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OCTOBER 29, 1970

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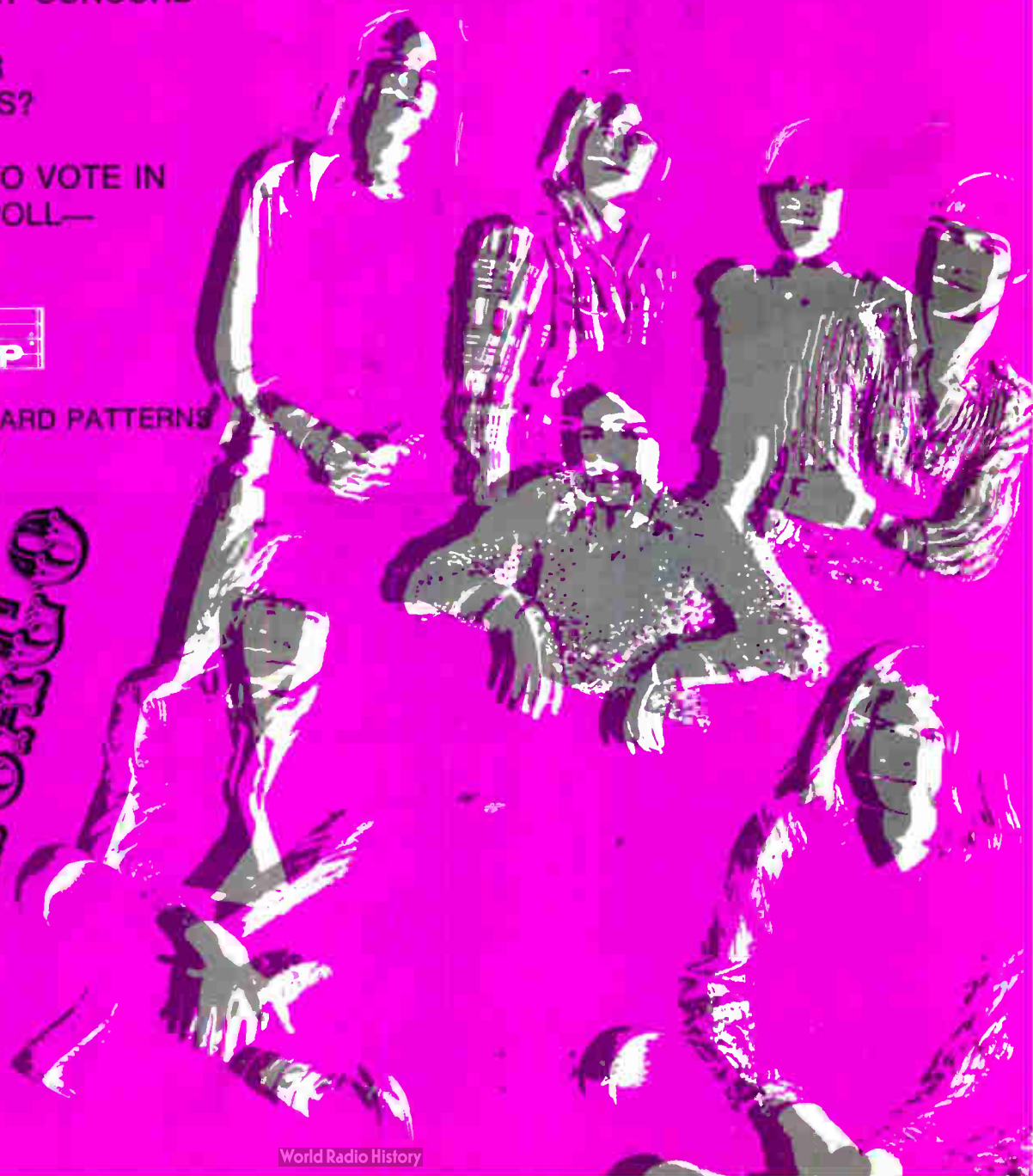
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

IT IS NOT JUST happenstance that the Chicago group is featured in this issue as well as coverage of the Concord (Cal.) festival, plus Leonard Feather's article on the darkening clouds gathering over rock festivals and what they (purport to) represent. Chicago (the group, not the city) represents to us some of the best and exciting new music around without the pretensions and extra-musical hype so prevalent in most rock groups and promotions.

It should be obvious to the readers of *Down Beat* that the success of Concord and Monterey this year, and Newport as well, is related to the values of jazz, values that are rooted in talent, sensitivity, and musicianship. It is becoming obvious to the "rock culture" spokesmen that all is not well and that their dream is just that, a myth largely created by wishful thinking and commercial imperative. A serious and significant example of this rethinking is in a new book released this fall, *Altamont: Death of Innocence In The Woodstock Nation*, Introduced and Edited by Jonathan Eisen (Avon, paperback, \$1.25). Eisen, in his brilliant introduction, gets right to the meat.

"... I think that much of the hip movement in America today is largely an egotistical trip, fed by the music industry and glorified by its own ideology, with an acrid strain of selfishness. It hurts a little to write this, for I am writing about myself and my friends, my people. I'm concerned about our pretentiousness, the disparity between our rhetoric and our values as we enact them, our acceptance of the violence we do, and the violence that is done to us on a day to day basis..."

"I am upset by our hypocrisy and our willingness to consume products we know will keep us hung up and prevent us from coming to terms with what consumption is all about in this society. I am sad as well because of what I have been led to think of as our movement has in large measure been illusory, a creation of the media fed by and heightened by our yearning for something real in this plastic society, something that offered more than a measure of hope on a large scale for this country... *Altamont* was nothing in itself. It was not very special except to make people realize how similar we all are to the society we have no choice but to abhor."

Andy Gordon, a graduate student in English at the Univ. of California (Berkeley), carries the book's message further. "Perhaps now, after *Altamont*, we can look on Woodstock as the beginning of the decline and fall. In any case, it serves to crystallize certain images... The crowd at Woodstock was not necessarily aware of the consequences of what they were doing at the time; they were just doing what came naturally. A lot more people showed up than anyone expected, and they unintentionally proved something which was simply that an alternative life style *worked*, that we could survive on our own terms, democratically en masse (for three days, anyway), survive without a program and without killing one another off..."

"It took only four months to go from Woodstock to *Altamont*; only four months to sell out a myth. The myths become

/Continued on page 42



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October 29, 1970

Vol. 37, No. 21

down beat

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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).

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



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

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

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Lament

Blues enthusiasts the world over, still saddened by the loss of Otis Spann, now mourn the untimely death of Alan Wilson, Canned Heat's brilliant guitarist-harpist. To those of us who were lucky enough to be touched by the passionate joy of Alan's music, this is an uncommonly severe blow.

It is hoped that his talent will not go unacknowledged. Alan's harp playing was a sheer delight; his mastery of the instrument in every respect was undeniable. One of the best bottleneck guitarists, his finger style work on electric guitar kept many musicians in awe. His was a talent worthy of anyone's Blues Hall of Fame.

Despite the fact that his life was painfully short, perhaps we should not be saddened; rather we should be thankful that we are permitted to witness the magnificence of musicians such as Alan Wilson.

James Roman

Pemberton, N.J.

Prescription

Grant Lockhart (*Chords and Discords*, July 23) seems to be a somewhat frustrated interrogator and needs straightening out on several points regarding Duke Ellington's Australian tour.

This is not a jazz-starved continent as our local scene is strong. We have access to first class recordings and as well as enjoying the privilege of seeing and hearing Ellington, we have enjoyed visits by George Shearing, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Eddie Condon, Dizzy Gillespie, Louis Armstrong and Krupa to name but a few.

The Melbourne crowd cheered a wonderful orchestra and leader whose talent is nothing short of amazing. For Lockhart to refer disparagingly to Cat Anderson and to also refer childishly to an imaginary banjo solo is nothing short of ridiculous. We would be a poor bunch of jazz fans if we took exception to Tony Watkins, whose presence was no doubt enjoyed by followers of this idiom, and we would indeed be insular to seek the exclusion of this type of entertainment.

In short, Lockhart could not be more incorrect in his deductions or observations and if it is of any help he has my sympathy. Every person who was privileged to see and hear this wonderful orchestra still has a memory fresh in his or her mind, so with apologies to Eddie Condon, I would prescribe for Lockhart the juice of two quarts of whiskey as he must have been suffering from a first class hangover to write such drivel.

J. W. Allan

Melbourne, Australia

Kudos

I have been reading your magazine now for years, but just lately did I subscribe.

Your article on Jethro Tull (db, June 25), and the issue on "the blues men" (db, Aug. 6) were fabulous. Then you struck again with the Miles Davis article (db, Sept. 3). Excellent!

Also, I want thank you so much for the *New Products Report* (db, Sept. 3). I enjoy this addition very much—I had almost given up trying to find literature on the Acoustic Control line. That product is quite popular in the west but here in Washington, D.C. nobody has heard of it.

Once again, thanks for a very enjoyable magazine. Let's keep it together.

John Goepper

Arlington, Va.

Time For Tyner

I was disappointed to see that my favorite pianist, McCoy Tyner, was not listed in the results of the latest International Critics Poll (db, Aug. 20).

When will the critics wake up, listen, and give this man the credit he so truly deserves. Tyner has had a tremendous influence on many pianists on the contemporary scene. He is also an excellent composer and arranger.

He is a dedicated musician who believes in his music and is constantly developing and perfecting it without compromising to the hip shakers.

I would like to inform all the critics who voted that McCoy Tyner is alive, well, and producing beautiful music.

Donald P. Brown

Chicago, Ill.

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JIMI HENDRIX DIES; ROCK IDOL WAS 27

Jimi Hendrix, the famous rock guitarist and singer, died in London Sept. 18, apparently of an overdose of barbiturates. He was 27 years old.

Born James Marshall Hendrix in Seattle, Wash., Nov. 27, 1942, he quit high school at 16 to join the paratroopers. He learned to play guitar in the army, jamming with an r&b group near the base where he was stationed in Clarksdale, Miss.

He toured for two years as a member



of the Isley Brothers' backup band, and later worked and traveled with, among others, Little Richard, Joey Dee's Starlites, Ike and Tina Turner, and King Curtis.

Hendrix changed his professional name to Jimi James and was working in a Greenwich Village club with a newly-formed combo including John Hammond Jr., the Blue Flame, in September, 1966, when he was heard by Chazz Chandler, former bassist with the Animals, and the group's manager, Mike Jeffery, who asked him to come to London with them.

In England, once again as Jimi Hendrix, he formed his own group, the Experience, and its first record, *Hey Joe*, rose to No. 4 on the British pop charts. Soon thereafter, he won first place in the *Melody Maker* pop poll, and the group, with Noel Redding on bass and Mitch Mitchell on drums, established itself among the leading British rock combos.

When Hendrix, who had scuffled and suffered while on the road in the U.S., came home again in 1967, it was as a star. The mayor of Seattle presented him with a key to the city.

Hendrix' excitingly eclectic guitar playing, combining classic blues elements with psychedelic freak-out effects (he was one of the main popularizers of the fuzz box and the wa-wa pedal), and his dynamic

stage manner, highly erotic, charged with energy and featuring eccentric dress and hair style, made him one of the few black rock performers able to compete in popularity with the top white groups.

After a widely-acclaimed appearance at Woodstock, Hendrix disbanded the Experience and formed a new group with Buddy Miles on drums. It broke up during a benefit appearance in New York last January, when Hendrix threw down his guitar in the middle of a number, said "I can't get it together" and left the stage. It was later reported that he wanted to re-form the Experience.

Hendrix' repertoire emphasized his own songs but he also performed the music of Bob Dylan and others. His best known pieces include *Foxy Lady*, *Purple Haze*, and *Let Me Stand Next To Your Fire*. His extraordinary performance of the *Star Spangled Banner*, which closed the Woodstock festival, is preserved in the film of that event, along with a set that in retrospect was the zenith of his brief career.

VETERAN JAZZMEN DO THEIR THING IN HARLEM

The New Amsterdam Musical Association was founded in 1904 on 59th Street in New York City and incorporated in 1905. It now maintains comfortable quarters for its members on 107 West 130th Street where they gather to reminisce, play cards and rehearse. They also have baseball games in the backyard, but on Labor Day they had a jam session.

The famous trombonist and author Dickie Wells got together a group he calls the American Jazz Hounds which he claims swung like mad. His hometown friend Jo Jones dropped in, and Joe Carroll sang and broke up the crowd with his scatting. Julia Gardner also sang and played accordion. Wells claims she should be heard more. Other participants were Al Jarvis, organ; Ben Richardson, alto sax and clarinet; Happy Cauldwell, and William Pyatt, tenor saxophonists whom Wells describes as old and new singers respec-

Correction

In his review of the B. B. King and His Friends concert (db, Aug. 6, p. 30), Chris Albertson described the band accompanying singer Leon Thomas as "that of Pharoah Sanders" without the leader. Actually, the band was Thomas' own group (Neal Creque, piano; Jimmy Phillips, bass; Sherman Ferguson, drums; Richie (Pablo) Landrum, congas; Sonnie Morgan, percussion). Albertson's comments regarding record companies, contractual commitments, etc. were thus drawn from an erroneous premise and should be disregarded. We regret this mistake.

—Ed.

tively; Harry Holtz, president of the club, alternating with George Baker on Fender bass; Ike Davis on guitar, and drummers Tommy Benford, Herbie Cowans and Rip Harwood, who are said to have really swung.

The club hopes to put on these jam sessions on a regular basis so the people in Harlem will have another place to go and hear music.

DELLA REESE INJURED IN FREAK ACCIDENT

That irresistible force, Della Reese, met an immovable object, a plate glass window in her suburban Los Angeles home Sept. 8, and while the potential for disaster was there, luck was on the singer's side. She had finished a nocturnal swim session in her newly-purchased Bel Aire home (part of the pool is inside the house) and was playing with her 10-year-old daughter "Dumpsey." Della slipped on the wet tiles and fell through the plate glass, shielding her face with her hand. She was rushed to UCLA Medical Center where she was placed in intensive care.

Her manager, Lee Magid, reported that Della was spared facial cuts. He also quoted UCLA doctors as saying Della "has a great spirit." She was released one week later, and is presently recuperating at home.

POTPOURRI

Charles Mingus left New York in early October for a European tour, his first in several years, with trumpeter Eddie Preston, alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, tenor saxophonist Bobby Jones, pianist Jaki Byard, and drummer Danny Richmond. Except for Jones, the musicians are Mingus veterans.

Bobby Hackett spent ten relaxing summer weeks at the Margate in Leconia, N.H., leading a quintet of Don Doane, trombone (alternating with Phil Wilson); Chuck Foldes, piano; Al Doane, bass, and Jackie Williams, drums. Following a concert with Ray Arthur's big band at Revere Beach near Boston, Hackett gave a Sept. 25 concert at Wellesley College with saxophonist Budd Johnson, Don Doane, Foldes, bassist Jack Lesberg, and drummer Oliver Jackson, and then headed for Hyannis on Cape Cod, where he began a month's stay at the Holiday Inn with Ronnie Bill's house band Sept. 27.

Tenorist-soprano saxist Steve Marcus rejoined the Woody Herman Herd Oct. 1 (his third stint with the band) just in time for a 19-day tour of the Far East. Recent additions to the Herd also include baritone



NOSTALGIA FOR SALE— PART I

Bystander

by MARTIN WILLIAMS

THERE'S THIS PROJECT called *The Swing Era*, put out by Time-Life Records. If you haven't heard of it, you must have spent some time on a desert island lately. The idea is to re-record the music of the '30s, mostly big band stuff. Or rather to re-create it, in full, living, vital high fidelity and stereo, using specially assembled studio groups. Re-record it. Re-create it. But mostly the idea is to sell it, of course. In several volumes.

On the face of it, I can't imagine a worse idea, musically speaking. But after all, it's just some big American business called Time, Inc. huckstering nostalgia to the tired business man now in his middle age. So why bother with it?

Well, we bother with it because the music is much more than nostalgia. It was and is a cultural phenomenon of considerable importance. It was and is the lives of a number of men, some of them hacks, some of them opportunists, some honest craftsmen, some good entertainers, and some talented musicians, and some of them creative artists. And the music of the '30s is the music of a time when the black man's art swept over this country—as, indeed it had swept

over it often before, and has since. It is therefore a music not to be treated lightly—and a subject which, it seems to me, a white man *dare* not treat lightly in the 1970s.

The *Swing Era* project has been pretty heavily advertised, as I indicated. And then along comes Albert Goldman in an issue of *Life*, puffing it in one of the magazine's front-of-the-book "critical" columns. Well, I suppose if you are going to indulge in that sort of self-congratulation, Goldman is the man to get. He has a giddy journalistic talent for words and phrases, he has strong but relatively fashionable opinions, and he has shown, I think, little capacity for criticism and, on occasion, airy incapacity for the facts.

Taking the Time-Life project on its own terms, however, there are a few questions. The selections, for one thing. True, there are some welcome surprises like the Andy Kirk *Walkin' and Swingin'* and the Red Norvo *Remember*. On the other hand, what could be the reason for including the Benny Goodman *It's Been So Long*? It was not a hit of any kind and is surely no meritorious piece or arrangement. Similarly, Chick Webb had better arrangements and bigger successes than *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charley*. (One of them was *Stompin' at the Savoy*, but of course, the later Benny Goodman version had to be chosen!)

Then there's the amount of music the customers are getting. The records come pretentiously boxed, with a book and three LPs. But the LPs have only *three* selections per side, about 15 or so minutes of music. A reissue of 1930s recordings these days offers at least six

and sometimes eight selections per side.

How about the booklet? Well, with the second volume of *The Swing Era*, you get an expensively produced, handsomely illustrated, hard-bound volume of some 72 pages. It includes credits on the records, of course. But its first 40 pages are devoted to a rather superficial and certainly irrelevant essay on Hollywood musicals, with lots of campy shots of Busby Berkley production numbers.

Following that, since nothing succeeds like success (especially with Time-Life) we have the requisite essay on Benny Goodman, here written by John S. Wilson. It consumes 12 more pages.

And then, tucked away in the back of the book (of course), we come upon Fletcher Henderson, the man who, with Louis Armstrong and Don Redman, made big band swing and gave Benny Goodman his style. First comes a staff-written piece on "Henderson the Man"—as one might expect, a collection of mostly standard quotations, anecdotes and career facts about Fletcher Henderson. It is put together with enviable skill, but I confess that I don't feel any man there, and I certainly find nothing of the tremendous irony of Henderson's life.

Finally, there is an essay on Henderson's music. I wrote it. Or rather I wrote the original before editing. And I was proud of what I wrote. I still like it, but I had to fight hard for many of the words, phrases, sentences and ideas that are there.

That, however, is another story. A more immediate question is the quality of the music on all of these records, and that will be the subject of my next column. [15]

saxophonist Ed Xiques (replacing Jim Thomas who has resettled in Las Vegas) and drummer Ed Soph. Soph thus begins his second stay with Herman after taking what amounted to a two-year leave of absence to satisfy his military obligation. The Herd's itinerary also includes a Oct. 22 *Tonight Show* appearance, a 24-day European tour (Nov. 15-Dec. 8) and a three-week engagement along with the Duke Ellington Orchestra beginning Dec. 25 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

Clarinetist Peanuts Hucko has been signed by Lawrence Welk and will appear as a featured soloist on the maestro's Saturday night TV show.

If, the new British jazz-rock group that scored considerable success on its first U.S. tour last month, has embarked on a five-week college tour of England and Europe.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: Jazz is heard at the Belmont racetrack before and between races. The Charles Davis Sextet swung daily Sept. 14-26, starting at noon, with Bill Hardman, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Davis, tenor sax; Larry Willis, pi-

/Continued on page 38



If Ray Charles could do it, why not Satchmo? Louis (Country&Western) Armstrong is the title of an album recorded last August and scheduled for October release on Avco-Embassy. Six top Nashville musicians came to New York to record with Louis, and horns, voices, etc. were overdubbed in Nashville. Among the tunes are such standards as *Ramblin' Rose*, *You Can Have Her*, *Miller's Cave*, and *Wolverton Mountain*. This rustic shot was taken in Central Park.

CHICAGO: JAZZ-ROCK PIONEERS

by Harvey Siders ADD CHICAGO TO LOS ANGELES and what do you get—a population explosion? Hardly. Just seven more long-haired, rock-bound, jazz-oriented, folk-influenced, country-tinged musical chameleons.

The group known as Chicago is now Los Angeles-based, although they're anything but "stay-at-homes." Despite the fact that five of the seven are married, the group is on the road 99 per cent of the time.

And 99 per cent of their fans and critics confront them with the comparison they love least: Blood, Sweat&Tears. Was yours truly among the remaining one per cent? Would I have submitted this article if I had been? Keyboarder Bob Lamm took up the challenge with a controlled exasperation that seemed to ask "Do we have to go through *this* again?"

According to Lamm, Chicago was well into the jazz-rock bag before BS&T came on the scene. The order of that hyphenate is significant as Bob pointed out, "Our roots are basically rock, but we can and do play jazz; Blood, Sweat&Tears is basically a jazz-rooted combo that can play a lot of rock."

Trombonist Jim Pankow added another disclaimer. "It just so happens they came out with their album first. Besides, the instrumentation is not that similar. We have three horns in a seven-piece group; they have a nine-man band with a front line of five horns."

From their collective and individual timbres, it was obvious Chicago is fed up with the constant comparisons. Well those comparisons aren't about to disappear—mainly because of two important similarities: both groups record for Columbia; and both groups have been produced by the same artistic and organizational genius, Jim Guercio.

Chicago's genesis doesn't stretch back quite as far as Mrs. O'Leary's cow. In fact, it came into being as Chicago Transit Authority in 1967. At that time there were only six members. Bob Lamm compensated for the lack of a bassist by playing pedals on the organ. He was able to give his feet a rest when Pete Cetera joined the group.

By then, the words "Transit Authority" had been jettisoned (or should the phrase be "derailed?"). Guercio had come up with the original monicker of C.T.A., but as the jazz-rock-folk-country kaleidoscope began to evolve, the one word "Chicago" became more meaningful in describing the "toddling town's" nervous energy. (What they needed was Carl Sandburg, not Jim Guercio—but how many Sandburg-produced albums would have made the charts?)

To be historically accurate, C.T.A. was not the group's first name. In its pre-Guercio sextet days, they had no manager, no publicists. Some "Mafia types" (to use Lamm's description) were guiding them. All they kept hearing from the Neanderthals around them was that their music was "the big thing." Everything they did, every sound they added or refined was "the big thing." So the leaderless combo agreed to call itself The Big Thing.

Under that name, they paid their dues—meaning gigs at all the dives in Chicago

and the midwest. The more joints they played, the more bags they opened. Rock was and is, their foundation, but they added a superstructure of idioms that offered something for everybody, yet did not spread their sound so thin that it was neither fish nor fowl.

Last year, Guercio decided Chicago would not make it in Chicago and transplanted the septet to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles, the dues paying continued, at a number of small clubs, but mainly at the Whisky A-Go-Go on the Sunset Strip. There, competing with name groups and accompanied by the psychedelia of light shows and old movies silently projected on the walls, Chicago worked every Monday and Tuesday and "really got the sound down." "Whenever we play the Whisky now," remarked guitarist Terry Kath, "it becomes a real sentimental thing."

With the sound now fully developed, the members begin pushing Guercio to do an album, but before it came to pass, Blood, Sweat&Tears had come out with its own. The timing was unfortunate for Chicago. It didn't hurt them; merely delayed their emergence.

Oddly enough, BS&T asked Guercio to produce their second album. Jim, who felt extremely close to what he calls his "creative community" asked Chicago's members if he could. There was no static, no squawks. As a matter of hindsight, the Chicagoans now realize that they benefited from the temporary defection, claiming that Guercio learned techniques during the BS&T sessions that have helped him to produce Chicago's albums.

Regarding Guercio's role as producer, the members of Chicago are unanimous in their devotion. Swears trumpeter Lee Loughnane, "Guercio is the finest producer around. At least he's the best for us. He knows exactly the sound we want. We select our own material, but with seven guys there has to be one personality strong enough to unite the others. With Jim, the compromise works this way: he guides us, yet we retain creative control. It's an ideal setup, and there are very few arguments."

Regarding future albums, Bob Lamm revealed a plan that might result in confusion for their record-buying fans, yet boasts an honesty as unconventional as the

whole rock scene itself. "Our third album, like the second one, will be called *Chicago*. (The initial album was dubbed *Chicago Transit Authority*.) And all albums in future will be called *Chicago*; only the art work (and hopefully the contents) will be different."

Talking about honesty, Chicago claims its approach to the total sound they get on records is purer than BS&T because the latter group overdubs more consistently. And as far as total sound in general is concerned, the comparison with Blood, Sweat&Tears comes up every time musicians' academic backgrounds are discussed. The Chicagoans are proud of theirs—which makes this a good time to introduce the members in the band.

Chronologically, we have drummer Dan Seraphine, 22. Danny was "just hangin' around, gigging with local groups," when Chicago annexed him. His colleagues feel that "Danny is on the verge of becoming one of the top drummers." Since moving to the coast, his technique has become more soulful, and he attributes that to his teacher, Chuck Flores. For listening Danny prefers Tony Williams.

Jazz is also the prime mover for 23-year-old trombonist Jim Pankow. He studied at Quincy College and majored in Music Education at DePaul university. In his B.C. days (before Chicago), Jim fronted a jazz septet ("It was really a 'jivetet'"), and he still draws his main inspirations from the Jazz Crusaders—particularly trombonist Wayne Henderson; Garnett Brown, with Herbie Hancock's group; and "my utmost favorite," J. J. Johnson. The other guys in Chicago are gassed at Pankow's ability to take down a solo from a recording.

At the other end of the academic spectrum is Terry Kath, the 24-year-old guitarist. He's completely self-taught, but as he explains, "the only disadvantage is in reading charts. The chord symbols are no hassle, but the single-line runs slow me up." Terry started out on banjo (he seemed slightly embarrassed when he admitted that), then was influenced by the rockabilly of The Ventures. Finally he joined the "living" when he discovered Kenny Burrell. He has good ears: he can hear a recorded solo and in a short time pick it up himself. And he must have his



head on straight: he writes for the group, communicating his ideas to the others. Is there any pressure from those in the group who are well-trained? Bob Lamm dispelled that possibility with this solicited testimonial: "Terry's the best soloist we have."

Among the quieter members of the group is the one who blows the loudest instrument: trumpeter Lee Loughnane, 24. His musical training took place at DePaul University and at the Chicago Conservatory. His professional training was picked up from a number of rock bands in the Chicago area. Because of his instrument, he's very much aware of the brass-plated trend in rock today. "It seems that just about every group we share a bill with lately has brass like Blood, Sweat&Tears. Sure, we do—but I know we can be more flexible. Adding to that flexibility, Lee is now woodshedding on guitar and will soon be able to double.

Walt Parazaidier, 25, doubles on flute and most of the reeds. He and Terry Kath went through basic training together, having played with three groups for some eight years prior to joining Chicago. Walt's influences include Rahsaan Roland Kirk and James Moody. He feels the "ultimate compliment" is to be appreciated as musicians—not "pop stars." He feels the Chicagoans are "getting too old" to aim at the 13-year olds. Walt has a degree in clarinet from DePaul University, but he used that instrument only once in an album and never plays it on the job. Someone warned him that he would ruin his embouchure if he played clarinet. For some reason, Walt believes it.

Bob Lamm believes he's "more a writer than a player," no doubt prompted by the fact that he does most of the charts for Chicago. The 25-year-old pianist-organist was born in New York and raised in Chicago, where he studied piano and composition at Roosevelt University. His earliest influence came from the Ventures—at a time when he was playing electric piano. Later his chief inspirations were Ray Charles and Jimmy Smith. "They influenced my thinking and my taste. Don't get me wrong: I could never play the way they do." While Chicago is technically leaderless (apologies to Mayor Daley), Lamm acts as spokesman for the band. As Terry Kath observed, "there is great unity in the group and Lamm has a way of articulating for all of us."

Finally there is Peter Cetera—at 26, the oldest, and the only other self-taught member. He was playing bass with a group from Chicago, The Exceptions. They were a highly regarded Top-40 group, but they were having all sorts of internal hassles at the time. The Exceptions and Chicago were working in the same club when Peter was fired, and Chicago immediately said "come aboard." Before teaching himself the bass, Pete played the accordion; and if you play accordion in Chicago that invariably means Polish weddings. Lee Loughnane laughed furtively as he tagged Pete the "polka king."

So much for a profile of Chicago. As for a composite, the average Chicago sideman is 24 years and two months; his hair is six to seven inches long, depending on the frequency of shampooing. One hails

from the Big Apple; the rest are from the Big Stockyard. Five are married; only Pankow and Lamm are available. They're pretty well spread out over the Zodiac: two Libras, two Virgos, one each from Pisces, Leo and Aquarius. The average musical outlook: inquisitive. They pledge allegiance to rock, but they succeed in utilizing all available sounds.

And yet the group has neither delusions of grandeur, nor the smugness that accumulates from a big taste of success. Their talk reveals a healthy desire to expand and experiment. Bob Lamm explained it this way: "We're in a weird period right now. We have two immensely successful albums going for us (at this writing, *Chicago Transit Authority* has sold 600,000 albums; *Chicago* has passed the 720,000 mark!), yet we're just not sure of our goal. You know, too many groups get hung up on duplicating their sounds. But we don't want that to happen to us. I'd like to see

would choose the campus concert route. According to Jim Pankow, the praise from music teachers or music students is more meaningful than the glitter of Las Vegas. They once aimed for Vegas. "We even cut our hair," recalled Bob Lamm, "but now we wouldn't even consider it."

They need a more intelligent audience than Vegas could furnish. When you switch idioms, you lose a crowd that is more concerned about switching slot machines. When you progress from rock to gentle lyrical things, you need an audience that digs subtlety. And what is subtle about a gambling casino?

Lamm gave an example of one of the tunes that requires audience concentration. *Liberation* is a number that has a lot of things going all at once, and it proves that loudness can be justified. It builds and builds until you can't really hear it anymore, but you can feel the vibrations. It's the vibrations that move the people. So



more adventurous writing in the future."

The near future contains an Iron Curtain tour. In December they will play in Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia (last December they made an extensive and highly successful tour of Europe and Scandinavia), but not under the auspices of the United States State Dept. like last summer's tour by Blood, Sweat&Tears. "We have no desire to be 'goodwill ambassadors,'" Lamm commented. "We don't agree with United States foreign policy. We'd much rather be representatives of American youth."

Another indication that Chicago doesn't suffer from collective swell-headedness was the careful rehearsing for their one-nighter at the Hollywood Bowl, scheduled just after this interview took place.

"We're real nervous about the Bowl concert," Lamm admitted, "because now we're on home grounds. On the road we just play and generally we have little else on our minds. But here we have to prove ourselves. The same thing happened when we first returned to Chicago. Incidentally, we'll be back in Chicago late in November and it looks as though that'll be an annual event for us: Thanksgiving in Chicago."

If they had their druthers, Chicago

you see, musical lines aren't the only things we sell."

And college audiences aren't the only fans that dig Chicago. Two recent incidents bear that out. They were playing a concert where a policeman was positioned on stage right next to Bob Lamm. At one point, Lamm held out a tambourine and the cop nearly took it. If it hadn't been for his uniform and his embarrassment, he might have sat in with Chicago.

Another time, Chicago was appearing in Des Moines. Two other groups, Illinois Speed Press and Blues Image, were passing through and decided to dig the gig. Chicago learned of their presence and invited them to join in for the final number, *I'm A Man*. The tune lasted an hour and 45 minutes, and as Lamm said, "It was wild. We really got those conservative mid-westerners off their seats."

Such is the acceptance of Chicago—all the way from dicks to hicks: an audience as diverse as the sound of the group. And they have earned their large following; earned it through a combination of blood, sweat. . . .

I can't say it. I can't bring up that comparison again. They might discover I still have relatives living in Chicago. **CB**

Erroll Garner: At The Summit

by Leonard Feather

THE CAREER OF Erroll Garner to all intents got under way along 52nd Street during the halcyon years of that fondly if dimly-remembered jazz thoroughfare. Though at first he was technically a sideman with the Slam Stewart trio, he was soon recording and gigging as a leader, usually with a trio. For a while it seemed as though he was ready to jump into any studio that had three hours available time. Starting in 1944, the Garner sound, in which could be discerned most of the essential characteristics that distinguish him from other pianists in 1970, was heard on Rex, Black and White, Signature, Savoy, RCA, Disc, Mercury, Dial (including the memorable 1947 session with Charlie Parker), Modern, Atlantic, King and Roost, to name just a few, all within a five year period.

During the 1950s, Garner's professional prestige advanced to a point of stability rare among jazz artists. He earned substantial television exposure, had a more settled situation on records (he was with Columbia throughout the 1950s, except for two years with Mercury in 1954-6), and attained such a level of public success that in 1956 he became the first jazz artist ever to be booked by Sol Hurok. On Oct. 28, he opens a three-week engagement at the prestigious Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York—becoming the first jazz soloist ever to headline there.

After the Columbia association ended, as a result of prolonged disagreements and litigation, Garner was away from records for a couple of years and suffered a temporary setback, in terms of sales, on his resumption of recording.

During the 1960s he was on several labels (ABC, Reprise, MGM), and produced, through his own Octave Record Company, an album of music with full orchestra featuring his original score for the Paul Newman-Joanne Woodward film *A New Kind of Love*, released on Mercury.

Through all the vicissitudes, Garner has remained faithful to his own artistic tenets. He is unshaken by the revolutions of avant garde and rock that have changed the life styles of so many jazzmen in recent years. With considerable help from *Misty*, which he introduced as an instrumental in 1954, and which became a best-selling vocal record for Johnny Mathis a couple of years later (with words by Johnny Burke), his worldwide reputation has remained on a high plateau.

One of the first American artists to appear at an overseas jazz festival (in Paris in 1948), he made his initial European tour in 1957 and has since toured England and the Continent every couple of years.

There were, nevertheless, a few worlds still unconquered. Recently he returned from a tour that broke new ground for him. With his quartet (Ernest McCarty, bass; Bill English, drums, and Jose Mangual, conga), Garner played his first dates in South America and his first in the south of France. Following are some of his thoughts about what was, for him, an

unprecedented trip.

L.F.: Where did you go and what were your main impressions?

E.G.: We started out in Caracas, then Rio, then Sao Paulo and Buenos Aires. We were supposed to go on to Chile, but they had an election there and we cancelled out because they were fighting in the streets.

Since I had never been to South America, the experience was fantastic. These people had never seen me, and I wasn't even sure that they knew me, but I found out that through Philips and other companies, my records are all over the place. Not only that, but compared with Europe they have been more or less starved for American jazz. I know Duke and Basie and Ella and a few others have been down there in recent years, but it's usually a long time between visits; so the appreciation they have for the ones who do show up is something quite extraordinary.

We didn't get much of a chance to hear any music in Caracas. We were there for three days; on the last night, we went to a club owned by a musician and stayed up until six in the morning listening to some of the best players in town.

L.F.: What kind of music were they playing?

E.G.: Some were playing straight jazz, others were playing jazz with a tango beat or some other Latin beat. We heard mostly pianists, no horn players. All the pianists had heard that I was coming by, so they dropped by themselves. They all got up and played, and so did I.

In Rio I got a more comprehensive picture of what is going on musically. The bossa nova is still very strong down there—as powerful as ever. The impression I got was that it is happy music and they are a happy people, so they dig it.

I didn't hear any of the famous bossa

nova people, because most of them were out of town or in some other country; but I heard a lot of remarkable young ones, who ought to be right up there but haven't yet made it. Each group has a girl singer, and the chicks sing well.

Most of the Brazilians I met, including this new generation, seem to like the way the U.S. doctored up bossa nova and fused it with the jazz idiom, even though they know it isn't authentic by their standards. But of course, nowadays, they are modernizing it quite a bit themselves. One time I heard a fascinating contemporary bossa nova version of *Misty* that really worked for the song.

L.F.: How many black musicians did you see in the groups?

E.G.: It was thoroughly mixed. In all the joints and everything it was just black and white together. No problem. At least, every place we went, I looked around and saw a situation like that. Maybe at one of those dicty places you might get a little Chill City atmosphere, but I never noticed it.

Our own show was in a fine concert hall. Like all the other South American dates, it was indoors. In Sao Paulo the promoter really took a chance trying to bring back jazz. We played in a hall where they have classical concerts and organ recitals. Apparently we broke the ice for him; it was a big success.

In Buenos Aires things were a little different. First of all, the people seemed cold, scared. They'd run up and get your autograph and tell you how much they love you and then they'd split; they didn't seem to want to hang around with you. But I'm sure once they get to know you, if you spent a month or two there, they'd warm up to you. The musicians were warm from the start; I went to the Musicians' Union and they treated me beautifully. I was guest of honor at a lunch



VERLY OAKLAND

there. Incidentally, they were all asking me about Lalo Schiffrin; they're very proud of him and his achievements. In general, the people all stayed away from us, as I said—quite different from Brazil and Venezuela.

L.F.: Is there also a difference in the kind of music you hear there?

E.G.: Definitely. In Buenos Aires they don't like to play too much bossa nova. They think a lot of their own music—tangos and things like that. I heard a guy there who plays a new type of modern tango. He plays one of those old time accordions and he's really fantastic. He has a group that plays some way out things.

We played in a movie theatre—we had to go on right after the movie. We gave them what they wanted, just straight jazz and a lot of blues.

After the show one night, I went to a coffee house—a big discotheque where all the kids hang out. The place does so well that they were trying to get me to go and work there on my night off, and would have been able to meet my price to do one 45-minute show. But I was just interested in listening to what went down there.

When they're not playing records they have two live bands going. Both of them played a mixture of jazz and American-style rock. They do a very good job with the rock; of course they all have a natural feeling for the beat to start off with. They do *Spinning Wheel* and all the big hit numbers, with similar arrangements to the originals, but some of their own ideas added. It was a beautiful place, real modern, and with that much live music going on I found myself wishing that some of the American discotheques could follow the same policy.

From South America we went to the south of France; we played outdoor concerts, one night each, at Antibes, Orange and St. Tropez. Even though I've been in Paris every year or two, I was never before on the Riviera. We closed the show each night, and again I can only use the word fantastic to describe how things went. From there we went to Stockholm, and then on to Copenhagen where we played two weeks at the Tivoli Gardens.

That was a particularly interesting experience, because our group was exposed to the kind of audience that had probably never seen us before. We were part of a variety show, with a juggling act, a dance team, a comedian and so forth. In fact, I think it was significant that one American came up to me after the show one night and said, "I expected you'd be playing something we wouldn't understand. I never came to hear you back home in America, but I sure will next time you come to town."

The cat who said that was an older man, but we had kids in the audience, eight to 14 years old, who came to the stage door, and some of them knew so much about our records they were calling off all the catalog numbers and everything.

Before we opened at the Tivoli, Alice Babs was there and she had Red Mitchell with her. We hung out together. Red seems to be happy with the life he has found over there, and of course he's work-

ing steady.

L.F.: What kind of pianos did they provide for you?

E.G.: They had good Steinways and Bechsteins everywhere. No problem.

L.F.: What is your reaction to the trend toward the use of the electric keyboard?

E.G.: I consider it like a sort of spinet, or a celeste. I can see it for myself as just a change of pace for a number here and there, but I would never play a whole

piano players? (At this point I played Erroll a couple of tracks from the recent rock-oriented Junior Mance album, *With a Lotta Help From My Friends*.)

E.G.: That's Junior Mance? I would never have guessed. Why, just a few months ago, I heard him playing at the Top of the Gate—he was cooking! Even if he sells a million, I can't see him doing something like this.

As far as my own recordings are con-



ALAIN BETTEK

set with that fairy instrument! It's not like the Hammond organ or any of the other keyboard variations—it has no balls. As you know, I played harpsichord on some tracks of my *Paris Impressions* album, so it's not that I want to stay with the grand piano exclusively; but I don't think you can say that the electric piano is pushing the regular piano off the scene, just because some rock groups are using it. Actually, when you come to think of it, most rock groups tend to use an organ; very often no keyboard at all.

L.F.: How do you feel about the tendency to put jazz artists in a rock bag on records?

E.G.: Well, personally, I did a couple of Beatles' tunes, and I add a slight rock flavor, but I wouldn't do anything to change my basic style. Do you really think that's what's happening to the jazz

cerned, I'm making my own masters now. We've worked out a deal for a date I did recently in New York. I wrote some new originals, and played a few tunes that have become standards. You know I never play songs when they're hot and overplayed; I wait a while and then do my own thing on them. For example, I just did *Yesterday*, *The Look of Love*, and *Spinning Wheel* on my new Mercury album (*Feeling is Believing*).

As long as the masters are my property, and I'm satisfied with what I did, my attitude toward the record companies will be, if you want to buy them, go ahead; if not, later for you!

I got into music expressing myself freely, and I expect to go on doing that as long as possible, in any way possible. As far as I'm concerned, that's the only way to fly.

EB

CONCORD CORNUCOPIA

THE ACOUSTIC CONCEPT shell made of portable fiberglass that backed and flanked the performers at the Concord Music Festival was simple looking in the extreme. Qualities for relaying sound were something else. Christopher Jaffe, the designer, and Charles Swisher, San Francisco audio consultant, should have been among the many deserved bows taken.

Open air concerts can be acoustically chancy; imps were non-existent here, nothing syphoned off. Sound fell with spotless clarity on rear ranks more dependent on good acoustics than those up front. Those who shelled out the most had the visual edge. Perhaps they could count the goose pimples on the pinched faces of the musicians. Of the six evening concerts covering two weekends, August 21-23, 28-30, five were cold enough for sleigh bells. At the final concert the weather relented a little, though only an Eskimo could have described it as balmy. The first Friday had much of vintage-mainstream jazz, Saturday was classical-pops, and Sunday modern jazz.

A host of clarinet solos marked the opening concert. Peanuts Hucko's donations with co-leader Red Norvo, vibes; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Ray Leatherwood, bass; Nick Fatool, drums, overshadowed succeeding Haywood Henry with the Earl Hines Quartet and Bob Wilber with the World's Greatest Jazz Band. Hucko had it all: angelic fingering, demonic drive, and an earthy approach that bowled one over. A clarinetist for all levels if you like, all pleasing. The quintet's output was a strong current of mainstream with an occasional swim back to New Orleans.

Avalon, the opener, had breezy riffing and full solos from Hucko, Norvo, and Guarneri. *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans* and *Shiek of Araby* followed the same dapper pattern. Never-look-down Norvo—he's going to try it blindfold at some gig—had trio backing on a comely, medium-into-fast *I Surrender, Dear*, improvisations rooted in the 1940s that had an undated sheen to them. Pianist Guarneri took a very fast-fingered unaccompanied *5/4 Tiger Rag*, and had a suitable lamb's wool touch on *A Closer Walk With Thee* (good Hucko seasoning), and went Wallerish on *Stealin' Apples*, vibes and clarinet also in the Fats' tradition. Hucko's high and low register playing, his hill and valley contours on *Autumn Leaves*, was one of the best things in a good set. *Since My Best Girl Turned Me Down* silhouetted expert Leatherwood bass and Fatool drum breaks. The All-Stars set a good augury for Concord to come.

The augury jarred a little with Marva Josie. The odd note was struck with the Hines' vocalist. *So In Love* was innocuous, good if over-bravura, but on *Wild is the Wind*, buffered between *Summertime*, distraught histrionics began to unveil. *Summertime* had savory quartet backing, *Wild* only sepulchral bowed bass, Josie's delivery more hushed whisper than vocal,

with a slow sinking to the knees clutching the mike as if she were going down for the last time. The variety of colors Al Jutze's lighting crew bathed the stage with throughout the concerts had a chameleonic hue corresponding to the mood of the number being played: brights for up tempos, warm lows for ballads. At this point they used an appropriate blood red. Hines mentioned in introducing the vocalist her background of light opera. The impression was he'd shortweighted her; this resembled darkest Verdi. She made up some leeway on a bluesy *C. C. Rider* from a *Wild* that left you hanging limp. The mood struck was so much weirder than the effect desired.

That was completely out of context with what Hines had given us before. With bassist Larry Richardson and drummer Kalil Madi, Hines played *Second Bal-*

Last, and as a whole, best, The World's Greatest Jazz Band. The name might make the avant garde chauvinist shudder; listening would dissolve musical prejudice. Not only the singe and scorch of solos and ensembles. They're just as adept at the mellow, and their crowd roars aren't all Dixie bonfire; there was a foxy shading from boisterous *ff* to whispering *p*. There's not a parsimonious bone among them. Everyone—Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, trumpets; Ed Hubble, Vic Dickenson, trombones; Bob Wilber, reeds; Ralph Sutton, piano; Bob Haggart, bass; Gus Johnson, Jr., drums—contributed fat alms.

The Dixie-mainstream-modern melange was a distillery of spirit and first degree swing. Sutton, Haggart, and Johnson were prime stokers. Allied was a halo of good humor and fellowship that sanctified the



Impish Improvisers: Earl Hines and Haywood Henry

cony Jump, a medium swinger ripe with control and touch, and wove through the myriad moods and tempi of a juxtaposed *Manhattan* and *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue* with sure handed grace at all times, right and left objects d'art.

On The Santa Fe Trail was a pensive prairieified tribute to Johnny Hodges; Haywood Henry, hidden in the wings, playing a soprano sax solo. Late entry or deliberate drama, it touched a poignant spot, Henry to onstage clarinet for a few runs before *Trail's* end. More soprano on *Caravan*, and Hines gave us good melodica—he described it as an overgrown harmonica—solo and dueting with clarinet, and great piano on *Jelly, Jelly*. There was perhaps too much yahooping back and forth between the quartet, forced jokes, and Hines shaking a doleful head at Henry's soprano dropping to a funeral pace from a brisk blues, all clownish makeup that only obscured a musician of Hines' lineaments. And the others came across as rather threadbare compared to immaculate Fatha.

entire set and was enough in itself to scuttle objectivity. They're not so immodestly titled after all.

Saturday evening was jazzless. By Siberia, not windless! One local newspaper's music critic carped that he'd heard the San Francisco Symphony play better. This with an army of pegs holding down the scores and the occasional music sheet fluttering around like escaped washing. Conducted by Arthur Fiedler, an affable old maestro with too eclectic a baton to suit the stiff and those who prefer Olympians on the podium. A program of classical music (mostly) and pops.

Cal Tjader is a committed Latin. Incandescent Cuban and warmly sensuous bossa nova are the fires he's most affiliated with. Four of his six numbers zoned on the torrid, suave vibes moving among and along with the Latin patterns set up by Al Zulaica, piano; Jim McCabe, bass; Dick Berk, drums; and Mike Smith, conga, on *Favela*, *Warm Wave*, *I Showed Them*, and an untitled number with a chord sequence

resembling *Summertime*.

Stripped of Latin degrees, Tjader's a good jazzman. Straight 4/4 treatments of *Just Friends* and *What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life*, the light descent on *Friends* a treat and the hard-edged swing he wove into the cloying Legrand ballad cut down on its calories. A nicely coherent group considering drummers Berk and Smith are recent intakes. Settling in, Smith was much less of a vesuvian influence than predecessor Armando Peraza. Berk's powerful drumming was the storm center, McCabe was strong on bass and pianist Zulaica is out of a melodic mold similar to Tjader's: pretty without being sugary—a lyrical swinger.

Tjader, and Brubeck later, were pleasant immersements in the expected. Add the warm trickles of improvisation for increased relaxation. The cold stimulating rinse came from the John Handy Concert Ensemble, a gusty covey of youngbloods—Ed Henderson, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Pat O'Hara, trombone; Raymond Lee Chang, violin; Todd Cochran, piano; James Leary, bass; Paul Smith, drums; Baba-Om, conga—most of them fledglings in the sense of jazz reputations. Led by the altoist, they had a stormy urgency in attack that kept the ears on the alert.

Two long complex compositions, *I Dunno, Yea*, by pianist Cochran, and Handy's *Scheme No. 1*, were exhilarating, puzzling. *Dunno's* ensemble, with trombone strongly to the fore and a string of solos, had Handy on saxello with a later switch to alto. The front line and four rhythm slickly juggled intricacy in mood and time changes (6/4, 4/4, 5/4), and free sections. *Scheme*, also fluctuating in time changes (4/4, 5/4, 6/8), and free, was more overt in swing than *Dunno*, but its metronome probed deeper into the mental than the toe-tap. The alto's contrapuntal dueting with Chang's violin and a long solo swinging sans rhythm section emphasized Handy as being one of the most literate sax orators anywhere. Leary's finely-pronounced bass lines, electric and upright (a well-bowed solo on *Scheme*), helped the rhythm out no end. Cochran and Chang, both sixteen years old and classically rooted, were lithe soloists. Smith and Baba-Om knew when to curb, when to spur percussion; O'Hara and Henderson were compact brass. Handy's *Spanish Lady* is far under a mossy tombstone, and some of his more recent conventional approaches seem ready for the lid and he's veering now wholeheartedly towards, and over into, the atonal—atonalism with a lot of color in its cheeks.

Paul Desmond's adroit alto would be better sauced with some of Handy's passion, a dash of vinegar mixed with that expansive salve of tone and precise swing. Even if his smooth feline phrasing has spring without the claw, he's the source behind the Dave Brubeck charisma.

Steering his solos between fire and ice he came closest to heat on *Take Five*. What could have been routine reiteration of creed was the life of the set. Desmond's phrasing fringed on the Arabic and a wild near-Eastern element flavored his long solo. Brubeck sounded at his happiest here too—plenty of the unexpected in his runs,

quixotic tangents with lots of zest to them. No suggestion, as of old, of a *pas de deux* for jackboots and ballet slippers, Brubeck's monument of chords hovered over Desmond's delicacy. The pianist leaned towards a swinging linear approach, a gain in grace. He and Desmond were a smooth interlocking fit.

Out of Nowhere was the opener, Gerry Mulligan backgrounding on baritone behind Desmond before moving in for his own solo. Patriarchal Brubeck, hair long and mostly white, bassist Jack Six and drummer Alan Dawson set a neat medium tempo; more medium on *Line For Lyons* (dedicated when written and now to Concord's emcee Jimmy Lyons) and fast on *Mexican Jumping Bean* with a hearty trading of fours between Brubeck and Mulligan.

More overtones of reunion when Tjader, the drummer with Brubeck in '49, (trio and later with octet), joined the group for a jamming on *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*. Good solos from all hands; Tjader, invited guest, cheekily taking the



Gerry Mulligan

longest. Fast Brubeck, bass and drums backing, followed on *Out Of The Way Of The People*, from a recently written cantata.

All good stuff, and they were really beginning to fall in come curtain drop. The finale, *All The Things You Are*, swung beautifully, Desmond soloing first and fittingly last, Brubeck and Mulligan pungent in their offerings, and the complementing, interweaving, and trading fours in the alto-baritone dialogue jazz conversation at its best.

There was consummate guitar from Laurindo Almeida at the following Friday's opening. *A Star Is Born*, *Intermezzo* and *La Yenda* by Albeniz were of a dreaminess that never developed into ennui; *Mala-guena*, often volcanic, gently simmered in Almeida's treatment. It was a gentle launching that carried you further than a big splash.

The Sheila Xoregos Dance Company went light-footed out on a limb of sorts for their offering. Modern dance, and jazz are two original art forms produced by America and Xoregos is a fervent believer in their combining. Duke Ellington wrote

Psychedelic Suite for her and she's been in numerous jazz-dance presentations with Bay Area musicians. Here she could have gone into the shoulder-shaking, metronomic hips, finger-snapping routine, often the dance approximate of jazz, but she avoided the obvious slinky groove—which she digs and performs adeptly—and went straight more than straight ahead.

The MJQ were their usual sleek selves. A long manicured set with hardly a hint of cuticle—Kay's heavy injections of the exotic in his percussion were a minor irritant. *Monterey Mist* leisurely swung with vibes and piano solos, *Willow Weep For Me* spurted into up-tempo from medium midway through with Bags really into it from the start. His whirling doubletming throughout the first half of *Willow* had the effect of prodding the others from relaxation to a sprightly beat. *Visitor From Mars* was a brisk but undistinguished swinger. The space effects created by Kay's Pakistani bell tree misfired and we had creaking-castle-door atmospherics more Gothic than cosmic. A good drummer (Kay, Heath, and Lewis must be the silk-iest rhythm section going), he insists on gilding the lily. The woodpecker aura of the blocks used on *Dreams* and *Under the Jasmine Tree* marred the vibes and piano solos, and generally, he should slim down on the exotic.

God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen was appropriate—it was cold enough for carols. Bags unleashed another of his lyrical floods in double time. More economical, sparing with chords, Lewis' widely-spaced single-note runs were just as pretty. In accompaniment as much as in solo he can sketch such beguiling figures that if Jackson weren't so solidly rooted a soloist, Lewis, behind him, would whisk away the honors. Heath and Kay seldom launched into solo glory; a brief budding for both in *Willow* and narrow entries in other numbers.

Other guitars can swing rings round him, but Laurindo Almeida remained the most affecting of the throng of guitars featured at the Concord concerts. His gentle insinuations carried more weight than the hard-liners and his improvisations are courtly. Delicacy, understatement, and reverence were the less obvious holds he used to scale concert peak with the MJQ. Almeida's presence gave the quartet a crusading edge and they moved into a looser, more relaxed frame. Of the best were his long classical-cum-Latin introduction to *One Note Samba*, lambent backings to volatile Jackson solos on *Samba* and medium-paced swinger *Silver*, and caressing interpretations on Joaquin Rodrigo's *Guitar Concerto*. Lewis' solo perfectly reflected the Spanish facets and jazz characteristics that made the work so intriguing.

Don Ellis. With a small army: Jack Coan, Tom Holden, John Rosenberg, Glenn Stuart, trumpets; Ernie Carlson, Glenn Ferris, Don Switzer, trombones; Doug Bixley, tuba; Hadley Caliman, Jon Clarke, Sam Falzone, Fred Selden, Lonnie Shetter, reeds; Jay Grayden, guitar; Tom Garcia, piano; Ray Neapolitan, bass; Ralph Humphrey, drums; Lee Pastora, conga—the rhythm section stiffened up by extras, two bassists

and two drummers. The usual Ellis bacchanal.

The end result of listening to Ellis is humor; he's so terrible. Early on one felt a Jeremiah in extremis, then the morbid blanket laid on by the first couple of numbers: *Final Analysis*, brassy obesity, ludicrous march tempo, Ferris trombone, Grayden guitar, a climax wrung like a chicken's neck; *Salvator Sam*, tenorist Falzone's feature, a slow shuffle that went nowhere.

It wasn't the how of it—the band is competent enough. It's what was played—the tastelessness lies in the arranging. Brass at full blare, reeds striving for volume, bloated percussion. Subtlety is a dead issue to Ellis.

Patti Allen sang a couple of vocals, *You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman* and another whose lyric line consisted mainly of *Yeahs* to a Latin-touched background (athletic congaist Pastora used his elbows and feet), the band mercifully quiescent. *Love For Rent* had Selden's alto solo struggling to keep above the brassy waves. Ellis soloed well for a space on *Concerto For Trumpet*, but well couldn't be left alone: he plugged in and we had the octave doubling, reverberation, playback, a few raspberries for good measure which could have been stood up to, but the percussion-brass convulsions in the background were sound without sense. . . .

A fantasia of time signatures throughout, of course—still Ellis' prime gimmick. Behind the noisy time barriers there's nothing but empty space. This band really dredges.

Erroll Garner, with Ernest McCarty bass; Bill English, drums; Jose Mangual, conga, was the event that all the good things at Concord graduated up to (honors shared with Oscar Peterson's performance the following evening). All Garner's trademarks were intact: subterranean grunts; labyrinthine introductions that have you puzzled as to what number he'll come out with; the hypnotic left (home port for the rollicking voyages of the right). He personified keyboard joy at this concert, so much of his playing seemed geared to a humor he employed brilliantly. The happy facade fronts elegance in ideas and originality. Under the jester's cap is the schemer.

He played two originals, *Ding-A-Ling*, a hard hitting opener of extremes, angry chords and greased lightning runs. The other, freshly penned, was replete with "mannerisms"—the dragging left, chugging attack, dropped-hat change in dynamics—that never jaded. Also, rock figures, via Garner an unusual formation, with penants of classicism and ragtime fluttering among them, and snatches of Latin underlined by Mangual's congas. Sudden stops in mid-passage, then the thread picks up at an unrelated spot. Bad grammar, great oratory—the whole glowing with the Garner humor.

A banquet of good ballads (*Shadow Of Your Smile*, *That's All*, *Yesterday*, *This Guy's In Love With You*), and his serving enhanced them all. Innocent ballads passing through the Garner context often metamorphose. Only *That's All* received the slow lingering treatment (rose-scented theme and variations)—the others had



Empathy: Drummer Ray Mosca and bassist George Mraz with Oscar Peterson

oblique changes in the melody, sprays of dissonance, and a jostling of tempos that brought them up with innovative expressions.

Perhaps Buddy Rich thought ballads were poor insulation against the cold. His band—George Zonce, John Madrid, Joe Georgiano, Ernie Jones, trumpets; Tom Lada, Rick Stepton, Sherman King, trombones; Pat LaBarbera, Joe Calo, Richie Cole, Bud Martin, Don Engert, reeds; Walt Namuth, guitar; Dave McCrae, piano; Rick Laird, bass—followed Garner and climaxed the concert, only dropping from its up-tempo output for the slow sections of *West Side Story* and *Midnight Cowboy*. Otherwise it was whip and spur, kicking off with *Keep The Customer Satisfied* (alto, trombone, guitar solos against a background of rock riffs). *Sister Sadie*, *Preach And Teach*, *Two Bass Hit*, and a fast blues came persuasively glowing off the forge of Rich's drums and finely tempered by Zonce's trumpet, Cole's alto, Engert's soprano sax, Stepton's trombone and Namuth's guitar in their various solo spots.

About Rich's drumming nearly everything complimentary has been said. Only the ark of his ego keeps him merrily afloat in that flood of praise. An angels' chorus of hallelujahs would draw a casual nod of agreement and he'd get on with it. His solos, when he's counting time, prompting the band for entry, are object lessons in themselves; casual rim shots or cymbal flicks seem tailored to perfect taste. Everything he touched—backing, fill-ins, or the two long solos on *West Side Story* (less than before, a trimmed down version) and *Midnight Cowboy* (puffed-up one)—was ringed in the special.

At the final concert more sovereign guitar from first, Jorge Morel, second, Charlie Byrd. Argentinian Morel, solo on *Villa-Lobos' Prelude No. 1*, *Misionera*, *Agogo*, and accompanied by percussionist John Rodriguez on *Batacuda*, *El Huma huaque No*, *Morenito* and *West Side Story*, took us on a virtuosic tour of Latin America, Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Colombia. Much of the music sprang from a folkloric source, all exquisitely touched, and some of Morel's chord changes in Bern-

stein country were near-miraculous. Rodriguez was a pleasantly light-fingered drummer who didn't believe in chastising bongoes or conga.

Heading an astute quintet (Al Posey, trumpet; Mario Dardino, flute; Joe Byrd, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums), Charlie Byrd made polished bows in several directions: classical (*Villa-Lobos' Etude No. II*), bossa nova, (*Warm Wave*), light rock (*Yesterday* and *Norwegian Wood*), jazz (part 1 of *Blues For Night People* and *Which Side Are You On?*)

It balanced well and was so finely wrought it must have pleased devotees of every idiom. The rhythm had a pulse perfect for every temperature, Al Posey was a shrewd dealer in steel and silk, warm toned on the easy, a resolute edge on the beats, and Byrd's solos on the haunting *Etude* and Django Reinhardt's *Nuages* were high quality. Even at that it was Dardino's flute on wild lines of flight that fiercely illuminated much of the set.

With a fast *On A Clear Day*, his delicate original, *Nightingale*, and a medium swing *Lil Darlin'*, it was obvious that Oscar Peterson had a large segment of the victor's wreath coming. His large spread of hands contain tone, technique, control and the ability to swing so easily. His juggernaut talents squeeze most others flat, they come in such abundance.

As Garner had done in his original Peterson did in *Yesterday* (Lennon's number received a heavy fondling at Concord), a superb combining of rock, classical and jazz figures. *I Love You* and *I Concentrate On You* were light frolics with subtle tangents and offshoots into fast tempo. *You Look Good To Me* was a bass feature for the excellent George Mraz. He and drummer Ray Mosca paralleled Peterson brilliantly. Mosca's artistry throughout, sticks and brushes, was a delight. Both fully measured up to the pianist's stature.

You Stepped Out Of A Dream was the ultra up-tempo answer to frantic encores, the pianist excitingly full out and Mraz and Mosca somehow pacing him. Speed like this often obliterates taste and ideas,

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BENNY RIDES ONCE MORE

by John McDonough

FROM TIME TO TIME, it may appear that Benny Goodman's interest in jazz is diminishing. In 1969, he took on only four non-classical gigs in this country, a pretty clear indication that other things were on his mind.

So how do we explain why Goodman, now 61, spent February and March on a grueling tour of Europe with the first big band he's led in eight years, playing 15 concerts in almost as many days? That's a lot of work for a man who has homes in Connecticut, Manhattan, and the Caribbean; who spends much of his spare time prowling art galleries and fishing, and whose income from real estate, record royalties, Wall Street, and occasional concert fees was estimated by *Time* at around \$300,000 a year.

The answer is simple. Anyone who knows Goodman will tell you that although the "old Man" may appear to drowse occasionally where musical matters are concerned, he can be stirred into action by the prospect of playing his kind of music ("No sense in changing at this late date," he chuckles) with good musicians.

The whole thing began last fall. Goodman has a good friend named Frank Reidy, who lives and works in England. He plays sax and clarinet. Reidy is an enthusiastic booster of British musicians and had often pointed out the high quality of their musicianship to Goodman, urging him to take a closer look sometime. Last November, Benny had to go to London to transact some personal business, and he asked Reidy to book a rehearsal hall so he could hear some of the men his friend had been raving about.

"Fine," Reidy said, "but it's silly to go to all that trouble just to listen. Why not do some recording, if the audition turns out well?"

That's exactly what happened. Reidy contacted Philips Records, acted as contractor for the date, and lined up the entire group for Benny.

Not long after he'd returned to New York, Benny phoned Alex Valdez, the William Morris Agency representative in Paris, to get an idea of what kind of dates could be lined up without too much delay. Valdez went to work, sent up a few trial balloons, and soon a major tour was shaping up.

"Europeans operate a little differently than we do," says Muriel Zuckerman, Goodman's private secretary and chief administrator. "If you have a man's word, you can count on it, even if you don't have the contract yet. The tour was more relaxed and loosely structured than most of our past major tours."

Nobody was uptight about scheduling changes. A date had been booked in Madrid, for example, but a last minute pull-out caused no tensions. The band just played somewhere else. Another date had been booked in Amsterdam, but the theater owner realized he'd confused his schedule. As it happened, Benny was booked to play Feb. 17, which was a local saint's holiday. So the band politely deferred to custom and played Lisbon instead. Nobody was embarrassed.

Reidy put together a band in anticipation of Benny's arrival using many of the

men who had been on the November record date (including himself). Benny and his staff arrived in England Feb. 5 to find a band resembling the old B.G. lineup, insofar as its trumpet section numbered three rather than four. However, there were three trombones instead of the two-man team of the original band. There were also two guitarists, one of whom was Bucky Pizzarelli, the only U.S. musician on the tour aside from Benny.

"We had a certain amount of rehearsal," says Benny, "although not as much as we should have had." But the King of Swing was not displeased. "I don't want to overrate these fellows, but I think it was a hell of a band. Over there you don't have the innovators, you know, but the men who've been listening to *le Jazz Hot*, so to speak, for 35 years. They respect the music of today, but are less anxious to turn their backs on its heritage in favor of dynamic innovation."

"There was no dissatisfaction whatsoever," says Miss Zuckerman. "Of all the years I've traveled with Benny on tours, I've rarely enjoyed it as much as this." Indeed, there was little to complain about. Everybody stayed in the best hotels and played the most famous music palaces on the Continent: the Musik Halle in Hamburg, Germany; Victoria Hall in Geneva, Switzerland; Congress Haus in Zurich; the Stockholm Opera House; Festival Hall in London, and the Sportpalast in Berlin, where the band played to its largest single crowd—7,500.

"The most beautiful auditoriums in the world are in Europe," says Benny, who compares them with Carnegie Hall, Boston Symphony Hall, and the Philadelphia Academy of Music. "No stadiums or ball parks, thanks. Not for me."

"Nobody battled him this time," says Muriel. "Maybe that's why it was so great." Perhaps she was thinking of the famous U.S.S.R. tour of 1962, which was not so great. "We won't go into my Russian tour," says Goodman when asked to compare those experiences with his recent gigs.

But Russia was eight years ago, and this is the age of Aquarius. Love ruled this tour. The first concert was on Feb.

14 at Festival Hall in London, where Benny and the Philips Company had planned to record. But a strict house rule forbidding mikes on stage made it impossible. At least one clever fan with clandestine instincts, however, was able to smuggle in a tape recorder (although Goodman's staff frowns on such sneakiness, they've long since given up trying to police it), and the somewhat muffled results suggest that the men were well into the spirit of the original band.

After the familiar theme, the band kicked off with a rousing *Bugle Call Rag*, a traditional opener at Goodman's band concerts. There were also several new arrangements—one a pleasant ballad called *That Guy's in Love with Me*, the other a highly effective framework for Benny called *That's My Love*. The London concert included another old Goodman favorite, *Stealin' Apples*, which featured little Goodman but showcased one of the band's two trumpet soloists, John McLeavie, whose attack was cleanly articulated.

Other familiar staples from the old book included *Don't Be That Way*, *One O'Clock Jump*, and so on. Happily, there were also a batch of seldom-heard oldies in evidence: Fletcher Henderson's *Blue Skies*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Big John's Special*, and *I Would Do Anything for You*.

Benny sounded superb in his long solo flight on *Sing Sing Sing*, as he swooped and fluttered around Bobby Orr's drumming with supreme grace and control. If the London concert was any indication of the rest of the tour, it would appear as if Goodman was playing hard, not only in terms of quality (actually, one can't seriously judge quality on the basis of such home-made tapes) but also quantity. The music went on for more than two hours, padded only by two Barbara Jay vocals and one throwaway novelty featuring drummer Orr playing Mozart's *Turkish March* with ball point pens.

We asked Goodman if he ever tires of playing the old songs over and over again. "Basically, no," he says. "One can't stay interested in these arrangements unless they are constantly revitalized by new musicians playing them well. New solos

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JAN PERSSON

Rock Festivals: Crunch and Crisis

Opinion by Leonard Feather

IN A SUCCINCT SUMMATION of the rock festival scene, Charles Suber commented with barbed pen (db, Aug. 20) on some of the idiocies, paradoxes and hypocrisies involved in the presentation of a typical post-Woodstock, post-Altamont rally.

In the couple of months since his observations hit print, a series of new developments have brought into sharp focus the brutal realities of this shoddy business.

A serious fracas at a city-sponsored rock concert in Chicago's Grant Park led to the cancellation of events including two jazz concerts planned for five subsequent evenings. Within days, the Merriweather Post Pavilion outside Washington, D.C. called off all projected rock events. An article in *Billboard* noted that "This virtually kills the last available site for rock concerts in this area—and this is just one aspect of a blackout of concerts and festivals that is taking place all over the country."

Around the same time, the Randalls Island Pop Festival added, you should excuse the expression, acid to the bitter taste left by the Chicago shambles. Numerous publicized artists failed to appear (often for the very good reason that they had never come to terms with the promoters); various groups of militants presented non-negotiable demands for a piece of the action, and eventually did indeed gain full control of the ill-fated event. Finally, locks were removed and an estimated 20,000 potential customers were admitted free.

Blood, Sweat&Tears, returning from its State Department-sponsored tour of Iron Curtain countries, confirmed that conditions overseas are demonstrably similar to those prevailing at home. In Bucharest, Rumania, when youths tried to storm the stage, the cops let German shepherd dogs loose on them and in numerous cases administered bloody, merciless beatings to the nearest available heads. Nevertheless, the tour as a whole was considered a success, and most concerts went off without incident. One cultural attache, after witnessing an unprecedented display of overt affection on the part of a normally cowed and quiet audience, told David Clayton-Thomas: "You have accomplished in this one evening what we've been trying to do for five years."

If BS&T struck a blow in favor of pro-American sentiment, this point did not come across to some U.S. observers. A Hollywood pianist named Felix De Cola sent me a copy of a letter he had just mailed to President Nixon. His principal points were (a) the dispatching of BS&T overseas in the guise of a "Cultural Presentation" was a colossal blunder; (b) a government circular about such presentations stated that the primary objective was to show the peoples of other countries "something of the depth, variety and quality of this aspect of United States culture," (c) the "malignant image" created by BS&T served to provide those who wish to vilify our country with propaganda to "seemingly prove the decadence of our society . . . I am dismayed . . . and embittered at this flagrant waste of taxpayers' money . . . Finally, rock music is not American. It is a most unwelcome,

unwholesome and shoddy import from the slums of Liverpool, England."

De Cola clearly is not a man to mince words. He condemns all rock out of hand as "musical excrescences" performed by "untalented, vulgar young upstarts." He draws sinister inferences from the fact that Charles Manson seems to have been inspired by a Beatles' record, *Helter Skelter*.

With his letter came a mimeographed page of pasteups showing newspaper headlines, evidently collected over a period of a year or so: *Hundreds Injured as Violence Erupts at Rock Music Festival. Four States Probe Crime Link to Rock Concerts. Mexico City Music Shows Ends in*



Riot. Rock 'n' Roll Blamed For Delinquency Rate Increase. 27 Jailed as San Diego Crowd Riots at Dance.

Clearly the gentleman has taken an a priori position firmly against all youth music (all youths?) and has adduced whatever evidence he can to prove his various points. All of us who write professionally are familiar with the artful dodge of selective reporting. By clipping from underground papers instead of the establishment press, it would be just as easy to make out a case implying that all attendants at a rock gathering are put-upon innocents, eager merely to celebrate their music and their life-style; that all cops are ipso-facto pigs, and that there is a fascist conspiracy designed to make every rock fan Keep off the Grass, in both senses.

What is most disturbing about the whole odious mess is that in varying degrees all sides are at fault. Promoters out for a fast fortune; musicians who are notorious no-shows or chronically undependable or provocative in the way they hurl musical and verbal obscenities at the audience; agents who charge out-of-sight prices for talent; an indeterminate proportion of policemen who overreact viciously; frightened small town residents whose knee-jerk reaction to long hair and beads is sex orgies and heroin; militants looking for a political platform; nomadic festival followers who, in the words of the Fillmore's Bill Graham, "are on the road with knapsacks, going from one disaster to another," all must share in the blame for the horrendous situation that now confronts us.

Because of the existence of so many negative aspects, it is easy to overlook the existence of honest promoters, friend-

ly and dependable musicians, reasonable agents, policemen who make an honest effort to bridge the communication gap, amiable bucolics who, as at Woodstock, made a determined and successful attempt to understand and cater to the influx of visitors; rock fans who are there for the music itself rather than for a happening or freakout.

The bad vibrations make better headlines than the good, whether for the *New York Times* or the *Los Angeles Free Press*. It's just a matter of which bad vibes you stress and which you underplay. Nor can there be much purpose, if honesty is your objective, in trying to pretend

that the upbeat factors are predominant. As we have seen all too often, it only takes a minority of the stoned, the stupid and the strung-out to turn a booming music fest into a blasted bust.

The businessmen who see rock conventions merely as another merchandising medium, like television or juke boxes, are uptight at the thought that this medium for performers and consumers may be in jeopardy. In August, Stan Gortikov, president of Capitol Industries, urged that fact-finding studies be undertaken "to assure the preservation and the future" of the scenes.

"What has been done right? What has proved to be the best method of crowd control?" he asked. "What financial and performance standards have been most palatable to the participating artists? In what ways have community involvement hurt or helped?" And so forth and so on.

If the questions have a familiar ring, the explanation is simple. The instigation of such inquiries, the setting up of fact-finding organizations, has a precise parallel on several extra-musical levels. Whenever complaints about stifling smog conditions reach a crescendo, a fact-finding committee is set up; meanwhile, the automobile manufacturers and other pollutant-creators proceed unimpeded, offering vague assurances of improvement at some not too specific date in the late 1970s. When an oil leak at Santa Barbara wreaks havoc, instead of an immediate and permanent injunction against the granting of oil drilling leases, somebody launches an official investigation. When black Americans, under the pressure-cooker of ghetto conditions, finally

/Continued on page 33

record REVIEWS

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

BESSIE SMITH

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BLUES SINGER
—Columbia GP 33: *Down Hearted Blues*; *Gulf Coast Blues*; *Aggravatin' Papa*; *Beale Street Mama*; *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*; *Oh Daddy*; *Tain't Nobody's Bizness*; *Keeps On A-Rainin'*; *Mama's Got the Blues*; *Outside of That*; *Bleeding Hearted Blues*; *Lady Luck Blues*; *Yodling Blues*; *Midnight Blues*; *If You Don't, I Know Who Will*; *Nobody in Town Can Bake a Sweet Jelly Roll Like Mine*; *See If I'll Care*; *Baby, Have Pity On Me*; *On Revival Day*; *Moan You Mourners*; *Hustlin' Dan*; *Black Mountain Blues*; *In the House Blues*; *Long Old Road*; *Blue Blue*; *Shipwreck Blues*; *Need A Little Sugar In My Bowl*; *Safety Mama*; *Do Your Duty*; *Gimme A Pigfoot*; *Take Me For a Buggy Ride*; *Down in the Dumps*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-8: Clarence Williams, piano (Ernest Elliot, Buddy Christian, banjo added on track 7); tracks 9-16: Fletcher Henderson, piano; tracks 17, 18: Charlie Green, trombone; Williams, piano; tracks 19, 20: James P. Johnson, piano; the Bessemer Singers, vocal group; tracks 21, 22: Ed Allen, cornet; Steve Stevens, piano; tracks 23-26: Louis Bacon, cornet; Green, trombone; Williams, piano; Floyd Casey, drums; tracks 27, 28: Fred Longshaw, piano; tracks 29-32: Frankie Newton, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Benny Goodman, clarinet (track 30 only); Chu Berry, tenor saxophone; Buck Washington, piano; Bobby Johnson, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass.

Rating: ★★★★★

This handsomely packaged double album, the initial release in Columbia's re-issue of the complete recorded works of Bessie Smith, contains the first 16 and the last 16 of the singer's glorious legacy of 160 songs. Eight single LPs to come will complete the chronology.

A remarkable job has been done with the sound. Almost all surface noise has been removed without loss in fidelity. There is no fake stereo or added reverb. Collectors who already own the previous four-volume Columbia series (which had reverb) or some of the 78 originals reissues will be surprised and pleased.

There can be no quarrel with the album title: Bessie is indeed the greatest of blues singers. But perhaps "blues" says too little. Bessie did all kinds of songs, not just blues, and a good case could be made for calling her the greatest jazz singer of all time, with only Louis Armstrong to challenge her sole right to the title.

Bessie had it all: a marvelously rich, powerful, and perfectly placed voice; mastery of inflection; an infallible sense of swing, and clarity and unaffectedness of diction. But these great gifts, perfected by years of hard work, were merely the means through which she projected her feelings. To say that she had "soul" would be an understatement: she was soul personified, and all woman.

In this age of so-called sexual liberation, which in effect means unbridled vulgarity, Bessie Smith's unsurpassed direct-

ness, honesty, and genuine sexuality should come as a revelation to those raised on what currently passes for the real thing. She could transform even the tawdriest, most suggestive lyric into an expression of a love of life and its realities that turned pornography into poetry.

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Mike Bourne, Don DeMicheal, Alan Heineman, Wayne Jones, Larry Kart, John Litweiler, John McDonough, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Doug Ramsey, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Jim Szantor.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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ness, honesty, and genuine sexuality should come as a revelation to those raised on what currently passes for the real thing. She could transform even the tawdriest, most suggestive lyric into an expression of a love of life and its realities that turned pornography into poetry.

That is not to suggest that her repertoire was limited to suggestive songs that required transformation, or was exclusively concerned with love or sex. But these, after all, have ever been the main themes of blues and pop songs. The point is that everything she touched she made real and alive.

Such artistry is not bound by changing fashions, and thus Bessie Smith's voice, stilled for more than 30 years, communicates to us directly, without the adjustment required to enjoy some sounds from the past. It must be pointed out, however, that the acoustically recorded pieces (the first 16 tracks here) do need an adjustment of the ear—for technical, not spiritual reasons. Good as the job on the recorded sound is, that very sound erects a time-barrier: tinny and remote, it feels dated until the ear accustoms itself to it and allows the emotions to follow.

It is suggested, then, that the newcomer to Bessie's art begin with the later works. Even more so since they not only have the advantage of electric recording, but also reflect a growth in Bessie's artistry. I cannot go along with those who claim that her voice declined. She was, after all, no old woman in 1930-33, just in her middle 30s, and even though years of singing without the benefit of microphones, and indulgence in alcohol (not good for the voice) did bring about a coarsening of her vocal equipment, time also added new dimensions of depth, poignancy, and power. The story Bessie had to tell just kept on unfolding, and there can be no question that she was influenced by the new swing brought to black American music by Louis Armstrong and his disciples.

Thus, this wonderful record, offering works from 1923, and from seven to more than 10 years later, shows striking advances in style and projective powers, aided but not caused by improved recording techniques.

It would take more space than available here to describe in detail the 32 songs presented here. They range from tender to violent, from funny to profoundly sad (though never approaching self pity), from interesting to fascinating.

Aside from Charlie Green's trombone, a marvelously apt foil for Bessie's singing; James P. Johnson's piano, heard only

on two tracks (and then in the background behind a vocal group), and the final all-star jazz date that closed Bessie's recording career, the accompaniments here are just suggestions of things to come. On future albums, we shall hear the masterful complimentary work of cornetists Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier and Joe Smith—the latter perhaps the ideal accompanist for Bessie—and more revealing samples of James P.'s piano. But that is all right; there is nothing in Clarence Williams' or Fletcher Henderson's functional parts on these records that could distract the listener from what Bessie is doing.

My own picks among the early tracks are *Beale Street*, *Mama's Got the Blues*, and *Keeps On A-Rainin'* (Billie Holiday, who loved Bessie, did the latter so beautifully), but these are in the main intimations of things to come.

Of the later, greater works one might single out *Baby*, *Have Pity On Me* to show what Bessie could do with a non-blues; *In the House* for the kind of blues power that could match "rural" blues at its most basic; *Black Mountain* for surrealistic humor and for Bessie's ability to make lovely music from the simplest sing-song blues melody; *Need A Little Sugar* for sheer beauty and almost overwhelming poignancy, plus superb relaxation of phrasing and time; the famous *Gimme A Pigfoot* for projection of *persona* equal to Armstrong and Fats Waller, who came across on records like nobody—except Bessie—and for shouting power; *Do Your Duty* for its stop-time passages that swing as much as anything in jazz, past and present, and this track and *Down In the Dumps* for the fine solo and obligato work by some of the era's great young jazz stars, notably the unjustly forgotten Frankie Newton; and the two semi-spirituals, *Mourners* and *Revival Day*, Bessie's only known attempts in this melismatic genre, yet sufficient to place her among the greatest of gospel singers and to show where Mahalia Jackson comes from—as that great artist herself readily admits.

But this is music to hear for yourself, to discover for yourself. If you're interested in what Bessie was able to achieve as a musician, in terms of subtleties of melodic and rhythmic nuances, read the chapter on her in Gunther Schuller's *Early Jazz*. All I need tell you here is that listening to Bessie Smith is one of the greatest experiences America's unique music has to offer.

These being times of little service to gods other than Mammon, let us thank



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Columbia for making this project a reality. Credit co-producer Chris Albertson with a fine essay and liner note, plus the painstaking work on the technical aspects of the production, and thank John Hammond, who made possible Bessie's last session, for also making possible this monument to her artistry, which, on the evidence of such an auspicious beginning, will stand as a model for creative, intelligent revitalization of the jazz legacy.

—Morgenstern

CLIFFORD BROWN

THE CLIFFORD BROWN QUARTET IN PARIS—Prestige 7761; *I Can Dream Can't I?* (three takes); *It Might As Well Be Spring*; *The Song Is You* (two takes); *You're A Lucky Guy* (three takes); *Come Rain Or Come Shine* (two takes); *Blue and Brown*.

Personnel: Brown, trumpet; Henri Renaud, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Benny Bennett, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The opportunity to hear several takes of the same tune from a session can give the listener insights into the creative process of jazz soloing. Certainly anyone who studies the Savoy Charlie Parker albums, which have as many as four takes of some tunes, comes away with a greater appreciation of Bird's genius, and a deeper understanding of the choices available to the soloist in selection of notes and phrases and of the importance of the supporting cast. Bird stopped some of the takes because of dissatisfaction with his own solos, but more often there was trouble in the rhythm section.

Now, Prestige has given us the privilege of looking into the mind of Clifford Brown, who may well still be the most important jazz trumpeter since Fats Navarro. While he was touring Europe with Lionel Hampton in 1953, Brown sneaked into a Paris studio—(against Hampton's strict rule that his sidemen could not record independently)—and made several takes of four pieces, along with two one-take items. The French Vogue label issued all the takes, but in helter-skelter form on several albums. Prestige has had the good sense to arrange them in sequence as recorded and will follow the same procedure in issuing further material from the 1953 dates.

Brownie was in outstanding creative form, and although he blows a few clams in the melody line of *The Song Is You*, when he gets to the solos he rips off difficult passages with virtually no effort. The two takes of *Come Rain* are classic Brown ballads, tenderness and rhythmic force combining to give the solos a peculiarly Brownian emotional cast. No one has duplicated it; about 400 trumpet players have tried. *It Might Is*, if anything, an even more brilliant ballad performance.

There are three takes of *Lucky Guy*, an attractive pop song of the 1930s not recorded in a jazz version by anyone but Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday, to my knowledge. If you want to set yourself off on an orgy of reflection on the pervasive influence of Pops on jazz, and on jazz trumpet in particular, listen in the same sitting to Brown's and Armstrong's versions of this tune. Maybe those guys who put together computerized heavyweight fights

could computerize a two-trumpet album with Louis and Brownie, each in his prime. The mind boggles. At any rate, all three takes highlight that Will McFarland once called the "breezy, twinkling" aspect of Brown's playing, which does not imply that the ideas are inconsequential.

Another seldom-played song, *I Can Dream*, also gets three takes. Brown experiments with a flurry of 16th-notes on take one, expands it on take two, then drops it altogether the third time around, as he does the stunning cadenzas on the first two takes. Possibly, what is labeled take three was done first and the cadenzas were added later. The point is that you have the opportunity of hearing a creative genius molding a performance to his satisfaction.

Brownie had an ability to hear and seize upon harmonic changes that astounded even so harmonically sophisticated a player as Sonny Rollins, and it is in evidence all through this LP. Rollins, who worked night after night with Brown and Max Roach, has been quoted as saying he was occasionally tempted to hit Brown from sheer frustration at the man's musical perfection. Many trumpet players have shared that frustration, and cleanly articulated but emotionally juicy fast phrases like the ones that open the blues, *Blue and Brown*, haven't offered them any relief.

This is an invaluable LP for anyone interested in Clifford Brown, trumpet playing, or what goes into the art of jazz improvisation. Brown is the only soloist, but the rhythm section supports him very well indeed, with Michelot's solid bass particularly noteworthy.

—Ramsey

ORNETTE COLEMAN

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—Flying Dutchman FDS-123; *Friends and Neighbors* (vocal); *Friends and Neighbors* (instrumental); *Long Time No See*; *Let's Play*; *Forgotten Songs*; *Tomorrow*.

Personnel: Coleman, trumpet, alto saxophone, violin; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This LP is called *Friends and Neighbors* because it was recorded live, apparently with many of Coleman's friends and neighbors in attendance. Coleman wrote all of the compositions, and there are two versions of the title piece. Both are underlain by a r&b beat. The first version has some lame lyrics (they begin, "Friends and neighbors, that's where it's at . . .") sung by the studio audience. Maybe it gave them and the members of Coleman's group a feeling of togetherness, but the singing is pretty awful.

On both the *Friends and Neighbors* tracks there is some weird simultaneous improvisation by Coleman on violin and Redman. Redman's work is relaxed and easygoing, but Coleman saws away like a man possessed, producing some unusual tone colors and textures.

Long Time No See is a good stop-and-start tune. Coleman takes a long, forceful and rhythmically interesting alto solo on it. He uses varied note lengths intelligently and employs rests well, but he has played more inventively than he does here. Redman takes a nice, controlled solo.

The work of Coleman and Redman on

Long Time No See illustrates that the new music need not always be unrestrained and frenetic.

Let's Play features some fairly good simultaneous improvisation by Coleman on trumpet and Redman. Coleman's work is aggressive and impassioned, but his ability to express himself on trumpet is somewhat limited because he doesn't have good technical command of the instrument.

Forgotten Songs has good contrapuntal work by Coleman on alto and Redman. The highlight of the track, however, is Coleman's swinging, melodically attractive solo. Note during this track how often he uses simple, song-like phrases. The lyrical quality of his work seems to have gone relatively unnoticed, but it has been present in his playing ever since he came to the fore more than a decade ago.

Tomorrow is a lengthy, often frenzied selection but Redman and Coleman (who plays alto on this track) manage to take solos that are not only passionate but well-ordered and substantial. Coleman's solo is long but never boring. It is full of variety, containing both tearing, multi-note lines and the kind of relatively simple, song-like phrases referred to above.

Blackwell does a splendid job in the rhythm section. It's a pleasure to listen to his dialogue with the soloists; he not only drives them but his playing is sometimes so sensitive and musical that he seems to be reading their minds.

Haden also does a commendable job. He plays powerful and inventively yet

unobtrusively, doing all sorts of interesting things behind the soloists but not drawing attention away from them. —Pekar

JOHN COLTRANE

SELFLESSNESS—Impulse 9161: *My Favorite Things*; *I Want to Talk About You*; *Selflessness*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Coltrane, soprano, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Track 3—Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophones; Donald Garrett, bass clarinet, bass; Tyner; Garrison; Elvin Jones, Frank Butler, Juno Lewis, drums, various percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Things and *You* were recorded at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival, and *Selflessness* derives from the unfortunate 1965 session that produced the *Kula Se Mama* album, unfortunate in that nothing much good came from it including the track (except for some moderately good Tyner) here.

Coltrane plays soprano on *Things*, of course, and in his long solo following Tyner's he pulls off dazzling runs that indicate he was having fun with the instrument. The solo is played mostly in the upper register, and the slightly nasal tone he used (or is it the tinny recording?) cuts like a knife. The solo is a bit marred by Coltrane's frequent use of trills, which gets irritating after a while. (I also found Haynes' snare drum and busy playing distracting, especially when Tyner soloed.)

The outstanding track is *You*, a Billy Eckstine ballad that was a favorite tenor

vehicle of Coltrane's. Here is absolutely top-drawer Coltrane: strong and sure, barreling through the music, a lot of notes but no waste, fire and tenderness inexplicably wrapped together. He does marvelously beautiful things with the bridge each time he plays it; the other 24 bars seem to be only what he has to play through to get at, for him, the song's meat. The performance is only two-and-a-half choruses, but there is a long, long unaccompanied cadenza by Coltrane that becomes a recapitulation of the chord structure, from the bridge out. The bridge section lasts about one-and-a-half minutes (a long time for eight bars of music), which offers some idea of how much he must have loved it.

Too bad the rest of the music didn't come up to *You*; if it had, this would have been one of the Coltrane albums.

—DeMicheal

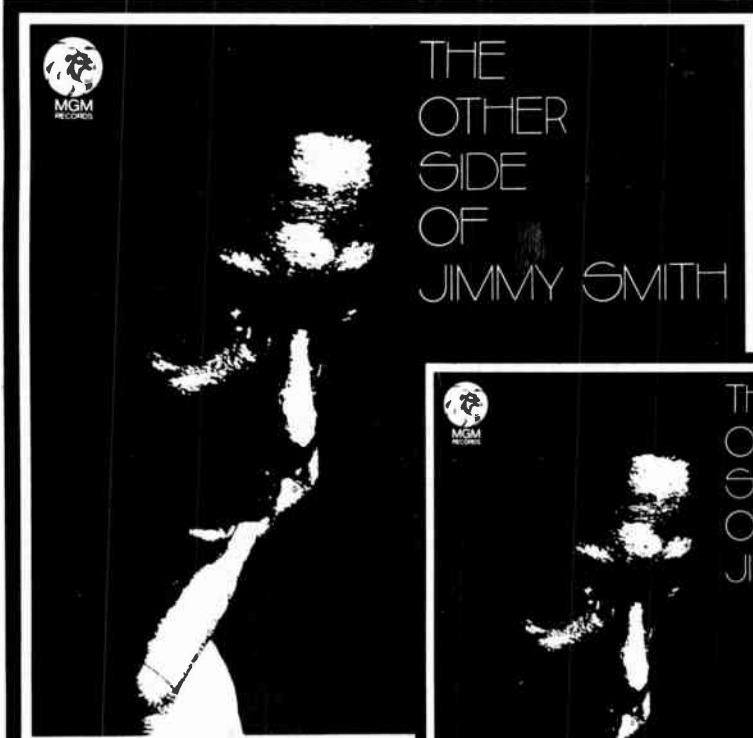
TAL FARLOW

THE RETURN OF TAL FARLOW/1969—Prestige 7732: *Straight, No Chaser*; *Darn That Dream*; *Summertime*; *Sometime Ago*; *I'll Remember April*; *My Romance*; *Crazy She Calls Me*.

Personnel: Farlow, guitar; John Scully, piano; Jack Six, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

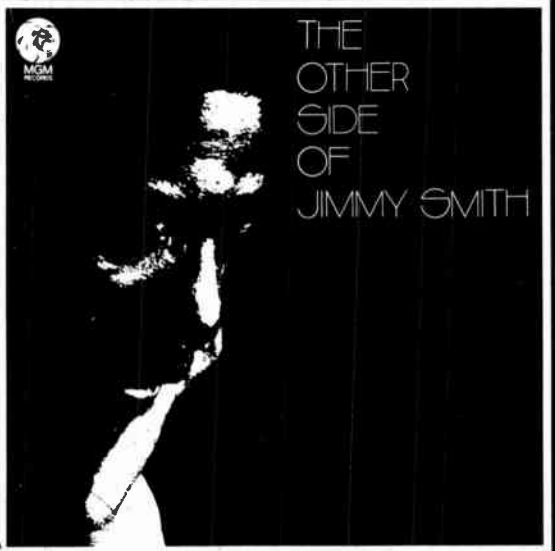
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Tal Farlow is active once again, and his first recording as a leader in more than a decade should give fellow guitarists pause. It may even give them the willies. Farlow is fast, his ideas flow logically at any tempo, his touch produces notes of uni-




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formly full sound, he comps beautifully, and he does it all with little apparent effort. And, oh, yes, he swings like mad.

All of that was true in the '50s, when he was unquestionably the ranking guitarist in jazz. If anything, it is more true today. Whether that makes him the ranking guitarist of the '70s, of course, is open to question. The competition is stiffer now, what with Jim Hall and Barney Kessel playing better than ever, and Kenny Burrell not far behind.

But Farlow is unquestionably one of the great guitarists, and this album emphasizes that fact. His warmth of expression is as important a part of his playing as his incredible technique, and it comes across with impact on the ballads, *Sometime Ago*, *Romance*, and *Dream*. What may sound like an electric piano or a harpsichord on *Romance* is Farlow extending the range of the guitar in the final chorus through sheer technique, not by electronics—the climax of a classic ballad performance.

Chaser and *April* are straight-ahead swingers, with searing solos by Farlow and the rhythm section in strong support. *Crazy* is the old Billie Holiday specialty, and Farlow evokes her with some playing directly in the Charlie Christian tradition. Coming out of the bridge on his next-to-last solo chorus, he plays a series of descending fifths that tingles the spine.

Six is much better recorded here than he has been with Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan. He plays perfectly in tune and is consistently beautiful in his choice of notes. Dawson demonstrates why drummers are so in awe of him. Sid Catlett, Elvin Jones and Kenny Clarke spring to mind as other percussionists with the power in reserve to swing madly without becoming overbearing. That places Davison in exalted company, where he belongs.

From the information in the notes, I take pianist Scully to be a young man. He's a young man with a future. The heated atmosphere created by Farlow on *April* does not cool during Scully's choruses. He reminds me of the young Bill Evans who was still under Bud Powell's spell. And there seems to be something of Denny Zeitlin in his approach to soloing.

Where the rhythm section occasionally gets hung up is in Scully's comping. It is frequently too much, literally, with an excessive number of chords in obvious places. Subtlety may come with experience as an accompanist.

With that single reservation, this LP is highly recommended. It's good to have an important musician like Farlow back on the recording scene.

—Ramsey

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD

CLOSER TO HOME—Capitol SKAO-471; *Sin's A Good Man's Brother*; *Aimless Lady*; *Nothing is the Same*; *Mean Mistreater*; *Get It Together*; *I Don't Have To Sing the Blues*; *Hooked on Love*; *I'm Your Captain*.

Personnel: Mark Farner, keyboards, guitar, vocals; Mel Schacher, bass; Don Brewer, drums, vocals.

Rating: zilch

At a concert, I once heard a emcee announce next week's attraction as the Grand Funk Railroad, and the resultant teenybop tumult convinced me that said Grand Funk

Railroad held incredible appeal for the teenybop mass—which only reinforced my opinion that expensive hype, Top-40 hype media complicity, and the desire of said teenybop mass for fadistic product can effectively dictate popularity.

Musically, GFR are as redundant and esthetically undemanding as one expects of expert bubblegum, working each mandatory cliché with mechanical precision, as if the archetypes of schlock.

And on this latest album, extravagantly popimpressively advertised by a monstrous Times Square billboard, such a creative impotence (in the interests of Mammon perhaps) is well exhibited, particularly as *Closer To Home* becomes some definitive catalogue on How-To-Play-Tremendously-Adequate-Rock-&-Roll: basic pablumatic rhythm figures, basic scream intonation (with proper soulful lyric distortion), basic innocuous ballad (*Mean Mistreater*), basic pop politics plus world salvation identity, basic peachy production and promotion (especially the keen sea noise on *I'm Your Captain*).

As the producer's liner notes pronounce: "They are three who belong to the New Culture setting forth on its final voyage through a dying world . . . searching to find a way to bring us all CLOSER TO HOME"—but what utter crap! Should I ever agree that the music of Grand Funk Railroad belonged to my New Culture, then I would immediately have to pull a Euripides, removing myself to a distant cave where I might write my plays and make my music in a spiritual peace far apart from the witless mass. . . —Bourne

B. B. KING

COMPLETELY WELL—Bluesway 6037: *So Excited*; *No Good*; *You're Losin' Me*; *What Happened?*; *Confessin' the Blues*; *Key to My Kingdom*; *Cryin' Won't Help You Now*; *You're Mean*; *The Thrill Is Gone*.

Personnel: King, guitar, vocals; Paul Harris, keyboards; Hugh McCracken, guitar; Gerald Jemmott, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

Any B. B. King performance is in some way gratifying—it feels good, it makes you cry, dance or whatever—it's just that some are better than others. This album has its moments, particularly on the lovely *No Good*, but it generally is not as stimulating as previous King records.

The main drag is the second side, which includes a nothing-happening *Key* and a terribly sprawling session-style *You're Mean* (it sounds as if the good times were rolling in the studio, but exciting musical moments are sporadic in appearance during the 10-minute take).

Still, throughout the performances there are wonderfully humanized guitar solos by King that have the flow and shading of his singing. His voice and guitar are of a whole cloth, and they vary together as the material and moods vary, as can be heard by comparing his work on the first two tunes.

On most tracks, horns have been added (strings on *Thrill*), playing unobtrusive arrangements that give a little weight to the background, but in most cases the rhythm section doesn't really need any help; it drives and swings admirably—

especially drummer Lovelle, a tasteful and strong musician. —DeMicheal

ARNIE LAWRENCE & THE CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

INSIDE AN HOUR GLASS—Embryo SD 525: *Inside an Hour Glass*; *Ricky, I Want to Talk to You*.

Personnel: Lawrence, alto saxophone; Dick Hyman, keyboards; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, percussion; Ricky Lawrence (age 8) and Dickie G. Davis (age 4), children at play.

No Rating

Musically, the playing here is best described as a stream-of-consciousness progressing from light texture through light texture collectively featuring Hyman, Davis, Shaughnessy, and Lawrence in intimate communion, with the two kids free to chatter and/or hit and toot as they will. But initially, I have two quite divergent responses.

First: that despite all excellent intentions the "total improvisation" played seems too random to have a "total" impact for the listener; that the two kids quickly become a nuisance; and that the music evokes in me an urge to play rather than to hear.

Second: that the experiment is admirable and well-wrought; that the spontaneous moments spaced throughout the 55 minutes are as vital as any new music; and that given the design, the four players have brought to fruition an important and difficult album concept.

Ultimately, because merits must always outweigh demerits, I would prefer to mark *Inside and Hour Glass* as a remarkable piece of art, for which producer Herbie Mann deserves some special notice—having released as an LP that Lawrence and the others had originally recorded only for their own creative pleasure and fulfillment—with an extra hope that Mann will also release the sound ensemble tape, a cosmic thrust of more powerful electric music (featuring an added rock drummer, guitarist, and Hyman playing the best Moog I've heard).

Whatever, the final appreciation of this album demands from the witness a listening energy as committed as the playing energy of the Children of All Ages, and is thus sure to provoke considerable critical and popular confusion from those unwilling to care enough to truly experience. —Bourne

JACK TEAGARDEN

JACK TEAGARDEN IN CONCERT—Sounds 1203: *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Beale Street Blues*; *After You've Gone*; *Handful of Keys*; *Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans?*; *High Society*; *St. James Infirmary*; *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

Personnel: Dick Oakley, trumpet; Teagarden, trombone, vocals; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Puls, bass; Ronnie Greb, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★ 1/2

Thanks to someone's knowledgeable engineering, we have a stereo recording of a "live" performance (probably in Seattle in 1958) by one of Jack's best sextets.

The subsequent sextet, with Don Goldie and Barrett Deems, was more showbiz, got more glory, and was extensively recorded (four Roulette LPs), but in many ways this was a better band for what it was supposed to be. (One rather cold

Capitol album, long deleted, was its only legacy, until now.) Dick Oakley was and is a masterful trumpeter, with great time swing, and plays strongly here. Greb was the first and best-known product of the Gene Krupa-Cozy Cole Drum School, and he is a skilled if routine and rather mechanical accompanist. (His overlong solo on *Saints*, a solid commercial commodity—we must acknowledge Jack's business acumen—lopped off that final half-star.)

As you might well expect, Jack sings and plays like an angel, and surely a major source of his momentum must have been Ewell, the magnificent Wallerite, who deserves five stars every time he confronts a piano. The two are such familiar commodities, though, that it may be the less frequently-recorded Oakley who catches your ear this time.

(By this affirmative review I do not wish to infer that I condone such bootlegging as this. Did you get a check for this, Don? Dick? Jerry?)

A valuable little document, and an unexpected treat for Dixie buffs, especially the Teagarden lodge, who will have to have this. Sounds, please note corrected spellings. —Jones

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE NAKED CARMEN—Mercury SRM 1-604: *Odyssey*; *Faces Are the Same I*; *When Love Is Free*; *Faces Are the Same II*; *The Flowurrie Song*; *The Universal Military Bubblegum Band*; *Faces Are the Same III*; *Playin' the Game*; *Time*; *Paper Hero and The Darkness*; *Somewhere to Go*; *Faces Are the Same IV*; *The Sick and Hungry World*; *Carmen Fantasette Recorded Live I*; *The Tarot Dealer*; *Requiem*; *Faces Are the Same V*.

Personnel: Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Paul Paray; Pig Iron; John Atkins, piano soloist; David Hess, Melba Moore, Robert White and Anita Darian, William Walker, George Turner, Mary Bruce and Her Starbuds, featured vocalists; studio orchestra arranged and conducted by John Corigliano.

Rating: one electric castanet

To simply report that his album is silly would be a disservice, because this album is silly and a half, perhaps double silly, or tri-silly, as silly as one could ever imagine—and does tragical violence to the music of Bizet: for *Carmen* a la directors Corigliano and Hess is much like the Mona Lisa from a color-blind paint-by-the-numbers kit, with the landscape in chaos, the lady's nose akimbo, and her smile nowhere to be seen.

Selected nonsense includes: an ineffectual framing device of the folkly ballad *Faces Are the Same* by the limpid falsetto of Hess; *The Children's Chorus* retitled *The Universal Military Bubblegum Band*, and featuring a lead kazoo over the confused cross breeding of Pig Iron and the Detroit Symphony; baritone William Walker in a pitiful tough Texan accent singing *Playin' the Game* (*The Toreador Song*) above quasi-Dixieland orchestral accompaniment, with the clever chorus line "drinkin' and wimmen, they're all the same, it's just like playin' the game"; inconsequential clips from UPI coverage of European student riots, plus Agnew's efete intellectual speech on *Paper Hero and The Darkness* (*March of the Toreadors*); George Turner's tremendously adequate *Somewhere to Go*, a Motown *Sequidilla*; a laugh track to Atkin's uber-rhapsodic piano on *Carmen Fantasette Recorded Live!!*; and a montage replay of assorted



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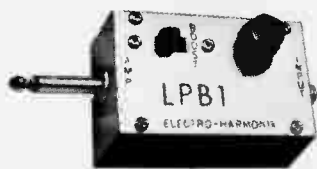
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atrocities, aptly titled *Requiem*.

Only Melba Moore survives this "electric rock opera", although more by her strong passionate performance than by the sad manner in which she is wasted, working well into *Time (Micaela's Air)*, *The Flowrie Song* (guess what), and especially *The Tarot Dealer (The Card Song)*, managing to be somehow engaging even amid such distorted corruptions.

Ultimately, in an age when real naked opera is upon us (if only in Anna Moffo), we need no defoliation of *Carmen*.

—Bourne

PHIL WOODS

PHIL WOODS AND HIS EUROPEAN RHYTHM MACHINE AT THE MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL—MGM SE-4695. Capricci Cavalesechi; I Remember Bird; Ad Infinitum; Riot.
 Personnel: Woods, alto saxophone; George Gruntz, piano; Henri Texier, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Woods, sick of the New York commercial studio scene two years ago, picked up his alto and his family and moved to Europe. There, he put together a band called the European Rhythm Machine and began concentrating on playing jazz.

With the jingles and other dumb recording sessions cleared from his mind, Woods was apparently able to concentrate on becoming what there had been clear evidence he could become, a great alto saxophonist and a great soloist; he had long been a very good one. On the evidence of this new album, the listener who has followed Woods' playing can only conclude that the man can now execute on the horn any idea that comes into his mind. That happy state has been achieved by very few jazzmen, and by even fewer with ideas worth hearing. Woods' ideas are most worthwhile, indeed often brilliant. He integrates direct and indirect quotes from Charlie Parker with his own interpretation of Bird's style. Parker left a great legacy, of course, but he also left alto players a problem: how to use the legacy without becoming imitators. Woods has become one of the most personal interpreters of Parker's music, and long ago ceased to be an imitator.

The European rhythm section is excellent. The improvement of Continental drummers over the past few years is symbolized by Humair, who would have no difficulty making his way in American groups. Gruntz has built a fine reputation as a pianist, and he lives up to it here. Texier is new to me. Add him to the list of formidable young European bassists like Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, Palle Danielson, and Miroslav Vitous. His obbligato behind Gruntz on Carla Bley's *Ad Infinitum* is strong and imaginative.

The album also includes a piece by Gruntz, *Capricci Cavalesechi*, and Herbie Hancock's *Riot*, on which Woods makes an impressive recorded debut in the area of free playing. But the highlight of the album is Leonard Feather's *I Remember Bird*. Woods summons up Bird every few bars, but he does so affectionately and without subjugating himself to Parker's style. A brilliant blues performance.

—Ramsey

BLINDFOLD TEST

ROY McCURDY

by Leonard Feather

Man for man, there is probably no organized combo in jazz that can boast a more articulate and musically concerned group of musicians than the Cannonball Adderley Quintet.

Having conducted Blindfold Tests on several occasions with Cannonball and/or Nat, I decided when the group was in town recently to check out a few records with one of the sidemen who had never before taken the test.

Roy McCurdy, with whom Joe Zawinul dropped in to share the listening session (part one of which appeared in the Oct. 15 issue), has been an Adderley cornerstone since 1965. Born in 1936 in Rochester, N.Y., he began his musical studies at the Eastman School at the age of 10.

His pre-Adderley experience was quite extensive. In addition to spending four years in an Air Force band, he worked with the Mangione brothers sextet, then came to prominence in New York as a member of the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet in 1961. The following year he toured Europe with Dwiki Mitchell and Willie Ruff. In 1962-'63 he was a member of Betty Carter's rhythm section. Later in 1963 he visited Japan with Sonny Rollins.

McCurdy was given no information about the records played.

1. DIZZY GILLESPIE. *N'Bani* (from *The Real Thing*, Perception). Gillespie, composer, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone; George Davis, guitar; David Lee, drums.

RMcC: That's Dizzy and I liked it very much. That's George Davis on guitar and I think David Lee on drums, two very good friends of ours. Joe and I met them when we went down to New Orleans with Cannonball. We played at Al Hirt's; George and David were playing with an organist and singer and pianist named Willie T.

I think they could have recorded the drums a little better. They sounded like they were in the background a little bit. But George and David are excellent players. I'm glad to see they're with Dizzy now.

I like the idea of combining Dizzy with this kind of rhythmic concept. I give Diz a lot of credit because he's keeping up to date with things. That other album he just brought out, *Cornucopia*, is fantastic. I'd rate this three-and-a-half stars.

JZ: I love Dizzy Gillespie very much and I think he has been doing greater things lately than in a long time. But I don't particularly care for Dizzy's recordings sometimes, though. The way it was recorded is kind of bad, I think. I also think that was David and George playing. I don't know who the tenor player was.

That sound is a little messed up, I think, but Dizzy always sounds so good and lately he's doing some exceptional things; and I'm glad that those guys are with him. He's going in a direction where these are definitely the ideal guys to play with him. David is the most unbelievable drummer.

I'd have to rate it lower than Roy because it doesn't seem to go too many places. It's just one kind of pattern that keeps going with not too much happening.

Dizzy plays beautifully and the rhythm section has a beautiful flow. But for this particular recording I'd say three stars.

2. HERBIE HANCOCK. *Jessica* (from *Fat Albert Rotunda*, Warner Bros.) Hancock, composer, arranger, piano; Johnny Coles, fluegelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Buster Williams, bass; Tootie Heath, drums; Joe Henderson, flute.

JZ: A million stars . . . Herbie. That's a very beautiful record. Herbie Hancock is a really complete musician; his playing and writing are equally balanced. In this band he has now, Johnny Coles is really fitting into it beautifully . . . melodic and lyrical playing. And I think I heard Garnett play the melody—great!

There's not too much to say except that he is one of my very favorite musicians, and he always comes up with it.

RMcC: Well, I agree with Joe. Very beautiful and very sensitive. I liked the things that Buster Williams was playing on bass, long notes, beautiful things. And Tootie played very well, very sensitively, and Joe Henderson on flute . . . fantastic.

JZ: That's really very interesting. I didn't know that Joe had been playing too long on flute; he's getting a beautiful sound. It's really difficult to play in tune.

RMcC: Tootie came back from Europe playing so good—he was playing good all the time—but he's just playing exceptionally well now. I'll rate that with all the stars you can give.

3. DUKE ELLINGTON. *Black Swan* (from *70th Birthday Party*, Solid State). Ellington, composer, piano; Norris Turney, flute; Victor Gaskin, bass; Wild Bill Davis, organ; Rufus Jones, drums.

JZ: This was a very strange record; you must be trying to pull my leg. In the be-

ginning I didn't have any idea who that could be. I heard some traces of Duke Ellington right at the beginning. But I've never experienced a flute player in Duke's things, so this is probably one of the new things he's been doing.

Immediately, though, I recognized Victor Gaskin. And Wild Bill Davis I think was playing organ. But, to me, it's kind of boring. I must be very honest, because Duke Ellington for me is the Master, and anything less than what I expect would be rather disappointing. Victor sounded very, very good. Duke did some beautiful things at the end with those runs. But I would only give it two stars.

RMcC: Yes, I also recognized Victor. We played together a long time in Cannon's group . . . I could recognize the solo. I also heard Duke right at the first few bars, he did just little runs that kind of tipped off who it was.

I didn't particularly like the composition either. I thought it was a little boring also. **JZ:** It didn't sound like a Duke Ellington tune; it was very strange with those two chords changing from D \flat to B; that's very un-Dukish.

RMcC: But he came through later and played some runs that really showed you what was happening. I'd give that one star.

RMcC: I was trying to think who the drummer was . . . Bellson or Rufus Jones? The rhythm section was as good as possible, I guess; raggedy in some spots. I think at the beginning they were a little nervous. **JZ:** I would like to say that I think it's a beautiful thing for Victor to have the opportunity to play with a master musician, and I think it will help him a lot. And I can already hear little beautiful improvements. ES



Hempstead Jazz Festival

Newbridge Road Park, Bellmore, N.Y.

Personnel: Dedrick-Dixon Ad Hoc Festival Band: Rusty Dedrick, trumpet; Wayne Andre, Lou McGarity, trombones; Joe Dixon, Nick Brignola, Lee Konitz, reeds; Toots Thielemans, guitar, harmonica; Reese Markewich, electric piano, flute; Eddie Gomez, bass; Walter Perkins, drums. Billy Mitchell Sextet: Dave Burns, trumpet; Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Roland Prince, guitar; Charles McLean, electric piano; Arvell Shaw, electric bass; Earl Williams, drums. Nick Brignola Quartet: Brignola, alto, baritone saxophones, saxello; Don York, electric piano; Eddie Ananias, guitar; George Leary, drums. Wild Bill Davison Sextet: Davison, cornet; McGarity, trombone; Dixon, clarinet; Nat Pierce, electric piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Marcus Foster, drums; Maxine Sullivan, vocals. Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra: Al Porcino, Snooky Young, Richard Williams, Jimmy Goodrich, Danny Moore, trumpets; Eddie Bert, Blaise Turi, Jimmy Knepper, Benny Powell, trombones; Jerome Richardson, Jerry Dodgion, Eddie Daniels, Billy Harper, Pepper Adams, reeds; Roland Hanna, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Lewis, drums.

This event was originally scheduled as an alfresco fun and games things with picnic spreads, chilled jugs of Chianti and untrammelled *gemutlichkeit*. Unfortunately, with the heavens weeping heavily at 3 p.m., the authorities decided to move the program indoors and a lot of the color was lost, along with a good part of the potential audience.

Fortunately, the transition was fairly smooth. Almost all the musicians appeared on time and blew with great fervor and fire for a congregation of suburbanites who braved the elements and change of venue long enough to hear over four hours of excellent music. A skating rink with a high-arch roof devoid of acoustical baffles is no "fitten" place for a jazz performance, as Basie and Buddy Rich have discovered on earlier visits, but in the case of the festival, it was a question of playing it as it lay or scrubbing the whole thing, which no one wanted to do, least of all producer Joe Dixon who had bled from every pore through months of hassles and negotiation.

The Festival Band led off with a novel idea. Rusty Dedrick had composed a chart for the occasion titled *Acropolis 7/8 4/4*, an unusual line with just a hint of Lalo Schiffrin's theme from *Mission Impossible*, and the band rehearsed it on stage. The results were musically diverting and gave the largely square audience a sample of what goes on before the curtain rises.

After a brief run-through, the group dug into the piece with complete assurance and we were treated to extended solos by Brignola, Konitz, Dixon (clarinet), Andre and McGarity. The band followed this successful experiment with an arrangement of *You Are Too Beautiful* on which soloist Dedrick's range and bell-like clarity were most impressive.

From here on, working with rhythm only, various members of the band were spotlighted in specialties: Markewich in a breezy flute treatment of *Indiana*, he and Brignola on *All The Things You Are*, Andre and McGarity on a sparkling *Undecided* in two-part harmony and Dixon on a soulful, haunting reading of *The Man I Love*.

For those of us whose jazz memories range back at least 20 years, what followed was the first high point of the evening. Lee Konitz walked out to the mike and promptly wailed his tail off on a very bright rendition of *Just Friends*. The tone was strong, the attack sure and there were none of the rests, pauses and searches for phrases which have sometimes marred Konitz' work in recent years. It was exciting



Lee Konitz: Sure-footed Elegance

to hear him play like this again and Markewich's comping and Gomez' strong bass lines shored up the proceedings at all the proper intervals. Konitz followed with a sultry treatment of *What's New?* at a tempo more in keeping with his recent image but once again with a sure-footed elegance refreshing in its professionalism. Bowing off, the diffident altoist was accorded the first big hand of the evening.

Veteran tenorist Billy Mitchell had been setting up on the other side of the wide stage and immediately bit into a tough, up-tempo blues line with his own horn and the guitar of Roland Prince taking most of the honors. There was a lull in the excitement while Arvell Shaw tried to make the electric bass sound interesting with a solo on *Over The Rainbow*. Shaw is a big bear of a man and a fine bassist but the parlay of an inadequate instrument and a banal tune was just too much. The lively set closed with *On The Trail*, Dave Burns contributing a neat solo and joining the leader for two choruses of fours to take it out.

Things got a little commercial with Toots Thielemans and his guitar, harmonica and whistling, working with the Mitchell rhythm. This is not to demean Toots, who is a well-rounded jazzman making it big in movies, jingles and as a member of the Peggy Lee entourage. This particular evening his program consisted of *On A Clear Day*, the theme from *Midnight Cowboy* and of course, his own *Blue-sette*, everyone's favorite Muzak tune. His

pixie-like demeanor was a crowd pleaser, as was his nimble union whistle-guitar on his own composition.

There occurred here a massive shift in orientation from the fairly mainstream course the evening had taken to a sort of jazz-avant garde-rock explosion which to these ears was more startling than artistically impressive. Nick Brignola was named in the 1970 down beat Critics Poll as a new star, and I agree. His work in the early part of the show indicated a total mastery of the difficult baritone sax. Working with his own group, he appeared to be straining and the music did not flow as freely. He opened with several unaccompanied choruses based on *Stella By Starlight*, and then the roof fell in, meaning his mod-coiffed and attired trio came down on their instruments triple fortissimo. The drummer seemed obsessed with the decibel-drenched oeuvre of Elvin Jones in his Coltrane period, and he and pianist York were obviously trying to recreate the Jones-Tyner thing and oversteating it at every turn, especially with Brignola playing saxello. When he switched to alto, he evoked the style and sound of Phil Woods, especially in the upper register, but the man's work is in no way derivative. Brignola well deserves his laurels, but I'm not sure I can identify with his group's wildly outside excursions.

After this aural frontal assault it was a kick to welcome Wild Bill Davison and his two-beaters to the stand. Bill and his punching cornet sounded alive and well

and living in Chicago on a very quick *Linger A While*, McGarity scoring heavily with his gutty tone and down-home phrasing. Dixon's strong clarinet filled out the front line quite nicely.

Wild Bill and his staff remained on stage to back Maxine Sullivan's set. The singer has permitted her hair to grow gracefully gray, but the years have been kind and if anything, her voice is better and stronger than it was in the Onyx Club era. Attired tastefully in a soft purple jump suit and a long-sleeved gold blouse, with gleaming jewels at her ear lobes and wrist, Miss Sullivan turned back the years. She picked her way gracefully through *Almost Like Being In Love*, *Got The World on a String*, *He's Funny That Way*, *They All Laughed*, *I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues*, and of course, *Loch Lomond*. The crowd called her back for a romp through *The Lady Is a Tramp* with the Davison band in full cry on the out chorus.

It was time now for Thad and Mel and The Big Jazz Machine to put the capper on a great show and they kicked off with a funky-folksy-Cubana line from their new Blue Note album titled *Us* with very exciting solos from Hanna and Pepper Adams, with the latter almost completely inaudible because the cat on the mixing panel turned the wrong knob, something he contrived to do frequently throughout the evening.

Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of *Willow Weep For Me* followed, featuring the Jones fluegelhorn and Jimmy Knepper's

fine trombone. Next was *The Second Race* which opened with Hanna working over Richie Davis' walking bass, followed by several choruses of Richard Williams' muted trumpet and a very moving tenor solo by Billy Harper. Jones and Hanna were featured on a rather ecclesiastic *A Child is Born* with Hanna producing an organ-like chordal foundation—one of the advantages of the electric keyboard.

The band then closed the evening with Thad's *Towaway Zone*, offering stirring section work over a rocking boogaloo meter and Daniels and Harper locked in a raging tenor duel which had the hardcore survivors in the crowd on their feet screaming.

The festival is planned to become an annual happening, free to all comers, with the town of Hempstead footing the bill. The debut was great, and while the sound left much to be desired and an entire evening of electric piano got rather tiresome, the music was excellent, the programming and stage management most professional, and the favorable community impact for jazz was immeasurable.

I'll settle for that.

—Al Fisher

Jerry Hahn Brotherhood/ Mothers of Invention

Middle Earth, Indianapolis, Ind.

Personnel: The Jerry Hahn Brotherhood: Mike Finnigan, organ, vocals; Hahn, guitar, vocals; Clyde Graves, bass; George Marsh, drums. The Mothers of Invention: Ian Underwood, keyboards, tenor saxophone; George Duke, keyboards, ring modulator; Frank Zappa, guitar; Jeff Simmons, bass, vocals; Howard Kaylan, Mark Volman, percussion, vocals.

Middle Earth is a converted movie house, seatless, with a nappy carpet sloping toward the stage, and uncomfortable for those unaccustomed to squatting (like arthritic me). New and ambitious, it at least attempts to offer good popular music to the cultural chasm of Indiana, and add a semi-pro light show (scenic films, the typical overhead projector abstracts—one rather peachy: a puce amoeba) to assume the mandatory rock concert mythos.

But whether the Naptown audience could appreciate the excellence of Hahn and Zappa becomes a question of interpreting Hoosier esthetics, even though the roar at the mention of upcoming Grand Funk Railroad could well indicate the general head of the mass; that is, lovers of schlock. And when I asked Zappa if he had felt bad vibes, his response classically concluded the evening: "I didn't feel any vibes at all. They should put quotation marks around the whole city of Indianapolis."

Naturally, the strangely hostile audience attitude toward the officiating local disc jockeys only perpetuated the cultural tensions of the two nights further—although not so strangely hostile (when not simply indifferent), considering the typical rap fare: "We got an outasite show tonite! We're really gonna bend some minds! Too much!" To which an astute freak responded: "You're too much! Get off!" Nevertheless, I suspect for all complaints naught will change, because so long as speedy mouth top-40 hustling exists, so will insipid disc jockeys.



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Jerry Hahn: Creative Elation

The concerts at least overcame the mire of the medium, which was surely triumph enough. Coven opened each evening: a local witchcraft-oriented quintet, whose offensive rock demonology album (released last year by Mercury) hearsay claims to be the fault of the record company. Yet little of their performance indicated talents any greater than the heavy sludge of that recording, with darkly moody ensembles, an erotic blonde in black coming strong a la Slick (although mostly unintelligible), plus such tiresome inanities as rapping about the organist's "organ" and that ilk. Ultimately, the only interesting moment of Coven's set was that at which the chick (named, I think, Jinx) remarked "sounds like Woodstock up here" to nearly nil audience feedback, and then almost incredulously added "it really does" as if the kids hadn't heard her—which they hadn't, nor had they heard the d.j.'s Woodstock comment, stupidly relating the great legend to this lemonade lawn party.

Hahn's quartet luckily survived, as bare-chested and bounding about he quite seemed a hairy gnome. On this, their first road tour, the Brotherhood exceptionally offered a fine eclectic repertoire of personalized jazz and rock with great scoops of country exuberance. George Marsh especially proved himself to be among the superb pop percussionists, a true jazz freak's rock drummer: loose, propulsive, constantly directional, and incredibly sensitive to Hahn's momentum. Very often, as on Hahn's spurring *Prime Time*, the guitar/drum conversations were atomic, yet Marsh always maintained a time strong enough for the hardcore stoned in the crowd to dance, even on quasi-avant pieces like *Going Down* and Ornette Coleman's *Ramblin'* (half-free, half-country, if one could dig it).

Still, the Hoosiers received far better the more elemental blues, notably the tough vocals of Finnigan on *Early Bird*

Cafe and *Leda* (two songs from his time with the short-lived but very good Serfs), although the Brotherhood's encore of *Compared to What* surprisingly hit less than I would have suspected, naturally presuming that Gene McDaniel's acid lyrics would groove the usually rabid politics in the house—but then just as one cannot efficiently interpret Indianian esthetics, one can hardly predict them.

Hahn was nonetheless electric, making his very personal music with a great spirit of creative elation. Remarkably in touch with the many idioms of the repertoire, Hahn's guitar expertise well-shifted from country funk like *Hey, Good Lookin'* and the group's single, *Captain Bobby Stout*, to the meaner free jazz tunes with uncommon ease, and his distortion solo on *Golden Slumbers* was far more lyrical than one could ever imagine from amplifier noise. I sincerely pray that more hear this very special band.

But Zappa was the acme of the evenings, and the Mothers sounded better than even their best albums—mainly, it was obvious, because the collective expertise of the musicians was so startling, a brilliance I doubt too many heard. The usual heckling, of course, had to surface, usually quelled by Zappa to the delight of the hecklers: "Come to order, raisins" this weekend's seemingly favorite retort—which is sad once one recognizes that all those screams for *Louie, Louie* were relating to the Mothers' image, seeking some outrageous rebuttal, rather than appreciating (if the majority could) the excellent music. Thus, an even better capper came when, after stripping topless from the heat and being met with general hooting, Zappa returned: "My, but you're easily pleased!" . . . and they were.

Both evenings featured essentially the same program, a set medley, *King Kong*, and *The Hunchback Duke*, with the only major variation an actual performance of

Caravan-with-a-drum-solo the second night—although the trading of Dunbar with George Duke's vocal drum scats, and the various other directions Zappa signalled (as if possessed) were hardly the Sandy Nelson fare.

The medley "of our greatest tits" (as nomered by Volman) included several tightly arranged and choreographed songs from the Mothers albums, beginning with the unrecorded *Wonderful Wino* and moving through such Zappa standards as *Concentration Moon*, *The Air*, *Mother People*, *You Didn't Try to Call me* (Ruben and the Jets version), and *Dog Breath*. And even though Zappa's three superfine solos consistently proved him among the sadly underrated guitarists, the highlight of the medley was still *Mom & Dad*, the compassionate singing of Volman and Kaylan (for this lyric sans clowning) evoking the real tragedy in the lyrics about cops shooting kids. That it "takes on a new perspective," as Zappa later observed, is quite an understatement when one recalls the Kent State murders.

Really, Volman and Kaylan (both ex-Turtles) were most notably responsible for the all-around better sound of the group, making all the harmonies where the earlier Mothers vocalists did not always, and allowing Zappa to fulfill his vocal orchestrations for 2, 3, or 4 parts, with himself and basso bassist Simmons added when necessary. Furthermore, since they were seldom confined to playing instruments (not that Zappa et al. didn't act regardless), Volman and Kaylan also executed most of the Mothers' theatrical activity, dancing about, bodily accenting the images in the lyrics—which were as precise in most instances as the arrangements (like shooting a moon on the right note every night). That most people misunderstand the Mothers stage antics, thinking of the freaky foolery as wholly spontaneous showtime and not as significant elements to the musical event, is once again a miserable oversight in the appreciation of Zappa's art.

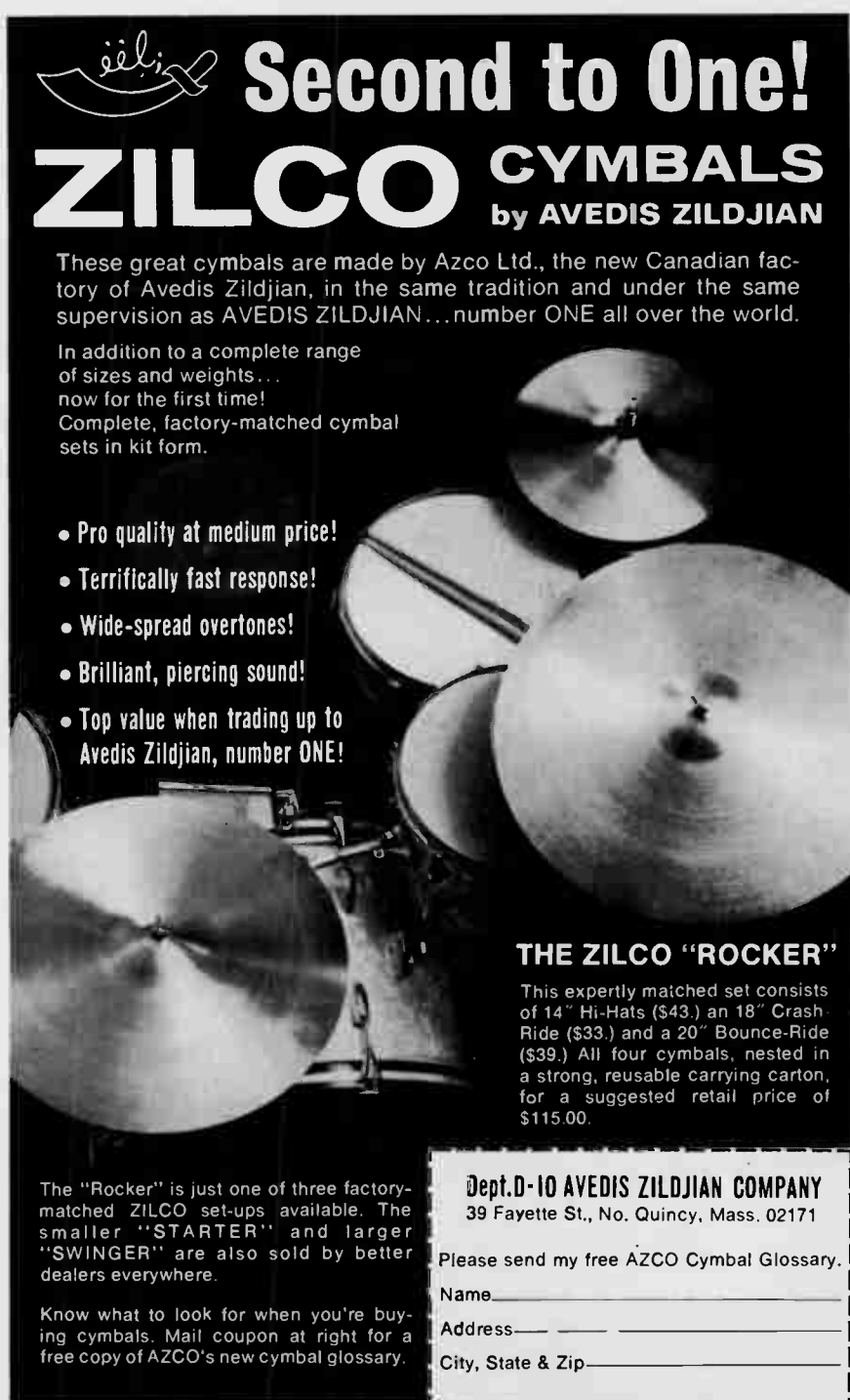
But then, many in the Hoosier audience evidenced little appreciation of any kind (except perhaps star adulation), yakking away and sneaking slugs of wine (no dope or tobacco smoking allowed inside), seldom relating to great musical happenings as they related to moments of stage craziness (the image again). *The Hunchback Duke* received mixed reactions, maybe in that the title was unfamiliar (as Zappa concluded), even though the music was in part from *Burnt Weeny Sandwich* (*Holiday in Berlin* with lyrics against student leaders and some from *Little House I Used to Live In* and *Cruisin' for Burgers* at the denouement). *King Kong* received better reception, being more familiar, particularly for Zappa's second night perfectly timed (although impromptu) narrative prelude on the tale of the title namesake—with comments on the ape's probable auto-eroticism, his impossible sexual perspective on Fay Wray, and a profound conclusion ("and since they had gotten all the money they could get from him, this being America, they shot the sonofabitch!") at which the ensemble burst into the tune with overwhelming theatrical

power.

King Kong was also the major opportunity for soloists, beginning with Duke's tough electric piano and climactic ultrahuman ring modulator swoops, testifying, despite his protestations to me, that his jazz nature did fit this rock and roll band—in that the Mothers are hardly a rock and roll band anyway (against the usual definitions and their competition). Zappa followed Duke for more sublime guitar (such taste and control!), and was followed in turn by free Underwood amplified tenor, sadly the only moment the audience could really hear Underwood's fine playing, since at the rest of the concerts he played a piano lost in the bad sound system.

Ultimately, the Mothers' performance did accomplish the promise of the d.j.'s jive patter, because for those who had ears, Zappa and cohorts did bend the willing minds, and remembering Zappa's famous sententiae ("Most people wouldn't know music if it came out and bit them on the ass!"), one could only imagine the mass of Hoosiers queueing out of Middle Earth adorned with toothmarked buns.

All else that need be written is that on both nights a cartoon of the race of the tortoise and the hare was run, to the greatest audience involvement of the evenings (boos for the Establishment bunny, huzzahs and moral support for the valiant terrapin underdog) . . . and both nights the tortoise won. —Mike Bourne



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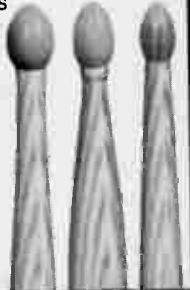
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CONCORD

(Continued from page 18)

but with Peterson everything arrived intact. Paraphrasing Churchill, and Tatum excepted, never have so many notes been crammed in so small a space with so light a touch.

And following Peterson, climaxing the Concord Festival was Les Brown and his band: Harold Espinosa, Robert Clark, Fred Koyen, Warren Luenning, trumpets; Jack Redmond, Stumpy Brown, James Moffett, trombones; Matt Utal, Ralph La Polla, Lou Ciotti, Fred Cooper, Butch Stone, reeds; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Ray Leatherwood, bass; Jack Sperling, drums. A volley of vocals from Jo Ann Greer, Stumpy Brown and Butch Stone took up a good deal of Brown's first half: *Raindrops Keep Falling, Love Is Just Around The Corner, Sentimental Journey, It All Depends On You* and so forth.

With many of the numbers it was down Nostalgia Street, turning up the dim jets of remembrance; the band's theme, *Leap Frog, Summer Wind, Bizet Has His Day* and other remnants from the swing era. It sounded so dated whereas the trad-mainstream at the opening concert was fresh as dew. On the credit side the later *I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm* was still infectiously bouncy and there was no trace of rigor mortis in *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue*, which contained good trombone and clarinet solos and fine brass passages. *Slaughter* still remains a Brown tour de force.

The only numbers where the band coursed in the contemporary vein were on the Brazilian *Reza* and the sections sketching a swinging framework for a powerful Sperling drum solo. It smacked a little of "family" entertainment especially with Stumpy Brown in outsize jacket and trousers and Butch Stone, trousers rolled up to his knees, jiving together to a blues background. Which isn't to say that Brown ever approached Welkian schmaltz, but it's still a pity. There are some jazzmen in the band with plenty of sock (trumpeter Luenning, trombonist Redmond, tenorist Ciotti, clarinetist La Polla), and though the band grows fat on the Martin and Hope TV shows and seldom boards the bus, they can blow some lean, lantern-jawed jazz.

That was Concord. Last year's festival barely broke even. This one, the second, was such a success that the powers are already preparing for the next. Credits to General Manager Carl Jefferson and his organizing entourage—the concerts are non-profit, the proceeds being funnelled into the building of an elaborate festival site; to Jimmy Lyons, emcee, enough of a music lover to know one bar says more than a wordy introduction, and to a young group called Fresh Aire (Marc Langelier, trumpet; Kent James, tenor; Mary Fettig, alto; Tom Charlesworth, piano; David Grover, bass; David DeMarche, drums). They played nicely, *So What, Karma, Monk's Groove*, among their many numbers, and made the waiting painless during changes.

Monterey, hitherto queen of northern California jazz, has competition on hand.

GOODMAN

(Continued from page 19)

in the old charts stimulate one to keep moving. I wouldn't have gone to Europe and played with this band unless I liked it."

There were standing ovations in every city. Audiences stomped their feet in unison to express their enthusiasm. In Italy, audiences have the rather disconcerting habit of yelling "boo" in appreciation.

Perhaps the most gratifying and widely publicized aspect of the tour was the swing on Feb. 16 to Bucharest, Romania, where the band played two concerts instead of the scheduled single one, both to capacity audiences in the city's Republic Palace. Not only did the band receive record fees, but tickets were scaled to an unheard-of \$3, about 200 per cent above the normal local price for a concert. Six thousand fans jammed the two concerts, in spite of a blizzard. After the concert, Benny was entertained by Leonard Meeker, the U.S. Ambassador in Bucharest, even though there were no political overtones to the performance.

"American audiences never get as wild as even the mildest of these European crowds," Miss Zuckerman observes. "It may be easier and more profitable to play four weeks in Vegas," Benny adds, "but who wants to travel 2,500 miles to be brought down by people who are straining to get back to the crap tables? Over there, they listen."

And they are enthusiasts. At the 7,500-seat Sportpalast in Berlin, the stage is unprotected. As Benny was being ushered out by guards through a wildly responsive crowd, he glanced back over his shoulder and saw people spilling onto the stage in search of souvenirs. "My God!" he hollered. "They're taking the stands. Get those arrangements."

The concert at the Sportpalast was recorded by the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service and broadcast later. Another concert in Stockholm was recorded by Benny himself for possible further use.

One journalist asked Goodman if he had any plans to go to Vietnam. "To fight?" he quipped, adding that the less we do to encourage anything over there, the better.

Mixups along the way were generally minor. Planes were often late and the weather was bad much of the time. And Benny's staff engaged three different photographers for complete photo coverage of the tour and got next to nothing for their efforts. Batches of pictures were shot from the rear of huge auditoriums, showing only tiny dots on stage. A fourth photographer was hired to shoot a formal picture of the band at Festival Hall. Everything was set up, the band posed, but the flash didn't work!

Considering that the band did 15 concerts in eight countries without losing a single piece of luggage, and that Benny finished with exactly the same group he started with, it was a groove all the way.

"One of the most pleasurable tours I've ever taken," says Benny.

Will he ever do it again?

"I think I will."



ROCK

(Continued from page 20)

explode, white politicians set a commission in motion to determine what could possibly have gone wrong.

Whether it's music, smog, water-pollution or civil wrongs, the same conditions obtain: everybody rushes in to talk about and possibly deal with effects rather than causes. The whole world is busy trying to close gigantic stable doors after the horses have bolted.

It does not take a social scientist to understand that if a young rock fan wants to turn on with music or drugs or both, if he wants to have his own thing and discard the bankrupt values of a system that has left us on the brink of doomsday, nothing is going to be solved by impounding his drugs or barring his festival. Here is a case of the kettle calling the pot black; worse, the kettle is full of filthy, contaminated water.

There is a connection between the agony of desperation in society at large and the ugliness older listeners hear in so much of the music of the young. Those who complain most bitterly of the ferocity and distortions, the ear-and-nerve-shattering decibels, are the last to take steps to put their own house in order. The sequence of steps is so logical that they can't see for looking. If firm and immediate measures were taken to establish Zero Population Growth, this would lead to a reduction of urban overcrowding and crime and smog; it would stop the conversion of our lakes and oceans into garbage dumps, would produce stabler racial and social conditions—and in turn, inevitably, to a musical ethos reflecting these improvements and to standards of social behavior more acceptable to the over-30s who are presently moaning, like disappointed parents, "Where did we go wrong?"

The Woodstock Generation was the inevitable creature of an older generation whose plastic values fell apart just as inevitably as bop followed swing. Learning how to control crowds will not prevent the real possibility that the murder at Altamont was not necessarily the first and last such incident. Understanding which "financial and performance standards" are most palatable (note the order of priorities here) will not present us with a breed of rock stars who come on as suave as Duke Ellington or as genteel as John Lewis or as intellectual as Paul Desmond. The behavior of the Jim Morrisons, the Mick Jagers, the Slys and Janis Joplins and their coevals is not about to be changed; it marks a trend that may be irreversible and will be arrested only if a swift and miraculous cure can be found for the underlying cancer of social decay.

The issue, in short, is much bigger than the problem of how to control a crowd of several hundred thousand. It goes back from there to the matter of how to contain a crowd of two and one half billion. For further information, I suggest you read *The Population Bomb* by Dr. Paul R. Ehrlich (Sierra Club-Ballantine, 95c).

What, you may ask, does all this have to do with music?


Everything. Listen to the harsher forms

of acid rock and you find a mirror of the world that was responsible for it.

This may seem like a gloomy conclusion; in some respects it is. Yet there is another side to the picture. There are many, many groups that are musically literate and experimental (contrary to the view of De Cola and of some rock fans, I number the BS&T-type bands among them). There are hundreds of thousands of rock fans who do indeed, as they profess, believe simply in love and peace and brotherhood. There are, as we have observed this year at Newport, and presumably will have seen at Monterey by the time these words are read, very substantial numbers of young, dedicated music lovers who believe in the values of jazz

and in the sense of order it projects.

The blackout of rock festivals, if it happens or has happened, cannot be considered any great loss to society. If it really bothers you, write your friendly neighborhood mayor, or write the Jaycees and ask them to stake you to a couple of hundred acres so you can stage the Muskogee Okie Rock Festival. (That contradiction in terms is almost bound to put them on the defensive.)

It would be nice to think that in the year 2000 there may be enough breathable air, drinkable water and enough people around (but not too many) for comfort. Whether or not they will have rock festivals to attend somehow seems to me unimportant at this point in time. 

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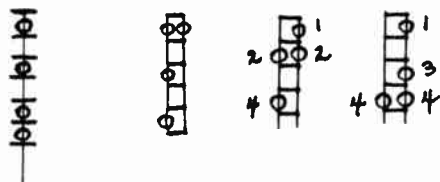
By William L. Fowler

A KNOWLEDGE OF fingerboard scale patterns is essential to fluent single-string guitar playing. Since there are almost unlimited types of scales, the easiest way to memorize them (visually and tactilely) is to understand how they are made up of small melodic units.

Scales may contain from five to 13 different pitches, including the octave repetition of the top and bottom note (same letter name). Eight-note scales are the most common—there are several hundred of them. But of these only nine are commonly known and used—major, three forms of minor, and five modes (Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Mixolydian, and Locrian). The others offer plenty of opportunities for the guitarist to be melodically original.

The building unit of eight-note scales is the tetrachord, consisting of four adjacent letter names, such as C D E F or A B C D. Different kinds of tetrachords can be made by lowering or raising notes. Two adjacent tetrachords make an eight-note scale, for example, C D E F plus G A B C. We will start with the Major tetrachord, in which the adjacent notes are separated by a whole step (two frets), whole step, half step (one fret). It can be played four ways on the guitar fingerboard (Figure 1). It is very important to notice that the major tetrachord starts and ends on the same fret when it is played on two adjacent strings, except when those two strings are the second and third strings, which are tuned one fret closer together than the other adjacent strings. The notes occurring on the second string must all be raised one fret when applying the illustrated fingerings of this article to the second and third strings. On all other sets of adjacent strings use the fingering as shown in the Figures. For example, both of the following are major tetrachords.

Figure 1



Maj. Tetrachords



The major scale consists of two major tetrachords separated by a whole step. Practice each version shown in Figure I. Now, play a complete major scale by playing a major tetrachord, sliding the finger which plays the top note up two frets, then playing the same major tetrachord fingering. (Do not do this with the tetrachord played on one string.) Figure II illustrates this method.

This method (repetition of similar tetrachord fingerings) is the easiest way to visualize the major scales anywhere on the fingerboard, but not the easiest way to play them. For ease in playing, change the fingering pattern of the next tetrachord as needed to stay in the same fret location (go across the fingerboard rather than up the neck). Figure III illustrates this method.

Figure II

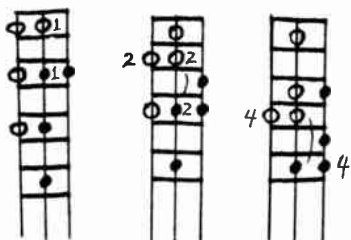


Figure III

C Major Scale



readers poll instructions

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

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

3. Jazzman and Pop Musician of the Year: Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz or pop in 1970.

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

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

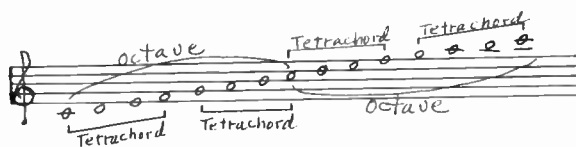
6. Jazz and Pop Albums of the Year: Select only LPs issued during the last 12 months. Do not vote for singles. Include full album title and artist's name. If your choice is part of a series, indicate volume number.

7. Make only one selection in each category.

LAST CHANCE

VOTE NOW!

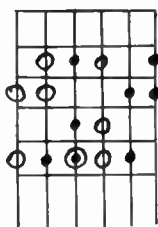
The next step is to understand how to continue the major scale to more than one octave. The only new item is the realization that the last note of a one-octave scale is also the first note of the next octave. The following will illustrate.



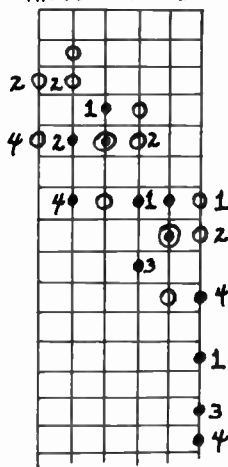
With this clearly understood, the guitarist can now start anywhere on the fingerboard and play up and down major scales until he runs out of strings and frets. The starting note will be the name of the scale. Often, the major tetrachord played on one string will be needed to finish out the highest part of multi-octave scales. Since the frets are close together on the high frets, this poses no fingering problems. Two examples of extended G Major Scales follow.

Examples of extended G Major Scale. o = lower tetrachord
• = upper tetrachord

Two octaves



Three octaves



JAZZ ON CAMPUS

The North Texas State University Jazz Lab Band's successful three-week tour of Germany and Switzerland also included an appearance at the Montreux Jazz Festival. Leaving New York June 9, the NTSU jazz entourage traveled to Hamburg, Berlin, Munich, and Frankfurt, performing concerts and jam sessions in facilities ranging from a huge amphitheater at the Palmengarten in Frankfurt to an old wine cellar in Darmstadt. "In our library, we had enough music prepared to play nine hours without a single repeat," said Leon Breeden, the band's director. "We had no idea what the people would like, so we prepared everything including Duke Ellington-type straight-ahead stuff, but we found that people who came to hear us wanted to hear our things. They were much more interested in hearing new, original things by our student musicians, and those were the things that got the wildest applause." After three encores at the Montreux Festival (which ended at 3:45 a.m.), festival director Claude Nobs took the bandmen into an adjacent French pastry shop to celebrate. A large cake, with six burning candles on it, was produced and Nobs explained that each candle represented each of the NTSU Lab Bands. Informed by Breeden that there were seven bands, the bakers were ordered to produce another candle. Following the Montreux stint, the bandmen went by bus to Baden-Baden,

Germany, where they spent three days filming a television spectacular for a government-owned network. The band worked day and night in the studio, which was "bugged." "Every single move we made was taped and we didn't even know it for two days," Breeden said. "They were trying to get our band as it functions every minute."

Campus Ad Lib: The Eastman School of Music conducted a highly successful *Arrangers' Workshop* this summer. Instructors were Rayburn Wright, Manny Albam, and Donald Hunsberger. As a result of the successful summer program, Wright was appointed a full-time professor of *Jazz Studies and Contemporary Media* in September. Courses will be coordinated with the Jazz Ensemble, under Chuck Mangione, and a complete program in writing and performing will be available to students. . . . Guitarist Frank Turziano, a Berklee College of Music graduate and now a member of the faculty, was the featured guitarist during Peggy Lee's extended engagement at the Sheraton Inn's Raquet Club in Hyannis, Mass. He has also worked with Peter Nero, Danny Kaye, and Andy Williams. . . . A total of \$15,000 in prizes is available to young composers in the 19th annual *BMI Awards to Student Composers* competition, sponsored by Broadcast Music, Inc. The project annually awards prizes ranging from \$250 to \$2,000 to encourage the creation of concert music by student composers under age 26. Entrants must be

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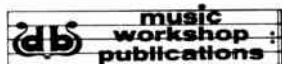
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LAST CHANCE

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 11)

ano; Larry Ridley or Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Haynes or Clifford Barbero, drums. . . . Archie Whitewater's group, slightly reduced in number, returned to Ungano's Sept. 16. The personnel included Travis Jenkins, tenor sax, flute; Bob Mann, guitar; Bob Berkowitz, piano, organ; Tony Vece, bass; Jim Abbott, drums, and Fred Johnson, vocals. . . . A new jazz-rock band has emerged—with the emphasis on jazz. Red Eye debuted at the Village Gate in mid September with Randy Brecker, trumpet; John Pierson, trombone; George Young, alto sax; Frank

Vicari, Mike Brecker, tenor sax; Ronnie Cuber, baritone sax; Mike Mainieri, vibes; Warren Bernhardt, keyboards; Nick Holmes, guitar, vocals; Paul Met-sky, guitar; Tony Levin, bass, and Donald McDonald, drums. Also featured was vocalist Sue Manchester. . . . Jim Hall and Larry Ridley were at the Guitar in mid September. . . . Sunny Murray presented a concert at the Village Vanguard Sept. 13. With the percussionist were altoist Byard Lancaster, multi-reedman Kenneth Terroade, pianist Dave Burrell, bassists Alan Silva and Norris Jones, congaist Keno and vocalist Valda. Karl Berger and Don Byas were among the listeners. Murray plans to present similar recitals later this year. . . . Joe Lee Wilson played the Cove in Brooklyn Sept. 5. With him were Jimmy McLin, guitar; Bob Cunningham, bass, and Rashied Ali, drums. . . . The Junior Mance Trio continued at the Top of the Gate throughout September. . . . Boffalongo and the Albert Hotel worked the Village Gate Sept. 22-26 and the Seventh Century was heard there Sept. 13. . . . Guitarist Dave Bromberg appeared at the Gaslight in September. . . . Roswell Rudd and the Primordials played a concert at St. Peter's Church Parish House Sept. 19. . . . Livingston Taylor was at the Gaslight through Sept. 25. . . . Slugs had the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble Sept. 7-13, followed by the Mike Mantler-Larry Coryell group the week of Sept. 14. Ensuing weeks were handled by Pharoah

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1. Date of filing: Sept. 21, 1970. 2. Title of publication: Down Beat Magazine; 3. Frequency of issue: Bi-Weekly; 4. Location of known office of publication: 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Cook, Illinois, 60606.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor:
Publisher: Charles Suber, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606
Editor: Dan Morgenstern, 222 W. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606
Managing editor: none

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A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run)	111,986	112,685
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	13,727	12,346
2. Mail Subscriptions	68,109	71,547
C. Total paid circulation	81,836	83,893
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	1,912	1,373
E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D)	83,748	85,266
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	28,238	27,419
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	111,986	112,685

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature publisher)
Charles Suber

Sanders and Ornette Coleman . . . Don Heckman is teaching a course in the history and literature of jazz at City College . . . **Eddie Harris** played the Club Baron in mid September . . . **Marzette Watts** held some Sunday afternoon jams at the East Village Inn in Sept. . . . **Elvin Jones** was at the Vanguard the week of Sept. 14 and was followed by **Rahsaan Roland Kirk** the following week. The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band**, which continues its Monday night stints, took over the club for the entire Labor Day week. Something new happened at the Vanguard on the afternoon of Sept. 20 when **Karl Berger** and poet **Lee Dragonet** combined forces in *Lyric Action*. With Berger were bassist **Norris Jones** and drummer **Marvin Pattillo**. Berger hopes to continue these Sunday afternoon sessions indefinitely and use several guest poets and musicians . . . With **Roy Ayers Ubiquity** at its recent East Village Inn stint were **Harry Whitaker**, electric piano; **Clint Houston**, bass, and **Alfonza Mouzon**, drums . . . **Birdsong and McClure**, two unique vocalists, clicked heavily at their Bitter End engagement with **Ten Wheel Drive** . . . The **Moe Cabot** group remained at the Downbeat throughout September and was held over into October as the alternate group with **Gas Mask**, a jazz-rock band that opened Oct. 2 . . . Bassist **Steve Tintweiss** recently returned from France where he played with **Albert Ayler**. Ayler's group also included **Carl Cobbs**, piano; **Alan Blairman**, drums, and vocalist **Maria Parks** . . . **Sun Ra's** unit also returned from engagements in France and were set to return to Europe in early fall . . . The **Dave Little Trio** appeared at **Wheels** for two weeks in September. A refreshing new blues band, **Tampa Red**, did a one-nighter at **Wheels** Sept. 14 . . . Jazzmobilers that worked in the last weeks of the successful Jazzmobile season were: **Eddie Gale**, **Roy Brooks**, **Curtis Fuller**, **Harold Mabern**, **Cal Massey**, **George Coleman**, **Johnny Zamot**, **Karl Berger**, **Donald Byrd**, **Howard McGhee**, **Ray Armando**, **Johnny Colon**, **Lonnie Smith**, **Mary Lou Williams**, **Weldon Irvine**, **Sonny Brown**, **Billy Harper** and **Jothan Callins**.

Los Angeles: Even **Sammy Davis, Jr.** is human. The indefatigable one held a press conference following his recent bout with pneumonia and announced that he's following doctor's orders to slow down. Of course, his idea of slowing down may not match his doctor's: **Sammy's** itinerary will take him from Las Vegas to the east coast, then the midwest followed by Texas, California and a return gig at the Sands in Vegas—all before Christmas! (That latter engagement will find him teamed with another powerhouse, **Mel Torme**.) The 44-year-old **Davis** admitted he will still put the brakes on by: a) cutting down his performances from two hours to one; and b) eliminating the extra benefit shows . . . **Gloria Lynne** had a gathering of sorts—a poolside press conference at her Hollywood home. She announced her intention to make Los Angeles her base of operations. **Miss Lynne** also explained why her recent gig at **Wally Roker's Showcase** lasted but one week. Said **Gloria**,

with poetic candor, "The money was funny." Hit of the afternoon turned out to be **KCBA** disc jockey **Rick Holmes** getting a far-out hair style of tiny braids all over his head. The stylist? **Little Esther Phillips** . . . The tenth annual *Youth On Parade* at the Good Shepherd Baptist Church attracted the likes of **Nancy Wilson**, **Spanky Wilson** (no relation), **The Disciples** and **H.B. Barnum** . . . Groups kept moving at most clubs: **Barney Kessel** followed **Cannonball Adderley** at **Shelly's Manne-Hole**. **Herbie Mann** followed **Kessel**. **John Klemmer** will bring his combo into the **Manne-Hole** for a week starting Oct. 22 . . . **Joe Henderson's Quintet** followed the **Modern Jazz Quartet** into the **Lighthouse** . . . **Oscar Peterson** followed **George Shearing** into the **Honk Kong Bar**, with **Billy Eckstine** due to follow through Oct. 31, when **Shearing** returns for three weeks . . . The **Gerald Wiggins Trio** and the **Tom Scott Quartet** share the stage of the **Pilgrimage Theater** Oct. 18, and they'll be followed by another duo concert Oct. 25 with the **Timothy Barr Quartet** and **Dave Mackay's Concert Jazz Quintet**. **Bud Shank** brings in his quintet Nov. 1 . . . As for **Donte's**, the accent is on bands, rather than groups: **Mike Barone**, **Bob Jung**, **Dee Barton**, **Woody Herman**, **Stan Kenton**, **Louis Bellson**, **Don Rader**, **Dick Grove**—all within a short span of time . . . **Dick Horn** fronted an avant-garde jazz combo called **Neuron-Synapse Express** for a special benefit at the **Sepulveda Unitarian-Universalist Society**. Personnel included: **Marty Krystal**, **John**

Neufeld, reeds; **Horn**, electric piano; **Jack Bone**, string bass; **Derek Dreisen**, drums . . . **Dick Bock**, through his recently formed **Aura Productions**, and **Jack Lewerke**, head of **Vault Records**, will be joining forces for a number of projects in the near future. One of them involves altoist **Charles Owens**, who was just signed by **Bock**. Another will result in a new **Ernie Watts** album with his new group, the **Ernie Watts Encounter**. They just played the **Surfrider** in Santa Monica for one of **Chuck Niles'** Sunday sessions . . . **John Klemmer** is moving right along in his recording activities, having just recorded his fifth album for **Cadet**. His career is taking such an upswing now that he has officially left **Don Ellis'** band . . . **Les Shepard's** show band is now at the **Nite Life**, in **Van Nuys**, on Monday nights. Personnel includes: **Sammy Lee**, tenor sax; **Shepard** on clarinet; **Lloyd Glenn**, piano, and **Dick Rice**, drums.

Chicago: **Erroll Garner**, the only jazzman to ever headline at **Mister Kelly's**, made his second appearance at the club (which usually caters to vocalists and comedians) with a two-week engagement in late September. With the pianist were **Ernest McCarty** (a native Chicagoan), bass; **Bill English**, drums, and **Jose Mangual**, conga. While in town, **Garner** taped the final program in **WTTW-TV's Just Jazz** series on Sept. 29. The series was co-produced by **Bob Kaiser** and down beat Editor **Dan Morgenstern** . . . A six-piece south side rock-soul combo, **The Case of**

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Tyme, Inc., won the \$1,000 first prize in a national-model summer Youth Music competition. The group (**Elmer Brown**, trumpet; **Brad McKinnon**, alto sax; **Richard Pickard**, guitar; **Jim Hamilton**, bass; **Rick Smith**, drums, leader; **James Lewis**, vocals) won the final playoff Sept. 12 in a live television appearance on the *Marry Faye Show*. Judges for the final playoff were **Al Rudis**, pop music editor of the *Chicago Sun Times* and **Charles Suber**, publisher of *down beat*. The runner-up group, the *Sound Tronics*, won a \$300 prize . . . The *New Zealand Trading Company*, a five-man vocal-instrumental group, opened a month-long stand at the London House Sept. 16. The *Audrey Morris Trio* is featured on Monday and Tues-

day . . . The *Black Hawk Restaurant's new Jazz At Five* program (Fridays, from 5-8 p.m.) didn't get off the ground Sept. 11 due to a conflict in bookings. Oct. 16 is the new starting date, and clarinetist-tenorist **Miles Zimmerman's** group includes **Ted Buttermann**; trumpet, arranger; **Russ Whitman**, clarinet, tenor and bass saxophones; **Bob Wright**, piano; **Danny Shapera**, bass, and **Don DeMicheal**, drums, vibes . . . **Buddy Rich's Orchestra** took the bandstand for a two-weeker at the Lake Geneva (Wis.) *Playboy Club* in mid September . . . *Howlin' Wolf* did a weekend at the *Quiet Knight* after a stint at *Big Duke's* . . . Pianist **Danny Long's Trio** holds down Sundays and Mondays at the *Four Torches Restaurant*, 1960 N.

Lincoln Park West . . . Blues man **Fenton Robinson** has been featured at *Pepper's Lounge* on recent weekends . . . **Guitar Jr.** continues at the *Avenue Lounge*, 2841 W. Madison St. . . . Blues man **Jimmy Rogers**, making a comeback after 11 years of inactivity, is appearing at *Alice's Revisited* along with **John Littlejohn**, **Jimmy "Fastfingers" Dawkins**, and **Big Joe Williams**. *Sunnyland Slim* appears on Thursdays . . . **John Mayall's** drummerless group (**Don Harris**, electric violin; Mayall, guitar, harmonica, vocals; **Larry Taylor**, bass) did a one-nighter at the *Aragon*.

New Orleans: **Junior Mance**, whose trio was concluding a three-week run at *Al Hirt's Club* put it best: the current New Orleans jazz scene can best be compared with New York's fabled 'Swing-Alley' of the '50s. One merely substitutes Bourbon Street for 52nd. On, or within three or four doors of Bourbon Street, and excluding the ubiquitous banjo parlors, strip-joints and other monuments to American culture which employ an occasional jazz musician, can be heard more jazz than any place else in the nation. While Dixieland quite naturally predominates, almost any jazz style is offered. At the *Playboy Club*, the *Al Belletto Quartet* holds forth along with singer **Didi Carr** and comic **Mickey Sharp**. **Bill Newkirk** has left the piano chair with the group after four years and was replaced by **Morris Stohlman** . . . Trumpeter **Wallace Davenport**, who departed the *Lionel Hampton Band* earlier in the year, continues with his group at the *Paddock Lounge* (intermission piano taken care of by **Snookum Russell**) . . . At his own club, *Pete Fountain's* group includes drummer **Jack Sperling** and tenorist **Eddie Miller** . . . The *Dukes of Dixieland* continue a long stint at the *Royal Sonesta*, with time out for occasional road trips. Leader **Frank Assunto** gives frequent spotlight attention to pianist **Don Ewell**. Opposite the *Dukes* is songstress **Laverne Smith** . . . Across the street, *The Famous Door* offers continuous Dixie with trumpeter **Murphy Campo** and his group alternating with veteran trombonist **Santo Pecora** . . . *Dixieland Hall* presents, during a given week, *Sweet Emma "The Bell Girl"* with the *Papa French Band*, successor to the *Celestin Band* of yore and, on alternate nights, *Blanche Thomas* sings with the *Louis Cottrell Delta Five*. *Frog-Man Henry* continues an extended stay at *Big Daddy's* . . . At the *544 Club*, *The Oliver Morgan Quartet* plays six nights a week . . . When in town, *Al Hirt* appears at his club opposite name attractions, often jazz-rooted. Earlier, the club brought in the big bands of **Harry James**, **Woody Herman** and **Duke Ellington**. Back room blues and piano chores are handled by **Dave Williams** . . . At the *Ivanhoe*, the jazz oriented rock of the *Jackson Brewing Company* continues while the *Ronnie Kole Trio* has moved down the street to the *Court of the Two Sisters*, *Cousin Joe* doing the intermission sets with blues humor . . . **Thomas Jefferson** and his *All-Stars* appear at the *Maison Bourbon* six

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nights, while at Preservation Hall, the Kid Thomas, Kid Sheik and Percy Humphrey groups alternate during the week . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club presented its ninth season of Sunday jazz concerts in what may well be the most posh setting jazz ever enjoyed. Under the majestic chandeliers of the Royal Orleans Hotel's Grand Salon, the past two months brought Lou Sino and The Bengals, Sherwood Mangiapane and his All-Stars, The Louis Cottrell Delta Five with Blanche Thomas and concluded with a concert by the New Orleans Ragtime Orchestra . . . The Laborers Union Hall had a series of Sunday concerts by the groups of Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Art Blakey, Gary Bartz, Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard, while at Memorial Auditorium, Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt returned us to those thrilling days of yesteryear via a mock tenor-alto battle . . . On Saturday afternoons, the New Orleans Jazz Ensemble, a 17-piece rehearsal band, offered local musicians some big band work. With some good sidemen and stock charts, the band was beginning to attract a crowd at Al Hirt's. The one-dollar admission charge generated good crowds, largely of kids under 18, generally accompanied by their parents. Liquor law regulations have nixed this and because of diminished crowds, the band is trying to hang on as a sextet while hoping for a little governmental enlightenment . . . Late radio listeners in about a thirty-state area shall sorely miss Dan Lucas. His nighttime broadcasts over clear-channel WWL consistently pushed jazz, particularly big band, in a highly listenable context, minus pseudo-hip gimmicks.

Sweden: Late summer and early autumn is festival time in Sweden. The idyllic Emmaboda Jazz Fest celebrated its third year Aug. 22-23 with the Art Taylor-Johnny Griffin Quintet, the Motala big band, Lars Gullins' Octet with tenorist Brew Moore, and many other groups. Moore recently returned to Scandinavia after three months at the Half Note Cellar in Las Palmas, Canary Islands. While in Stockholm, Moore scored heavily at the Stampen Club and he was also featured with the Umea Jazz Festival Big Band in mid September . . . The Stockholm Jazz Days featured trumpeters

Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Bailey, and Clark Terry, as well as the cream of the Swedish combos and the Red Mitchell Trio. The idea of having Gillespie appear with the George Riedel Radio Jazz Group and as a hilarious host throughout the four-day event really paid off. He also participated in an altogether-too-brief *Bebop Revival* with altoist Arne Domnerus and trumpeter Rolf Ericson, but the highlight was a mumbles-style duet with Terry. Terry, who remained in Sweden for a few days for some additional concerts, also recorded a movie score and a lengthy trumpet piece written by former trumpeter Bengt-Arne Wallin . . . The Umea Jazz Festival, also in its third year, featured the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band, Red Mitchell's Trio and Quintet, and several groups from Stockholm and Umea. Swedish television produced a 30-minute color documentary of the event, which was held Oct. 3-4 . . . The Clarke-Boland Band proceeded to Stockholm Oct. 5, Gothenburg Oct. 6, and Malmo Oct. 7-9 before taking off for London for a stint at Ronnie Scott's Club.

CHORUS

(Continued from page 4)

shorter and shorter-lived as history accelerates. Now we have an instinctive distrust of massive rock festivals, for we fear that the terror of Altamont may be the wave of the future."

In an interview concluding the book, Ralph Gleason voices his private mea culpa. ". . . The first thing is that there is something such as responsibility. That despite McLuhan, acid, and contemporary film, there was a yesterday, there is a today, and we act as though there must be a tomorrow . . . People are responsible—not only for themselves but for their brothers and their actions. And to put Hell's Angels on that stage in charge of security and tell them they were in charge and give them free beer so they'd get swacked out of their minds is a criminal irresponsible action." (Gleason then talks about the first human Be-in where he deliberately avoided mention of violence) ". . . At that time Mark Spoelstra wrote me a letter which has been haunting me for the last five days. What he said was: You write about the beautiful part of the Be-in but what about the Hell's Angels stomping that guy? He was right and I was wrong."

[CB]

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