and his trio (Bruce Wallace, bass; Bill Elgart, drums) backed tenorman John Gross, who sat in with them at the Sneak Inn in Hollywood . . . Sonny Criss, no longer signed with Prestige, is looking for another record affiliation . . . The Sound of Feeling just completed its second semi-documentary film for the U.S. Information Agency. It deals with the life of a Lebanese musician in the U.S.—S.F. leader Gary David is from Lebanon . . . Quincy Jones is scoring yet another Sidney Poitier film: *They Call Me MISTER Tibbs!*; a sequel to *In the Heat of the Night*.

Chicago: Duke Ellington was in town for two one-nighters Mar. 25-26, just in time for the unwelcome Easter week blizzard that dumped a foot of snow on Chicago. Bassist Joe Benjamin was stranded in New York, and Rufus Reid subbed. Drummer Rufus Jones did make it, but Marshall Thompson, who was standing by, got to play conga drums with the band. The trumpet section was down to three (Willie Cook got married and settled in Texas) but the reeds were six men strong (Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Norris Turney, alto; Harold Ashby, Paul Gonsalves, tenor; Harry Carney, baritone), with Turney contributing some fine flute work as well as tripling alto, tenor, and clarinet. On the first night, at the High Chaparral, 7740 S. Stony Island, Gonsalves was in spectacular form. The second gig found the Ellingtonians at the Frontier Lodge supper club in Elgin . . . Trumpeter Warren Kime's big band has been packin' them in at the Wise Fools on Monday nights. The band, which emphasizes brass, includes some of the Windy City's top musicians, to wit: John Howell, Bobby Lewis, Bob Ojeda, Art Hoyle, Oscar Brashear, trumpets; Lauren Binford, Bill Porter, Ralph Craig, Gary Smeltekop, trombones; Art Lauer, reeds; Bob Roberts, guitar; Jim Atlas, bass; Dick Borden, Norm Christian, percussion; Donna Kime, Joanne Judson, voice . . . Muddy Waters made his first public appearance since his October auto accident Mar. 27 at the Bad Sign, a new N.

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Wells St. club. Waters did a short set and gave way to a local group . . . Bluesmen Albert King and Stanley Moss perform on one of the Five Stages (2451 N. Kedzie ave.) on Fridays while Willie Dixon and Joe Kelly's Blues Band are among the Saturday attractions . . . Mel Torme, seen recently on the *Carol Burnett Show*, did a three-week stint at the Lake Geneva (Wis.) Playboy Club. The house band backing Torme includes Chicagoans Billy Usselson (the longtime Les Brown tenorist), and Bill Porter, trombone . . . James Moody was the featured attraction at Joe Segal's Easter Sunday *Modern Jazz Showcase* at the North Park Hotel. Pianist Eddie Higgins also did a set, utilizing acoustic piano, Fender piano, and clavinet, backed by bassist Richard Evans and drummer Bobby Jones. Moody also taped a 30-minute show for WTTW, the local educational TV station, backed by Stu Katz, piano; Richard Evans, and Marshall Thompson . . . De De Turner's soul quintet continues at the Web, 2150 Lincoln Park West . . . Trombonist Georg Brunis did an April 5 session at the Edge Lounge, 7649 N. Paulina St. . . *Blues Everyday*, a half-hour show featuring Carey Bell's Blues Harps, was aired on WTTW's *Chicago Festival* show April 7. Bell, who plays harmonica and sings, was backed by guitarists Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins and Eddie Taylor, bassist Joe Harper, and drummer Bob Richey. . . Recent local rock concerts: Joe Cocker, The Grease Band, and Three Dog Night at the Auditorium, and Steppenwolf at the Civic Opera House.

Detroit: With several April concerts looming on the horizon, Detroit's spring jazz scene readies its lion-like entrance . . . Following Jimmy Smith's act at Baker's Keyboard Lounge were the dynamic horns of Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons for 10 hard-blowing days . . . The Contemporary Jazz Quintet (Charles Moore, trumpet; Leon Henderson, tenor; Kenny Cox, piano; Ron Brooks, bass; Danny Spencer, drums) again performed to a full house at Oberlin. The Quintet was joined by Robert Moore in his interpretation of Ameer Baraka's *Blues People*. The concert also featured the Student Contemporary Chamber Ensemble and Choral Ensemble . . . The Iris Bell Trio continues at the Rubaiyat in Ann Arbor, while Don Gillis' group (Bud Spangler, drums; Ted Harley, bass; Maryann, vocals) lays it on at the Sheridan Motor Inn . . . Detroit's newest joint of sound is the Chateau. Drummer Hindal Butts' Sounds of Music (Gordon Camp, trumpet; Donald Walden, tenor; James Cox, piano; Dedrick Glover, bass) is the present house band . . . The Blue Bird swings with John Hair's Quintet (Joe Thurman, tenor; Boo Boo Turner, piano; Robert Allen, bass; James Youngblood, drums) . . . Harpist Dorothy Ashby, fresh from theatrical successes, keeps the Cafe Gourmet in a happy, lyrical state . . . Focus Novi moved into the Repertory theatre for a weekend concert . . . The El Sol, another jazz joint in Detroit, has no regular featured attraction, but is visited by such fine musicians as Charles Miles

(flute, piano, timbales); Clyde Savage (trumpet); Jim Stephenson (tenor); John Mayham (piano); Jim Vojeck (bass); Jorge Pardo (conga, bongos); George Franks (timbales), and Manuel Berberian (bass) . . . D.J. Bud Spangler (WDET/101.9) has fashioned a new show, *For Musicians Only*, heard every Saturday 'round midnight . . . Toby Steel and Harrison Crabfeather are now doing their "thang" at Nancy's Sooner or Later . . . Bill McLarney, former down beat Detroit correspondent for so long responsible for chronicling jazz happenings in this area, is now sequestered in sunny California.

Boston: The Boston *Globe Jazz Festival*, a George Wein production, featured a card heavy with names. Sarah Vaughan, Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, Erroll Garner, Buddy Rich and B. B. King shared the stage at the John B. Hynes Memorial Auditorium. Though well attended and much enjoyed, the two-night event raised questions locally regarding the effectiveness of big-house performances . . . Meanwhile, Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike continues to look golden, proving again and again that the club is still the best home for jazz. Lennie, the lion of local impresarios, has recently hosted Turley Richards, appearing with Shelley Berman; Mose Allison and The Good News; Young-Holt Unlimited; The Staple Singers, and Peter Nero. Critically and popularly successful at Lennie's recently was the Jimmy Moshier-Paul Fontaine Big Band, manned by trumpets Larry Pyatt, Danny Hayes, Danny Nolan, and Fontaine; trombones Jack Stock and Richie Orr; saxophones Butch Ellen, Mosher, and Jimmy Derba, with John Ferrar at the piano, Al Reed on bass, and Peter Donald on drums . . . Controversy raged locally around the Jazz Workshop appearance of Pharoah Sanders' Sound-Sense Orchestra. The avant garde tenor saxophonist has both supporters and detractors among Hub musicians and fans. Sanders' quintet also staged a *Jazz for a Sunday Afternoon* performance at the Old West Church, which continues to offer jazz services every Sunday night, generally the Mark Harvey Quintet featured as chancel band. The Phil Wilson Quintet has also appeared at the church . . . Winning unanimous raves, Miles Davis, in his Jazz Workshop appearance, left local musicians grooving. Other Workshop features lately have been the Ann Loring Quartet, Gene Ammons, Jimmy McGriff, and James Cotton . . . At Paul's Mall recent visitors have included Don Covay, the singer and composer, with the Jefferson Lemon Blues Band and the Everly Brothers, and The Ionious Monk . . . Eric Clapton appeared at the Boston Tea Party for a stunning get-together with his new partners, Delaney and Bonnie. Some mid-show jamming saw Clapton and Peter Green of Fleetwood Mac playing with Danny Kirwan and Dale Peters . . . The Boston Tea Party recently took over the premises of the short-lived Ark in the shadow of Fenway Park. At the old Party site, a new club the blues-based Berkley, opened the first night of spring with guitarist Bud Guy and Big Mama Thornton . . .

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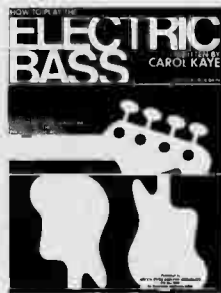
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Staid old Symphony Hall warmed to a Nina Simone evening and a concert by a new group, the **Boston Rock Symphony**, whose 70-odd members, drawn from the Hub's music schools, work under the direction of composer **Michael Lukman** and conductor **Douglas Forbes** . . . New Hampshire pianist **Tom Gallant** (incorrectly dubbed Leonard in this column's last report) presented a jazz festival at the Rockingham Ballroom at Newfields, N.H., offering **Don Doane's** Big Band and other New England luminaries . . . **Buddy Rich** continues to turn students from **Larry Berk's** Boston classrooms. **Berklee** men **Tony Lada**, **Larry Fisher** and **Rick Stepton** now make up **Buddy's** trombone section; **Joe Giorgiani** has joined the band's trumpets, and bassist **Paul Kondzeila** and pianist **John Ferrar** have done interim work with **Buddy** in recent weeks. **Kondzeila** returned to **Berklee** after a stint with **Duke Ellington** . . . **Herb Pomeroy**, **Lennie Johnson**, **Kingsley Swan**, **Abe Laboriel** and **Gene Roma** are among local jazz men playing in the pit for the well-received local edition of *Hair*. **Johnson** has also been heard locally with **Andy McGhee**, **Ray Santisi** and **Tony Texeira** in the Visiting Jazz Artists program at the University of Massachusetts.

Philadelphia: Trombonist **Al Grey** and his little combo, featuring **Elmer Gibson**, piano and fluegelhorn; **Benny Nelson**, bass; and **Bobby Durham** on drums, seems to offer the only steady six-night-a-week jazz policy in the area. They are a feature at the plush First Nighter supper club in center city Philadelphia. A steady flow of musicians, vocalists, and celebrities seems to be finding its way here. Occasionally, **Grey** takes the group out for a night or two as he did recently when he joined his old partner, **Billy Mitchell**, for an engagement in Ohio. He also leaves **Durham** in charge for a first set now and then when he takes a society date with the **Jackie Gold Orchestra** . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** and the **Mose Allison Trio** were presented by the Philadelphia Jazz Society at Town Hall, following closely upon a concert featuring **Yusef Lateef** with **Barry Harris**, the **McCoy Tyner Quartet**, and the **Metronomes** with the **Eddie Green Trio**. The society has also scheduled concerts by **Pharoah Sanders** and **Nina Simone**. The **MJQ** and **Allison** drew a good crowd. **Allison** arrived with bassist **Wilbur Little** and drummer **Paul Motian**, one of the strongest groups he has led in this area . . . The Jazz at Home Club held an awards dinner at **Gus Lacey's** newly decorated West Philadelphia nightery for **Donald Byrd** and **Benny Powell**. A number of folks turned out to fill the room to capacity. Later that evening, **Powell** gave the First Nighter patrons a treat when he borrowed **Al Grey's** trombone for a set . . . Bandleader **Billy Duke** has opened a night spot in **Maple Shade, N.J.** on route 73 . . . **Capriotti's**, in **Mt. Ephraim, N. J.** slated bookings for the big bands of **Harry James** (Apr. 21) and **Guy Lombardo** (May 21) . . . The 5100 Restaurant on City Line Avenue was set to follow a sensational week by **Buddy Rich** and

his band with a one-nighter by **Woody Herman** . . . A **Count Basie** engagement in **Wayne, Pa.** was a well-kept secret. Saxophonist **Danny Turner** returned to town after a pleasant month with the **Basie** band . . . **Pearl Bailey** and **Cab Calloway** packed capacity houses at the **Forrest Theater** with *Hello Dolly* for an extended stay . . . **Evelyn Simms** had **Sam Dockery**, **John Lamb** and **Andy Boyd** slated for her opening at the **Windjammer Room** in the **Marriott Motor Lodge** as a last-minute replacement when the **Gerald Price Trio** was unable to be on hand due to a booking mixup . . . **Melba Liston** has spent quite a bit of time readying the **Metronomes** for a record date here, and has written a number of new arrangements for the vocal group . . . Vocalist **Betty Carter** was promised for an area booking soon. She has a new LP out on the **Bush** label . . . **Dan Jones** will be playing his amplified bassoon at the **Electric Factory**. **UMOJA**, a local black community group, was slated to present **Jones** and a number of other artists in a fund-raising drive at the **Factory** . . . **Harry (Skeets) Marsh**, musical director of the *Black Book* TV Show on **WFIL-TV**, is battling to retain his job as Vice-President of **AFM Local #274**. Recently elected to the office, **Marsh** had been quite vocal in his dissatisfaction with many things in Philadelphia's predominantly black local. The local's recent election was unusual in that it found **Jimmy Adams** re-elected President, beating out trumpeter **Charles Chisholme**, while **Chisholme's** running mate, **Marsh**, beat out **Adams's** running mate, **Herman McCoy**, for vice-president. A number of the local's members have voiced a dissatisfaction over the fact that much of the local's property, including a building on **South Broad Street** and a club liquor license, seem to have been transferred to the **Clef Club**, which now leases offices to the local. **Adams** claims that the move took place in order to keep the property from being lost to the membership in the event of a forced merger with **Local #77**, the area's predominantly white local.

Baltimore: "Overwhelming," "powerhouse," "outstanding," were some of the phrases the judges used to describe **Hank Levy's Towson State Jazz Ensemble**, which they picked as one of the top three bands at the **Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival**. Trumpeter **Tony Neenan** and Drummer **Bill Reiber** received plaques. This is **Levy's** third year at **Towson State**; his next target is the **Quinnipiac** festival **Hampden, Conn.** . . . Organist **Greg Hatza**, with guitarist **Earl Wilson** and drummer **Bunny Cox**, has started playing weekends at the **Red Door, St. Paul** and **25th streets**. On Wednesdays, **Hatza** and **Wilson** play at **Lenny Moore's**, where the weekend attraction is the **Billy Anderson** group . . . Tenor saxophonist **Mickey Fields** has been playing weekends at **Henry Baker's Peyton Place** . . . **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, the **360 Degree Musical Experience**, **Kenny Burrell**, **Lionel Hampton** and **Art Blakey** played successive Sunday concerts in **March** for the **Left Bank Jazz Society**.

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