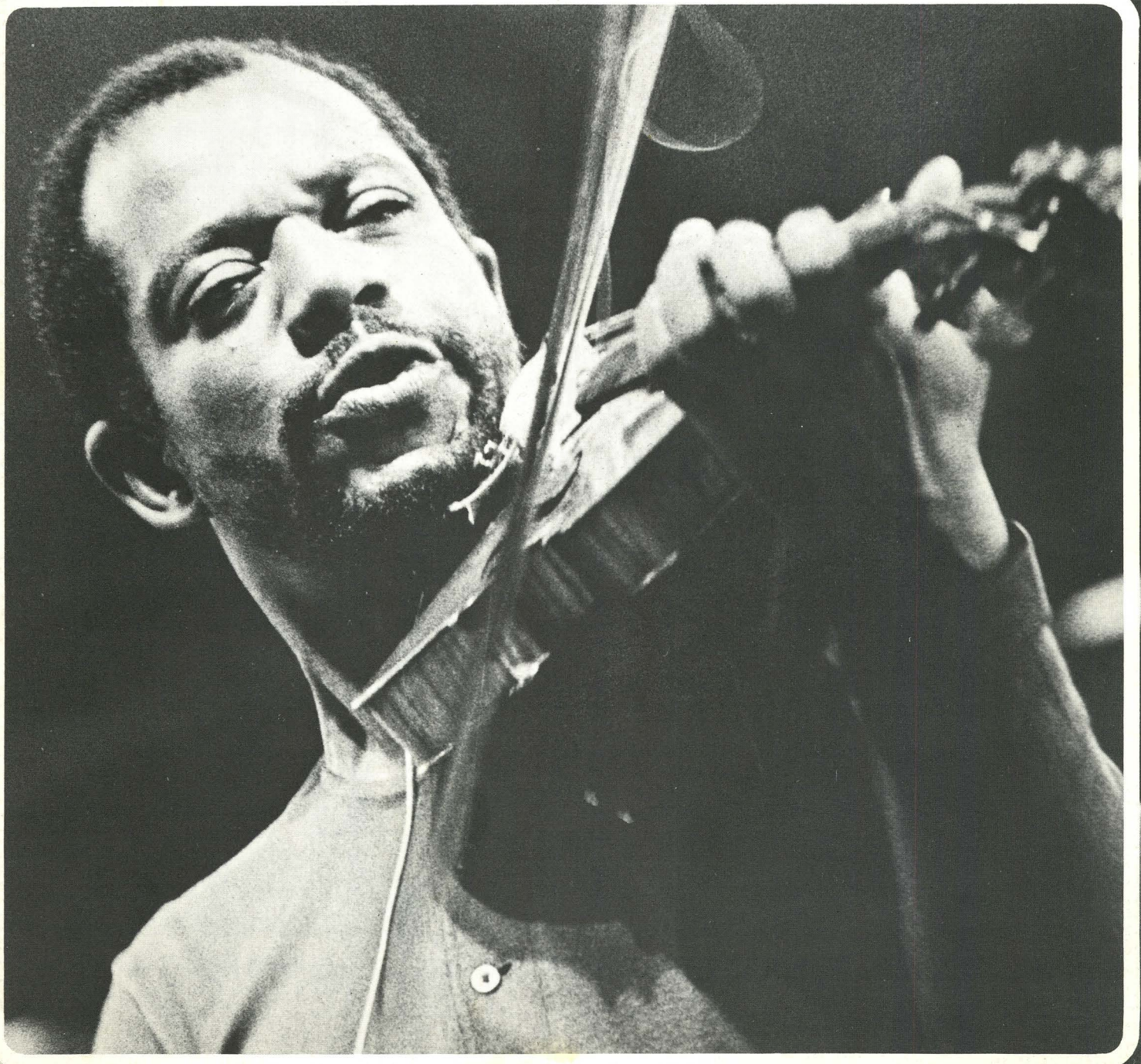


CANADA'S JAZZ MAGAZINE

APRIL 1971

# Coda

SIXTY CENTS





# She recorded 60 of the world's greatest vocal blues records without a microphone.



When Bessie made her early recordings the microphone hadn't even been invented. Her 5-ft 9-in. 200-pound body would send a booming voice through a cone-shaped horn which activated a stylus that cut the master.

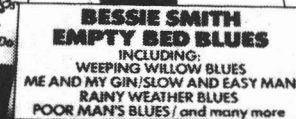
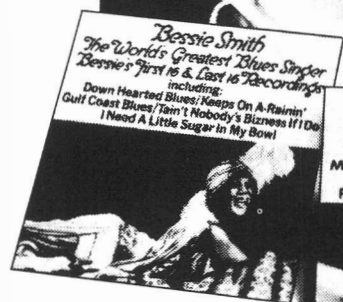
But even this crude way of recording could not distort the genius of Bessie's voice. Her pitch was considered phenomenal. She could hit a note right in the middle and shade a vowel a thousand different ways.

Sixty songs exist today that Bessie recorded without a microphone. All are included on five two-record albums which contain all 160 recordings (existing) of her voice.

The third album of this series has just been released, called "Empty Bed Blues." It contains 31 songs made by Bessie during the years 1924 (pre-microphone) and 1928.

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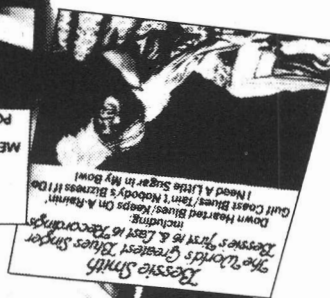
Fortunately, because of these albums, John, we can believe. We can believe.



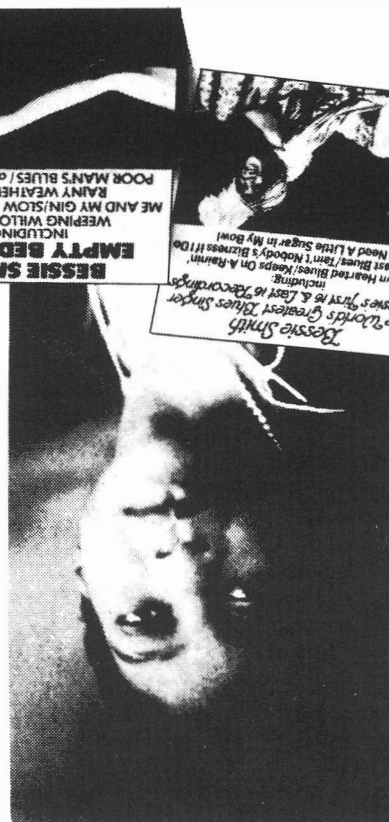
On Columbia Records

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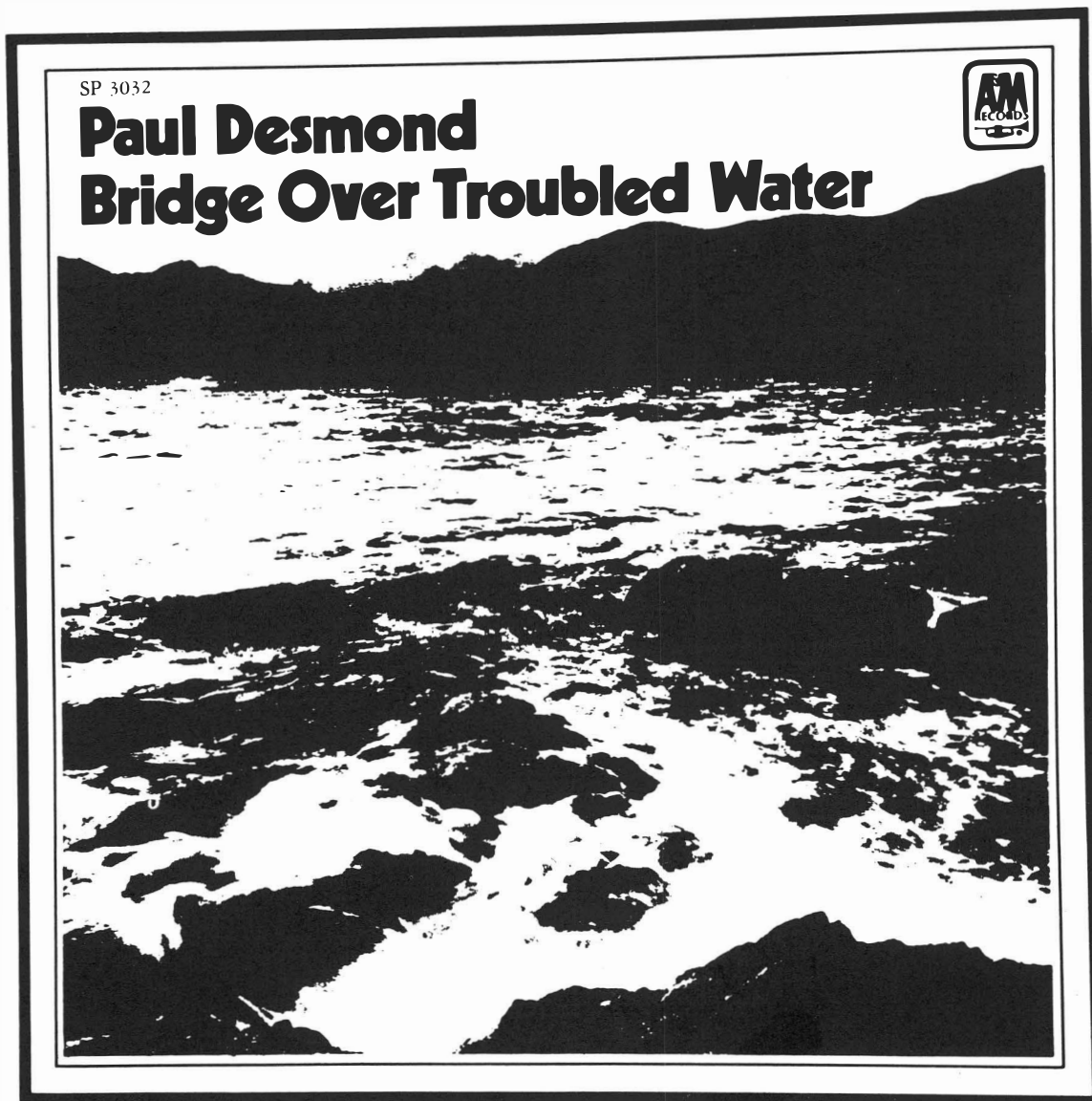
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# She recorded 60 of the world's greatest vocal blues records without a microphone.

**In down beat Issue: 12/24/70**

**Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★**



It's a perfect collaboration between the two Pauls. Simon to write the songs and Desmond to play them.

*Leonard Feather*

**on A&M**  
RECORDS & TAPES

# SCOTT JOPLIN

played by

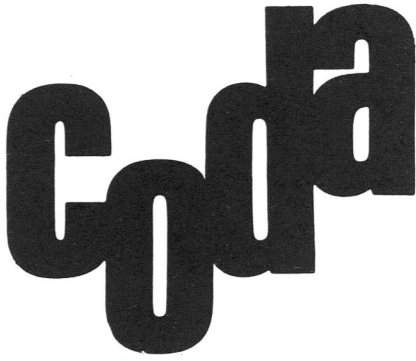
## JOSHUA RIFKIN



The eclecticism of Joshua Rifkin encompasses many worlds. He studied composition with Stockhausen, performed in New Orleans style jazz bands while still a teenager and, more recently, has orchestrated material for such talents as Judy Collins. His sensitive interpretations of Scott Joplin's peerless compositions will surely delight those who are already familiar with this material while newcomers will become enchanted with the lilting flow of this beautiful music.







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MIKE WHITE..... photograph: Bill Smith

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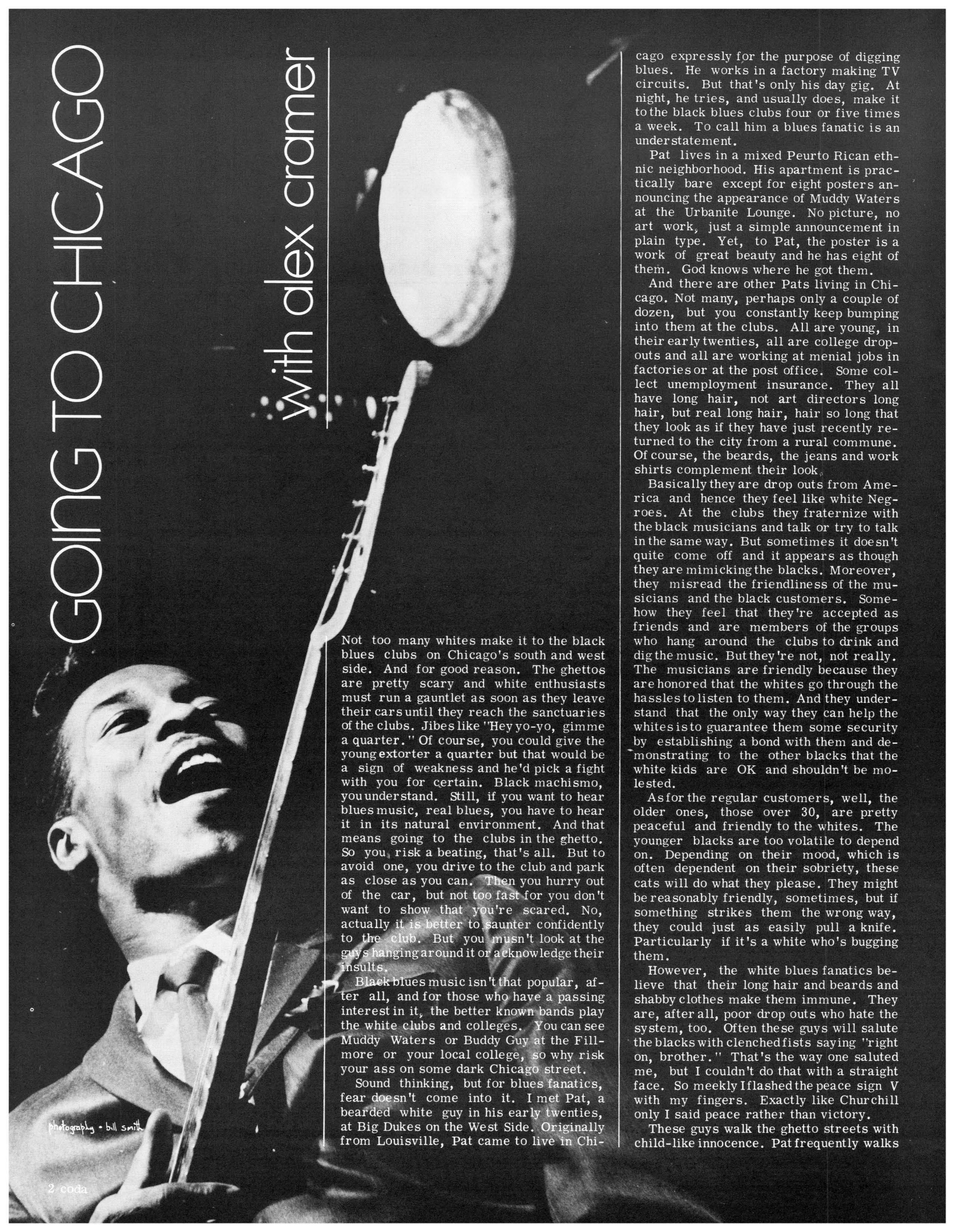
## EDITORIAL

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Television is the most important medium yet developed by mankind for the spread of information, propaganda and entertainment. Until now it has been controlled by a small minority determined not to put the system to its best use. It doesn't need to be emphasised that only a fragment of the jazz story has ever reached the small screen - and then it is usually dressed up in the crudities of "show business". The efforts of Rahsaan Roland Kirk and his associates have put a certain amount of pressure on television's executives but the answer isn't to put Kirk and Co. on the plastic irrelevance of the Ed Sullivan show. That doesn't really help too much, in the long run. What does matter though are the excellent programs on NET (Black Journal, Soul, jazz festival reruns and the recent Mingus profile are but a few of the examples) where people can watch jazz musicians function under normal conditions in an environment that has relevance to their world. Under those circumstances the music expresses its beauty and is easily communicative to those who might otherwise never listen to jazz. The recent rerun of "And Beautiful 11" by CBS was a splendid example of what can be done. Both the film clips and the live performances were handled with artistic integrity and few people could have resisted the warmth of the message. It is significant, perhaps, of television that this show was run, unannounced last summer as a replacement for the Ed Sullivan program. Fortunately this time the viewer did receive some advance notice that he could watch and hear Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins (among others) on his screen.

# GOING TO CHICAGO

with alex cramer



Not too many whites make it to the black blues clubs on Chicago's south and west side. And for good reason. The ghettos are pretty scary and white enthusiasts must run a gauntlet as soon as they leave their cars until they reach the sanctuaries of the clubs. Jibes like "Hey yo-yo, gimme a quarter." Of course, you could give the young extorter a quarter but that would be a sign of weakness and he'd pick a fight with you for certain. Black machismo, you understand. Still, if you want to hear blues music, real blues, you have to hear it in its natural environment. And that means going to the clubs in the ghetto. So you risk a beating, that's all. But to avoid one, you drive to the club and park as close as you can. Then you hurry out of the car, but not too fast for you don't want to show that you're scared. No, actually it is better to saunter confidently to the club. But you musn't look at the guys hanging around it or acknowledge their insults.

Black blues music isn't that popular, after all, and for those who have a passing interest in it, the better known bands play the white clubs and colleges. You can see Muddy Waters or Buddy Guy at the Fillmore or your local college, so why risk your ass on some dark Chicago street.

Sound thinking, but for blues fanatics, fear doesn't come into it. I met Pat, a bearded white guy in his early twenties, at Big Dukes on the West Side. Originally from Louisville, Pat came to live in Chi-

cago expressly for the purpose of digging blues. He works in a factory making TV circuits. But that's only his day gig. At night, he tries, and usually does, make it to the black blues clubs four or five times a week. To call him a blues fanatic is an understatement.

Pat lives in a mixed Puerto Rican ethnic neighborhood. His apartment is practically bare except for eight posters announcing the appearance of Muddy Waters at the Urbanite Lounge. No picture, no art work, just a simple announcement in plain type. Yet, to Pat, the poster is a work of great beauty and he has eight of them. God knows where he got them.

And there are other Pats living in Chicago. Not many, perhaps only a couple of dozen, but you constantly keep bumping into them at the clubs. All are young, in their early twenties, all are college drop-outs and all are working at menial jobs in factories or at the post office. Some collect unemployment insurance. They all have long hair, not art directors long hair, but real long hair, hair so long that they look as if they have just recently returned to the city from a rural commune. Of course, the beards, the jeans and work shirts complement their look.

Basically they are drop outs from America and hence they feel like white Negroes. At the clubs they fraternize with the black musicians and talk or try to talk in the same way. But sometimes it doesn't quite come off and it appears as though they are mimicking the blacks. Moreover, they misread the friendliness of the musicians and the black customers. Somehow they feel that they're accepted as friends and are members of the groups who hang around the clubs to drink and dig the music. But they're not, not really. The musicians are friendly because they are honored that the whites go through the hassles to listen to them. And they understand that the only way they can help the whites is to guarantee them some security by establishing a bond with them and demonstrating to the other blacks that the white kids are OK and shouldn't be molested.

As for the regular customers, well, the older ones, those over 30, are pretty peaceful and friendly to the whites. The younger blacks are too volatile to depend on. Depending on their mood, which is often dependent on their sobriety, these cats will do what they please. They might be reasonably friendly, sometimes, but if something strikes them the wrong way, they could just as easily pull a knife. Particularly if it's a white who's bugging them.

However, the white blues fanatics believe that their long hair and beards and shabby clothes make them immune. They are, after all, poor drop outs who hate the system, too. Often these guys will salute the blacks with clenched fists saying "right on, brother." That's the way one saluted me, but I couldn't do that with a straight face. So meekly I flashed the peace sign V with my fingers. Exactly like Churchill only I said peace rather than victory.

These guys walk the ghetto streets with child-like innocence. Pat frequently walks

photography - bill smith



the 30 or so blocks from the black west side to his apartment quite nonchalantly. And that's at 3:00 a.m. when Chicago policemen are scarce. Somehow he feels that a mugger will respect him because he sports a beard. But the five bucks in his pocket are as good as anyone else's. So far nothing has happened to Pat and his friends, but chances are they'll meet an assailant. This has happened to white musicians who have made the club scene with regularity. Paul Butterfield was beat up twice and Corky Siegel had the same experience. The two white horn players in Mighty Joe Young's band have a healthy respect for the dangers and they always take a taxi from the club to a safe L station.

First stop for blues enthusiasts who want to make the club scene is Bob Koester's Jazz Record Mart. The Jazz Record Mart is a small, dusty, dimly lit record store in the Loop. There's nothing fancy or slick about it and it looks exactly like the kind of store a music lover would run. The store is packed with rare blues and jazz records, some old 78s and many European imports. European collectors have been far deeper into the jazz and blues scene than Americans. A lot of magazines and records originate from there and ironically American fans have to turn to these for material on America's own music. For example, for years, blues collectors all over the world were reading "Blues Unlimited", an offset magazine which emanates from Sussex, England. But only this year was the Chicago-based "Living Blues" started and it's a quarterly.

It's not only for records and magazines that the Jazz Record Mart is a headquarters. On the bulletin boards there are all sorts of notices - blues musicians looking for gigs or other musicians to form bands. In addition, a wall-chart lists the schedule of all the clubs which feature blues. Altogether there are some 25 clubs on the South and West Sides which present blues. But many of these clubs come and go and the music policies change frequently. Actually, there are only about a dozen solid blues clubs with any sort of permanence.

Downstairs in the basement is the office and warehouse of Bob Koester's Delmark Records, actually the only Chicago jazz and blues label. It's a small operation, run by Koester, his wife and a couple of clerks from the store. Surprisingly Koester, who is in his mid-thirties, looks ordinary - short hair, sport shirt, straight pants. I say surprisingly because these days even executives in the large record companies dress pretty modish with their bells and bush jackets.

"I started Delmark," recalls Koester, "self-consciously because of the usual motives of ego. I wanted to be part of the jazz scene in St. Louis. There was a band there called the Windy City Six which I felt was so great that they just had to be recorded. Otherwise, the world would be denied some beautiful music.

Koester did just that. In 1952, the recording operation was rather primitive and the disk was pressed on red vinyl. The record sold 485 copies. He made dixieland records for several years in

St. Louis. At the same time he had a consuming interest in blues and he wanted to record whatever live singers were still alive.

So he compiled a list of the blues singers he heard on old records who sounded, by their style, as if they might be from St. Louis. The list he gave to a black policeman friend who, amazingly, located Speckled Red, Walter Davis and Edith Johnson. Koester recorded them for Delmark. "At that time," remembers Koester, "blues had no commercial value and you could buy the old records for a nickel or quarter."

Since that beginning in St. Louis, Delmark has recorded modern Chicago bluesmen like Junior Wells with Buddy Guy, Luther Allison, and Magic Sam. The problem with a small pioneering label like Delmark, is that while it gives many such artists a start by recording them when the larger firms won't look at them, poor distribution means that Delmark discs sell only in special outlets. That is stores which cater to collectors and the discriminating buyer rather than the general public. So sales are rather small and usually number between 4 - 6,000.

Consequently, when a bluesman receives a certain amount of popularity, Delmark loses him, like it did Junior Wells, to a larger label which offers more. Still Delmark continues and records those artists, some young and upcoming like Luther Allison and Jimmy Dawkins, and some old and "past their prime" like Roosevelt Sykes and Sleepy John Estes, which the major record companies refuse to touch. This means, of course, that all artists Delmark works with are blacks. Shit no white kid would even look at Delmark and its puny sales figures. It's strictly peanuts, commercially. Indeed, the company loses money and it's the store upstairs which subsidizes it. But Koester isn't much interested in white musicians anyway.

"Most whites are incapable of listening to new black music. They have to be led to blues by white entertainers. Howlin' Wolf did the songs Little Red Rooster and Smokestack Lightnin' and he even made them hits on the R'n'B charts. But it wasn't till the Rolling Stones did them that the whites started picking up on the music. White blues singers are unimportant and serve the same function as the Original Dixieland Band - as popularizers. Basically white musicians are not really in touch with the origins. They didn't grow up with the radio blaring blues in their ear. Look, the white guy can't soak up the music by sitting in with the black musicians a couple of times or even by hanging around the clubs for two weeks. Most of them will wind up as studio hacks or in their father's business."

Harsh words, but Koester is bitter about the neglect of black music and the constant hype of the inferior white version. Except for Charlie Musselwhite, who served a long apprenticeship with black musicians on the South Side, Koester feels that all the other white musicians have taken a dilettante and exploitative attitude towards blacks and their music. They have come for short periods, Koester claims, and

their stay was always exaggerated by liner note and fanzine writers. After learning what they wanted they left quickly enough to form all-white bands and play the lucrative gigs.

Koester blames the critics and promoters who have never given the black artists a fair shake. "There are about 50 black blues bands here, but there's not enough work for them. The critical hierarchy doesn't pay the blacks much attention but hypes the white kids. One year Robert Shelton came down here, went to a few white spots and wrote that blues was dead in Chicago. Then a year later he said that Paul Butterfield was great. Most promoters think that black musicians are lazy alcoholics who never show up on time."

Koester cites sales figures to show how disproportionate the rewards are. His Junior Wells LP, which was his best seller sold 12,000 copies over a four year period. On the other hand, Paul Butterfield's first album sold 150,000 in the first six months. But that record was released five years ago before the blues boom and the growth of FM rock stations. Today Johnny Winter, Janis Joplin and Canned Heat invariably get gold albums, which means they sell \$1,000,000 worth.

Koester invited me to a Roosevelt Sykes recording session so I could see just how he does it. Sykes is a blues pianist and was born 64 years ago in Helena, Arkansas. He first recorded in St. Louis in 1929 and the next year he signed with four different companies under four different names. It was a common practice then, for bluesmen hustling to make a living. He was Willie Kelly for Victor, Dobby Bragg for Paramount, Easy Papa Johnson for Melotone and the real Roosevelt Sykes for Okeh. During that period his records sold strictly to a black audience, but today there isn't much demand for a blues pianist. Just the occasional gig for white college students.

The recording studio where the session was held was on Michigan Avenue, in a large office building near the Art Institute. It seemed a strange place to record blues. In the heart of the Loop! But the studio was comfortable enough. I made the mistake of entering the studio during taping. Of course, I heard the music but the red light with the sign saying Recording, Don't Enter, was not lit. So I assumed they were just practising. But Koester, who was rather angry, blew up and criticized my mistake (my mistake?) in no uncertain terms.

Between takes the musicians were drinking and around the eighth time they were feeling pretty good and getting into the music. Alcohol does that to bluesmen. Koester produces his own records and seems to get a kick out of it, though he does very little, electronically, to the music. By that I mean that Delmark's records are rather straightforward with few effects. No echo, no reverb, no overdubbing. The result is a very natural music, but a lot of richness is sacrificed since so much can be done with modern recording techniques. Perhaps it's economics; I mean you can't spend weeks laying down different



tracks and mixing it for an album which will sell only 4,000 copies. But Koester is, himself, a traditionalist, and electronics, he feels, would take something away from the music.

In an article on the Chicago blues scene, Koester wrote "Anyone who thinks the blues are dying doesn't know much about the sick state of American society, about racism, about artistic evolution or the fecund musical environment of the black church."

That article appeared in the program of The Ann Arbor Blues Festival. The second one, in fact, which was a great artistic success though commercially it failed. This year it lost \$20,000 and the organizers said it might not take place next year. Baskets were passed around and money was raised but this was only a small part of the deficit. Hopefully there will be a Third Ann Arbor Blues Festival, but no one makes money off blues these days.

Though we have passed the peak of the blues boom, it is still popular and in each city there are numerous teen-age blues bands. But in most cases they are little different from rock groups, only the material they perform serves as a distinction. Often these bands are mediocre, not because they are young and inexperienced, but because they have gotten their songs and even arrangements off records and the radio. I've often heard such bands (who often play in concerts before headline groups) say "Now we'd like to do Checkin' On My Baby by John Mayall." Of course, the song wasn't written by Mayall but by Sonny Boy Williamson. However, the kids will do a note for note copy of the Englishman.

The white musicians who really want to learn blues have come to Chicago, not only to pick up the techniques, but to get a feeling for the music. Many of the black musicians are happy to give the whites some pointers if they seem serious about it. I met Jerry Portnoy, a 26 year-old white harp player at Theresa's on Blue Monday. Blue Monday is traditionally the night to jam and all sorts of musicians drop by and play. Usually, unknowns, white or black, are allowed on stage if they have enough confidence and think they won't be booted off.

"You can call me J.P. - J.P. Gordon," Portnoy said.

"But you said your name was Portnoy," I offered.

"Yea, that's my real name, but like I don't want to be known as a masturbator," he explained.

Having the least seniority, Portnoy waited patiently for his chance to gig. In fact, because he was white in an all-black club (there were only three other whites in the place), he was particularly conscious about not trying to appear pushy. So he casually asked the other musicians if he could jam with them. They said yea, sure, but didn't give him a definite spot. So he waited. And waited.

"I went to Europe a couple of years ago and a friend gave me a harp. I kept fooling around with it for awhile. Then I listened to a Sonny Boy Williamson album

which really blew my mind. Immediately I decided I wanted to learn and so I decided to come back to Chicago."

"I went to see Sonny Terry," Portnoy continued, "and had four lessons with him. I tape-recorded the lessons so I could play them back again over and over. The lessons were good but it took me a year to get out of Sonny Terry's style. You see, he usually solos and he plays unamplified. I got interested in other musicians. Once you choose an instrument you wind up meeting all the harp players around so you pick up the gimmicks and techniques."

It seemed that everybody was at Theresa's that night. Buddy Guy, Junior Wells, Luther Allison, Billy Boy Arnold, B.B. King Jr., Sammy Lawhorn, and Lefty Williams who served as m.c. and kept shouting "now whup a hand for you 'se out thair."

Theresa's was smoky and hot and jumping. Some of the patrons began dancing. But it wasn't the kind of dancing you find in discotheques. It was wild and sensuous. Blues, unlike rock or soul is pure beat and feeling and relatively free of commercial consideration. So it has a very powerful effect on the listener. The dancers start off reasonably proper, but the musicians will cut loose and intensify the feeling until a strong bond is formed between the group and dancers, who have let themselves go. As the music quickens in pace and volume, the dancers' sweaty bodies pulsate uncontrolled. Muscles twitching, bodies rocking back and forth, the dancers seemed locked together and the grinning musicians play on without mercy. It's an incredible spectacle.

When a couple start to go, all eyes shift and the other spectators make room and offer encouragement. It's far more amazing seeing this spontaneous dancing than anything done by professionals, no matter how fancy the steps are. A white couple started to dance but it was embarrassing to watch; they seemed to be dancing to another number. Not that they were bad dancers, but compared to the blacks the couple seemed so uptight and awkward. Now this may seem like a racist observation, but it's true nonetheless. I'm sure the blacks in the club were secretly laughing at the rigidity of the white couple. All their movements seemed so unnatural, almost as if they had learned a few steps and moves in a modern dance manual and then proceeded to go through the motions which they had memorized.

Somewhere at this point, Portnoy was explaining to me something about the music. "Whites can play the blues. The problem is most white kids think blues is John Mayall and Canned Heat. You see few whites in joints like these or buying records by Otis Rush or Freddy King. If you want to learn the schtick, you have to go to the roots."

Billy Boy Arnold came over to our table and asked to borrow a harp. Jerry rummaged through his black leather shaving bag where he keeps his harps and microphone to fish one out in the right key. He explained that he always brought this mike. "It's an old mike and Junior Wells uses one like this. You get a dirty sound

from it which I like. Look as a white, you're an alien. The musicians don't care. They resent the fact that a white kid can grab an instrument, learn to play in a couple of years and make \$1,000 a week when they have a hard time. The so-called blues revival has only helped whites. The musicians still struggle."

Jerry drives a cab but hopes to become a full-time musician soon. "I want to keep learning and be the best player I can, but I don't sing so there's no way I can front my own band. And harp musicians who just play are rare. It's just too expensive for a blues band to carry a harp player."

For some strange reason, blues has attracted a lot of Jewish musicians. Portnoy is, and so are Paul Oscher who played with Muddy Waters for two and a half years, Jeff Karp who played with Sam Lay and Earl Hooker and is now in England supposedly working with the Rolling Stones. Then there's Corky Siegel and Phil Estrin also a harp player who has come to Chicago from the Coast. Other Jewish blues musicians include Mike Bloomfield (a millionaire's son) Barry Goldberg and Danny Kalb.

Jerry doesn't know if his Jewishness had anything to do with blues, but he recounted a story he heard. "Someone asked Ray Charles if whites could play blues and Ray Charles said that if they could, the first ones would be Jews."

Jerry couldn't think of any other explanation, but it seems to me that young Jews are attracted to this very soulful music for the same reason young blacks are not. Just as blacks are ashamed of blues because it conjures up watermelons and ghettos, so too, are middle-class Jews embarrassed of their origins as poor immigrants. Cantorial music, which is just as soulful as blues, is spurned because it brings back memories of pogroms and East European hovels. Once when I was playing an old country blues record by Skip James, my mother overheard it and said "Oh, it sounds like Moishe Oysher."

As it turned out, Portnoy didn't have a chance to play. Theresa's closes at two and there were so many professional musicians there that there was no lot for him. He was rather disappointed and we agreed to go down to Rose & Kelly's the next evening to catch J.B. Hutto.

On the outside, Rose & Kelly's looks like hundreds of other taverns. There is no sign to announce the entertainment. But the patrons come anyway, whether it's to have a beer or listen to the music. Mostly the crowd is older and peaceful; there are plenty of middle-aged men with beer bellies. Which is reassuring to Jerry and me since most of the trouble comes from lean and wiry toughs. The atmosphere is refreshingly free of tension.

J.B. Hutto is playing with his trio. Using a slide, Hutto's style is primitive electric blues which suggests Mississippi more than Chicago. But the audience seems to dig it since they're obviously transplanted southerners. The dancing is rather sedate compared to Theresa's the night before.

There's no stage and no lights, so the musicians are shrouded in darkness.



There isn't even a mike stand so when J.B. takes a vocal, a friend holds a mike up to his mouth. The friend just stands there and doesn't seem embarrassed at all. To a fourteen year-old suburban musician, this whole scene would seem terribly amateurish, the ultimate in degradation. Indeed, the equipment Hutto uses, a couple of small beat up amps, would humiliate the white teen. But to Hutto and his sidemen, there's nothing unnatural here. Hutto's been playing these joints for years, and success, well, success is playing four nights a week instead of two and that's at \$15 per.

Jerry and I are at the bar digging the music. He has brought his shaving bag with the harps and he'll sit in with Hutto as he has many nights before. During intermission, I spot a chance to talk to J.B.

Hutto is 42, and when he lived in his native Louisiana he played in a band called Johnny Ferguson and the Twisters. He loved the music so he bought himself an electric guitar for \$35. "I always did like Elmore James and Muddy Waters. I just wanted to play that bar (slide). I like all type of music, but some you get tired of listening to."

As we're talking, J.B. sips his coke, one of eight he has during the course of an evening. "It's cheaper this way," he laughs. "It's not hard keeping a band together when you know what you're doing, but when I was drinking whiskey and stuff, I didn't know what I was doing. Whiskey was sure mean to me, messing up the music. You don't mix music and booze."

During the intermission, the music is coming from the juke box. It's soul, of course. In fact, I checked out the selections on this and the other juke boxes in the clubs and the only blues are the B.B. King hits. "You could say blues is coming back. They died in the late 50s and everybody started going for what they called rock n' roll. Blues seems to be more popular among white boys and girls. I'm happy they're digging it. Blues is returning to about the same like it was before. Things go in cycles, sometimes they're popular, sometimes they aren't. Blues is always getting better. The world's always looking for something new and wants it. Now some young Negro kids are picking up on it a little, but most are still on that rock n' roll stuff. A few here tonight wanted me to show them how I do that slide. The slide is different from the type of music like B.B. King, but it ain't gonna die."

Now the juke box is playing B.B. King's number, *The Thrill Is Gone*, sung by Aretha Franklin. J.B. doesn't like it very much. I tell him who the singer is. "There's a difference of doing something because you doing it for the money and singing from the heart. Aretha probably went through some changes but on this particular song she has no feeling. She just wanted another hit so she recorded it because B.B. done made one. You write a song and sing it through your life. Unless you went through it, you won't have no feeling for it. Anybody can sing blues. It don't matter what color you are. Charlie Musselwhite is good, real good, and I

ain't saying that 'cause you're white. Because I remember when he first came here he was no good at all. He learned the blues here."

As the evening wore on, J.B.'s music got faster and the dancers were livelier. J.B. is versatile enough to play what he calls rock n' roll, but is actually fast blues. "You look at the crowd, they're looking for something to dance to. Myself I play the hottest blues I know. It don't make no difference to me. I want to satisfy the people and make the manager happy. When they're happy, I'm happy."

In one corner, there was a loud party and they took turns on the floor. They formed lines, guys on one side and girls on the other and did the cake walk. One bar fly, who was pretty drunk, asked different men to dance. Some did and others brushed her off. Finally she came to me and asked me to dance. I was pretty reluctant, partly, because it might seem like I, a white, was at the club to pick a black woman up, but mostly it was because she wasn't attractive at all. Still she dragged me on the floor, and short of physically resisting her and causing a scene, I couldn't refuse any longer. We just limped along for a number and I was happy to find my stool afterwards.



Roosevelt Sykes

There was an incident, though. A black guy, seeing Portnoy and me at the bar (we were the only whites in the club) marched straight to us. With a cigarette dangling out of his mouth, he asked me for a light. Since I don't smoke, I motioned to Jerry who offered a match. The black blew it out and blurted "Don't you guys come round here no more." Then he stomped out.

I shrugged him off as a drunk. But Portnoy was uptight about the thing. "Yea, he might be drunk, but he could still pull a knife on us when we get outside. Sometimes I wonder if coming down here is worth the shit."

Portnoy went on with J.B. for a set. Though he was having trouble with his amp and the rhythm guitarist wasn't with him,

he sounded all right. The audience was somewhat surprised since they expected to hear a novice. A middle-aged black beside me at the bar commented, "Yea, he's good. He blew good. I've heard Little Walter and Big Walter, but that kid's good." Of course, he was exaggerating, but he wanted to be friendly. "I just like blues," he continued. "I don't like the stuff they're making now. James Brown, all he do is holler, thass all. I don't like it."

Though Mighty Joe Young is the same age as J.B. Hutto, he plays a very modern style blues similar to B.B. King. Born in Shreveport, Louisiana, he moved to Milwaukee in 1946 and went to music school there. In 1956, he came to Chicago and for three years he played with Otis Rush. "Blues is a business, like anything else," says Young. "Keeping a band is like running a factory. I've been fortunate enough to have gigged since '56."

Mighty Joe Young and his band, the Touch of Souls, were playing at the Alex Club, on the West Side. The Alex Club is large and resembles a dance hall as much as a bar. There's a doorman, and for a dollar, he'll pull his chair to admit you. The Alex Club has a 4:00 a.m. licence, so things, generally, don't get going till midnight or after. A lot of people come after 2:00 when the other clubs have closed.

Surprisingly, Young has two white horn players in his band. "I have them because they are good musicians," insists Young, "not because they are white." Young is particularly sensitive about this point since he doesn't want to appear that he has an integrated band to get white gigs. "I play a lot of different clubs and I have to play rhythm n' blues and the Top Ten. You have to mix it up, else they'll walk out on you and go to some other club. Blues has changed a lot. They brought it up with the big beat."

Because Young plays contemporary blues, things are relatively good for him. He doesn't make a lot of money since he has yet to crack the white market. "It's a hard struggle," he says philosophically, "but it's like anything else. There's enough room for all us musicians. But some musicians are jealous and don't show you nothin'. But I have nothin' against 'em. I respect them all."

From the Alex Club to Florence's is a great jump of a couple of decades and several states. Florence's is a funky bar on the West Side which could just as easily belong in the South. I attended a Sunday afternoon session which featured Hound Dog Taylor. The place was packed and the customers (including a clan of white blues freaks) just drank their beer from the bottle.

Hound Dog is 55 and started playing full-time in 1957 when he was laid off his job in a television factory. "They was paying us Negroes \$2.50 an hour so they got these Italians to work for 75¢ an hour. I was playing music before but working at the same time. I went to look for a job but couldn't find one, so I went back to music. There used to be the old A T & T club where I worked for \$15 a night. I've been making \$15 a night ever since I've

been here. I like to work on the North Side because you make more money. These Negroes ain't got nothing. They got nothing but a whole lot of trouble. I can play good music anywhere, but if I go North, them cats ain't going to like me. They'd run me out of there."

We were talking in Hound Dog's beat up car parked just in front of Florence's. Outside the place, groups of young blacks were shooting craps and drinking. They were in a bad mood and you could tell that by nighttime, they'd be feeling pretty ugly. "The whites want to come over here," Hound Dog continued, "but these cats (pointing to the crap-shooters) won't let them. You're O.K., that's cause you're with me."

At Florence's Bruce Iglauer, who works for Bob Koester's Delmark and writes for Living Blues, showed me his car which had been broken into outside Peppers, Friday night. Some blacks had thrown a brick through the side window, scattered some clothes he had all over the street and ripped up the wires under the hood. It was a case of vandalism rather than theft. Somebody saw that the car belonged to a white and so marked it out as the target.

"They scattered about 50 copies of Living Blues all over the street. It was the best distribution we've ever got," Bruce said sardonically. Noting the mood of the blacks outside Florence's, he advised me to get back in.

"Blues ain't never changed," Hound Dog explained. "You've got a lot of people who are trying to play the blues but ain't doing it. You take them boys who were playing before. They go to a joint and they'll play for the money - thass all. The feeling is nothing and they can't wait to get off. If music is in you and you love it, it goes all the way down. If you goin' to play something, brother, feel it. If you don't forget it. I used to play with a boy whose name was Philip. He used to get drunk all the time and all he wanted was the money. He'd always ask me 'ain't it time to go'."

Hound Dog was rather mad because things didn't go right. The musicians were, with the exception of Hound Dog, pretty ragged. He had just picked them up for the afternoon. At this point the bartender came to the car and paid Hound Dog. He was pretty angry himself. "If you guys can't be on time next week, then don't come. Florence don't like it and I don't like it. We lost a lot of business because you'se were late by an hour and a half."

Hound Dog was embarrassed and pocketed the money. "After today," he told me, "if I don't find somebody that's got something, I'm going to forget about it. I'm going to be spottin'. Somebody call me from Texas or California, then I'll go out there and play for a band. These musicians here won't buy anything, not even a string. You got to pick them up and carry them home. And many times, they got more money than you."

"Blues is better now than in '57, better than in '45. If you catch a cat today who plays blues he got more think, than he had before. He puts more into it. When you're



Muddy Waters band 1968

playing a plain guitar, all you hear is your foot and your guitar. Now when you have something behind you, it pushes you."

Older bluesmen have a tendency to exaggerate and you learn to take many things they say with a grain of salt. A lot of them will say they played or ran around with this or that blues giant back home. Some will claim to have written a classic before the person who recorded it made it famous and said it was his own. When Hound Dog Taylor talks about his background he boasts, but with such a sincere face, of many things. "I learned from me. A whole lot of people say I sound like Elmore James. I don't sound like him. I bought a guitar in 1935 from Sears-Roebuck for \$3.25. I tuned it like I was supposed to and played bottleneck. Elmore James used to live near me, but I was playing Dust My Broom before him. He came up here and made the record. Nowadays, nobody plays slide because they can't handle it."

Hound Dog began to compare the South and North. "You go South in a juke joint and no one's going to do a doggone thing but go around back, drink whiskey and shoot craps. Right here you got a deal. Florence will have to close up when I leave cause the rangers (Blackstone Rangers) will mess her up. Now the kids seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, don't do a thing by themselves. They got mothers and fathers, but the parents don't give a damn. Mayor Daley made the law that you can't whup your kid or the cops take you away. ADC is taking care of the kids. The mothers don't give a damn if the cop kills her son or if he kills the cop. These kids will start fighting in a few minutes. Wait till night come. They can start a fight and tear the place down. These son of bitches don't love you or themselves. Not a soul."

It seems that a handful of musicians in their thirties will be the last blues artists. People like Junior Wells, Otis Rush, Luther Allison, Jimmy Dawkins, and Buddy Guy are the last ones left. There are none in their twenties taking up blues. Taj

Mahal is twenty-eight, but he is a black singer from a middle-class family in Massachusetts. Of course, he is a fine artist, but all the bluesmen were born in the South and raised up North. There may be a blues revival among young middle-class blacks, but one thing is certain if this occurs; the music just won't be the same. Buddy Guy is thirty-four and THE upcoming bluesman. When Waters and Hooker and Wolf retire and when B.B. King steps aside it will be Buddy Guy who is the king of the blues. Already he has achieved a certain amount of recognition and in April of '69, he and his band did a State Department tour of Africa. "The first place we opened was in the Congo," Guy recalls, "and the majority of the people didn't even know who was singing. The few who could speak English talked to me and the reporters asked who was the second best guitar player in the world after me. Was it James Brown or Wilson Pickett? I thought that this was one of the funniest things that happened in my life so I told them that none of them play guitar though since then I've found that Wilson does. When you go for the State Department they keep a record on your conduct and when we came back they told us we had the best reports of all the musicians they sent. I brought some tapes back of African music but right now I've just changed labels and joined Atlantic so I wouldn't want to experiment with something new. A lot of the music on the tapes has a South American beat and I'm trying to get some ideas from them."

While single records seem to have less and less importance today, for black artists, 45s still mean a lot. That's why Guy switched labels from the artsy-craftsy Vanguard which specializes in folk and progressive rock for a white high-brow audience to Atlantic which is primarily soul and mass rock. "Vanguard put out one single which they released in a few Northern cities. The record officials said that if it made it in those cities, they'd release it across the country. But I've



been playing quite a while before the big cities ever heard of me. I'm from the South and a lot of people supported me there before Chicago knew of me. Vanguard should have released it in the South because a lot of people there still dig blues. Unless you get a 45 record out, there are few black people who know of you because they never listen to FM or college stations where they do really play blues. They only listen to AM and the Top Ten where you can listen all day and you'll never hear John Lee Hooker or Howlin' Wolf."

Guy is critical of radio because it neglects blues. "All stations should give an artist a fair chance. You know for years they've been down on us because we play blues. But you can't please everybody. I think there would be more black blues lovers if they had the opportunity to hear it. The only time you hear blues now in Chicago is in Theresa's or Peppers or maybe the Flame. I can go two blocks from where I live and no one or maybe one or two people in the house might know me. They say 'I remember Guy, he used to play so and so a long time ago. I thought he had quit.'"

Guy isn't sure if blacks are ready to dig blues yet. Yes, more blacks did come this year to Ann Arbor but "it's because of the headlines. A lot of people don't give a hoot who's on the show; they just want to find out what made the headlines. My first time in Buffalo, I was playing at the university and some students said that Jimmy Reed was at a club that night. So we go and the guy at the door doesn't know of me and charges me and my musicians to get in. I take my group up to play a couple of tunes and the manager says, 'who are you? You're hired.' I gave him my manager's name and later he hired me. A lot of kids around the university came and there were black people, too. During the course of the intermission, I was sitting down having a drink and one black cat behind me asks who I was and how could I be drawing so many people when he hadn't heard of me. So I tried to figure out that myself and then I say that maybe it's because I have a couple of albums which he hasn't got. He says 'what do you mean, I've never heard of you.' Like I say, AM stations don't play albums. Sometimes late at night after midnight they might put one on."

Even 45s are changing now and singles aren't the short 2:50 they used to be. "I could never get myself going within two minutes. I think this has been my problem ever since I've been recording. By the time I think I'd be at my best I would have to play like about a minute and a half and the records would be cut short. The few records I had with Chess, they would always cut out the best parts. But I notice now that there are records that go up to four minutes or better. I don't know if this is something special or a new thing. James Brown has one record that's pretty long and B.B. King has one that's four something. But really it's the money thing. Radio stations want that commercial in there but I think this is changing. Actually if you want to get technical, and a lot of recording companies won't admit

this, but the artists are supposed to get a certain percentage everytime his record is played on the air. But musicians never see this money. I would hope for the dj's to get it because they help you in a way, but I doubt they get it. I think the money goes back to the recording company."

In Louisiana, Buddy Guy's first guitars as a boy were primitive affairs. He made one by taking a screen from his mother's windows and tapping two nails in a wall. Then he made one by cutting the top of a lighter fluid can. At seventeen, his father found a guy who was drinking and invited him over to the house. This man bought Buddy a guitar for \$2.00. Some time later a man drove by and saw Buddy playing this guitar on the porch. So he took the boy downtown and bought him a new one for \$57.50. That night he slept with it.

Guy came to Chicago in 1957 looking for better employment so he could help his family in Louisiana. He worked as a mechanic in a garage but at night he went around the clubs. "I would listen to people like Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, and B.B. King, and I would walk around and listen to guys. At that time jazz was more popular than blues is now, so it was hard for me to find a blues artist. I found Junior Wells and Magic Sam and Muddy and that's all I wanted. So I just followed them around until I let people know I was interested." Buddy met Otis Rush who let him play. He also was hired to play in a club, even though he didn't have a band. Guy had told the owner that he had five musicians. Later that night he came back and admitted the lie. But the owner said it didn't matter and introduced him to drummer Fred Below, who rounded up the musicians. Until about four years ago when he met his manager Dick Waterman, Guy worked full-time in the garage. Sometimes he would play until 5:00 a.m., catch two hours sleep in a car and be at work at 7:00.

For the past few years Guy has been trying to get the blues sound of the early 50s which is considerably different, and many believe, better than the current electronic blues. "I've been trying to get an amplifier like they had back then. I've been into the factory and they don't make it like that. The first fender I had, had that old true blues sound but they don't make them anymore. I offered them any kind of money, within a reasonable limit, for an old amp. The guitar makers are like the radio stations and run it for the big buck. If a guy sells a million records and he plays with a fuzz tone like the Beatles or the Cream, then everybody jumps on the bandwagon, and wants one. Originally you had your electric guitar and the amp was just a bunch of tubes. As a matter of fact you could take your radio and switch a couple of things around and then it was your amplifier. It made your guitar sound louder but it wasn't redoing nothing to the sound. Now amplifiers are adding something to the guitar or taking something away from it. The fuzz notes and echo - all this is fictitious. You done got to the point where sooner or later, people might not have to play a guitar. If they keep advan-

cing all you'll have to do is just hold it and it will play by itself."

"That don't mean that I don't respect some musicians using these new devices. Now Clapton, he plays like that, but he's great. I could sit up with him all night and jam. I made a TV film with him last year. I sure wish I was making half the money he is. But B.B. King, you don't beat him. I don't care what time of day, he's always got a word of confidence for you. Whenever he's in town, he'll call me even though it's 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. and we'll get together for a drink."

Buddy Guy would be considered a moderate drinker as far as bluesmen are concerned. We're talking in his Cadillac parked outside Theresa's and Buddy is putting down a few. He explains that after a few, he feels better and the music flows more naturally. But he sets limits for himself. "A lot of blues musicians didn't have any choice but drink. They played for years just for drinks. Maybe I would have done the same if I hadn't seen them go through a life like that. If a guy gave you \$5.00 for playing all night, and you drank that away, well, you didn't go there with nothing and you didn't leave there with nothing. My first time in Europe, I had a reporter come up to me with a bottle of whiskey. He thought that's all blues guys do is drink. But I refused. If you drink too much it affects the voice, but that's not the only thing. There's a lot of wear and tear on the voice from years of singing. B.B. King has never been a drunkard, but listen to his voice now and on some of his early records. My mother and father raised me on a plantation where there were lot of horses. The horses that really worked didn't live more than three to four years. And those that didn't are still living there now. My fingers are not as fast as when I was nineteen and my voice isn't as loud and clear as it was then.

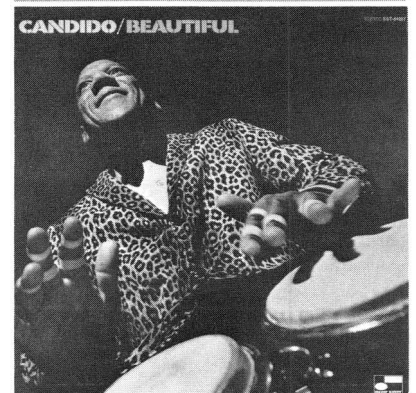
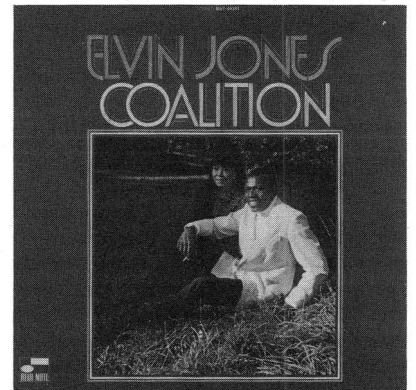
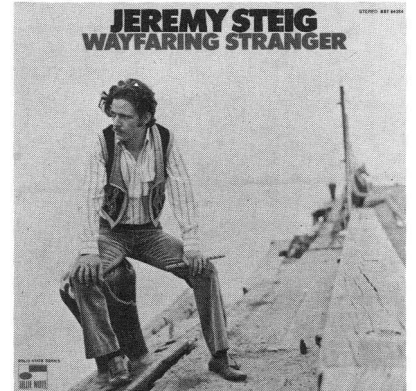
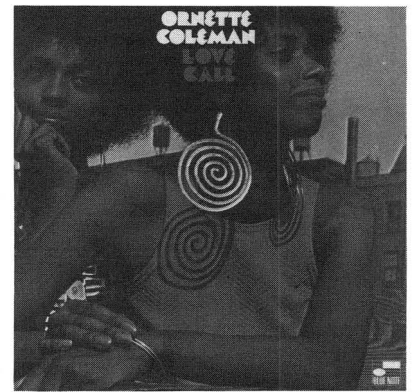
"Big artists can help a lot of other artists and not just by showing them things. You can't show people like Hound Dog Taylor anything. He's been around a lot and knows things I don't know. But no recording company knows about him and wants to listen to him. In Europe I met people like Clapton and other people spoke to companies about me and they listened to him because he's got these gold records. Now I can go to a recording company and do the same."

Hound Dog Taylor is fifty-five and has only recorded a few numbers. Maybe he will get a contract and put out a record at this late stage. But even if he does, sales will be low since few people are interested much in old bluesmen.

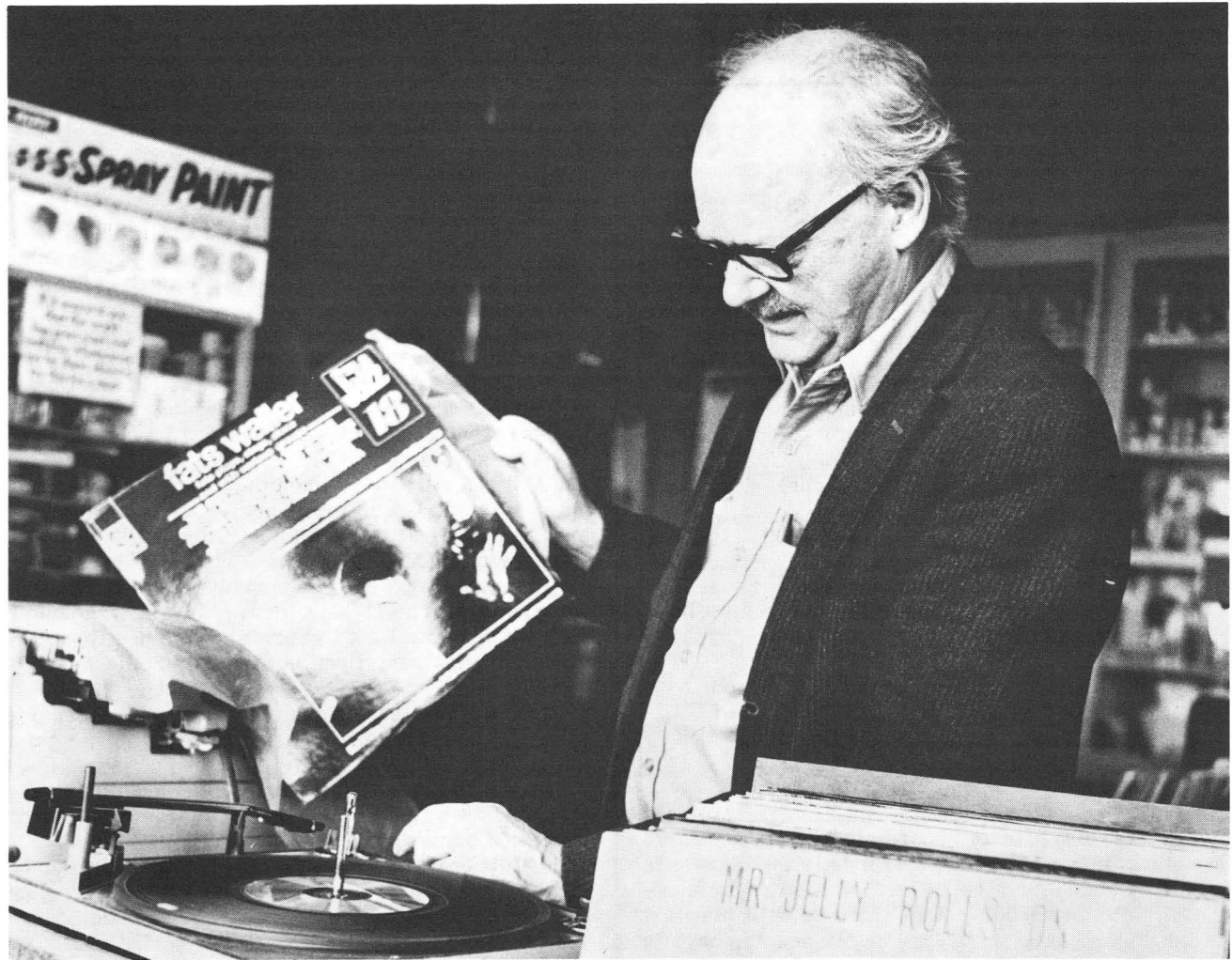
In Toronto I met this young white musician carrying a guitar with one hand and a couple albums by Freddy King and Otis Rush. He was on his way to a tavern for a gig. When I asked him how much he was getting, he mumbled with embarrassment that it was \$15 a night. Of course, it's peanuts and how do people expect a musician to survive on that. Yet when I think about it, J.B. Hutto, Hound Dog Taylor and countless other bluesmen have been making \$15 a night for years. And they've been surviving.

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1

There's no neon sign in front of 2227 East 35 Street in Minneapolis...only a paper banner pasted in the store window. It says: "McDonald's Record Heaven". In the past, the business also has been known as Southtown Record Shop, but more recently as Dixieland Record Heaven.

A call to 729-7179, brings the response: "Dixieland!"...from the proprietor.

Another window sign reads: "I will buy old phonographs that do not work:  
Manual - \$1.00  
Automatic - \$2.50  
Need obsolete parts."

Inside the place there's a melange of 26 years of various smells, signs, paint, radio tubes...plus 15,000 old and new (mostly very old) 78 rpm records and over 2,000 LP albums. A young-looking Ella Fitzgerald peers down at the customer from the back wall along with other large poster pictures of musicians from the 20s through the 50s. (In 1958, the owner quit selling pop records because of the 'Rock Explosion'...and concentrated on jazz albums.)

The odor inside is musty and dusty, not unpleasant, interesting - a mixture of cigarette smoke,

phonograph records, paint, radio parts and a lack of oxygen.

Underneath a column of smoke, on the only place to sit down in the record shop, sits a man in his 60s...repairing a radio. A Kool cigarette drools from his lips, and his head is tilted back, so he can see through his horn-rimmed bi-focals as he solders a radio part. His hair (what's left of it) hints an aging Hippiness.

His name: James Alexander McDonald, Jr. - one of the First Angry Men.

"How come you're lettin' your hair grow out, Mac?"

"Because I'm revoltin'...that's why! Against everything. The whole damn world is goin' straight to hell. It aint' worth a good goddam. Sloppy workmanship...just look at the cars nowadays. And the TV sets, and radios. Buy a car and it's worn out by the time you get it paid for. Commercialism, and crap. Advertising is the worst, though. Makes people buy stuff they don't need. And the damnable materialism, everybody's out for the almighty buck. It's like the Roman Empire. You know what happened to that...wait and see."

Last year, Jim McDonald celebrated his 25th year in the business of selling jazz records (mostly traditional, dixieland, etc.) and not much was made of this Silver Anniversary. But how many persons make a living selling jazz records?





photograph: Tom Berthiaume

for a dime ("It was mostly jazz records on the juke, anyway, in those days."), and repairing radios. After World War II ended, he set up shop, in 1946, at his present location. He's been there for 26 years.

Through the years, Jim McDonald has been friend, correspondent and confidante of many jazz musicians. These include Henry (Red) Allen, George Lewis, Kid Thomas, Barney Bigard, J.C. Higginbotham, Jack Teagarden, Bob Scobey and many more. He helped land Doc Evans his first record contract.

"And a bunch of kids met here in my shop about ten or twelve years ago. They listened to jazz and got a band going. It's still going today." That band is the Hall Brothers Jazz Band.

One day, Louis Armstrong came in here. He brought along his whole band - Billy Kyle, Trummy Young, Barney Bigard, Arvell Shaw, Barrett Deems and the singer, Velma Middleton. Louis was appearing at the Lyceum in Minneapolis, and he heard I had the only copies in the Twin Cities of his latest recording ("Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy"). He came out and got a record, and he and the whole band autographed one for me. Louis is one heckuva nice guy."

At the moment, Mac says the jazz record business is "slow".

"But I am getting some excellent records from Europe - England, France, Denmark, Sweden and Germany. Just take a look at these new Sidney Bechet albums I have here..."

"Jazz will last...at least as long as the world does. I'm not sure how long that'll be. Maybe not too long the way things are going."

Crusty...cantankerous critic of the contemporary? Not entirely...just a little. Actually, Jim McDonald is a great fellow to get to know and he has a fantastic selection of jazz records from the beginnings of the record business...down to the present.

If you ever get to Minneapolis, Minnesota, don't miss McDonald's Record Heaven. It's an experience I promise you'll never forget.

## 2

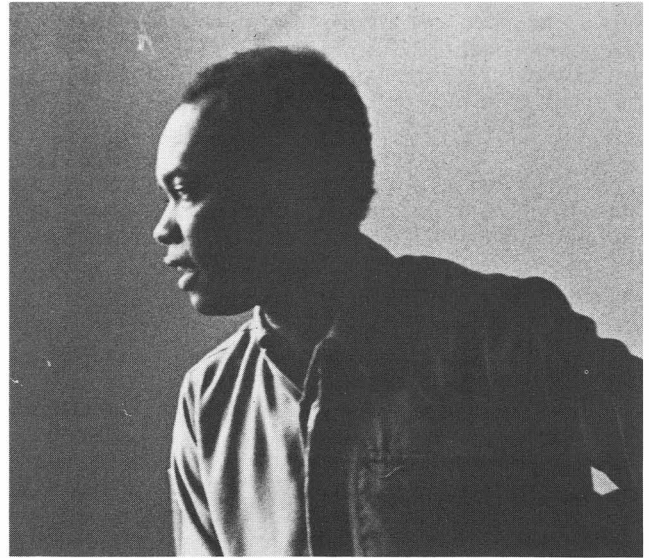
"This is a great place...fantastic. Fine acoustics... a nice atmosphere for jazz. No...nothing like it in New York, really. I hope it stays afloat."

The speaker was young, well-groomed, good-looking and intense. He held a trumpet in his left hand and was smoothing his hair back with his right. He introduces himself as "Freddie...Freddie Hubbard."

Hubbard had just finished a week's engagement at the "New Cafe Extra-Ordinaire" in Minneapolis, once a young people's rock nite club called "Magoo's", now converted to a haven for modern jazz.

We talked awhile before Freddie was summoned to Extra-Ordinaire's office for his cheque, then Freddie shook hands and said, "Goodbye... Hope I get back here to see you sometime; maybe when it gets a bit warmer." (The temperature on that December night was nine below zero.)

In a few minutes, Freddie had left for the airport with his sidemen, drummer Louis Hayes, saxophonist Junior Cook, bassist Mickey Bass and pianist Joe Bonner.



The New Cafe Extra-Ordinaire, just off Lake Street on Nicollet Avenue South, in Minneapolis, had been open for about a month and Hubbard's group was the first big name in jazz to appear there. Across the street, the old Cafe Extra-Ordinaire, which had operated for four years as a modern jazz club, sat dark, dreary and silent, a "For Rent" sign on its door.

The old Cafe Ex. seated 94 people, served only food, beverages (non-alcoholic) and about 57 varieties of coffee. It had poor ventilation and cramped quarters. But it had featured some big names in modern jazz over its four-year life - Elvin Jones (twice), McCoy Tyner, Roland Kirk, Joe Henderson, Freddie Hubbard, Eddie Harris and several others.

The brand "New Cafe Extra-Ordinaire" seats 400 persons, comfortably spread over a huge 3-room area. It serves beer, food, tea, coffee and light beverages, has wonderful acoustics and atmosphere, a fine bandstand and sound system, and a warm and friendly feeling.

The owner of the New Cafe is the same man who ran the old one - Bobby Jackson, a 31-year-old Black who played bass for many years in jazz groups, including a month's tour of Canada in 1962 when they were booked into Vancouver, Winnipeg and Thunder Bay (then Ft. William-Port Arthur).

Jackson has given up bass playing to concentrate on running a place which "features good modern jazz...the year 'round." The Extra-Ordinaire is a place where people can hear good contemporary jazz music...where jazz workshops are held...where jazz musicians sit in and practice. It's a place featuring top names in modern jazz, regularly, yet still giving local jazz musicians a chance for bookings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last fall, Jackson decided he'd "Go for Broke" by holding a big-name Fall Jazz Festival in October. At the tiny old Extra-Ordinaire, on successive weeks, he brought in Elvin Jones and his quartet; then Joe Henderson and finally Eddie Harris.

Well, Jackson said he'd go for broke...and he did. The Festival, artistically, was good; at times, wonderful. But the box office was a smashing loss. It did just about break Jackson.

He closed up the old place, and it looked like modern jazz had lost another home, another case of a just cause lost.

However, Mr. Jackson is a very persevering, tenacious, energetic and enthusiastic fellow. He pooled all his resources, raised some more, and walked right across the street to secure a lease on the defunct "Magoo's" - a pizza, beer and Rock joint that had gone down the drain. He remodeled the club, giving it a warm, cosy, but lively atmosphere. "There's really enough room in here for several hundred people... maybe seven or eight-hundred, if half of 'em stand," says Jackson. There's also a dance floor, and the owner has found out that many people like to dance to jazz music, too.

"Sofar, business has been fair to good, sometimes quite good on weekends," says Bobby. "Freddie Hubbard drew well on the weekends, fair on the week nights." But Bobby has just started to build his New Cafe Ex. He'll bring back McCoy Tyner, and the "best that I can get from the jazz world... who'll come out here... if I can afford 'em."

A four-year veteran of the Air Force, Jackson played bass with a jazz combo nights, in Duluth, Minnesota. He took 30 days leave to make his Canada tour in 1962. Married and the father of two small children, Jackson's wife assists Bobby with the management, hostessing, kitchen supervision, etc., at the Cafe.

"The big problem today in running a jazz club is getting people acquainted with the music... getting them out to hear it. Rock is on the radio all the time, and the kids hear it, but radio stations here don't play any jazz music. At all. That's a problem. And then TV. No help there either. (Roland Kirk was on a national TV show, sort of storming the program, protesting the TV network ignoring jazz music. He cited Bobby Jackson as one of a dying breed of men who are sincerely promoting modern jazz at great personal sacrifice.)

"We run the complete gamut here as far as crowds go," points out Jackson. "College kids, professional and business men, career girls - young, old, and every color, size and shape. We get some of the Minnesota Vikings in here. And when Clark Terry played a concert at the University of Minnesota, he was over here after - sitting in with Freddie (Hubbard)."

Born in Birmingham, Alabama, Jackson moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, then enlisted in the Air Force. While stationed in Duluth, he got to like Minnesota, and stayed in the state after his discharge.

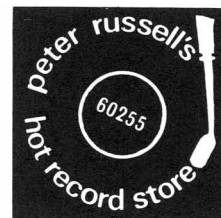
Jackson says that "winter, oddly enough" is the best time for his club. "Summer's almost a lost cause... the University kids are gone and everybody's outside till late, fishing, swimming or something. Fall and winter are better."

What will be the future of the New Cafe Extra-Ordinaire?

"I'm going to keep doing it... trying to feature good jazz music and top jazz bands and musicians... the best I can get. I'll work my head off to do that.

"Then, when I'm getting too tired and exhausted and feeling too old, I guess I'll have to give it up. Until then, we'll keep on doing what we're doing now at the Cafe Extra-Ordinaire."

24, market avenue, plymouth



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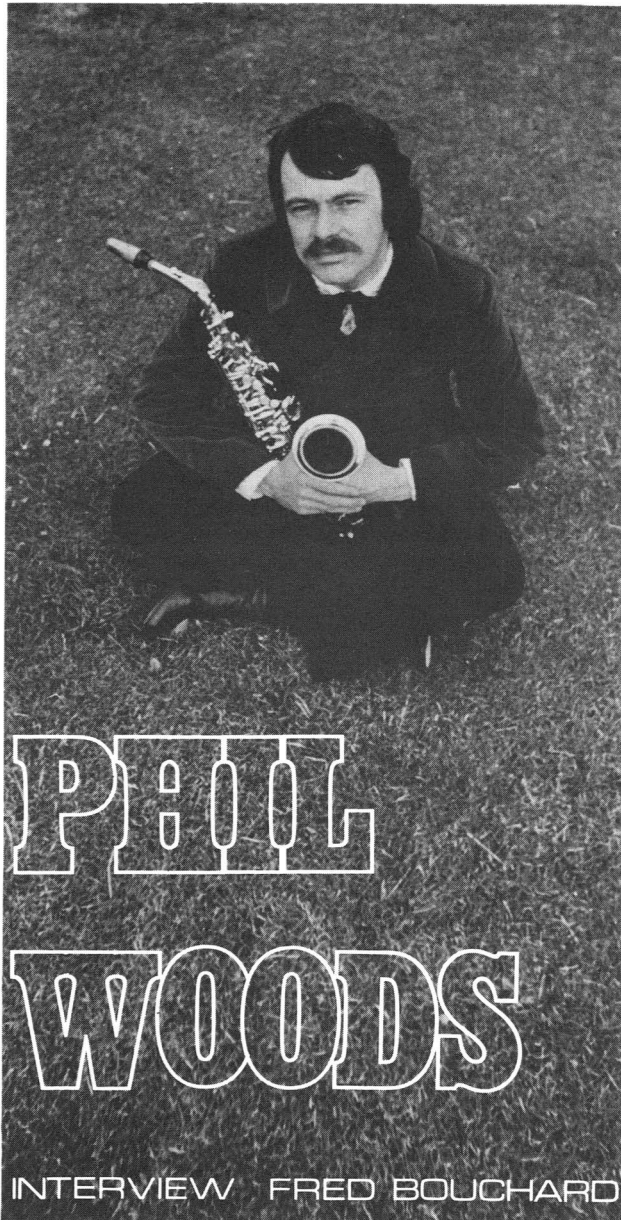
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Georges





Musical boredom set in on me after too many New York studio dates. I wasn't getting much chance to play any jazz. I tried to form a group several times. I did one album in my last six years over there - a disaster called Greek Cooking. I couldn't get club dates because I couldn't show them a decent record, and I couldn't cut a record because the recording guys wanted to hear you in a club. Vicious cycle. I just wasn't growing musically; when I picked up the saxophone I just knew it wasn't how it should be. I'd gotten too far from playing jazz; my image was all studio.

I managed to stay sane by running a jazz school two months each year. It was a summer school for kids from eight to eighteen with workshops, junior and senior bands. I'd just work with kids and accept no dates. My own children attended the school. When the school died financially, I tried to raise funds from friends, even though I knew I couldn't do it.

The studio and recording scene had really changed in New York, too. Most of the good writers left for the greener West Coast: Quincy Jones, Oliver Nelson, Billy Byers, Benny Golson. There was no more "need" for big bands per se in New York. Unless you were a multireed player. I don't double flute; it never has interested me, not fitting my musical way.

So I decided to split. I was very discouraged, miserable to live with. I wasn't working much, wasn't happy. It seemed time to break connections and start afresh. I brought the whole family - Aimee and Gar, nine and eleven, and my wife, and all our luggage. My older son who's eighteen, joined us later. We landed in London and Jeff Ellison from Ronnie Scott's Club came to meet us at the airport. He was expecting only me and came in a minicar, but we piled everybody in. Here we were: real adventure.

When I look back on it, the first few days in London were really frightening. After giving up a nice home in the country to check into one room in the Eros Hotel with four beds was a weird step, but it worked. I figured it was time to put the music on the line. The worst that could happen was that I'd have to go back.

Before we flew, I wrote a stack of letters. The only work I had lined up was the month at Scott's and two workshops in Germany. But I wrote to Ben Benjamin who used to run the Blue Note in Paris. He forwarded my letter to Simone Ginibre, wife of Jean-Louis, the editor of "Jazz Magazine" in Paris. She asked me to play three weeks at the Cameleon. Jean-Louis set up a place for us; and got together the European Rhythm Machine - George Gruntz, Henri Texier, Daniel Humair - the guys I was with here last year. It worked out great. Then Simone became our manager and arranged more gigs. Any success I had was due directly to their efforts.

\*\*\*\*\*

Last night, before the last set, this old geezer came backstage and said:

"Mr. Woods, can I insult you?"

"Of course not," I said, "that's not cricket. But what's on your mind?"

"I haven't understood anything you've played to-night. Why don't you play a ballad?"

And I told him we'd try to squeeze something in.

Now this guy had listened to my old records and came in expecting to hear the same old stuff - "tunes" and things. I simply can't accommodate requests like that any more. I've changed my way; I'm trying to progress. I'd liked to have sat down and explained my situation to this cat (who, by the way, was an American. I'd never get a request like that from Europeans; they know better.)

My function is not to entertain the audience. If they need entertainment there's a million other places they can go. I presume they come to hear somebody create some jazz. You don't go to Picasso and say "paint me a Norman Rockwell calendar". You let the man paint. Well, let me play. If you don't dig it, don't come to the club, don't buy my records. But don't look at my work from ten or fifteen years ago and say "why don't you play like that any more?" I don't want to be around just for nostalgia value to keep be-bop alive. I passed through all that, and I hope I don't get hung up on anything. If the audience

does, that's their problem.

My responsibility is to play the best I can and to communicate, yes. I won't say I ignore the audience and just blow. I do try to get to them by relating my musical experiences. I try to mix up the sets enough so that we hit all kinds of areas. I like to think it's a challenge to the listener. But he has to work, too. A lot of people who listen are lazy, they want to hear what they've heard for years. It makes them feel cozy and secure. Man, I'm just not going to do that kind of thing for them. I don't think it's fair really.

In Europe, music is still an art. In America, it's business. That's an oversimplification, I know, but basically it holds true. In America they may actually tell you what to play for certain audiences. In Europe this is never so. Play. Do your thing. Come on time, look fairly presentable, do the gig. That's all. Many Americans make the mistake of playing medleys of their hit records over here. It may work in Vegas, but not in Paris.

Things are getting worse for jazz in the States. There are more jazz clubs now in Paris than in New York. That's ridiculous. Very little jazz gets on the radio and TV, very little jazz recording compared with other music. As business, it's declining, but the music will go on. I don't know what the answer is; I'm just trying to keep my group going. But jazz music needs a revolution away from the clubs. A new place to play, and a new way to play it. The young cats will find a way to do it.

The business structure side has got too much show business in it. It's got away from the art form. The nightclub syndrome of the whiskey-drinking, pot-smoking, horse-sniffing jazz musician - that shit is all over now. The young cats are changing all that. There's a new spirit: making their own audiences, finding their own places to play. They have to change it, because it doesn't work anymore.

The musicianship of young rock and jazz players is extremely high. They know more at a young age about their instruments than I did, and I knew more than my predecessors. They're better equipped, so they can stretch out into different areas sooner. There hasn't been a big new name in jazz since Ornette, Shepp, Pharoah. Somewhere out there, there's a monster who's going to turn everybody around.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gordon Beck is a welcome addition to the group. I feel more adventurous with him than I did with George, though he did a fine job. Gordon and I have more rapport musically; he leads me into different areas. So we've changed our way of doing sets: we play consecutively rather than breaking it up. **We let the music go where it will. We deal with sketches, chord sequences, a drone, a song. We are neither limited to total freedom, nor to individual songs, nor the blues.**

We don't plan sets at all; we don't even discuss it. We just begin. We let the music develop naturally, without letting the song come to a stop and then say "and now we're going to play...". We try to form a bigger shape. I don't think a forty-five minute set should be too hard for the listener to grasp, because we're not as far out as a lot of groups you hear these days. We retain touchstones of song and form that

I think the average jazz listener can hear. We're just using a different method to let every musician express his mood at the moment and his relation to the others, and to the room, and who's in it.

When I'm playing my awareness is subconscious, but when I lay out and listen to what the rhythm section is doing, I formulate some ideas about where I'd like to go next, and I watch the audience. The room will either inhibit us or release us in our loose format. We do have to keep with the reality of the audience, and the ambience of a room will sometimes determine how far we take the music in a particular direction. I like the surprise element, for the band as well as the audience, and we do it with little cues and motifs.

I'm not denying my past. I want to draw on all my musical past: I'm concerned with sounding like 1970, but that doesn't mean I can't use what I played in 1950. I'm trying to play my musical life, which did not stop with Charlie Parker. (And yet we played KoKo the other night), Jackie McLean, Charles McPherson, Ornette, Gene Quill, Jerry Dodgion, Joe Farrell, Charlie Mariano, and Benny Carter. And Johnny Hodges. They're all part of it. Miles has always influenced the way I feel, and I've always patterned myself on him. His groups have been the epitome of jazz direction for the past decade and I don't hesitate to steal, borrow, or utilize his material. He's the master. I'm very strongly influenced by whatever he's doing.

My roots are in form - I'm very aware of shape and form in music. And form has to incorporate many ingredients. Now I'm basically a song player, always will be, but that's just one ingredient. You take all of them and try to cook up something. There's nothing new in music, it's just how you utilize past and present materials available to everyone. Metrics for example. We play a lot of things that are not 12, 16, 24, or 32 bars long. We do things in 12/8, 5/4, 7/4, no time whatsoever. But I'd hate to have a hit like Take Five and have to play it every night. We like to mix it up. So a prime ingredient is still straight-ahead swing. Or now I'm interested too in a solid rock beat, which makes a nice contrast to swing and other beats.

That's what kills me about some of these free players. If you're so free, how come you're not free to play time? That should be part of it. Why can't the drummer play: jing-jing-ajing-ing? The balance between hitting time and destroying time is essential to music, to life. If you destroy it continually, it doesn't work. If we go into a free section, it has to lead somewhere, into a new pulse. I couldn't play a whole set free. It's like making a cake 100 percent salt.

I hope we keep progressing and don't just become another predictable group. To keep moving we're deciding on a definite direction and taking it. The main thing is enlarging the palette so we have more material to choose from at random. The amplified clarinet will come in as a contrasting color. We've only incorporated electric piano recently, but we use it every night. I want our music just to happen, whether it works all the time or not. That's what I like: taking the risks. Otherwise life'd be too easy.



# record reviews



Ron Anger  
Jim Galloway  
Peter Hatch  
Wayne Jones  
John Norris  
Alan Offstein  
Bill Smith  
Barry Tepperman  
Tex Wyndham

## DON BYAS

Jazz Society AA 500

One of the titles on the second side adequately describes most of the music on this album. Super Session (Nothing to do with Al Kooper.) All the material was recorded in 1945 and is produced by three different quartets in four sessions. The music is well programmed, in so much that each group of tunes by the various groups are put together in sequence so one does not have to visually grope about on jumbled liner notes to find out what's what.

Of the fourteen tracks contained on this record, eight of them used the rhythm section of Erroll Garner, Slam Stewart and Hal "Doc" West. For me this is the best material.

Slam Stewart arco's the introduction to Three O'Clock In The Morning and sets the record off to a fine start. This track also gives the first taste of Garner's "strident" piano and solos by Byas and Stewart. It also produces the only irritating thing I found on the whole record. Slam Stewart was famous for his humming along with his bowed bass, and surely he was very good at it. It seems a pity, however, that he has to do it on almost every track! But that's not what this music is really all about. Again Stewart introduces One O'Clock Jump with Byas taking off into some fine - strong swinging tenor. More of Stewart, this seems like a stock introduction and then Byas plays beautiful, slow lyrical saxophone on Harvard Blues. At this point it seems to me that there is a lot of Coleman Hawkins in Byas' work, but beautiful just the same. Slammin' Around ends this group of four tunes on side one and is obviously an up tempo feature for more of "that" bass playing. Byas and Garner are so strong and swinging on this track it would seem to be inappropriately titled. But that's my hang up.

The last four tracks on the second side are by the same quartet but were recorded some three months later. A medium tempo version of Humoresque which is the largest feature for Stewart, Byas and Garner at their peak on a beautiful rendition of Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams, Smoke Gets In Your Eyes taken at the "only" tempo it could be played at with Byas and Garner doing it all over again to me and finally Slamboree. (I don't think I have to go into that!)

The second quartet, in sequence that is, has Johnny Guarneri on piano and J.C. Heard on drums. This is a more sophis-

## DON BYAS



ticated quartet, with Heard's quiet drumming and Guarneri's "pretty" piano but lacks the strength of the first group.

These sessions start with two lovely ballads, Laura and Stardust. Byas is absolutely superb, gently flowing through the quiet comping, sliding off those notes and making me feel just a little sentimental and old fashioned. And all the time there is the tasteful piano. Dark Eyes is medium tempo, gently swinging with some good piano and even Slam, Don't Shake Like That has Stewart in a more subdued mood than the title would indicate. These sides produced from the four sessions the more lyrical and tender qualities of Byas' playing.

The two remaining titles, Super Session and Melody Swing have Guarneri on piano, Al Hall, bass, and "Big Sid" on drums. Without Stewart and with Catlett added, the quartet has a completely different sound; much more modern. Both tunes are at medium tempos and the Hawkins influence shows itself again. That's not a complaint, few saxophonists could ever have existed without some help from Hawk.

For those who love this kind of music, this is a must, and if you haven't got to Don Byas yet, now's your finest opportunity.

The transfer from 78s is excellent, with the minimum of surface noise that could be expected without modernizing the process and losing all the highs.

A truly fine record and it seems a shame that for twenty years, unless you were fortunate enough to have heard Don Byas in Europe, or last year at the Newport festival, it has not been possible to hear this fine saxophone player in America. -B.S.

## ANDREW HILL

Lift Every Voice  
Blue Note BST 84330

Now!  
Blue Note BST 84333

These are recordings of a sort that leave you wanting to find something nice to say about them. As shown by the recent "New Directions" taken by Miles Davis/Tony Williams, Ayler ("New Grass") and others, (or possibly thanks to it) jazz is now becoming much more heavily a masscult movement than ever before since the beginning of the "modern" age - and to say that the music has benefitted at all from this would be an outright lie; more than ever before, not only writers and producers, but also major artists (who should know better) are pandering to a public that is only too ready to accept surface as substance. Of course, this is nothing new for Blue Note, who - on first glance - would seem, after the presumptive successes and excesses of "Ghetto Music" and "Black Rhythm Happening", to have added the vocal ensemble to their library of cliches to be overused. The frustration I feel on hearing these two sessions follows from the fact that the artists involved have made a definite effort throughout - in writing and playing - to turn this essentially shadowy stance into one of both substance and thought, but just can't effect the desired reconciliation.

Very much the more successful of these two dates is Hill's "Lift Every Voice", which in turn owes the greater part of its power to Hill's ability as a composer. In the vocal passages, the pianist has written in a manner heavily adapted from modern classical choral music - somewhere along a line between Menotti or Stravinsky at one extreme and Luciano Berio's writing for Les Swingles ("Sinfonia") at the other - in effect attempting to lift the music, by means of his writing and in spite of the given setting, onto an emotional plane more directly comparable to that of "Point Of Departure" or "Smokestack". Although Hill does in the manner create a good deal of music of interest - and a couple of dogs as well (specifically "Hey Hey", which seems calculated for Mantovani-station air-play) - he finally defeats his own purposes by overwriting the passages for voice to a point where they seem to lose all pertinence to the instrumental goings-on, despite their harmonic and rhythmic secondary roles. The problem with the

voices is not so much that the passages actually lose their bearing on the compositions - the vocal parts are much too well written for that to happen - as that the voices, as used, set up a solidly choral wall of sound which effectively fragments the space available to the soloist; in effect, the writing gives the voices a rhythmic prominence unnecessary in view of the context (as opposed to say, "Ghetto Music" or "Karma", where the voice rather than the instrumental soloist is the prime consideration). Of the soloists, only Hill can comfortably bypass this hurdle - Woody Shaw does so ineffectively, and Carlos Garnett chooses to be lost in the ensemble sound than even attempt to run obliquely against the wall - and even the pianist loses much of his available room to the scored machinations. Also, the voices carry their impact in a manner much more cerebral than that of the other musicians - mainly because of the rather uncomfortable contrast between the whitey "operatic" posturing of the written passages on the one hand, and the matured, singlemindedly-oriented jazz playing on the other - and this tends here to create situations where each element, even though musically connected, will tend to work to the detriment of the other (the vocal accompaniment to Freddie Waits' one drum solo). The date on the whole is interesting, and may well be the best to come from the vocal spree that various manufacturers seem to be preparing for us now; but I wouldn't suggest it to a person wanting to hear Hill at his best.

It were also best that Blue Note relearn that the best setting for a self-seeking artist is that setting which allows him maximum freedom to do as he feels - generally, the least cluttered setting possible. Hutcherson's "Now!" may be the start of voice-as-cliche, where the vocalists (aside from Gene McDaniels, of whom more later) serve no viable purpose other than that of increasing the density of ensembles - hardly necessary in view of their obscuring the interaction between Hutcherson and tenorist Harold Land. I have held something of a prejudice against Hutcherson's recent recordings - particularly those done since the beginning of his association with Harold Land - because he seems, more and more, to be abandoning his previous rhythmically iconoclastic incisiveness in favor of a multi-noted bebop-modified-by-Coltrane approach (viz. his harmonic runs on The Creators) - which is not to say that he doesn't swing as hard or as much as he did before. Admittedly, Hutcherson in his "versatility" has always had something of this approach in his playing, but only recently has it taken so firm a determining hold on his music as it shows here (mind you, I could trace it back at least to his transformation of Ornette's Una Muy Bonita into a rather mediocre bop tune on "Stick-Up"). To my mind, this settling-in has adversely affected the vibist's germaneness as soloist. But still, the Hutcherson-Land unit is an excellent ensemble which has created some fine music, and - of course - Land is one of the best bop tenors working now. If not for the voices, this would be another excellent blowing

session by a working group with preexisting routines, knowledge of mutual hang-ups, and could have produced some very good music (as did Land's "The Peacemaker" or Hutcherson's earlier "Total Eclipse"). The voices - and, even more so, the alien interruptions of Wally Richardson (guitar, to be hip) - tend to destroy group interaction in a rather unfortunate (and altogether unnecessary manner by being in the wrong place at the wrong time (meaning - at this session). Hutcherson and Land solo extremely well throughout considering the circumstances, but I'd suggest that the two other Hutcherson-Land Quintet recordings are of much greater musical value from the point of view of the leaders' performances. Gene McDaniels is a good vocalist in the Hendricks model, who annoyingly overstretches his capacities from time to time (cf. Black Heroes) until he sounds like a bargain basement imitation of Leon Thoms. He, too, would have done better in a more sympathetic context.

Sometime ago, LeRoi Jones suggested that the human voice would inevitably come of greater and greater moment in Black music and the vocality of the music itself increased. As usual, he was correct - The Creator Has A Master Plan (Sanders), Kulu Se Mama (Coltrane), "Ghetto Music" (Gale), Universal Indians (Ayler); but these recordings don't belong. Too bad that no one ever bothered to publicly foresee (fore-stall?) the exploitation unavoidable with such an increasing role; but it was, I suppose, inevitable. Now it's here. Don't buy it. -B. T.

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## ELMO HOPE

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Memorial Album  
Prestige PR7675

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I hope that the various self-appointed "authorities" on the bop era (Ira Gitler and Max Harrison, among others) who have seen fit to relegate Hope to the lowly status of Powell-derived imitator will have good, red faces when they finally get around to commenting on this recording - as if there hadn't been enough of Hope on record previously for their abnormally perceptive eyes to have been opened. Mark Gardner's liner notes are by far the most generous critical assessment of Hope's true place in the music and - heaven only knows - they aren't exactly adequate either. The whole affair suggests the advisability of not letting a "name" writer sway your thinking unless you've had a chance to judge the artist in question for yourself, and can temper written views accordingly. Hope's recordings are sufficiently poorly distributed and poorly recommended that I should no doubt have passed this one by altogether had I not been given a review copy. In that case, the loss would have been only mine, for I should then have missed one of the most rewarding bop piano albums I've ever encountered. The fact that Hope is so severely underrated follows - most probably - from the difficulties inherent in hearing his music, its deviations from the contemporary norm. His lines are much

more heavily weighted with nuance than those of most of his contemporaries, but not in an accustomed manner - neither as overtly charged as Powell generally was, nor as obviously subtle as Monk chose to be - so that what is required of the listener (even one well-versed in the idiom) is often nothing short of a total reorientation of his hearings. (If you won't be bothered with that, you might as well skip to the next review.)

First, be satisfied that the only common element between Powell's and Hope's music is a fantastic technical command of the instrument. To me, Hope sounds like someone attempting - in a totally pianistic manner - a direct transfer of Parker's lines to the keyboard while, in both his harmonic and rhythmic usages and his way of occupying space, superimposing completely his own personality. Like Bird, Elmo Hope was a genius with too much to say in the amount of space he was given, needing therefore, to unconsciously exploit his virtuosity specifically in order to convey his meanings in a manner pervading the entire substance of his lines; thus, some further superficial resemblance to Powell, whose needs along these lines were similar. This need for technical exploitation would militate against Hope's lines achieving the same sort of open exploration of space of a totally different type of virtuoso - Monk, achieving a formal complexity previously unknown by consciously choosing (except in rare instances) to forfeit sheer technical pianism. Whereas Powell merely occupied the space within the bounds set up by his rhythm section, moving through it directly at high velocities, and Monk (and, to a lesser extent, Haig) chose to let his sound hang abstractedly in space irrelevant to his accompaniment, Hope - like Parker - strings out loose, long-limbed lines across accents being laid down, avoiding when possible symmetrical constructions, and having his accents coincide with those of the rhythm section only when appropriate to his own formal ideas. This conspicuously unorthodox use of space produces in itself some breathtaking results, most particularly here in Ghost Of A Chance, where the pianist builds a solo which resolves totally symmetrically, but yet is composed of a series of lines which are unconnected, asymmetric and often opposed to each other. The web of lines Hope is thus able to create is further strengthened by a very personal harmonic conception, enabling a most complex harmonic-rhythmic intertwining of simultaneous lines. As with Monk, the harmonic elements of Hope's music may be the most difficult part to the listener; and as with Monk, the musical revelations resulting from conscientious hearing are more than ample reward, particularly so on the various blues (Blue Mo, Quit It) shown here in a refreshingly original (for once) manner.

Hope seemed, in fact, to take a certain joy in his reputation for being "difficult" or "unorthodox", stopping often just short or a conscious attempt at being "different" and conspicuous even in the smallest detail - like the abandonment of the normal



introduction to All The Things You Are. Being original came naturally to this man. I'll concede that he wasn't the most important of the modern pianists; but he was surely the world's greatest Elmo Hope, and that counts for just as much (if not more) in a time of mindless emulation of established models. The tragedy of Hope's premature death (1967) is compounded only by people's adamant refusal to recognize him for the genius he was. Open your ears to it; this could be the reissue of the year. You owe it to yourself. -B.T.

## I HAVE TO PAINT MY FACE

Arhoolie 1005

This was the first and only album ever to be deleted from the Arhoolie catalog. It's now back again with a new cover, and a slightly changed selection, but with the original label number.

I suppose there's some reason for the changes made in the selections, but I find the result unsatisfactory. I don't feel that the four new numbers by K.C. Douglas (Big Road Blues, Blues and Trouble), Big Joe Williams (Texas Blues), and Booker White (Drifting Blues) make up for the seven that are lost. It's not that there has been any significant change in playing time (Booker White's number is rather long), and there's certainly nothing wrong with the new material, but all these artists can be easily heard elsewhere which is not the case with most of the musicians whose work is either cut out or diminished. Sam Chatman loses two numbers, as does Jasper Love, Butch Cage and Robert Curtis Smith lose one apiece and a religious number by Kathryn Pitman has been dropped. If the deleted numbers were artistically inferior, one could understand why they were replaced, but I feel that two of them, Butch Cage's Forty-Four Blues and R.C. Smith's Lost Love are wonderful blues, and rival the title number by Sam Chatman for being the most interesting tunes on the album (the old one, that is).

If the changes were made simply to beef up the collection by adding a few familiar names, I think it was a bad mistake. I'll take the old one anytime. -P.H.

## JAZZ FROM NEW YORK

1928-32  
Historical HLP-33

Ah, everything should be so easy. A foregone "must" for the heavy collector, and a better-than-average sampler for the novice and semi-experienced buff alike. A simple itemization of the program will explain:

From Victor, King Oliver's Call Of the Freaks (-1), Red Allen's Swing Out (-1), Joe Steele's Coal Yard Shuffle/Top and Bottom (each -2), and Jack Pettis' unissued title, Nobody's Sweetheart; all take numbers are as claimed in the notes, and will cause some frantic page-flipping between Rust's Jazz Records and The Victor Master Book, by the same fellow. I leave the following-up to you fellows, to do yourselves, for even if I do it here you'll all

do it over again to check me. Brian, you certainly will get letters.

For Ellingtonia, there are St. James Infirmary/Rent Party Blues from the 1/29/30 ARC session (take numbers not given: why not?), and the 2/3/32 LP medley from Victor L-16006 (take number not given); from the studios come Ben Selvin's Now's the Time To Fall In Love (from 11/16/31, OKeh) with BG, TD, Venuti and Kress, and Fred Rich's When I Take My Sugar To Tea (from 3/18/31, OKeh) with Berigan (you didn't get THAT name from Rust, Arnie), Parenti, Venuti and Lang. From the working white bands come the Casa Loma's White Jazz (Brunswick 6092) and Ben Pollack's Sing Song Girl (ARC), which is not quite a dog, but better we should have had Wah Wah Gal from the previous session.

There are some lengthy space-taking notes from Chris Albertson, to tell you what you're hearing in case you can't follow it or appreciate it, that include an unrealistic appraisal of the Pettis track as well as some useful information. Transfer is routine Historical, decent but a little light on the highs (just give us the raw sound, gentlemen, and let us compensate for our own purposes in our own living rooms).

Well, you'll have to have it, won't you? Sure! And wouldn't we all like a Good Fairy of our very own, to sneak us into the files at Camden or wherever, and bring us all these fine, unissued, unheard-of takes? Sure! Doesn't it make you wonder about The Victor Master Book, that's little more than a year old, and still doesn't list these queer takes? (Don't forget that new take of Deep Down South on Historical 28, while you're thinking it over.) Sure! The flame of hope is rekindled; can we expect the 2/19/29 Carmichael session on Historical 69? Everybody put a quarter under their pillow and WISH REAL HARD. -W.J.

## JOHNSON/CLARA SMITH

Jazum 2

## LONNIE JOHNSON

The Blues of  
Swaggie 1225

Despite his great influence on many musicians and singers all too few of Lonnie Johnson's recordings have found their way onto LP. Now the balance has been rectified to a certain extent by these two albums. The Jazum contains five selections (Sweet Potato Blues, Bedbug Blues Part 2, Back Water Blues, South Bound Water, Mean Old Bed Bug Blues) from 1927, admittedly a mere fragment of the total, but it is a start. They are all relatively straight ahead blues with fine guitar accompaniment and the crystal clear tones of his singing voice as a young man.

The Swaggie LP gives us the complete results of two mammoth recording sessions in November 1937 and March 1938 that marked a return to the studios after a five year absence. The lyric content of his blues are above average while Johnson's guitar solos and accompaniments are

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of the highest calibre. Swing Out Rhythm and Got The Blues For The West End are two superlative solos that fully capture the totality of his instrumental prowess. The second session is helped tremendously by the presence of pianist Roosevelt Sykes. He provides Johnson with a solid foundation for his own playing while at the same time allowing him the freedom to develop impressive guitar lines. This LP is a splendid collection of Lonnie Johnson's blues stylings and compliments the reissue of the instrumental sessions with Eddie Lang on Parlophone (and Swaggie).

The second side of the Jazum LP contains seven selections by Clara Smith, a good singer from the 1920s who recorded prolifically. The time span is spread over 1926-1929 and the titles are Race Track Blues, Wanna Go Home, I Ain't Got Nobody To Grind My Coffee, Daddy Don't Put That Thing On Me Blues, It's Tight Like That, Empty House Blues and Tell Me When. Clara Smith had neither the majesty of Bessie Smith or the earthiness of Ma Rainey but there is an endearing charm to her songs that are heightened by the variety of instrumental backings that include Joe Smith, Charlie Green and George Baquet.

These two recordings fill in some important gaps in the discography. Sound transfers on the Jazum are adequate while the Swaggie maintains the high standard one expects from this company. -J.W.N.

## JO-ANN KELLY

Epic 26491

In the large international subculture of folk music enthusiasts, there are a growing number of young musicians who have made it their business to master the styles of Mississippi blues of a half century ago. Jo-Ann Kelly is a young English woman who has become extremely adept at playing a guitar style heavily influenced by Tommy and Robert Johnson and Joe McCoy. More

remarkable, however, is her ability to give a reasonable imitation of the singing styles which originally went with the music she plays. Her voice isn't just right but it certainly is startlingly close, often showing more than a passing familiarity with Memphis Minnie.

There isn't very much originality in the record. Certainly no one has to take very seriously the composer credits which have, in all but one case, been given to the performer. In general composer rights to the old blues songs can be a pretty hazy business and I wouldn't usually pay it much attention, but I do feel that it's unpleasantly reprehensible to change Bumble Bee Blues to Yellow Bee Blues and deprive Memphis Minnie of a few dollars in royalties. -P.H.

## BLUES ROOTS

Poppy 60.003

This is a second collection of material from the Arhoolie catalog (the first was Arhoolie's own "Roots of America's Music"). It's a very fine selection from the world's best blues label with material ranging from the downhome sounds of Black Ace, Fred McDowell and Big Joe Williams to the more contemporary city music of Earl Hooker and John Littlejohn. Of course, for anyone who already has a number of Arhoolie albums, this is all repeated material, but it's a superb way to introduce someone to a truly great music. Other artists include Lightning Hopkins, Bukka White, Clifton Chenier, Big Mama Thornton, etc. -P.H.

## ROLAND KIRK

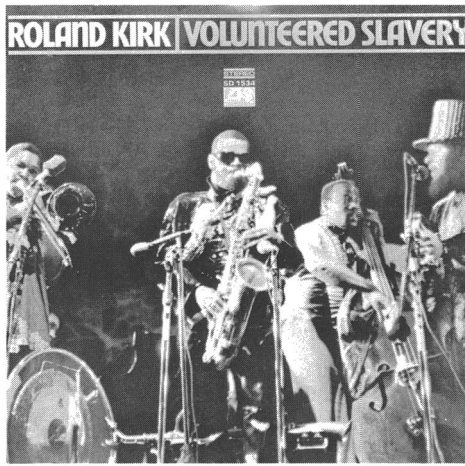
Volunteered Slavery  
Atlantic SD 1534

There seems to be no expression which Roland Kirk cannot elicit from his arsenal of horns, individually or in multiples. One Ton (it ain't gonna get any lighter!) is his furious flute frenzy of oral and nasal exhaust. Utterly Roland.

"A short medley of tunes that John Coltrane left here for us to learn" is eight minutes of pure devotion and love. Roland plays Lush Life, Afro Blue, and Bessie's Blues. And wouldn't it be nice to hear a record from Ron Burton, the pianist? He plays many fine but all-too-short solos.

Three For the Festival is just wild grunts groans shouts smashings whistles and did I hear We Shall Overcome somewhere in the melee? It sounds like a coda for One Ton and takes the record out the same way it came in.

Side two (above) was recorded at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1968. Kirk delighted the announcer and the crowd. One cannot say he ever fails to do that. But the music doesn't stand up to repeated listening the way "Rip, Rig and Panic" does. The performance is thick in bombast, thin in staying power, probably because infrequently can much be said under the pressure of time in festival situations. Moreover, there's little in the way of incentive to try subtlety on a massive audience.



I've heard Kirk to advantage at clubs and in concert; from those experiences I conclude that one can anticipate his best from the studio or the solo role in concert halls. He is sensitive to the needs of the audience and will gratify them. Thus, Newport crowds get the old, well-worked-out cliches. The new, more meaty and substantial work emerges on side one, and shows Roland's use of voices and an augmented ensemble.

Tenor/Tambourine/Bass

Volunteered Slavery has got me on the run

Volunteered Slavery has got me havin' fun

If you want to know how it is to be free  
You got to spend all day in bed with me.

Get em up!

Take em down!

The chant.

Roland Kirk, Charles McGhee (trumpet), Dick Griffin (trombone), Ron Burton (piano), Vernon Martin (bass), Sonny Brown, Jimmy Hopps or Charles Crosby (drums).

The band.

Plays free and funky, especially Dick Griffin, who merges and supports Kirk's SPIRIT CHOIR in the vocals which are simple and repeated figures. The strong feeling of a Mingus somewhere in the cellar permeates the shouting and singing.

Spirits Up Above is the first track with voices. They ask "can't you hear the spirits up ab-ove?" The answer comes in a wild affirmative response of free and wanton playing.

Stevie Wonder's (Yes!) My Cherie Amour and Bacharach's Say a Little Prayer, while both pop tunes, differ significantly in the treatment given them by Roland. The first, is a straightforward performance with a standard arrangement. The lovely melody is recognizable and preserved through the solos. The bridge is la-la-la-ed slightly off-key. Roland obviously loves it.

Everyone has a dream

Everything has a scheme,

Let's all search for the reason WHY

Music that makes us cry

Love that money can't buy

Let's all search for the reason WHY

This short and latinesque interlude is a beautiful set of lyrics and ensemble playing. It's an important question before the final number.

They shot him down!

They shot him down, to the ground!

We're gonna say a little prayer for him.....

This is the standard which Kirk selected and transformed into an exuberant tribute to martyrs. There is fine playing by Burton who remains amazingly untimidated by the relentless drumming. The strains of A Love Supreme elevate the closing chorus like a triumphant Hallelujah.

This portion of the disc is a really powerful side of Roland's unique personality. The Newport episodes are entertaining enough to warrant purchasing the album for the studio cuts. -A.O.

## HOT JAZZ ON FILM

Various Artists

Extreme Rarities 1002

I'll not dwell at length on this album, for the renditions quite sufficiently speak for themselves (see ad in December CODA). I dare say that there's something here for almost all of you, while taking into consideration that the Red Hot Peppers and the Creole Jazz Band did not leave much of a celluloid legacy; obviously it's greatest appeal will be to those who prefer the jazz of the '30s and '40s.

The sound is quite good throughout, and to point up the audio difficulties in transferring old soundtracks to tape seems unnecessary, since most of us have tried it ourselves, jacking into our TVs and losing ten or twenty winks waiting for that one good number in the middle of the Late Late Show (but only three of these titles are of this genre - the two Goodmans, and the jam blues from The Fabulous Dorseys). Aw, really it's just like listening to radio

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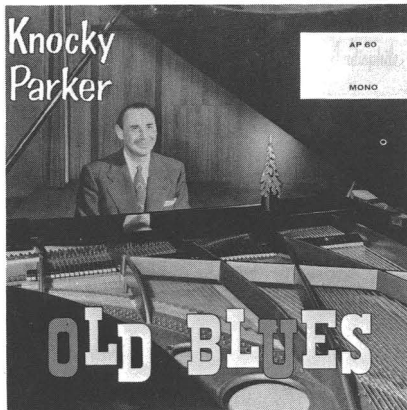
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- in the OLD days.

Everyone will find their favorites: the above three are mine, along with the Armstrong medley (1932); Bunny singing and playing two choruses with Fred Rich's 1936 band; Ethel Waters' dramatic Quicksand, with Basie; and the TV "Sound of Jazz" version of Dickie's Dream, which is quite different than Columbia's studio remake of same, and alone worth the LP's price. Ellington devotees will find the two 1941 "soundies" sufficient grounds for purchase; Sonny Greer takes a rare 24 bars on C-Jam.

While not quite as exciting as its predecessor (1001: Goodman's "Rhythm-makers"), this production does its inventor, Ken Crawford, proud, and you can show your appreciation by slipping him a fin for it, and for 1001 if you haven't already done so. Delightful and invaluable records, both. -W.J.

## ERIC KLOSS

To Hear Is To See!  
Prestige PR7689

## JOHN COLTRANE

Trane's Reign  
Prestige PR7746

## JACKIE MCLEAN

Light Out!  
Prestige PR7757

Eric Kloss is one of the most recent, and possibly the most proficient, member of that school of transient, high-powered popularizers that in the past has churned up such noteworthy personages as John Handy and Charles Lloyd (to whom, happily, nobody listens any more). Kloss may be one of the more original voices out of that school, in that after some nine albums in his own name he still has something to say - and in fact gains in assurance with each venture (whereas Handy and Lloyd died unceremoniously after about four forays). On "To Hear Is To See", Kloss claims to move into the rather nebulous realms of "jazz-rock", which - as usual - is a euphemism for any highly eclectic, rhythmically oriented sound drawing heavily on bop/hard-bop influences (Kloss, for one, conjures up at various times the images of Coltrane, Stitt, Rollins, Ammons); in this, he is aided by the current Miles Davis rhythm section, a single-minded unit most ideally suited for exploitation in this idiom. Some beautiful things happen there - mainly from Chick Corea and Jack DeJohnette - much, much stronger harmonically and rhythmically than anything that Kloss might be capable of getting into (for the rhythm men are truly original musicians). If you've heard Miles in person recently, you already know about this trio - Corea's biting angularities, DeJohnette's tonal/rhythmic implication (in a melody of directed sounds) of ideas well in advance of the hornman's capacities, harmonically over a Rock of Gibraltar. This unit, in fact, could easily blow Kloss out of the way whenever they wished

to do so - and, because of the saxophonist's rhythmic limitations (pronounced, to say the least), they proceed to do just that for most of the set. Kloss responds ineffectually with a few bits of funk, a lot of sound sheets (I'd rather hear Kloss do the mid-period Coltrane thing any time rather than have to put up with the awkward lines Joe Farrell perpetrates), some Bird and (even more unlikely) Pres, and - perhaps in the way the whole witches' brew hangs together - a nebulous something uniquely Kloss. Nice listening, but the hornman was in over his head this time. Unnecessary.

The horn-vs.-Miles' rhythm section format of "Trane's Reign" might suggest some sort of superficial similarity between this album and Kloss' opus. Don't believe it - Kloss is still far from the level of the young Coltrane's mastery of solo form; far better to listen to Coltrane. "Reign" is a most mellow set, a polished horn surrounded by old friends. Red Garland is a bit more two-handedly glib than I'm accustomed to hearing from him, but can pass; Paul Chambers and Art Taylor are there, swinging madly together, even in those moments (and there are enough of them) when the two foundations begin to pull in opposite directions. (Face it - the Davis rhythm section circa 1957-58 has almost nothing in common other than instrumentation with the current Davis unit - and especially in terms of common direction.) Always, "Trane rides the crest of the waves - concise, direct, a germane harmonic statement overloaded in nuance for those able to hear, a profound sympathy for the peculiar soloistic demands of the ballads he attempts, even some passing hints (Little Melonae) at harmonic and rhythmic tasks to be taken up later. "and miles to go before I sleep." Eloquence personified. Not essential - just beautiful. Why ask for more?

Jackie McLean's "Lights Out" session, from early 1956, is a prime example of McLean's seariness (pre-Mingus) Birdful lifelessness. The date is a comfortable blowing session between five friends who, as on the Coltrane date, had played together quite often enough to be able to compensate for each other's personal and musical hangups; the selections are familiar - Foggy Day, two on the I Got Rhythm changes, a couple blues, a ballad - typical Bird Food all around. At this time, the most personal element of McLean's music was his sound; if you don't agree compare A Foggy Day here with the sort of thing Mingus pushed him to do with the same piece on "Pithecanthropus Erectus" (near-contemporary). Donald Byrd was just another trumpet (as he still is) in the Navarro-Dorham-Brown mold, and the only person about who really had his whole music together was the incisively unique Elmo Hope (Kerplunk); Doug Watkins and Art Taylor swung. Nothing of any great importance really gets going anywhere on the date; but it's a good "spontaneous" session if you happen to like that sort of thing. -B.T.

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## MAGIC SAM

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Black Magic  
Delmark 620

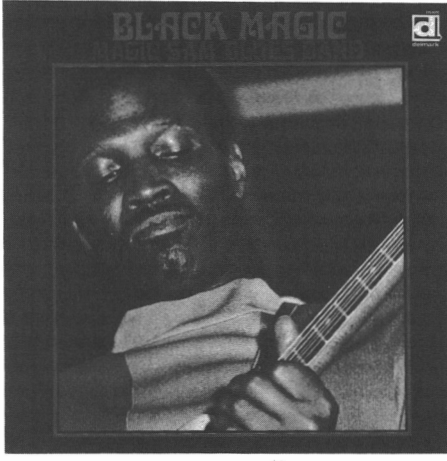
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## OTIS SPANN

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Cryin' Time  
Vanguard 6514

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Magic Sam and Otis Spann were still building solid reputations when they died, and they were both being quite heavily recorded, so these will quite likely not be their last albums; but they were the last ones issued while they were alive. In neither case, does the album represent what the artist was capable of producing.

A couple of years ago, Magic Sam really opened some eyes with his first album for Delmark, *West Side Soul*. It was good modern Chicago blues, and what made it good was the quality of Magic Sam's guitar playing. Here was a man who played a very modern guitar but didn't sound simply like another B.B. King. He was a new voice, and it is largely that voice which is missing from the *Black Magic* album. It's not a bad record, but in his guitar and also in his singing he sounds as if he's tired and too much as if he's forcing himself. The group also sounds a little slower than it did on the first LP, and some of the more obvious clichés of soul music seem to be creeping into their playing.

Otis Spann's album suffers very much in the same way that Magic Sam's does. The energy isn't there. Otis gets some of the old spark into an instrumental called *Twisted Snake*, and he gets in a few good moments of ensemble playing, but for the most part this is a lame session. He has had trouble putting together a good recording group since he left Muddy Waters, and this one sounds too often as if it's just there to do a job and get it over with. They're all playing by themselves too much of the time.

I would have preferred it if I had found something to be enthusiastic about in these albums, but it's good to know that both these men have left better recordings by which they will be remembered. -P.H.

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## MASTERS OF THE BLUES

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1928-1940  
Historical 31

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Robert Johnson (*Little Queen of Spades*; *Love in Vain Blues*). Curley Weaver (*Sometime Mama*; *Two Faced Woman*). Little Bill Gaither (*Georgia Barrel House*). Blind Boy Fuller (*You Got to Have Your Dollar*). Robert Hill (*I Had a Gal for the Last Fifteen Years*). Tommy Johnson (*Lonesome Blues*, takes 1 & 2; *Canned Heat Blues*). Bumble Bee Slim (*I'm Waiting on You*). Frank Stokes (*Downtown Blues*). Texas Alexander (*Yellow Girl Blues*; *I'm Calling You Blues*).

*Masters of the Blues* is a pretty random collection, as a glance at the titles will show, so those who like a cohesive program in reissue collections will probably want to keep clear of this one. On the other hand, while the term "masters" might seem to be a bit too strong for some of these artists, it certainly fits for the two Johnsons, Blind Boy Fuller, Frank Stokes, and Texas Alexander, and this LP would be quite a good one for someone who wanted to find out about a few of the big names of pre-war blues. The Robert Johnson numbers are particularly recommended, and Tommy Johnson's *Canned Heat* has, of course, become one of the best known blues classics. The remarkable Frank Stokes demonstrates the fast guitar style of Memphis, Texas Alexander gets some superb backing from Lonnie Johnson and Eddie Lang, and the east coast styles are well represented in Curley Weaver, Blind Boy Fuller and the little known Robert Hill.

Collectors with extensive LP collections should note that the Weaver and Robert Johnson numbers have been reissued on very limited edition *Kokomo* and *Confidential* albums and *Canned Heat* has been on an RBF issue. The other numbers are reissued here for the first time, although to be strictly accurate, the two takes of Tommy Johnson's *Lonesome Blues* and the take of Frank Stokes' *Downtown Blues* have never previously been issued in any form. *Historical* came up with some real treasures in those three. They're first rate and deserve to be heard. -P.H.

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## THE LONIOUS MONK

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*Reflections*, Volume 1  
Prestige PR7751

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M.J.Q.

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*First Recordings!*  
Prestige 7749

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These recordings figure among the classics of modern small-group jazz. This said, I need say no more, and not regret having copped out on a review - enough has been written elsewhere about Monk's early sessions (*Blue Notes* and *Prestiges*) and the early MJQ (before Kenny Clarke's departure) that any of my own pontifications on the subject would be redundant at best to a knowledgeable reader. The fol-

lowing comments are therefore addressed to a hypothetical (obviously) "interested" party who knows literally nothing of improvised rhythm music post-Parker. (The rest of you can skip to my last paragraph.)

Monk is a two-fisted pianist/composer (as opposed to a composer/pianist, such as Herbie Nichols); if all you know of his music are the recent Columbia recordings (from the assembly line) you're missing the best of both sides of the complete musician. "Composer" - listen to the intricate theme-and-variations of *These Foolish Things* and (even more so) *Little Rootie Tootie*, or the near-elegant rewrite of *Sweet And Lovely*. "Pianist/Improviser", two-handed (the stride-like train of *Rootie Tootie*), often overbearingly powerful (any of the quintet sides), sometimes almost cloyingly (but still craggily) lyrical (*Reflections*, *Monk's Dream*). Hear them, hear Monk. Most often in his misunderstood early-1950s, the best musician with whom Monk could play was himself (check out the 1954 solo sides reissued recently by Scepter). But here, in the company of three members of that musical elite actually able to get into his compositions (*Rollins*, *Blakey*, sometimes *Roach*, sometimes the much-underrated *Julius Watkins*), or even having to play with musicians not quite ordained into his conceptions, Monk pursues inevitably the truth of himself, helping others (by pushing them over terrain as prickly as possible) find the music, and find parts of themselves therein.

The MJQ here was at the time (remember?) when someone still remembered the meaning of the verb "to swing", before John Lewis became totally enraptured in his European posturings. I have never been much taken with Lewis as pianist (such as he may be); but here, irrelevant of the nomenclature of the group ("*Modern Jazz*" in place of "*Milt Jackson*" quartet since *Bags* was no longer group musical director) or of pieces (*Two Bass Hit* as first *La Ronde* and later, in four takes, as a "*Suite*"; *Vendome* as a fugue to allow Lewis to interrupt, with complete impunity - or is it irresponsibility? - Jackson's beautiful *Bird Of Paradise*), he is made subservient to the ever-germande, ever-moving paths of the vibist's sanctification of *Klook's* hard swing. The band serves its purpose - polishing and consolidation of the musical gains of the halcyon days of bebop - swingingly, with no trace of the overt pretense that was (by the 1960s) to drag it down below the level of merely comfortable mediocrity.

I needn't say more; for once, the liner notes speak completely knowledgeably about every pertinent facet of the music within. This is the umpteenth new guise (new cover, liner notes and photographs, issue number, fake stereo) for recordings that have been in the catalog continuously for at least ten to fifteen years, and that belong in any and every collection of "modern" American improvisational sound. Buy these if you don't have them; if you do, spread the word to someone who should have known better. -B.T.



## KING OLIVER

Creole Jazz Band, 1923  
Swaggie S1257

## THE CHICAGOANS

That Toddlin' Town, 1926-28  
Swaggie S1256

As far as I'm concerned, the last critique of the Oliver band has been written. Everything's been said. The fifteen 1923 Okeh titles are here, in chronological order, making a very neat package, and the transfers speak for EMI's high standard (though they are not as bright as those on the old Epic 3208). (This disc will not render your Epic completely obsolete, however, for the Epic has two Columbias.) With this, and Riverside 8805, you'll have most of what many regard as the World's REALLY Greatest Jazz Band.

The Chicago album is another story, as far as I'm concerned - not nearly enough has been said in praise of these recordings. That the Oliver band, and its close relative, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, were of prime influence on the young Chicagoans needs no further elaboration, either, but how the Chicagoans came to play as they actually did, does - but we don't have time for that, now. Oliver's band was Relaxed Hot; the Chicagoans were Nervous Hot, nervous in the way that other, newer, forms of jazz have been in their Debuts, as if the players were literally bursting with the excitement of their message (well, lookit me, so am I).

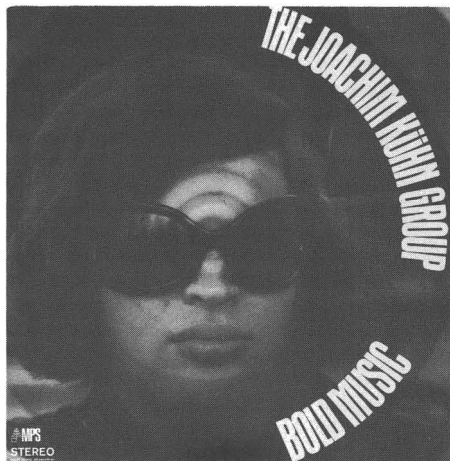
This program is sufficiently different from that of the old Columbia 632, and from that section of the "Sound of Chicago" box set (C3L 32) to make it a valuable purchase: Merritt Brunies/Up Jumped the Devil; Sol S. Wagner/You Don't Like It--Not Much; Red McKenzie and his Music Box/There'll Be Some Changes Made, My Syncopated Melody Man; McKenzie & Condon's Chicagoans/all four titles; Miff Mole/One Step To Heaven, Shim-me-shawwable; Condon's Quartet/Oh Baby, Indiana; Condon's Footwarmers/I'm Sorry I Made You Cry, Makin' Friends; Bud Freeman/Craze-ology, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man.

Missing are the four Paul Mares titles from 632, which are not all that appropriate, stylistically, anyhow; and the moreso Smilin' Skies (Meroff) from the box; first time on LP for the Music Box, the Brunies, and the Wagner.

The justification for the latter two, other than their having been recorded in Chicago, is tenuous but legitimate: Volley (his spelling) de Faut and some other Local Boys on the first, and the important but neglected clarinetist, Jimmy Lord, on the second, along with Nate Bold, a pleasant if unbrilliant cornetist, and guitarist-banjoist Sid Pritikin (who appears on the later Smilin' Skies as well). The Condon Quartets are unedited, letting us hear what Eddie was so anxious to have snipped out when Avakian was preparing them for 632 (his singing wasn't so bad; he was the best Irish boy soprano in Goodland, Indiana,

# jazz BY MPS-SABA

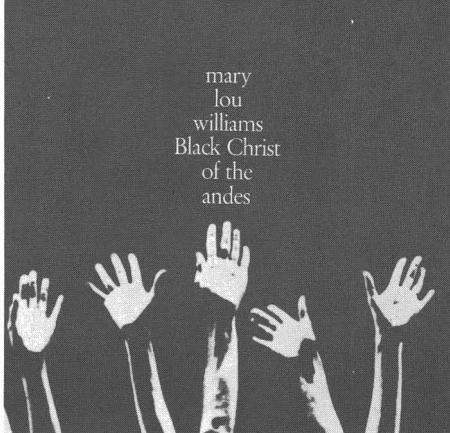
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Friedrich Gulda  
Music for 4 Soloists and Band No. 1  
Jay Jay Johnson - Freddie Hubbard - Sahib Shihab



SABA STEREO



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and his voice was a long way from deepening into the familiar whiskey tenor) and McKenzie is not nearly as loaded as he was on the other two Music Box sides.

I've treasured the music on each of these sides as I've met them, over the years (I will not likely treasure Brunies and Wagner, but they knew how to pick clarinetists!) and I can't be even remotely objective about them. I still play them, individually and collectively, more than all else combined. I believe that the McKenzie-Condon and the Freemans are among the few most exciting, glorious records of our time, and I'm Sorry I Made You Cry is as knocked-out a three choruses (a Condon vocal sandwiched between ensembles) as The World has ever seen. They all smother me with a charisma that prevents me from looking for any faults (What can I do? My grandparent Joneses came from Goodland, too). These are performances that I would choose, if the occasion presented itself, to transfer to a blackboard, as a scientist would an equation, and say, "That's it, Class, that's the way it's done". It seems to me, too, that Craze-ology is as avante-garde, if not more so, than anything chronologically preceding it (and consider that 1928 had not turned yet!); the late Johnny Mendell's work on this, and Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man, is absolutely thrilling.

There are some misspelled names in the Chicagoans personnel (Lanigan; Mendell;) some instrumental miscredits (Lanigan plays tuba on only one McK-C title, and is not credited with "string bass" on the others; Johnny Mueller plays tuba, not bass, with Freeman; Tesch's alto is not listed on the Condon quartets; and why is a tuba a "tuba" on one session, and "brass bass" on the next?); and a new assertion regarding Mezzrow's participation on the McK-C titles. The first story I ever heard was simply that Mezz held Krupa's sagging cymbal holder in place; that was amended to Mezz, in a fit of passion, grabbing his tenor and joining the final ensemble of China Boy (at the beginning of the chorus, it does sound that way; and, finally, Brian Rust gave Mezz as the tenorist exclusively on the first (China Boy/Sugar) session. In these new liner notes, Brian (I assume he is responsible for the data column as well) gives a crucial alteration: Freeman is the tenorist on both sessions, but Mezz "plays cymbals" on the second date! Smacks of a boring "seminar" at the annual discographers' convention, doesn't it?

A final point: in his learned notes to the Oliver album, Rust perpetuates the old crap about "...Jazzin' Babies Blues - perhaps better known as Tin Roof Blues". Tin Roof has two strains (verse and chorus), while Jazzin' Babies has three, plus an introduction and a coda, and the only similarity between the two, other than all strains being of twelve bars' length, is the familiar descending melody line in the former's chorus and in the latter's second strain. Even with that, a glance at the music will reveal far different annotation in each case; the two compositions are quite dissimilar, actually.

My reference to EMI in the first paragraph alludes to the initial release of these

albums on Parlophone, PMC 7032 and 7072 respectively. For some, the Parlo's may be easier to obtain. Either way, get them. -W.J.

## CHARLIE PATTON

Founder Of The Delta Blues  
Yazoo 1020

It's now more than five years since the Origin Jazz Library began its reissue program of rare (obscure) blues artists of the 1920s. Unlocking the vault doors of the various collectors resulted in a monumental shift of thought in the whole concept and meaning of the development of the blues. For the first time it was possible to see the heritage of this music in clearer perspective. Magazines such as Blues Unlimited helped greatly in widening interest in the founding fathers and record labels presenting old blues 78s proliferated.

Few people, prior to the release of the initial Origin LP, had ever heard of Charlie Patton. Now he is recognised as the most important germinal figure of the Mississippi Delta blues and this two record set on Yazoo is an excellent way in which to listen to his music. Although all the titles have been reissued previously (and twenty-four of them were on the two Origin LPs) and transfers here enable us to hear Patton's music with much greater ease. Sure there is surface noise but there is less distortion and in some instances the sound is much more than merely acceptable. Of great benefit, too, is the transcript of the words - it makes it possible to follow and understand the meaning of the songs much better.

Once one has listened to the twenty-eight titles contained in this package it will be apparent that something of Patton's music has been adapted by practically every Mississippi delta singer - from Son House and Tommy Johnson through Bukka White and Robert Johnson to Muddy Waters. Virtually all the techniques and effects used by Delta singers are contained in Charlie Patton's music. There is the deep intensity of Screamin' And Hollering and Pony Blues to the lyric richness of Tom Rushen as well as the highly personal variants on more familiar material (A Spoonful Blues, Frankie And Albert, Going To Move To Alabama, Shake It And Break It and Running Wild Blues). There was a completeness to Patton's music and it is all contained in this two-record collection. There is music for every mood and the duets with violinist Henry Sims are particularly arresting. This package is just as important as the more widely publicized Robert Johnson LPs and unless you already own both the Origin albums this is an essential purchase for a full understanding of the blues. -J.W.N.

## GEORGE SMITH

...Of The Blues  
Bluesway 6029

Although George Smith has been playing harmonica for quite a while (he first recorded about fifteen years ago), he has

never developed a style which is really his own, but he has become reasonably adept at using styles developed by others. Foremost among his sources is Little Walter and his first album on World Pacific of a few months back was a tribute on which he remade a number of Little Walter hits very much in the Walter style. Little Walter is again to be heard in this album, but Sonny Boy Williamson is also very evident. Smith plays reasonably well, but his playing lacks the character of the two harmonica greats. The choice of material is a bit odd, and not all of it works well. Ode To Billie Joe turns out to make quite a good harp instrumental, but the theme song from the TV show Hawaiian Eye still sounds like a second rate tune, and the spoken Letter to the President, with harmonica backing provided by one Lightnin' Rod, becomes tedious after one hearing. Other selections are more conventional, including several by Smith, Muddy Waters' Got My Mojo Working and Sonny Boy Williamson's Help Me. It's all reasonably nice with competent group support, but nothing terribly exciting. -P.H.

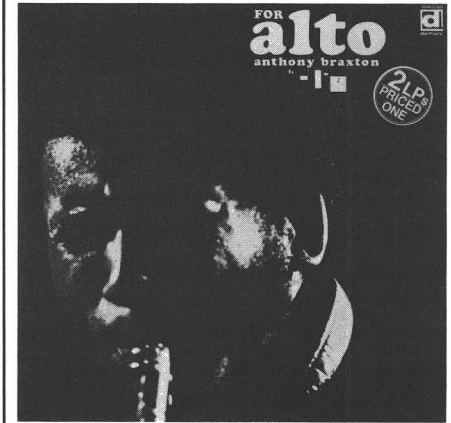
## ALAN SILVA

Skillfulness  
ESPdisk 1091

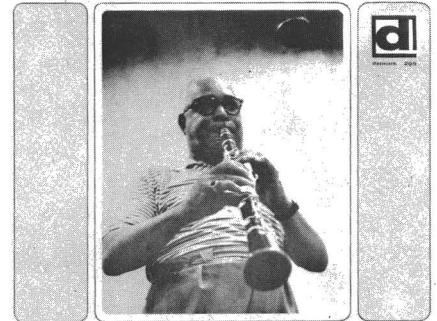
From a purely musical standpoint, an upper stringed instrument should be near-ideal as an expressive medium for New artists able to get past the technical ends of things, because - despite the inherent European connotations of the instrument - it has no pronounced tradition to shackle the player to regular rhythmic or chordal sequences, no pattern hang-ups to expiate. So far, most attempts at New Black violin have floundered for either (or both) of two reasons - poor command of the instrument (Ornette) or lack of direction (Leroy Jenkins, Mike White). And the irony is that it takes a white Frenchman (heavily classically grounded and all else that "European" implies) like Silva (or his predecessor Michel Sampson), moving on from his vigorously iconoclastic bass work with Taylor and Ayler, to show the Black artist the way.

Despite some basic inconsistencies in his work - defects that should wear away with time and experience - Silva's work represents the tentative incarnation of the true potentials of his instrument - detachment from "traditional" rhythms, negation or self-absolution from tone or mode, near-total personalization of sound - as previously practised by Sampson (again, with Ayler) or cellist Joel Friedman, but here at the expense of a preoccupation with tonal density and texture. His main problem this date is one of finding musicians able to cope with his rather singular concepts; example, Silva's total divorce from orthodox conceptions of "rhythm" or "time" being so thorough that the neo-traditional "free" rhythm players of Soleserial serve only to clutter and otherwise distort pre-existing textures (in all probability, only Milford Graves' dark mysticism or something comparable could

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3. Alabamy Bound tk.1
4. Alabamy Bound tk.2
5. By The Waters Of Minnetonka
6. I Can't Give You Anything But Love
7. Bull Foot Stomp
8. Carrie

Side 2

1. Tiger Rag
2. Sweet Black Blues
3. Indian Love
4. Ready For The River
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1. The New York Glide
2. At The New Jump Steady Ball
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5. Jazzin' Babies' Blues
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1. Brown Baby
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**This Old World's In A Hell Of A Fix**

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1. This Old World's In A Hell Of A Fix

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6. Jesus Is On The Main Line
7. See What My Lord Has Done

**Skip James**

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Side 2

**Jaybird Coleman**

1. I'm Gonna Cross The River Jordan

**Sam Collins**

2. Devil In The Lion's Den

**Rev. Moses Mason**

3. Go Wash In The Beautiful Stream tk.1

**Washington Phillips**

4. You Can't Stop A Tattler-pt.2

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6. All I Want Is That Pure Religion
7. He Arose From The Dead

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adequately work in sympathy with the violinist's time conception, but this at the possible expense of cluttered ensembles).

The music itself often goes blissfully nowhere in its own time, moving in lush lyricism in slow space, as idle beauty hanging indefinitely in the air; that Silva can make use of the form of space alone in constructing his solos (something that few musicians outside the AACM have done successfully) works to allow him to build totally personal forms. Skillfulness, as Berger's ling-limbed melodies and Becky Friend's appropriately-modified pastoral in counter and response to Silva, carries overwhelmingly an aura of divine tranquility as if to continue endlessly like the ocean; but has little of the search element implicit in most major improvisers' work (Coltrane and Dolphy especially) at such moments, as if to imply that there were nothing more to find and no reason to proceed further (Silva's main "inconsistency" and a lesson he should have learned from Taylor). Solestial, as mentioned, is a mistake in choice of personnel, as the unwitting rhythm section (or is it "witless"?) get to Friend and spur him beyond all proportion ("sicksicksicksicksick!"); given the effort, everything can be sublimated to the same beauty and peace emanating as before from Silva, but much further down now and not worth the bother when "Skillfulness" is accessible. The matter here is mainly, now that the way has been concretely shown, for Silva and others to follow, to produce a music truly worthy of instrumental possibility; but this is at least a start.

If you must relate to more mundane matters, production is up to ESP's usual low standards (a near-useless personnel listing that should be corrected, excruciatingly short playing time - fifteen minutes for the second side, etc.). But New Music people should certainly get to this, and to Silva elsewhere (and Sampson and Friedman as well) as soon as possible (try also Sonny Murray's "Big Chief" LP on French Pathe-Columbia). -B.T.

## MUGGSY SPANIER

The V-Discs  
Connoisseur CR 522

This LP is made up principally of material recorded for V-Discs under Spanier's leadership in October 1944 and October 1945. It is in the four-beat, stomping, Chicago style of Dixieland usually associated with the musicians centered around Eddie Condon, which includes most of the men on this disc.

The 1944 session found Spanier, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Boomie Richmond, tenor sax; Jess Stacy, piano; Hy White, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; and George Wettling, drums in the studio to do Pee Wee Speaks, Pat's Blues, That's A Plenty, Squeeze Me, and Jazz Me Blues. The results were of a high order, with Pee Wee at his rasping, squawking best; Spanier with his direct, stabbing, to-the-point lead and impassioned muted solos; and the ensembles stomping, but nicely controlled.

The 1945 session used Peanuts Hucko, Bud Freeman, Dave Bowman and Trigger Alpert in place of Russell, Richmond, Stacy and Haggart. It produced Tin Roof Blues, Cherry, China Boy, You Took Advantage of Me, and Royal Garden Blues - the latter two tracks getting their first release on this LP. While good enough, this session is not quite as inspired as the first one, and this problem is compounded by somewhat muddier sound quality. Freeman, however, was at the top of his form, and shines on each track.

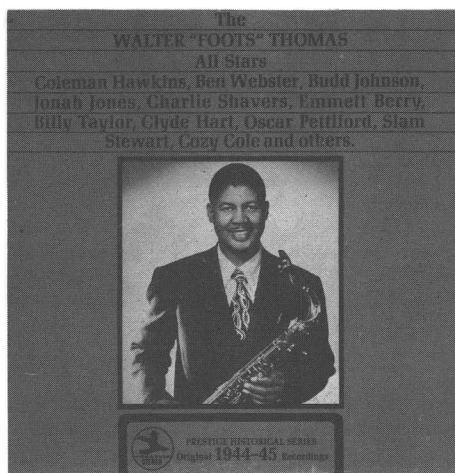
Freeman fans will get a particular kick out of Advantage, which is a Freeman showcase, opening with a two-chorus Freeman solo, and a nice solo bit on the bridge of the out chorus. By the way, the Advantage out chorus uses a type of unison riff by the band that was quite common at the time with the 'bop' musicians but which is rare indeed for the men on this record. Perhaps that explains why it was not released at the time.

Filling out the LP is Angry, a 1929 recording by the Ray Miller Orchestra that is pretty badly dated despite a nice Spanier solo, a spirited rhythm section, and some gutty work by an unidentified baritone sax behind the commercial violin solo; and A Good Man Is Hard To Find, a previously unreleased 1950 take by a sextet that included George Brunies, Darnell Howard and Sid Catlett along with Spanier.

The principal problem for the collector of this style of jazz is that these musicians tended to record these same tunes over and over again, so that you may feel no burning need to add yet another session to your collection. On the other hand, Spanier's personal, pungent cornet work is always a pleasure to hear and there isn't that much material by him still available these days. On the whole, this one is a welcome addition. -T.W.

## WALTER 'FOOTS' THOMAS

All Stars  
Prestige 7584



One of the more rewarding by-ways in the field of jazz is the tradition of the recording group series. By this phrase I mean a series of recordings over a period of time under a common leader, but with differing sidemen, linked by the leader's

point of view on the music so that all the recordings share a certain organized feeling as distinct from the jam session idea. Well-known examples of such series are the Victor sessions under Lionel Hampton and Sidney Bechet, Red Allen's '30s sessions, Teddy Wilson's for Brunswick with and without Billie, and so on. Among the most obscure, but by no means least interesting, of such series is the one Walter Thomas put together for the Joe Davis label in 1944-5, all of which are gathered on this LP. Davis was a songwriter, music publisher and promoter of long standing and his short-lived label put out a fair amount of really off-beat stuff just around this time, which received quite limited distribution. Consequently, these Thomas records have become quite rare and have never been reissued on LP, many of them never reissued at all. It is indeed fortunate that Don Schlitten has made them available to a wider public because they are all very fine, satisfying jazz performances from a period when swing was in its mature stage of development and had developed some of the tendencies which were to be carried forward by the bop musicians then just breaking out of their shells.

Walter Thomas was an excellent tenorman with an original style who also played alto and flute. Until reading Dan Morgenstern's informative liner note I had not known that he was also an arranger and, despite the presence of some high-powered arrangers in the personnels of these sessions, the note says that he arranged all of the numbers. They are very good arrangements indeed, original and lively, getting a large tonal palette from the small bands and with particularly imaginative reed voicings. He also wrote many of the tunes. The fact that he chose the musicians and wrote specifically for these dates gives the performances a rich combination of solo expressionism and ensemble colouring in the great jazz tradition of such as Redman (for whom he had played) and Ellington. Like them, he maximizes each participating musician's talent. As an instrumentalist, he takes few and short tenor solos (and one on alto), a fact I remember disappointing me slightly when the records first came out. However, if you are a tenorman and you hire guys like Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins for your band, you are obviously not out to showcase yourself!

His choice of musicians is impeccable and catholic. Many of them he had played beside during his thirteen year stay with Cab Calloway, others were personal friends, all were top flight whether "stars" or "unknowns", and their ages varied from jazz pioneers to youngsters just coming into their own. Thomas himself had retired from active playing and gone into teaching and free-lance arranging just before these sessions began. That the playing is so relaxed and together on all of these performances seems incredible for pick-up groups. One would swear that these must have been working combos who had played together night after night, but that is not so. However, it may be explained by the fact that most of these men

knew each other well and had often played together over the years. Moreover, 52nd St. was still in full flower at this time and this gave musicians a chance to mix with one another in the ever-shifting combos and sessions that gave this scene a never-to-be-repeated musical ambience. For example, many of these men (including Thomas) did several recording sessions later in 1944 with Cozy Cole and a glance through the discographies shows similar re-groupings many, many times in the welter of recording activity that greeted the lifting of the AF of M recording ban.

The first session in the series, April, 1944, was however, among the first times most of these men got together in a recording combo because the union was then still on strike against the major companies and only the smaller companies had capitulated to the union's demands. The band was called Walter Thomas and his Jump Cats who were Emmett Berry and Budd Johnson (both probably from the John Kirby band), Ben Webster (probably from the Big Sid Catlett Quartet), Clyde Hart and Oscar Pettiford (both probably from the latter's band) and Cozy Cole (from Raymond Scott's CBS staff orchestra). They recorded four fine Thomas originals.

The second session was October 11, 1944 when two more Thomas tunes were released as by the Jump Cats and two numbers based on the chords of other tunes were released as by Coleman Hawkins with Walter Thomas' Orchestra. For this session he used Jonah Jones, Hilton Jefferson and Milton Hinton (all from the Calloway band), Eddie Barefield (from the ABC staff orchestra), Coleman Hawkins (leading his own combo at the time), Clyde Hart again (either still with Pettiford or with the Kirby band) and Cozy Cole again, Notice particularly Out to Lunch (actually I Never Knew) with its superb ensemble riffs. This kind of jazz was the immediate precursor of bop and both Hawk and Hart were largely instrumental at this period in melding this type of "modernism" with the ideas of the bop soloists like Parker and Gillespie.

The third session was on March 8, 1945 and for this one the band was called Sir Walter Thomas and his All Stars. The stars were Charlie Shavers (normally with the Tommy Dorsey band at this time, but temporarily absent from it), Ben Webster (probably leading his own combo on The Street), Ernie Caceres (then in an Army band), pianist Billy Taylor and Cozy Cole (then appearing on the Broadway stage in a Quintet the latter led in The Seven Lively Arts), Slam Stewart (from the Benny Goodman Sextet) and the rarely-heard, beautiful alto of Milt Yaner (regular gig unknown).

For the fourth session, June 27, 1945, the All Stars recorded four Irene Higginbotham originals, two of which were never issued until their appearance here. This time he used Doc Cheatham. I don't know what Doc's regular gig was at this time, but he plays magnificently, and remarkably like Harold Baker on this occasion. I wonder who influenced whom? Eddie Barefield, Hilton Jefferson, Billy Taylor and

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Milton Hinton were holdovers from previous sessions. Teddy McRae gets a rare opportunity to solo on tenor. Again, I'm not certain where he was playing at the time, but, if memory serves me, he may have been in the booking business, a field Thomas was to enter himself a few years later. Buddy Saffer plays baritone. His only other appearance on records was with the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and he may have been in a studio band when this session was cut. Specs Powell from the CBS staff orchestra completes the personnel. For some reason, discographies have always listed this session incorrectly, lumping it in with the third session, despite the fact that the full personnel was listed on the original record labels! As a matter of interest there was one more of these special Walter Thomas sessions, done a couple of years later for Mary Howard Records, and therefore, not included in this album.

Unqualifiedly recommended for all its many virtues from Ben Webster's beautifully succinct solos to such oddities as Budd Johnson blowing clarinet. Recording quality is well below the original 78s and it is in phony stereo. -R.A.

## BUTCH THOMPSON

Plays Jelly Roll Morton - Volume 2  
Center 9

For all his loud talk and boasting Jelly Roll Morton was an extremely sensitive and creative player, and to record a solo album of his works is no easy task simply because it is so difficult not to make comparisons. I did. And inevitably, Jelly Roll wins handsomely. Not that Butch Thompson is unsuccessful, I just happen to prefer the original.

Morton's music was so much a part of my early exposure to jazz and Morton himself made such an impact on me that although I can respect Thompson's ability and respect his enthusiasm I find myself preferring to turn to the source which provided him with the ideas.

The selection of numbers is good ranging from Black Bottom Stomp and Kansas City Stomps recalling the Red Hot Peppers recordings, to Fat Meat And Greens, a pop tune from the twenties, and the blues with I Hate A Man Like You. Twelve Numbers in all, well played but lacking the fluency and feeling of the originals. -J.G. (Available from Center Records, Rt. 3, Box 754, Salisbury, N.C. 28144, U.S.A.)

## SMILEY WINTERS

Smiley Etc.  
Arhoolie ST8004/8005

It's difficult to not be equivocal about an album of this sort. What is is, basically, is an ill-assorted potpourri of music from the current San Francisco underground; seven groups, seven selections, having in common per cussionist Winters and (on five of the seven) the horns of Barbara Donald and Bert Wilson, all of whom have had previous exposure in this series of recordings.



The main point in favor of this presentation is that the soloists work here at much greater length and in a wider variety of contexts than previously, and generally come out much the better for it. Drummer Winters, a fluent time-elaborator, must have been (by the comparison) on an off day when he cut ST 8002 ("Now Creative Arts Jazz Ensemble"), but is in excellent form here. My only regret about his work now is his apparently self-effacing nature, in that he insists (on all but two selections) on surrounding himself in up to four other percussionists, somewhat obscuring his exact machinations; but even in such a mass of sound, his hard-pushed drive comes up as the main power of the rhythm section. His solo feature, Smiley's Mini Drum Suite, is the clearest possible example of his extraordinary facility for building in the more subtle shadings and tone colorations of his kit from a fundamental Jones-oriented rhythmic sense. Barbara Donald, her hysteria tamed, appears as a fairly substantial trumpeter working closely on to the rather tenuous line between hard-bop phrasings and a post-Ornette harmonic language. Wilson's tenor work comes off as rather more derivative than on previous hearing - more Pharoah, less Ayler and Henderson, but still a good deal of bop-type phrasing. His soprano work is a bit freer than before, developing again in a spiralling lyricism out of Lacy; but the surprise now is his bass-clarinet artistry, a deep-throated lyricism and profound command of the horn, and of his ideas, to an extent I haven't heard more recently elsewhere than the Dolphy-Richard Davis duets. Monster-bassist Chris Amberger is again worth noting for speed and ideas.

The music itself, though, is inconsistent in quality and often not worthy of the soloists. Smiley Etc is free music of the absurd - aside from the obviously poor splicing job, the listener must contend with Rafael Garrett's flatulent hornwork and insane vocalise asides; there are some lovely passages somewhere in there - most particularly a quartet sequence for violin (Mike White)/trumpet/bass/bass-clarinet toward the end of the selection - but it isn't really worth wading through a complete side of garbage to find them. Although it might be interesting to come to hear Wilson and Donald muff almost every note in the head of Some Blue Shoes (Wilson's attempted Parkerism), another take or some extra rehearsal time would have been very much in order.



Admirable as Chris Strachwitz' partisan advocacy of the Bay Area free scene may be, it might have helped for him to have tempered his enthusiasm with a bit more technical and musical objectivity (if he could afford to keep material in the can, unissued). I still feel that a single, excellent album is to be preferred to a moderately good set of two. But this is, in any case, the best set yet in the Arhoolie "New Music" series; and at "two for the price of one", you have little to lose. -B.T.

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## TRADITIONAL JAZZ

As Rudi Blesh aptly points out in the notes to one of the recent releases by GHB Records, New Orleans jazz is the product of three generations of creative musicians. It is hard to think of many exceptions to this premise and recent recordings represent something of an Indian Summer for this music. In many ways it is an indefinable music but when the magic is present it is immediately felt. It has been absorbed, imitated and altered but unless one or more of the "native sons" are present the lifeblood doesn't pulse.

George Lewis is one of the great musicians of this idiom. His music vibrates with the special emotional quality that is inherently a part of jazz. Without it, the music is mere trickery - a sham exercise in musical permutations that does little to stir the soul. We have been taught to believe that traditional New Orleans music is played by six piece bands consisting of trumpet/clarinet/trombone front line and a rhythm section of piano (or banjo/guitar), bass and drums. In reality, and this is one of the more amazing aspects of the last decade's recordings, New Orleans

music is a style that is eminently suitable to any musical combination. What is essential to its success is musical compatibility and an understanding of its meaning. The Louis Nelson Big Four (GHB 25 and 26) is a two-volume session of attractive (and often played) melodies performed with grace, quiet dignity and simple charm by George Lewis, Louis Nelson, Joe Robichaux and Emanuel Sayles. It is pretty, rather than energetic, but the expressiveness contained in the clarinet and trombone are equal to the range provided by any chamber music group. Rhythmically it is four-square with little syncopation. Robichaux and Sayles strum out the chords but contribute little energy to the music - but it wasn't that kind of an occasion. It would be reasonable to assume that this might be music these four musicians would play for their own enjoyment at home of an evening. Except for Dippermouth Blues, the tunes go back to the popular repertoire of the old days - harmonically simple tunes with rich melodies that are eminently suitable vehicles for this kind of music.

It is often suggested that New Orleans musicians slipped into an archaic backwater and remained oblivious of the changing patterns of the musical world. Even a casual listen to the Lewis-Ewell Big Four (GHB 68) should remove a lot of doubts about this. Don Ewell is a leading interpreter of the James P. Johnson/Fats Waller/Jelly Roll Morton legacy and his music is full of the vigorous fire inherited from these men - and yet there is absolutely no clash between him and George Lewis, Jim Robinson and Cie Frazier. The opposite is true, in fact, and these sides are an invaluable addition to the selections previously issued from the same session by Center Records (see review in Coda). These four musicians fit together like a glove and the restrained excitement is always present, working at the heart-strings and tugging at one's emotions. The angular looseness of the rhythm continually sets in motion improvised passages of great beauty and makes the familiar material take on fresh textures. Although George Lewis recorded such tunes as Sister Kate and Swanee River a number of times it is always worthwhile to obtain another interpretation, for his viewpoint and treatment altered perceptively through the years. The playing on this album is comparable to such previously available gems (from the late years) as the Icon and San Jacinto sessions.

George Lewis At Congo Square (Jazzology JCE-27) is a welcome repackaging of the music originally issued on Hup Records. Omitted from this pressing are the two titles from the Pax session with Elmer Talbert while the only fresh material is the Star Spangled Banner! The music is taken from concerts given in 1951 and 1952 and captures the Lewis band at the peak of its powers. On the first side Percy Humphrey is the lone cornetist while on the second, and more exciting, side Albert Walters is added on second cornet. The surging drive and effortless flow that characterised this band is always present and the graceful, yet hot, flow of chorus after chorus by George Lewis is something

to marvel at. When these recordings were made every member of the band was in good health and at the peak of their powers. It's a splendid example of George Lewis' approach to New Orleans music - a style that was soon to be emulated by countless thousands of young musicians around the world.

It is often forgotten that New Orleans music has heavily affected the direction of popular music today - after all the shuffle boogie rhythms employed by many popular groups stem directly from Fats Domino and others of his generation - all native sons of the Crescent City. Although the older musicians continue working the tourist clubs on the strip (Bourbon Street) their own music is more readily characterized by the kind of music recorded by The Louis James Orchestra (La Croix LP 3). It is heavily imbued with the flavor of the blues and the rocking riff style that is one of the basic characteristics of the jazz language. It's dance music, too, and there is plenty of booting tenor by Andrew Morgan and gut-bucket trombone from Earl Humphrey. The rhythm is paced by Ernest Roubleau's amplified guitar and the crisp snares of Lawrence Trotter. Clive Wilson and Lars Edegran are two youthful students of the music - they perform commendably well within the framework of the music set down by the elder statesmen. There is a roughness to much of this music but the authority (inward) of being an authentic part of this experience compensates for any technical limitations. This was Louis James' last session - he was a venerable violinist and bassist of considerable reputation who gave much to the music. (La Croix Records are available from 6 Rotten Park Road, Birmingham 16, England and cost 45/-.)

When non-Americans first began playing traditional jazz with any degree of enthusiasm they turned, first of all, to the classic recordings of the Twenties. Then came the discovery of Bunk Johnson/George Lewis and part-time musicians proliferated. Superficially it was easier to play this kind of music (its simple harmonies enabled a great deal of faking to pass for the real thing) and few really understood what it was all about. One of those who dug deeper to gain a fuller understanding was Barry Martyn. His bands have improved with the years and through his continual boosting of New Orleans musicians has been able to provide work for some of them on a fairly regular basis. George "Kid Sheik" Cola and Andrew Morgan are two of these musicians and they are featured, respectively, on I Could Be A Million Miles Away (Dixie 1), and Down By The Riverside (Dixie 2) with Martyn's own band. The poignancy of Kid Sheik's playing holds everything together on the first record. His approach is quite simple but the clarity of his "lead" directs the other musicians in just the right direction. He's not a great musician in the sense that one would apply to a Lee Collins or a Kid Howard but he's right there all the time providing just the right touches to give the music that authenticity, that real meaning, that comes from the soul. Like previous collaborations between Sheik and Martyn

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(Jazz Crusade and 77 Records) there is an unhurried warmth to this music.

The Andrew Morgan disc is slightly different. Basically, it's yet another look at the Sam Morgan legacy with Gloryland, Everybody's Talkin' 'Bout Sammy, Mobile Stomp and Down By The Riverside present. Casey Jones, which is one of the most enjoyable selections, could well have been played by the Morgan band, of course, but Andrew Morgan doesn't provide quite the same kind of leadership (musical) that is evident in Kid Sheik. Too much of the playing is predictable - reminiscent of the originals in too many respects - to be totally successful as a fresh listening experience. Clive Wilson has listened to too many records and has yet to arrive at a style of his own (play the All Star Stompers version of Butter And Egg Man with Wild Bill Davison and you'll know what I mean). If you dig Barry Martyn's philosophy, though, you'll find this an enjoyable experience and Dixie Records are available from the drummer at 76 Cabrera Avenue, Virginia Water, Surrey, England. No price is given but I imagine that 50/- would more than cover the cost.

Ken Colyer has long been "The Guvnor" of the New Orleans idiom in England and his bands have often captured the flavor of the Crescent City. The cornetist was among the first foreigners to sit-in and study with the originals and his Mutt Careyish cornet style has remained relatively unaltered ever since. There has to be a lot of affection for Ken but it is not too encouraging to hear the results of his recent

recordings. One For My Baby (Joy S-140) is a studio session while Watch That Dirty Tone Of Yours - There Are Ladies Present (Joy S-164) and At The Thames Hotel (Joy S-170) were recorded "live". As is normal with these bands, the live sessions come off best but there is an unceasing monotony to the music that quickly reduces the listener to boredom. Unquestionably one is left with the impression that these musicians have little to offer the jazz listener. They are repetitive, ill-equipped to perform jazz and generally speaking project little feeling for the music. Rhythmically the music is totally square and only Colyer himself seems capable, or prepared, to play rhythmically at all. While it's good to know that Ken Colyer is still functioning it is discouraging to find that his music is so empty of those very qualities that make for a good jazz performance.

Following a long apprenticeship with other leaders, clarinetist Sammy Rimmington has stepped out on his own. Everybody's Talkin' 'Bout Sammy (77 LEU 12/36) was recorded in September 1969 and the make-up of his band (if it exists) is quite different today. Superficially this group sounds quite good. It has rolling two-handed piano from Andy Finch and steady drumming from 'K' Minter but there is something missing. Rimmington, himself, is excellent but his playing is so far ahead of his cohorts that it is hard to realize he lived and worked with them for many months before this record was made. He demonstrates his mastery of Capt. John Handy's alto style in Hot Lips and plays some acceptable tenor on Solitude and When A Woman Loves A Man that partially rescues them from the enormous mistake known as Kay Younger (billed as a vocalist). Because of his experience in the United States, Rimmington is a forceful, rhythmic player and it is this aspect of his playing that saves this LP from total mediocrity. Hopefully there will be better things to come in the future.

The marching band is one of the last bastions of spontaneous, indigenous music where younger musicians can perform comfortably with their elders. Harold Dejan took over leadership of the Olympia Brass Band in 1960 and has developed it into one of the best in the city today. New Orleans Street Parade (MPS 15 196) and Dejan's Olympia Brass Band In Europe (77 LEU 12/31) were both made during the band's 1968 European tour. There is a sharp contrast between the well-produced German album (where the band is augmented by several European musicians) and Doug Dobell's poorly recorded example of this music. The German engineers knew how to capture the band's sound and "New Orleans Street Parade" deserves a place alongside the Eureka Brass Band's recordings. Emanuel Paul's tenor saxophone is one of the essential ingredients in the total sound (as he was with the Eureka) while the brilliance of the trumpet team of Andy Anderson and Milton Batiste is particularly impressive. In The Upper Garden and Leave Me Saviour are the two dirges and they contrast nicely with the exuberance of the other numbers. The

highly percussive beat is provided by Booker T. Glass and Andrew Jefferson - a combination that's hard to beat. In contrast, there is little zip or vitality to the other release. It is hard to fathom the reasons for the differences. Perhaps everyone had an off-day. Needless to say only the most dedicated student of New Orleans music will be able to sustain his interest throughout this recording.

An inexplicable footnote to the history of jazz has been added by The Legendary Snoozer Quinn (Fat Cat 104). We have to thank Johnny Wiggs for giving us our only opportunity to hear a musician whose legendary skills never achieved the same fame as Peck Kelly - but then Jack Teagarden didn't talk as often about Snoozer Quinn. That's a pity for it is obvious from these recordings, made in hospital a short while before his death, that he was an acoustic guitarist of rare sensitivity. The technical quality of the recordings is far from great, of course, but through the limitations of the portable equipment it is clear that Snoozer Quinn was an exciting, hard-driving musician who deserves a place in the front rank. His chordal patterns are full of body but it is the exploratory nature of his single string lines that are most impressive. There's only been a handful of musicians capable of exploiting the guitar in this way and Snoozer Quinn deserves a place alongside of Eddie Lang, Lonnie Johnson, Django Reinhardt etc. Johnny Wiggs plays cornet on half the numbers in typical Bix-like fashion and allows us to sense the strong rhythmic propulsion of Quinn. The musical importance of this issue outweighs the crudities of the recording and the necessary effort to get inside the music will be well worth while.

The pioneer veterans of Australian jazz have developed an affectionate style of their own. It resembles American jazz, of course, but there is a rollicking flavor of its own that is being perpetuated in an exceptional series of recordings by Swaggie that pivot around Roger Bell and Len Barnard. Roger Bell's The Galah (Swaggie S-1259) is the latest to appear and it contains an attractive blend of familiar standards (Aunt Hagar's Blues, Save It Pretty Mama, When Your Lover Has Gone), some more obscure items from the jazz repertoire (You're Next, Strut Miss Lizzie, Broadway Melody) a couple of Cole Porter melodies (Let's Do It and It's Bad For Me) plus some originals (The Galah, The Wombat, The Badger's Blues). Some twenty or more years ago when these musicians began their excursions into the jazz language they seemed to have leaned heavily on the tight, rhythmically closed world of Lu Watters but the passing years have opened out their approach without any loss of feeling or direction. They are thinking musicians and prefer to create their own interpretations of tunes rather than relying on the dixieland (ensemble-solos all round-ensemble) pattern that is now such a familiar sound. Apart from Roger Bell there is the delightfully irrational sound of Ade Monsborough (who is heard primarily here on tenor saxophone), the spikish clarinet of Neville Stribling and a good rhythm section. All the musicians were familiar

with this material and the performances are more assured than on Bell's previous recording where he recorded an entire album of new originals with a similar lineup. This is most enjoyable music and a far cry from what one normally associates these days with "Revivalist" music. You won't regret discovering this band.

The exodus of creative musicians from the United States has been continuing for over fifty years and can be viewed with mixed feelings. It is possible for a musician to become stagnant in the less competitive European environment but The Great Traditionalists In Europe (MPS 15 228) give little indication of ennui. Nelson Williams, Benny Waters, Albert Nicholas, Herb Flemming, Joe Turner, and Wallace Bishop are all veterans from the great days of the past who still perform with elan today. They made this remarkable record in just one day, which says much for their ability, their mutual rapport and their fine musicianship. Nelson Williams contributed a number of arrangements (Get Up And Go, Grand Terrace Ballroom) but for the most part everything was worked out in the studio. There are features for Joe Turner (I Remember Jimmy), Benny Waters (I Surrender Dear) and Herb Flemming (Summertime) that showcase their special skills in a warm light. The heart of the session, though, is the continuing exchanges between all of the musicians - and the repertoire includes the Harlem-tinged No Idea, with lots of stride piano from Joe Turner, to the blues choruses of Roll 'Em Pete and C-Jam Blues. These men are a living embodiment of their own artistic history and their authority and conviction is always present. Assisting these musicians are bassist Jimmy Woode, and on three selections, German pianist Peter Kohn who filled in when Joe Turner had to split for Paris.

One of the few distinctive bands performing in the old style to emerge during the post-war years was led by Wilbur de Paris. He applied all the dictums of the great Jelly Roll Morton to his own personalised concept of musical presentation. The result was a fresh sound. All of the music was tightly arranged and the individual contributions of the musicians were usually subservient to the overall effect. Sometimes the arrangements were too frilly, too fussy to accomplish much but on other

occasions there was beautiful music. Wilbur de Paris' Over And Over Again (Atlantic 1552) contains selections recorded in 1958 and 1960 that have never previously been on LP. In fact, as far as I can ascertain, only two selections (Over And Over Again - 1958 version - and Watching Dreams Go By) have been issued at all. Most of the selections were recorded in 1960 when Garvin Bushell had replaced Omer Simeon. There are many different moods and feelings evoked in the selections presented and shining throughout is the magic of Sidney de Paris' muted work - one of the giants in this style. Wilbur de Paris' fresh look at many tunes is typified by the bright tempo given to Goodnight Irene and the two very different versions of Over And Over Again. Friends of this band will be very happy to see these additional examples available at last - more than a decade after being recorded.

Eddie Condon's various groups in the 1940s and the Bob Crosby Orchestra between them set the style that has become standard for dixieland bands today. Virtually every note that is played by bands up and down the country was played back in those days and the arrangements of the standard tunes go back at least that far - and in some cases even further to the New Orleans Rhythm Kings etc. Through the 1950s and most of the 60s the various Condon aggregations took most of the limelight but now, it seems, it is the turn of the Crosby alumnae. The West Coast nucleus (Matty Matlock, Eddie Miller, Nappy Lamare) had often got together but in 1966 there was something of a summit meeting at the Roosevelt Grill when Matlock and Miller joined Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart from the original band. Lou McGarity and Ralph Sutton blended in perfectly and Don Lamond a little less so to produce typical sets of their brand of jazz. Some of it appeared previously and now in Mardi Gras Parade (Monmouth-Evergreen 7026) a second selection has been made from the tapes lying in the vault. There is good playing, particularly from the forceful Yank Lawson, but there is a staleness to the music that can't be overcome by the enthusiasm of some of the players. It doesn't equal the level of the previous set and no one really wants to hear Tin Roof Blues, Ballin' The Jack or Lazy River again. McGarity is uncomfortably

# matrix

## jazz record research magazine

Matrix is the oldest discographical magazine in the world. Its contributors include the best-known names in the business. Each issue contains articles of lasting interest. Recently there have been label listings of DISC, BILTMORE and H. J. C. A.

There are six issues per year. The subscription rate is 10/- for Europe; \$1.50 for U.S.A. & Canada.

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close to Teagarden - it's almost a parody at times - and the reed players don't really get turned on. Still, it's there and is very professionally played.

Jazz at Pasadena '69 Volumes 1 and 2 (Blue Angel 505 and 506) is the second pair of records to be issued by Drs. MacPherson and Tyler documenting their eminently successful "bashes" held at the University club. They believe that great jazz is produced when musicians, audience and setting are compatible for the creation of music and if these records are offered in evidence we would have to concur with this philosophy. Stylistically the music is circumvented by the same principles outlined above for the Bob Crosby disc but there is a total lack of predictability in these performances. They are spur of the moment, one-shot, takes that include the gaffes as well as the creative moments and the enjoyment of the musicians is projected through the bright location recording by Wally Heider. Each record features a variety of performers and those most frequently in the spotlight are Dick Cary, Jess Stacy (his first public appearance in many years), Johnny Guarneri, Clancy Hayes, Bob Havens and Abe Most. Matty Matlock brought along some big band charts that are played with relish - Smokey Mary, Ida (evoking memories of the old Red Nichols recording), Boogie Woogie Maxixe show what can be done when the right musicians are at hand. Jess Stacy can still play well - his Hines-like runs continue to sparkle as he plays How Long Has This Been Going On and Candlelights as well as supporting Clancy Hayes in Melancholy Blues and Waiting For The Evening Mail. Johnny Guarneri is suitably eclectic and pops up all over the place while it is encouraging to be able to hear Marvin Ash's solid piano again. A special mention should be made of Jack Sperling's drumming. He's present on nearly every selection and plays with unflagging attention and enthusiasm throughout. George Van Eps turns in a truly delightful solo on The Man I Love and his collaboration with Stacy makes How Long Has This Been Going On one of the major highlights. Since the music industry has abdicated its responsibilities towards professional musicians it is only through the efforts of such organisations as The Blue Angel Jazz Club that America's own music can be kept alive. Jazz musicians, if they are to retain their creativity, need to play and be heard. Keep supporting them. (\$5.50 per record from The Blue Angel Jazz Club, 2089 Pinecrest Drive, Altadena, California 91001 or \$5.98 from this magazine.)

Patronage does work - and every important jazz musician could be working as often as he wished and for the right kind of money if there were several hundred Dick Gibson's around. The World's Greatest Jazz Band Live at the Roosevelt Grill (Atlantic 1570) is proof of what can be done. The talents and energies of the best jazz musicians of each decade have been severely strained due to the star system and entrapment by the booking agencies. Travelling around and picking up local rhythm sections may pay some of the bills but it is hardly consistent with the interaction

necessary for creative music. Those dull chores are no longer present for Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, Bob Wilber, Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, Lou McGarity (since replaced by Ed Hubble), Ralph Sutton, Bob Haggart and Gus Johnson. They are TWGJB and, in a sense, the title is justified when you consider the results. The band works consistently, receives a very high price for its efforts and has restimulated public interest in the musicians involved. This latest album is the first to give a true indication of their ability. (The previous two, on Project 3, were made in the studio and no one got an opportunity to stretch out.) The band is powered by a smoothly flowing rhythm team and the solo strength is immeasurably improved with the addition of Vic Dickenson. He contributes his own Constantly to this set but his pungent horn is evident throughout. Then there is the reed team of Bob Wilber and Bud Freeman - an inspired combination that grows continually. They are heard on That D Minor Thing while Wilber is absolutely delightful in Under The Moonlight Starlight Blue - probably the most cogent piece of music on the entire album. There are the usual blowing numbers - That's A Plenty, Royal Garden Blues and Jazz Me Blues that generously showcase the trumpet team. Both the spirit and the interaction of jazz abound here and should not be overlooked. (Those interested in tracing the development of this band should be familiar with the three albums issued under the general heading of "Jazz At The Troc" which were recorded in Denver, Colorado in 1966, 1967 and 1968. They cost \$6.00 each (postpaid) from Elitch Gardens Company, 4620 West 38 Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80212, U.S.A.)

Perennial youth appears to be one of the attributes of Bob Wilber who is showcased in The Night They Raided Sunnie's (Blue Angel 504) with splendid support from Ralph Sutton, Al Hall and Cliff Leeman. The music is a congenial, relaxed affair that relies on the inspiration supplied by good, seldom-played, melodies and a mutually sympathetic musical environment. Bob Wilber has become one of the more inspired stylists and his maturity places him on the same level as both Don Ewell and Ralph Sutton. While, at one time, one could easily have pointed a finger at him as a dedicated Bechet imitator this is no longer true. On soprano sax he still employs a broad vibrato but his musical sense and approach have moved beyond the sheer passion of Bechet into other areas. His clarinet playing, while still watery in comparison, has regained a body that was sadly lacking during his Eddie Condon days. Ralph Sutton is a delightful accompanist as well as being a forceful soloist and it's refreshing to hear them tackle Lulu's Back In Town, Stumbling, Give Me A June Night, As Long As I Live, I'll Be A Friend With Pleasure, I Believe In Miracles, Just Friends and I'm Always In The Mood For You. Sunnie's must have been a great bar - and thank goodness George Tyler took along his Ampex recorder. Now we can all share in the pleasures of those sessions. -John Norris

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Clubs in Toronto where one might expect to find blues musicians have all but disappeared. The Colonial Tavern, which for a while seemed to be establishing a regular blues policy, now books only Big Mama Thornton and James Cotton, and they appear infrequently. Once a jazz club, the Colonial is making uncertain attempts to find a new audience; and while occasional blues groups may continue to appear, the club is no sure Toronto base for either jazz or blues.

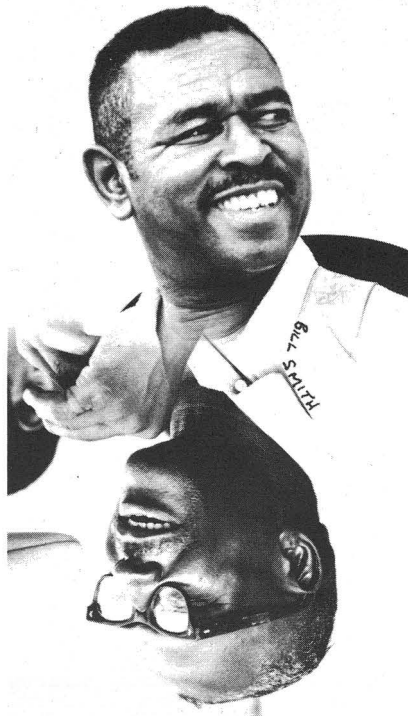
The one place where you can be sure to find blues on a dependable, if only very occasional basis is the Riverboat Coffeehouse, where Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry have built up such a loyal following that they are now booked for three weeks at a time.

In the great growth of interest in the blues during the past five years, McGhee and Terry have been taken for granted, as interest has focused on more romantic and less accessible artists. There is the unspoken feeling that because they have been playing for so long on the coffeehouse circuit, largely to white audiences, their music has moved away from its roots. The sameness and often blandness of their too many albums has contributed to this attitude. But in fact, Sonny and Brownie have stayed truer to their origins over the years than have many of the artists now competing for a place in the big money world of American pop music. Their recent engagement at the Riverboat showed that the reasons for their continuing success are their musical integrity and their relaxed professionalism.

To a degree they are predictable, both because they have been heard so much, and because they have maintained a style which hasn't changed much since they first put it together thirty years ago. Even then it was a continuation of what Blind Boy Fuller and Sonny Terry had been doing in the late thirties. They can hardly be blamed for staying true to the music at which they are so good, though, and they've done a good deal to keep alive a form of east coast blues which might otherwise be heard only on collections of reissued 78s. But there is more to their appeal. Even after decades of playing together, there is spontaneity in their music, something to which an audience easily responds.

Their numbers are always well rehearsed, but the difference in their temperaments and musical approaches keeps the music alive. McGhee plays guitar with the easy swinging style common to Carolina musicians, and his singing tends to be smoothly professional. He acts as a base for the more highly expressive Terry who ranks among the most original harmonica players in all blues. There is a wild freedom in Terry's playing which is kept in bounds by McGhee's steadying influence but which propels their music along. They work with a fluidity which has come from their many years of acquaintance and the blend of their styles still generates an enthusiasm which can make such worn songs as Rock Island Line come alive. They may be taken for granted, but there is no way they can be dismissed. They remain great performers.

# THIS IS THE BLUES



BY

# PETER HATCH

James Cotton was also in Toronto recently for one of his appearances at the Colonial. I didn't hear him at an evening performance, because from past experience, I have found that he plays badly at night, and reports from those who did go

confirmed what I feared. Cotton can still be a first-rate harmonica player and singer, but drinking is hurting his playing. He plays less harmonica and falls back on soul material and staged cavorting to please the audience. There are drawbacks to going to a nightclub in the middle of the afternoon, but it's the best time to hear James Cotton.

Like most musicians, he doesn't much like the Saturday matinee at the Colonial. It hardly gives him time to wake up before he goes on, and the audience can be tiny, but his businesslike approach to the sets produces better blues. He played a considerable number of standard blues (Sweet Home Chicago, Love In Vain, I'm All Alone) and a few rockers like Let's Go and Rocket 88, but it was familiar material well played and with a lot of space given to the harmonica. To a degree it was clear that Cotton was just going through his paces, but the fact that he did a good job in uninspiring circumstances is perhaps a good indication that he is basically a fine musician who should be producing at a consistently high standard.

## Other Things

Word has just come in that the Colonial has booked Muddy Waters, who will appear for a week beginning March 8, before this goes to press. Perhaps the pessimism voiced in my opening paragraph is premature. One can always hope.

A new label, Sunnyland Records, has started up in England. Their first issue is old Muddy Waters material including nine previously unissued numbers (Sunnyland 100). I don't know if this is a lucky bit of pirating or if they have made some arrangement with Chess to get the material. Future albums are going to be regional anthologies and a Louis Myers record. The address is 38 North Street, Carshalton, Surrey, England. Price of the record is 51/- post paid.

Another new label is Mamlish with a couple of collections out, a post-War sampler called Black Cat Trail (Mamlish 3800) and a collection from the thirties, New Deal Blues (Mamlish 3801). These cost \$5.95 with an additional 50¢ for mailing to Canada and Europe, from P.O. Box 417, Cathedral Station, New York, New York 10025, U.S.A.

Biograph has made an addition to the growing catalog of religious blues reissues with one called This Old World's In A Hell Of A Fix (Biograph 12027), (Robert Wilkins, Fred McDowell, and Skip James, among others). Historical has done likewise with a collection called Christ Was Born On Christmas Morn (Historical 34), (Willie McTell, Willie Johnson, the Cotton Top Mountain Sanctified Singers, et al.). Historical also has a jug band collection out which borrows its title (The Great Jug Band. Historical 36), as well as a couple of numbers from Origin. Most of the numbers appear on LP for the first time.

Origin has also been busy in the last few months with anthologies out of St. Louis (OJL 20) and Memphis Blues (OJL 21), as well as a reissue of the superb Robert Wilkins Piedmont LP.



# the fourth way

## MIKE WHITE

### talks with

### robert rouda

I was fortunate to become involved with Mike White during his stay in Vancouver with the Fourth Way at Gassy Jack's in early December. I had always thought of him as the one individual who had influenced the direction of modern violin playing more than any other musician of the same instrument. About five years ago, the jazz listening public, which probably never knew of Mike before, was astounded by the patterns and designs that Mike wove on John Handy's album, *LIVE AT THE MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL*. Of course, Handy's whole group played some monumental music, but it was Mike, in this person's opinion, who gave the sound its most unique quality. Since that time, a deluge of other violinists have sprung up to play in rock, blues, and jazz-oriented groups. As is the case with many truly innovative creators, Mike has never really obtained the public laurels, economic or otherwise, that have gone in the direction of those who have been influenced by him, directly or indirectly. Still, Mike continues to explore and invent new dimensions for his instrument. Possibly, his unique music and spiritual involvement with that music will soon be recognized as coming from one who exists on the same kind of plane as prophets like Coltrane and Sanders. Just how deep this man and his music really are, is revealed in the following dialogue which also happens to be Mike's first venture at publicly talking about himself (verbally, that is).



Rouda: You just recorded with Pharoah. Who was on the date?

White: Pharoah was on tenor and E flat soprano. Lonnie Smith played piano, Cecil McBee bass, and Clifford Jarvis on drums. I was recording with Sonny (Simmons). I called Pharoah, he wanted to get in touch with me.

Rouda: You just went into the studio and that was it.

White: He had a brief outline of how and who was going to play. There wasn't any practice or rehearsal.

Rouda: What do you think about when you play? You were telling me that when you play, you praise whatever the ultimate might be.

White: You relay your musical thoughts and feelings and emotions into your praise, prayer or whatever. It entails everything you've ever learned.

Rouda: You used to play with Pharoah. How long ago?

White: The late 50s and early 60s in Oakland.

Rouda: What happened?

White: Oh, everybody was getting it together at that time. We were really searching and trying to find our way. Another cat, Jewel Sterling, was young and coming up at the time. In my estimation, before Coltrane, he was the most creative tenor player I have ever heard. He's the one that really stretched his mind harmonically. He played so-called abstract sounds; but the way he played them was very beautiful.

Rouda: He was into a harmonic thing, too? But abstract.

White: Yeah.

Rouda: How long have you been playing? Since you were a kid?

White: Yeah.

Rouda: You must have started out in the classics.

White: Yeah. I was lucky enough to be around musicians all the time. When I was growing up, they used to stay around my mother's place. I played in both aspects and discarded the other (the classics) after a while, and concentrated on more free forms of playing. I never could get with the regimentation of the symphony. They were all after me; I was always bending notes.

(Laughter...)

Rouda: Was it hard to improvise when you first started to get into it, after the classic playing?

White: NO, because I always did it. Always.

Rouda: How did you know the chord progressions?

White: I would pick it up. Nobody ever turned me on. I lived around horn players. In fact, I left home and school at the time to live around certain cats.

Rouda: Did you live around some heavies?

White: Yeah.

Rouda: Who?

White: (laugh) During the time a friend of mine and I ran away from school, and stayed down in Los Angeles with Clifford Brown and Max Roach and Carl Perkins.

Rouda: He's a country singer?

White: No, Carl Perkins. He's a piano player that died.

Rouda: Bebop?  
White: Yeah. A beautiful piano player. He had something wrong with his hand. It was disabled and he made up for it.  
Rouda: Did you grow up in Oakland?  
White: Yeah. I come from west Oakland. That's Bill Russell, Frank Robinson, Veta Pinson. (laugh)  
Rouda: What does music mean to you? It's spiritual, but it's pretty academic, too.  
White: Each person has to decide his own way. Music is my chief expression in relationship to the universe; communication with the so-called cosmos.  
Rouda: Are you looking for something? I guess we all are.  
White: Yes. I'm looking for sounds that can heal and sounds that can move things physically.  
Rouda: For everybody or yourself?  
White: For everybody. I'm looking for music that can be a healing force. Sounds that can heal different types of maladies. Sounds that can move physical things. Primarily, sounds that can heal.  
Rouda: I don't know what to say. Why?  
White: Why? That's what I'm looking for. Why is pretty obvious. I feel, at this point, like a scientist. After you've taken something so forward, you're supposed to really get down into it and to seek and get as much possible which your whole being will allow you to discover.  
Rouda: You've been associated with John and Pharoah a long time. You played with Pharoah in the early 60s. Did you ever gig with John?  
White: No. I've played with him, but I never actually gigged with him.  
Rouda: I've heard you with Sonny Simmons and with the Fourth Way. Two different kinds of music, but I've heard YOU play. How could you describe your music?  
White: It is what is happening at the time. I play within whatever context is happening at the time.  
Rouda: You use higher harmonics, like your interval combinations. Your chords are in a dissonant structure, technically speaking. It's another dimension, the fourth way. Were you always into that realm? Did you listen to bass people like Henry Grimes?  
White: Henry is beautiful. I was fortunate enough to play with Henry, too. But I never actually listen to - to sit down and listen, per se. I'm always trying to hear myself. I've never been really able to hear myself because I've always worked with horn players and there's always been something other than me. For the music to have a completeness and harmonious form - maybe things that I would want to do - I wouldn't do because of that.  
Rouda: Because of who you were playing with?  
White: Yeah. Because of who I was playing with and whatever.  
Rouda: You're playing with the Fourth Way now. You've said you're really not into an electronic format.  
White: Well, I'm into it now. (laugh) Because I'm playing it.  
Rouda: But it's not really you.  
White: (pause) No. I don't think so. I'm pretty sure it's not.

Rouda: Have you ever been you?  
White: (laugh) Not yet.  
Rouda: So what's going to happen?  
White: I'm going to be me. (laughter...)  
Rouda: And what does that involve?  
White: That involves my own date and playing the music I have thought about a long time.  
Rouda: What kind of music would that be? Acoustic?  
White: Yes.  
Rouda: What's your idea of a band?  
White: (His answer was later requested to be kept classified, but it evoked in me a vague similarity to a Sun Ra type of conception.)  
Rouda: Sounds a bit like Sun Ra.  
White: I used to play with Sun Ra.  
Rouda: Is that kind of where your head has always been?  
White: No. This (his conception of a band) doesn't have anything to do with Sun Ra.  
Rouda: You've always been playing other people's music. Frustrating. But that's a compliment because that means everybody wanted you.  
White: I don't know about that. (laughter) You know, it's a compliment, sure, but you have to do that. It's good to play other people's music. There's a certain amount of discipline and respect for the other person's playing. But I think I've completed my course with that. (laughter) I want to definitely play something on my mind.  
Rouda: I heard you in Berkeley with Sonny. Did you dig what he is doing?  
White: Sure. I love Sonny very much.  
Rouda: Would you say he's spiritually oriented?  
White: Yes. Very much so.  
Rouda: He's an overwhelming man.  
White: Very powerful. And he's highly spiritual.  
Rouda: So you like Sonny and you like Pharoah. But your music.  
White: I like them very much. My music, you'd have to hear it. What can I say. It probably would be like a lot of people you've heard. When I'm playing, whatever the spirit dictates, wherever it leads at the time, everything is open for whatever happens. Complete freedom within the boundaries (of the moment). Spiritual music, that's what I want to play.  
Rouda: Have you always been into a spiritual framework? The whole spiritual trip arose with the rest of the movement in the last few years. Vegetarianism: You feel people have to cleanse their souls. Did you always?  
White: Yeah. I haven't done it always, but I always thought it. I've always felt that way. In the back of my mind I didn't know whether I would be able to make a living at what I was doing. It's something to think about, but it never really bothered me that much because that was where I was going to be. The time has come now where I can express myself more than I have, I hope.  
Rouda: All through your career, the music has been an expression of your spiritual nature? Do you always give praise when you play? There's a certain amount of academics involved; you can't always be saying this is an offering of my soul.

White: No. I play for, I hope, raw emotion. With my psyche and mind in this other thing, it just automatically comes about. I'm not DOING it, not this is this, and this is that. Being me and the spirit dictates to me what I feel, what the music is supposed to do and where it goes; being led by this feeling.  
Rouda: Even when you're playing music that's not particularly your own bag?  
White: Sure.  
Rouda: When you played with John Handy, was that your bag?  
White: No.  
Rouda: Did you enjoy playing with him?  
White: Sure. There were moments.  
Rouda: You played with him about three or four years. Was that a break for you?  
White: In a lot of ways if you were going to look at it as a break. Sure it's a break. It's the first time I ever got recorded.  
Rouda: It seems like after people heard the album at Monterey with Mike White, there was a big reinterest in violin. Were you influenced by the early violinists like Stuff Smith?  
White: No. I see beauty in all the styles but it never really - I never wanted to play like that. Ray Nance was like one of my idols, but I never wanted to play like him.  
Rouda: What is it about violin you dig? You're an expressionistic musician. It seems like violin isn't that strong of an instrument like the tenor which can hit you in the gut.  
White: It's (tenor) controlled by the breath and that's close to people's souls. Why I dig violin over other instruments - I played trumpet, too, in high school - I saw certain assets that haven't even been scratched yet playing violin; there's so much you can do. It's a coming instrument. Its time has come. Now people are aware that it can be used other than classically.  
Rouda: Why do you think people are aware of this? I have my theory. People in rock and all over are using violin.  
White: I remember when David LaFlamme used to come down when I was working with Handy. The next thing I knew, he was gone. (laughter) He had his thing going. He had played before, but he said I had inspired him to take up the violin again because he had set it down. He's a good violinist.  
Rouda: Why do you think everybody is turning on to violin now? Do you think a lot has to do with your own playing?  
White: Well, yeah. Sure. And there was playing before me.  
Rouda: People weren't listening to that as much as they were listening to you playing with Handy. You really modernized it.  
White: Possibly. (laughter...)  
Rouda: Probably one of the reasons that people are capitalizing on violin now is because you made it possible. You showed people it was not just a classical instrument or soft instrument.  
White: Right. I agree with that. (laughter...)  
Rouda: Why do you think people forget that?  
White: Because they can identify with (white violinists). First of all, I'm a black cat playing a violin. How many black cats

play violin? It's a case of identification. Something you can see and identify with. That could be me, you know what I mean. Insofar as credit and all that stuff is concerned, it's a case of identification.

Rouda: White people.

White: Yeah. Right.

Rouda: There's still that much racism still...

White: Oh, sure.

Rouda: It's still really a big thing in music now?

White: Sure.

Rouda: The black cats are doing it and not getting the credit still in this day and age.

White: Sure. (laughter) I'm not saying it's a conspiracy and all that. But, it's a natural thing.

Rouda: Is it changing at all?

White: (long pause) Yeah. It's changing but it's so small it doesn't make any difference. It's really not changing, as I see it.

Rouda: The Fourth Way is getting a bigger and bigger name. A lot of people are going to turn onto the violin again after the John Handy era. Maybe this time around you'll obtain the credit you should have had all those years before.

White: Credit is neither here nor there. From a credit standpoint, I don't even like to use that because that takes it somewhere else.

Rouda: Isn't it frustrating not to...

White: It's frustrating when I can't feed my family properly and have my mind relaxed enough to really get into the music like I would like to. Do what I want to do; be relaxed enough not to have to worry about bare wear and tear. It's economics.

Rouda: As opposed to ego.

White: It's economics; and I'm drug about that. (laughter)

Rouda: You do like playing with the Fourth Way?

White: Sure.

Rouda: There's a lot of really fine, far out music being created with the group. But, are you really into electronic music?

White: No. Not for my personal idea. The electric thing on the violin, from where I am right now, it limits my getting close (to whatever the ultimate might be). It cuts me off.

Rouda: Why?

White: The sound and the feeling.

Rouda: Too technological?

White: Maybe so. Yeah. Maybe that's it.

Rouda: Do you relate to the culture phenomenon; acid music and all that? That's where electric music, like wah wah, etc., started. The Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix. There's a whole cultural thing to that, and that's spiritual.

White: Yeah, I can see where that's moving, but that's not me. I don't want to delve into it right now. I see other things happening. I've heard acoustic music sound just like that. I believe you can play electric anyway because you are electricity. It's in your mind. I don't need wah wah.

Rouda: It sounds like a drag for you to play every night.

White: No. It's not a drag. I enjoy it. I have to express myself - (pause) - any-

way I can.

Rouda: Even though you'll be getting into your own direction, does the Fourth Way

look like it's going to be for you a while longer?

White: Yeah. I'm the Fourth Way, too.



#### JAZUM Records announces new releases and change of address.

Jazum 4 contains the first broadcast by Eddie Condon in the famous series of broadcasts from Town Hall in New York City recorded by the Armed Forces Radio Service starting on May 27, 1944 and a part of the June 24, 1944 broadcast. Titles are Jazz Band Ball, I Must Have That Man, Sheik of Araby, Zaza, Time on My Hands, Found a New Baby, What Is There to Say, St. Louis Blues and Jazz Me Blues. Musicians include Kaminsky, Hackett, Page, Stewart, Mole, Russell, Caceres, Schroeder, Condon, Kirby, Greer, Haggart, Grauso and Smith ("The Lion"). The music is great There are solid solos by Hot Lips, Rex and others and the humorous comments of Condon and a repartee between Condon and George Frazier are included. Condon's solid guitar has never been heard on record better than it is here on Found a New Baby.

Jazum 5 contains all solid jazz by the Bob Crosby aggregation from 16" radio transcriptions, many of the selections being of pre-war vintage. Titles are Muskrat Ramble, Can't We Be Friends, College Swing, Silhouetted in the Moonlight, Beale St. Blues, D Natural Blues, Jazz Band Ball, String of Pearls, Boogie Woogie Maxixe, Vultee Special, Catalina Jump, Marcheta, Yank's Lament and Walking My Baby Back Home. The musicians on most of the selections include Yank Lawson, Eddie Miller, Warren Smith, Matty Matlock, Bob Haggart, Bob Zurke, Jess Stacy, Ray Bauduc and other Crosby stalwarts. There are some surprises. On at least one selection, the band sounds more like a Dorsey type swing band than a dixieland band. On the last title mentioned, Charlie Teagarden and Jack Teagarden take solos. Jess Stacy takes several fine piano solos.

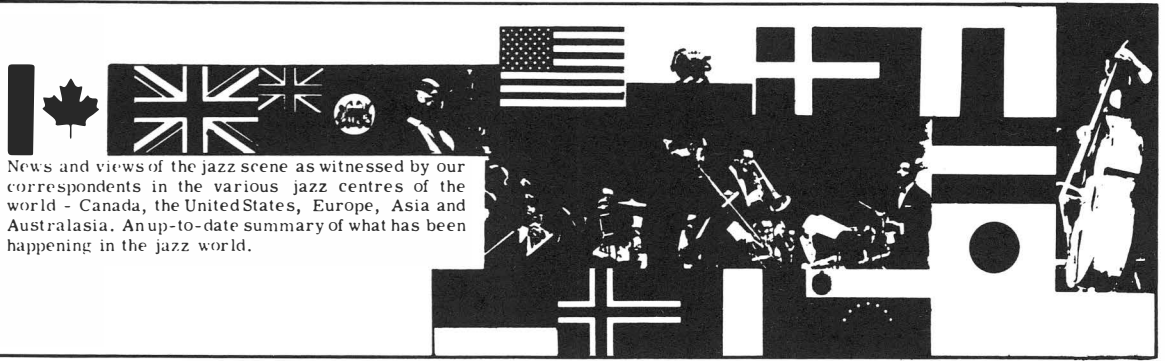
Jazum 4 and Jazum 5 are in production and should be available in March 1971. The prices have not been increased. The price for one (1) record, postpaid, is \$ 5.00 anywhere in the USA, \$ 6.25 elsewhere. For prices of more than one (1) record or for wholesale prices (licensed dealers or distributors only), write for quotation. Terms: Payment in advance, currency (USA only except by special arrangement), money order or check. Checks from foreign sources must be payable net with allowance for discount and handling charge by bank in USA. Send orders, payments and requests for quotations to William C. Love, 5808 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217, USA. All requests for information, other than quotations, must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

A few copies of Jazum 1 and good stocks of Jazum 2 and Jazum 3 are on hand. Jazum 1 and Jazum 3 contain rare jazz and swing music from the 1930's and 1940's featuring Goodman, Teagarden, Berigan, the Dorseys, Crosby, Norvo, Nichols, Basie, Herman, Catlett, Shavers, Dickenson and others. Jazum 2 contains reissues of Okeh and Columbia records from the 1920's by Lonnie Johnson and Clara Smith with fine accompaniments. All these records have been selling well and have received excellent reviews and compliments from purchasers.



# around the world

News and views of the jazz scene as witnessed by our correspondents in the various jazz centres of the world - Canada, the United States, Europe, Asia and Australasia. An up-to-date summary of what has been happening in the jazz world.



## TORONTO

Well, it's happened again. The Town has given up (so they say) its jazz policy and after George Shearing there is to be an ominous silence. People came out to hear Jimmy Rushing and Ray Bryant but there were only a handful to listen to both Gary Burton and Chico Hamilton. Both the latter groups are intent on presenting a style of music that contains elements of both the jazz and pop culture and the combination is obviously incompatible with the surroundings and clientele who frequent clubs such as the Town on a regular basis. Burton's band was as well together as usual, despite a lengthy layoff, but Chico Hamilton needed a few more weeks to get his new band together. Vic Gaskin was a pillar of strength on bass but the young saxophonist seemed to rely too heavily on his electronic attachments for the execution of his musical ideas.

The Saints And Sinners were at the Cav-A Bob during February. With Red Richards were Herman Autrey, Buddy Tate, Dan Mastri and George Reed. Much of their time was used as support for Jodie Drake, who dominated the proceedings with her well-balanced mixture of contemporary standards and older, cabaret-style blues. It was a dynamic package but the band was too often submerged into the background.

Since the beginning of this year Canadian radio and TV stations have been obliged to play a certain percentage of Canadian music (performers and compositions) with the result that a greater awareness on the part of the public for this country's own talents has begun. Even the recording industry is becoming involved, to a certain extent, and GRT have just released an album by Beverly Glenn Copeland, a singer-songwriter, who works primarily in a similar direction to Richie Havens and other such contemporary folk (for want of a definition) artists. She receives support from Lennie Breau, Don Thompson and Terry Clarke among others, and they were on hand March 17, for a concert at Town Hall to celebrate the arrival of the record. On the following night Rob McConnell debuted his new version of The Boss Brass (complete with reeds) at Massey Hall with an extended Porgy And Bess Suite that he had scored. Hagood Hargy's Montage also performed.

Meat And Potatoes, one of the two Toronto clubs where it is possible to hear local musicians on a regular basis, has dropped music from Thursday nights due to poor support and the groups are now only heard



Chico Hamilton photograph: Bill Smith

from Friday through Sunday. Brian Barley was heard there the weekend of March 13, with Michel Donato and Claude Ranger. The trio worked hard to get the music happening but the small crowds were a disappointment and inspiration seemed to come only occasionally. Barley's extended solos were exploratory, rhythmically varied and always interesting while Ranger's percussion fulfilled a vital parallel commentary. Lack of preparation prevented any real tightness developing in such a short time but it is to be hoped that these musicians will be able to appear on a more regular basis where their obvious talents will have a better chance to coalesce.

George's Spaghetti House is the other haven for Toronto musicians and Fred Stone's Quartet were in residence in mid-February for an interesting week. Now equipped with a complex array of gadgets and attachments Stone's use of these additions is very musical and the rapport with Sonny Greenwich, Don Thompson (on bass) and Terry Clarke was noticeable on some of the nights. On others, there seemed to be little happening - the chances you take when the music isn't pre-set in character and direction. It only works when everyone is thinking and playing together - and prepared to give something of themselves in the performance of music. A hard task sometimes.

Jim McHarg's Quartet spent two weeks at the Golden Nugget, on Yonge Street, a brief return to jazz for that establishment.

The Don Mills Public Library has organised a two-hour lecture on jazz to be heard in the auditorium at 888 Lawrence Avenue East on April 16. Host and lecturer is Len Evans and the starting time is 8:30 p.m.

-John Norris



CASTLE GEORGE - 290 Dundas St. East  
Brian Browne Trio  
COLONIAL TAVERN - 201 Yonge  
April 5-10 - Sonny Greenwich  
12-24 - Earl Hines  
26-  
May 1 - Young-Holt Unlimited  
3- 8 - Dizzy Gillespie  
10-15 - Jimmy Smith  
THE CONSTELLATION - 900 Dixon Rd  
April 24 - May 15 - The Metro Stompers  
GEORGE'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE - 290  
Dundas F.  
Moe Koffman every third week

GLOBAL VILLAGE - 17 St. Nicholas  
 Fridays - assorted groups/after hours  
 GROSSMAN'S TAVERN - 379 Spadina  
 Saturdays (3 and 8 p. m.) - Kid Bastin  
 MEAT AND POTATOES - 338 Huron  
 various groups - Friday thru Sunday  
 ROYAL YORK HOTEL, Imperial Room  
 April 16 - Erroll Garner  
 THE SKYLINE - 655 Dixon Road  
 Henry Cuesta Quartet  
 DUKE ELLINGTON SOCIETY  
 Meetings second Tuesday of the month  
 For information phone 255-1893 (night)  
 THE SOUND OF JAZZ  
 Lecture on jazz by Len Evans April 16 at  
 Don Mills Public Library Auditorium,  
 888 Lawrence Ave. East

**RADIO LISTINGS**

Weekdays:	10.00 PM The Jazz Scene	CJRT-FM
	11.00 PM Harry Abraham	WHAM
	12.07 AM That Midnight Jazz	CBL-FM
Sunday:	9.30 PM Ken Ruof	WEBR
	10.00 PM Phil MacKellar	CKFM
	10.00 PM The Jazz Scene	CJRT-FM
Friday:	10.00 PM Many Moods of Jazz	CHSC-FM
	6.30 PM Bob Bowers	CBL
	11.00 PM Jazz en Liberté	CJBC
Saturday:	6.00 AM The Jazz Scene	CJRT-FM
	4.00 PM Field Of Jazz	CJOY-FM
	10.00 PM Carroll Hardy	WBLK-FM
	11.00 PM Ken Ruof	WEBR
	12.07 AM Jazz at its Best	CBL-FM

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**VANCOUVER**



John Handy photograph: Bill Smith

Since the month of December, we found ourselves being entertained by a few personages of great value. John Handy played two weeks at the Olde Cellar in December and included local pianist, Mike Taylor. Also with him were a fine bassist from Portland, Dave Friesen, and drummer Glen Cronkite from the Bay area. Handy combines the best of post-bop with a melodic, twisting and weaving form of free harmonically-based compositions, and he does it well, indeed.

Tim Buckley followed Handy's stay and had a number of excellent sidemen with him. Buckley is a good singer but his new conception, while everyone else liked it, is a free, stream of consciousness conglomeration which really didn't affect me as going

anywhere. At any rate, his sidemen were really excellent including a flautist-saxophonist, a trumpet player, electric bassist and drums.

Earl Hines appeared at a club in the ritzy-pitzy Bayshore Inn and the older audience really seemed to value the great worth of this classic musician. Hines begins with a few solo outings that sound as fresh now as they did way back when. Very fast fingers, indeed. Then drummer, Tony Johnson, and bassist, Larry Richardson, join him for some tasty modifications on a number of well-known tunes. Trumpeter, Bob Mitchell joins the group for a few numbers after which the feature is singer, Marva Josie. Even though the material and Hines' vocal continuity is definitely refined toward the tastes of the ritz crowd, his music still has definite merit for the hard core jazzbos. It all depends, I suppose, how you feel at the time.

Gassy Jack brought in Paul Horn's group for a week. I like Horn's playing a great deal and think he has some of the tastiest musicians and material around. The musicians still include Bart Hall on drums, Art Johnson on guitar, Dave Parlato on bass, and Lynn Blessing on vibes. There's no sense in pointing anyone out because they are all class A artists. As for the material, Paul has chosen Eddie Harris' "Freedom Jazz Dance" as a theme and works into tunes ranging from Coltrane to pop-rock classics. Horn, by the way, now resides permanently in Victoria.

Finally, Steve Ellington has returned from the States where he has been playing with Duke Pearson, among others. At this writing, he hopes to be playing regularly at the Gas Town Saloon with some of his friends who are joining him from the States.

-Robert Rouda

**CHICAGO**

There seems to be just the tiniest surge in jazz activity here at Fun City (Plains branch) over the past few weeks. I hesitate to call attention to it, for fear that it might go away. There's been something for almost everyone, and usually more than once...

Dixieland department: the Salty Dogs keep themselves before their local fans with monthly concerts at the union halls in La-Grange (March 7), and Des Plaines (a "Roaring 20's" party, March 27), as well as a turn in the series of special Sunday concerts that trombonist Jim Beebe has scheduled at the Big Horn (March 14). Such far-flung backwaters as Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and Kankakee, Illinois will greet the Dogs this month (March 13 and 28, respectively), and weekend appearances at the Hall Brothers' Jazz Emporium (July) and the St. Louis Ragtime Festival (June) are in the offing. Art Hodes has an open-end gig for his band every Sunday at the Pickle Barrel in Park Forest, and took a turn at the Big Horn on February 28... Jack "The Bear" Brown's Steamboat Stompers, booked initially for January at The Store on Chicago's near-north side, are still there, and the new bandstand is a good omen. A couple of personnel changes since the end of January find the lineup steady with Brown, trumpet; Lance Schulz, clarinet; Jack Meilahn, ban-

jo; Mike Zudis, tuba; Wayne Jones, drums. Friday and Saturday nights are status quo at the Big Horn (five-piece jazz band) and John's Buffet (three-piece jazz band, with guests), and, of course, at Rene's, with the Chicago Footwarmers (Tom Bartlett, trombone; Bob Krenkel, clarinet, soprano, baritone and bass saxophones; Jack Kunc, banjo; Mike Walbridge, tuba and leader; Glenn Koch, drums... Don Gibson's Gang (size four, plus guests) combine with the booze to warm the customers, still, at the Village Tavern in Long Grove, Sunday evenings. Hopes for a repeat engagement by the size-eight Gang at Old Orchard Country Club have dimmed considerably since learning of a change in management.

Mainstream department: Roy Eldridge's quartet (Chuck Folds, piano; Truck Parham, bass; Paul Gusman, drums) followed Oscar Peterson's trio into the London House, March 3-21... Woody Herman's band played the last weekend in February at Nero's Palace, 3730 N. Clark... Ruggles' had Basie for a night, March 1... a "Jazz Festival" at the Auditorium, February 28, had Basie, Cannonball, Jug Ammons, Jacques, and Stan Turrentine, whom the ads rechristened "Turtime"; the Tribune's jazz column tied that with "Turpentine"... Mister Kelly's had announced a "Sunday jazz brunch", a Jazz-At-Noon type of affair, presumably, with a nominal admission charge covering food and beverage. Noon is starting time; March 21 will find the Norm Murphy-Franz Jackson sextet as the attraction, and the following Sunday will belong to Cy Touff's group... neither the Sounds of Swing (Marty Grosz and Norm Murphy), nor the Neo-Passe Sextet are presently employed.

Modern department: Joe Segal's Sunday "Jazz Showcase" sessions at the North Park Hotel are apparently doing well enough to keep the series alive and self-sustaining. Itinerary: Pepper Adams and Sonny Stitt (March 14); Dizzy (with locals Jay Peters, tenor; Jody Christian, piano; Rufus Reid, bass; Wilbur Campbell, drums; February 25, 26); Joe Henderson's sextet, with Curtis Fuller (February 14)... Stitt and Ammons with Reid, Campbell and pianist John Young (January 31)... the Quiet Knight, which had such success with Kenton's and Herman's bands, presented Miles Davis' group February 21-23.

Afterthoughts: trumpeter Earl Baker, a transplanted Chicagoan (born in Minnesota, 1904), died December 12. He preceded Jimmy McPartland in Ben Pollack's band, soloing on Pollack's Victor recording of He's The Last Word, and had worked with Charlie Straight's band and the Seattle Harmony Kings, both Chicago outfits. In his possession were seven cylinder recordings, made at the Baker apartment in Chicago in the summer of 1926, during jam sessions and rehearsals of the Pollack band, with Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller... ex-Chicago cornetist Fred Sadock, leader of the Chicago Stompers (1957-59) and now living in St. Petersburg, Florida, was working in Arnie Mossler's jazz band with pianist Elmer Schoebel at the time of the latter's death December 14... pianist Bob "Rags" Ragland wrote the music for the film The Yin And The Yang (MGM), starring James

Mason and Burgess Meredith and will continue music-scoring in Hollywood... pianist Bobby Wright has become a regular at the Jazz At Noon sessions, replacing bassist Ron Goldman, who has been subbing for Rail Wilson with Art Hodes... trumpeter Norm Murphy and guitarist Marty Grosz worked a short stint with clarinetist Jack Maheu's band in Rochester, New York, in February and March; Buddy Blacklock was the pianist... the January concert in Columbus, by Terry Waldo's Gutbucket Syncopators, (see February CODA), was such a success that Cincinnati raconteur Harry Garrison brought the band to that city for a second concert, February 28. The band is a combination of Waldo's previous band (trumpeter Roy Tate, clarinetist-tenorist Frank Powers, and himself), former Salty Dogs (trombonist Jim Snyder, banjoist Bob Sundstrom), and current Salty Dogs (tubaist Mike Walbridge, drummer Wayne Jones). It's surely one of the most exciting traditional bands to come down the freeway in many years, as anyone who's heard WGS will attest. The band will likely appear at one of Bob Rippey's Waukesha concerts this year, and more engagements are hopefully in the offing. The February 28 concert was recorded by Blackbird Records, and videotaped by Ideations, designer John Defauw's firm (Defauw, for you new readers, is a guitarist and the man behind Jazz At Noon and the Neo-Passe sectet)... the Detroit Hot Jazz Society (Mike Montgomery, Walt Gower, James Taylor, etc.) is throwing a concert at the Georgian Inn, in Roseville,

March 20, to capitalize on the presence of the Salty Dogs in Motor City. The main event, of course, is the wedding of Dogs' cornetist-leader Lew Green, who'll have a little gig of his own that night while his loyal bandsmen, along with Mother's Boys, Kerry Price, and pianist Bob "Spider" Seeley, are heating up the Georgian. -Wayne Jones

### LOS ANGELES

The marked increase in interest in early American Jazz forms as noted during the last half of the year 1970 appears to be maintaining an upward curve here in So. Cal. New faces are constantly appearing at the regular sessions of all six of the local DL jazz Clubs, some of them adding to the already fine reservoir of musical talent. The fantastic success of the "HELLO LOUIS" thing on July 3, here in Los Angeles has given rise to a greater feeling of optimism among the local Club activities and although this extravaganza will, for a long time, rank as something not to be equaled, it is felt that more public paid jazz concerts will do quite well. JAZZ, INC., the only DJ Club that has sponsored concerts held in the regular meeting Hall starring the best of the local talent, is expected to announce four more like affairs for the coming year. Evidence that the considerable investment in time and money by Dick Gibson in The World's Greatest Jazz Band is paying off, was indicated here when they set some sort of a record, at least for this part of the coun-

try, in their four week gig, during December, at the exclusive Hong Kong Bar in the Century Plaza Hotel in West Los Angeles. Enthusiastic response by the local jazz community to their unique stylings has left an imprint here. Most local observers here on the scene have predicted another good year for the advancement of interest in DL jazz.

The Southern California Hot Jazz Society Inc., celebrated their twenty-first birthday, when on their regular meeting date December 20, a large number of new people as well as some of the regulars joined in making the afternoon's session one of the largest in attendance in the Club's history. The January session also hosted a capacity crowd. The Society has embarked upon a plan calculated to improve inter-Club relationships by hosting each of the other Clubs at intervals throughout the year. At the January session the Society nominated SCHJS President, Alton Purnell for a spot on the Club's Honorary Life Membership roster. This special award is bestowed upon those in the jazz community who have rendered exceptional service to the preservation of early American jazz forms. Others who have qualified, so far, for this honor include Barney Bigard, Louis Armstrong, Joe Darensbourg and Caughy Roberts. As a worthwhile project for the year 1971 the SCHJS has undertaken the task of performing a little spade work in an effort that, it is hoped, will lead to the eventual establishment of a Jazz Museum somewhere

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in the Los Angeles area. In due course, attitudes and expressions from public officials will be solicited and it is felt here among many in the jazz community that the successful culmination of a project of this sort, being a reflection of a part of early Americana, would greatly add to the local cultural community. With Floyd Levin recently elected to the Vice-presidency of the SCHJS Board, (it was he who assembled the crew that, under the title of The Assn. of So. Cal. Jazz Clubs, masterminded the "HELLO LOUIS" extravaganza held here on July 3, 1970) the arena for ideas and action has been enlarged to the point where the resources of the SCHJS can be enlisted to work with other local Clubs in the staging of important jazz events in the coming year. Like the other Clubs, the SCHJS will also pur-

sue an independent policy in offering other special events to the So. Cal. community.

Also, now more than ever in the limelight, is the Society For The Preservation of Dixieland Jazz. Led by an aggressive Board of activists, the Club recently celebrated its ninth anniversary when an over capacity crowd of more than 350 played, listened and feasted on liquids and solids in a banquet-like atmosphere at their regular meeting place in Covina, California.

North Hollywood's donte's continues to hold on to the reputation for being the top modern jazz spot in the So. Cal. area. Louie Bellson ("Mr. Heat"), due to a tight schedule, was only able to give two nights; one in January and one in February. SRO was a mild description of both. The top roster of artists appearing in January in-

cluded: Bud Shank, Victor Feldman, Gabor Szabo, Blue Mitchell, Tom Scott, John Pisano and Willie Ruff, Frank Rosolino, dynamic Jazz vocalist, Donna Lee, Benny Powell and Teddy Edwards. The schedule for February included many new faces. Bola Seta, just returned from Brazil, "Clown Prince" Allen Beutler, guitarist Phil Upchurch, organist Jimmy Smith and Richard Boone. Others on the February calendar were: Ollie Mitchell, Frank Severino, Herb Ellis, Dick Grove and Dee Barton. This month also featured Willie Bobo and his Octet with their Brazilian tempos. Also that ever popular trio of youngsters led by sixteen-year-old Craig Hundley. A unique and different jazz night spot featuring a menu that caters to all types of jazz lovers has recently been opened in Pasadena. Festooned in a decor that reminds of the turn of the century, The Handlebars Saloon is just that. Cigar store Indian, a twenty-foot Phillipine Mahogany bar with brass rail, windows of leaded glass and authentic doors that came from the Mone Cristo Bar in a small town in Colorado. Ornamental wood ginger bread on the stairway to the balcony looks down on two solid oak telephone booths. A weekly mixture of a ragtime pianist, a bluesgrass stringband, a dixie band, with some Country Rock thrown in. Depression prices on liquid refreshments, including five-cent coffee.

The third annual Orange Coast College Jazz Ensemble Festival, a special yearly competitive musical event held in Costa Mesa, California, will be staged from March 25-27. Jazz bands and combos from high schools and colleges throughout the Western U.S. will vie with each other for the top spots as Clark Terry, Sonny Stitt, Dan Morgenstern, Rick Davis and Raoul Romero act as judges. Prizes range from trophies and cash to a wide range of musical instruments and equipment. Dr. Charles Rutherford, Music Department of Orange Coast College is in charge.

The Crescent Bay Jazz Band, traditionally oriented and a product of members of the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club is being favored with requests for casuals in addition to performing their regular first Sunday of the month concerts at the Club's regular meeting place at the Moose Hall in El Segundo.

The first of the 1971 scheduled paid concerts produced by JAZZ, INC., at their regular meeting place in Huntington Beach was held on February 7, and featured Teddy Buckner's All Stars.

Veteran cornetist Pete Daily recently rounded up four of his original Chicagoans, Warren Smith, Rosie McHargue, Lee Countryman and George Deefebaugh for a sort of get-together gig at the Elk's Lodge Hall in Long Beach.

Former Chicagoan Band Leader Les Shepard has a three-piece thing going on Saturday and Sunday nights at the Executive Room in downtown Los Angeles.

The Club Razz-Ma-Tazz in San Fernando Valley, opened some months ago by a popular local couple, drummer and vocalist Lyn Avalon and clarinetist Carl Patrick, is doing well with a variety of nightly gigs (closed Sundays). Bandleader Johnny Lu-

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cas, famed for his "Blue Blowers" one of the great bands that lent color to the jazz scene here at the Beverly Cavern in the late fifties has a new group that is arousing considerable interest here every Friday night. Led by Lucas, who works with either trumpet or valve trombone, the group includes: Phil Gwinn, trombone; Jean Gwinn, piano; Dick Broadie, reeds and Ray Hall, drums. The weekly "Guest Night" is a popular feature attracting such well-known jazz personalities as Bob McCracken, Wingy Manone, Joe Darensbourg and Nappy Lamare. The Fink Street Five, an up-and-coming young band of teen-agers, showing a remarkable ability to comprehend and play in a Traditional New Orleans style, fill the card on Saturday nights.

Among the artists playing at Shelly's in Hollywood recently were Freddie Hubbard, Bill Evans, Eddie Harris and Thelonious Monk.

The Third Edition of Where It Was, a Ragtime Happening, will be presented on March 18 and 19, at the Wilshire Ebell Club. Highlight of the show will be foremost exponent of the Eastern Ragtime style, Eubie Blake. The presentation will also include David Bourne and "His Dawn of the Century Ragtime Orchestra", piano virtuoso Jim Hession; female Ragtimer, Kitty Gordon; ragtime banjoist W. C. Chester with co-promoter Dick Zimmerman, offering classic ragtime syncopations of the Ragtime Masters. -Frank Bostwick

## NEW YORK

As this issue was being prepared for the printer we received word that Louis Armstrong was in hospital, resting comfortably, for treatment of what his physician called "cardiac irregularity". No further word is available at this time.

Our man in jazz, Louis Armstrong, appeared on the Multiple Sclerosis Telethon January 31. Although we missed it, reports from everyone that heard it say that Louis was in fantastic form - playing better than he was before his illness! These reports were verified by Zutty Singleton and Tyree Glenn, among others.

A television special of Louis' visit to London last fall, where he appeared at the Palladium with Dizzy Gillespie and Tony Bennett, is scheduled for release this spring. The title is "Louis In London". Brunswick records is releasing a recording from a live broadcast Louis did for BBC-TV in 1968. And Chris Albertson at Columbia is producing a two-record set of early Louis sides.

Louis and his All-Stars opened at the Waldorf on March 2 for two weeks. Tyree Glenn and Joe Muranyi were with him.

On February 10, Louis appeared on the David Frost TV show, helping Bing Crosby celebrate his 50th year in show biz. Bing and Pops dueted on Blueberry Hill and reminisced about their forty-year association. Coincidentally, in Jet magazine of February 4, there appeared this item:

"People are talking about singer Bing Crosby, who's made a lot of music and movies with trumpeter-singer Louis (Satchmo)

Armstrong, and how he swears he loves Ol' Pops, but has never invited him to his home. In a long article, New York Times writer Judy Stone pulls Bing's coat about this and how Pops raps in a 1961 Ebony article that Bing 'has a wall of my records (in his home) and I buy every record he makes. But we aren't social. In fact, I've never been invited to the home of a movie star - not even Bing's.' Bing, quoted as being troubled to hear this, protested, 'But there are white people I've never had to my home either.'

If you live anywhere near Urbana, Illinois you should tune in WTWC-FM (103.9 mc) on Wednesday nights between 9 p. m. and 1 a. m. They have an authentic blues show of broad dimension - i. e. they do play older recordings as well as the latest sides put out by the Chicago musicians. According to Roy Filson "The purpose of the show is not only to entertain but also to educate, to familiarize the audience with blues roots, music, artists, history and biography." So far the response has been excellent and many blues-oriented companies are collaborating by supplying recordings in their catalog. Delmark, Yazoo, Adelphi, Columbia, Mamlish, Excello, Goldband, Blue Horizon and RBF are among those who have assisted the program. It is hoped that the success of this show will inspire other underground stations to embark upon similar kinds of programs.

Last November, Roy Eldridge cut an album for Master Jazz with Benny Morton, Budd Johnson, Nat Pierce, Tommy Bryant and Oliver Jackson... On January 8, Lorenzo Pack, who wrote "This Black Cat Has Nine Lives" for Louis Armstrong, appeared as guest on the Joe Franklin Show. Ivan Mogull, who produced "Louis (Country & Western) Armstrong", plans to record pianist Eddie Heywood "country style" in Nashville. Trombonist Phil Wilson is teaching jazz at Berklee in Boston as well as a course in jazz history at a small Massachusetts college.

Last November 15 veteran drummer Zutty Singleton was saluted at Jimmy Ryan's. The eight hour affair was organized by drummer Oliver Jackson and manager Matty Walsh. Among those participating were Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson (the house band), Maxine Sullivan, Wild Bill Davison, Jo Jones, Freddie Moore, Jackie Williams, Eddie Locke, Tony Parenti, Eddie Barefield, Marshall Brown, Ray Bryant, Herb Gardner, Nat Pierce and the J. P. J. Quartet with Budd Johnson, Dill Jones, Bill Pemberton and O. Jackson. A worthy tribute to one of the all-time greats of jazz.

On January 23, Louis was a guest on the debut of Pearl Bailey's new show on ABC-TV. Pops did Blueberry Hill and joined with Pearl for This Time and Exactly Like You. Then Louis and Pearl were joined by Bing Crosby and Andy Williams for a medley where each sang the other's hits: Where The Blue Of The Night, Moon River, Mack The Knife, Hello Dolly!, and everyone joined together for Bill Bailey... In a recent Down Beat, saxophonist Lee Konitz envisions a return to "a more feelingful kind of wailing".

He says, "Eventually, I think we'll go full cycle, right back to Louis Armstrong."

Last January 19 and 20, Merv Griffin saluted the big bands on two consecutive programs. Among his guests were Bob Crosby, Les Brown, Joe Williams, Freddie Martin, Connie Haines, Charlie Barnett, Frankie Carle - all accompanied by the Mort Lindsay Orchestra which includes Bill Berry, Pete Condoli, Richie Kamuca, Benny Powell, Herb Ellis and Jake Hanna.

Drummer Buzzy Drootin now working days at Manny's music store in New York City... Trumpeter Art Farmer is living in Vienna... The big bands of Count Basie and Buddy Rich have both played Barney Goo-gles recently... Mary Lou Williams held over indefinitely at the Cookery in the Village... Quincy Jones has been named musical director for the Academy Awards program which will be broadcast April 15, on NBC-TV.

Since the Bessie Smith re-issue project at Columbia has been doing so well, they have given Chris Albertson the green light to do the same with Billie Holiday. He will re-issue Columbia's complete Holiday works, chronologically, in two record albums (for the price of one).

Pianist Buddy Weed is now living (and working) in Phoenix, Arizona... The Molde Jazz Festival in Norway will take place at the end of July.

"Brass World" is a magazine primarily for brass instrument players. It contains features, playing techniques and record reviews. Published semi-annually, a subscription is \$5.00 a year. Write to the Brass World, P.O. Box 198, Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, 50311... Remember Montgomery Cliff, the G.I. who swung the bugle in the movie, "From Here To Eternity"? It was really trumpeter Manny Klein who played the music.

BBC-TV recently showed a 50-minute show called "Chicago Blues", which was filmed in Chicago. It starred Dick Gregory, Muddy Waters and Junior Wells... Recordings by Duke Ellington (70th Birthday Concert), Johnny Hodges (Three Shades of Blues) and the World's Greatest Jazz Band (Live at the Roosevelt Grill) have been nominated for Grammy Awards in the Best Jazz Performance - Large Group category. The B.B. King watch will soon be on sale in record stores for \$14.95. An autobiography of B.B. has been accepted for publication by Henry Regenry. He has just left for a tour of Japan after an engagement at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas.

Count Basie goes into the Jersey Steak Pit in Paramus on March 12... Pete Fountain is at the Tropicana in Vegas. In his current group are Eddie Miller (tenor), Jack Delaney (trombone), Connie Jones, Mike Serpas (trumpets), Earl Vuicvich (piano), Stick Felix (bass), and Charlie Lodice (drums)... Plans are underway to renovate Chicago's forty-four year old Aragon Ballroom and feature big name bands.

Musak in New York put together an all-star band for their new tape series. In the band are Danny Stiles, Marky Markowitz, Mel Davis (trumpets), Warren Covington (trombone), Phil Bodner, Romeo Penque (reeds), Al Cialo, Tony Mottola (guitars), Grady Tate (drums).

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artists include Cyril Davies, Frank Evans,  
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Joe Turner, Barry Martyn, Keith Smith,  
Zutty Singleton, George Lewis, Buck Clayton  
and Humphrey Lyttelton, Capt. John  
Handy.

Bobby Hackett celebrated his 56th birth-  
day on January 31. On that same day he  
flew from his steady gig in Hyannis to the  
Overseas Press Jazz Club in New York City.  
There he was presented in concert with  
Dizzy Gillespie, Mary Lou Williams,  
George Duvivier and Grady Tate to a sold-  
right-out audience. Bobby and Diz presented  
perfect foils for each other, swinging  
through Love For Sale, I Didn't Know What  
Time It Was, Willow Weep For Me, and a  
marvelous version of Jitterbug Waltz. The  
rhythm section was superb, with Mary Lou  
playing better than ever. Among those in  
the audience were Maxine Sullivan, Zutty  
and Marge Singleton, Tyree Glenn and Tony  
Parenti.

After the concert we went down to Your  
Father's Mustache and dug what looked like  
another World's Greatest Jazz Band - at  
least in instrumentation. On the stand were  
Max Kaminsky, Ed Polcer (trumpets), Herb  
Gardner, Eddie Hubble (trombones), Tony  
Parenti, Kenny Davern (clarinets), Dick  
Wellstood, Red Balaban, Marcus Foster  
(rhythm). Needless to say, there were  
some exciting moments.

From there we went to the Half-Note and  
heard the very swinging Jimmy Rushing ac-  
companied by Al Cohn, Victor Sproles, Ross  
Thompkins and Ray Mosca plus sitters-in  
Jerry and Dotty Dodgian.

The following day we caught Duke Elling-  
ton recording some Mathew Gee arrange-  
ments. It sure seemed strange to see the  
band without Johnny Hodges. From there  
we went to Jimmy Ryan's and were pleased  
to see that Charlie Shavers was sitting in  
with Roy Eldridge. Roy broke it up with his  
vocalizing of Don't Roll Those Bloodshot  
Eyes At Me! On Undecided Roy and Charlie  
exchanged riffs with Roy out-Charlie-ing  
Charlie!

The World's Greatest Jazz Band is back  
on the road after a month's lay-off. They  
are booked for almost all of 1971, including  
one month in South America this summer  
and a month tour of Europe in the fall...  
Pianist Tommy Flanagan has moved from  
Los Angeles to Tucson, Arizona - He's still  
touring with Ella Fitzgerald... Did you know  
that Ethel Waters introduced Am I Blue? in  
the 1929 movie, "On With The Show".

Are big bands really coming back? In  
New York City we have some fine new ones.  
Trumpeter Al Porcino has been rehearsing  
his "Band of the Century" since mid-Decem-

ber. Personnel includes Bernie Glow, Al  
Cohn, Zoot Sims, Dave Frishberg, George  
Duvivier and Don Lamond with charts by  
Jimmy Mundy, Johnny Mandel and Tiny  
Kahn. Among the leader's features are  
Louis Armstrong's Jubilee and Buck Clay-  
ton's Fiesta In Blue.

Gene Roland's new big band is called  
"Horns Of Manhattan" and includes trom-  
bonists Bobby Pratt and Jack Jeffers.

Willie Conover's big band has Al Cohn as  
musical director and personnel including  
Quentin Jackson, Carmen Leggio, Bill Wat-  
rous and Charlie Fowlkes... Speaking of big  
bands, Count Basie's Band now has the fol-  
lowing personnel: Sonny Cohn, Paul Cohen,  
Pete Minger, Waymon Reed (trumpets),  
Steve Galloway, John Watson, Melvin Wan-  
zo, Bill Hughes (trombones), Bobby Plater,  
Bill Adkins, Eric Dixon, Lockjaw Dav-  
is, Cecil Payne (reeds), Basie, Freddie  
Greene, Norman Keenan, Harold Jones  
(rhythm), Mary Stallings (vocals).

Another big band is the "Sentimental Se-  
venteen". They have been playing around  
the New York-New Jersey area for five  
years and include trumpeter Ziggy Harrell,  
guitarist Sam Herman and many former  
pros.

The following lines by Ogden Nash might  
well pertain to a son of Jelly Roll Morton:  
"My pappy was a gentleman, and musical,  
to boot. He used to play piano in a house  
of ill repute. The madam was a lady, and  
a credit to her cult, She enjoyed my pappy's  
playing, and I was the result!"

The International Discographers Assoc.  
(IDA) would like to hear from any persons  
engaged in jazz research. Write c/o Story-  
ville, 63 Orford Road, Walthamstow, Lon-  
don, E17, England. Redd Foxx's club in  
Los Angeles burned down... Bassist Jack  
Lesberg left for a six-week tour of the  
Orient at the end of January. Buddy Tate  
just returned from Japan after a tour with  
drummer Herbie Cowans... Bandleader Sam  
Wooding has been living in Germany for ma-  
ny years. During a recent visit to the U.S.,  
he played a jazz vespers service at St. Pe-  
ter's Lutheran Church in New York City with  
Louis Metcalf, Herb Hall, Franklin Skeete  
and Tommy Benford.

Joe Turner and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson  
have been touring with the Johnny Otis Show  
... Miles Davis provides the music for the  
excellent new movie, "Jack Johnson", a do-  
cumentary of the world heavyweight champ

... Did you know that Ted Lewis was born  
in Circleville, Ohio, and that there is a Ted  
Lewis Museum there?... After over three  
years, Ray Nance has left his job with Sol  
Yaged at the Gaslight... The Glenn Miller  
Orchestra, under the direction of Buddy  
DeFranco, is touring England, Germany,  
France and Switzerland from February 19  
through April 5... Last December trumpeter  
Joe Thomas played a gig at the St. Regis  
with Dickie Wells, Joe Muranyi, Dick Well-  
stood, Al Hall and Gene Brooks.

Charlie Graham is writing a book on  
Coleman Hawkins. Anyone who has any in-  
formation to submit regarding any phase of  
Hawk's life, please contact Charlie, c/o  
Down Beat, 250 West 57 Street, New York,  
New York 10019... Be sure and dig Dan  
Morgenstern's fine story on Roy Eldridge  
in the February 4 Down Beat... Remember  
"Sugar Chile" Robinson, the child prodigy  
of boogie-woogie? He's now forty years  
old and runs his own grocery store in Det-  
roit... On February 5, pianist Willie "The  
Lion" Smith guested on the Dick Cavett TV  
show and broke it up with his version of  
Nagasaki, followed by a monologue in Yid-  
dish.

Ethel Waters guested on the Pearl Bailey  
Show (ABC-TV) on February 20... A film  
portrait of Charlie Mingus was shown March  
7, on the Public Broadcasting Service. This  
1968 documentary, titled, "Mingus", was  
filmed by Michael Wadleigh.

Pianist Marie Marcus and her sextet play  
Sunday session at the 213 Club in Hyannis.  
With her are Jim Blackmore (cornet),  
Charlie Tourjee (trombone), Paul Mossiter  
(clarinet), Jim Cullen (bass), "Towny"  
Townsend (drums). On February 7 and 14,  
Wild Bill Davison sat in with the band... The  
Dick Johnson-Lou Columbo band is at Johnny  
Yee's in West Yarmouth Thursday through  
Sunday. Dick is now playing piano since  
Dave McKenna left the group to go to the  
Columns in W. Dennis. Dave plays solo  
on a Steinway grand there Tuesday thru Sa-  
turday and does a Sunday matinee from 3:00  
to 6:30... Russ Kelsey has started Sunday  
sessions at the Gateway in W. Yarmouth.  
On Friday and Saturday the Jones Brothers  
(Herb, Clyde and Max) from Boston have  
been making the joint jump.

Mike James and Stanley Dance have  
formed a record production company. They  
have recorded Paul Gonsalves with Ray  
Nance and Hank Jones and a second Gon-  
salves album with Earl Hines, Al Hall, and  
Jo Jones... Trombonist Trummy Young came  
to Los Angeles from Hawaii to record a  
Lunceford "re-creation" for Time-Life re-  
cords... Skye Records has folded.

Clarinetist Harry Shields died in New Or-  
leans on January 19 at the age of 71. He  
was the brother of ODJB clarinetist Larry  
Shields. During his early years he worked  
around New Orleans with Papa Laine, Shar-  
key Bonano and Emmett Hardy. After ten  
years of retirement, in 1951 he came back  
to work with George Girard, Dukes of Dixieland  
and Sharkey Bonano. Our fondest recollec-  
tion of Harry is when we heard him two  
years ago sitting in at Dixieland Hall playing  
swing tenor!

-Jack Bradley



## Small Ads...

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PEN pals wanted who are interested in jazz, blues, rock etc. Write Jan Cichy, Marklowice, ul. Wyzwolenia 147, pow. Wodzislaw Sl, Poland.

### Black Rhythm

A belated response to Barry Tepperman's review of Eddie Gale's Black Rhythm Hapening of August, 1970. If I understand Mr. Tepperman's reference to the Albert Ayler New Grass LP (of which I was only the liner note writer, not the producer, incidentally), he is suggesting that the idea of mixing gospel, rhythm and blues, and New Thing was imposed upon Ayler by ofay, capitalist-racist types in the front office. However, this was not the case: the late Mr. Ayler recorded the album as he conceived it, with his choice of personnel, music, etc. (Listen again to his opening message, spoken on the first cut.)

It is one thing to say that one doesn't care for a particular musical conception; it is another to say that the musician would not have performed in some way or other unless he was forced to. Unsupported charges like this are an insult to musicians, and certainly an insult to Mr. Ayler, who was an uncompromising musician throughout his life.

-John F. Szwed  
Philadelphia

### JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA

The Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc. is also in the midst of a series of ten workshops with the Jazz Composer's Orchestra. Works in progress by different composers will be rehearsed at each workshop, held on ten consecutive Monday evenings at 7.30 at the Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street, N.Y.C. Admission will be free. Lights by Judy Fyve. The following composers are participating: Alan Silva (February 22), Carla Bley (March 1), Gil Evans (March 8), Joe Chambers (March 15), Roswell Rudd (March 22), Bill Dixon (March 29), Karl Berger/Lee Konitz (April 5), Dave Burrell (April 12), Stan Cowell (April 19), Sam Rivers (April 26).

The Orchestra will basically consist of Mike Lawrence, Lloyd Michels, Enrica Rava, Charles Sullivan, trumpets; Sam Burtis, John Gordon, Jack Jeffers, Roswell Rudd, trombones; Bob Carlisle, Sharon Freeman, french horns; Howard Johnson, tuba; Becky Friend, Lee Konitz, Pat Patrick, Fred Pettis, Perry Robinson, Carlos Ward, Chris Woods, reeds; Keith Jarrett, piano; Sam Brown, guitar; Karl Berger, vibes; Calo Scott, cello; Herb Bushler, Charlie Haden, basses; Joe Chambers, Warren Smith, percussion. Various other musicians and soloists may be added as needed by the composers.

This series was made possible with the support of the New York State Council on the Arts.

The JCOA has also commissioned trombonist/composer Roswell Rudd to write a new work for the orchestra. This is the first time that Rudd will be writing for the Orchestra, although he has previously recorded as a soloist on its first double album.

Another commission was awarded to Don Cherry last March (1970) and JCOA intends to continue commissioning compositions,

hopefully in the near future.

Composer Carla Bley and writer Paul Haines have completed the opera "Escalator Over The Hill" (A Chronotransduction), which is an extension and in a way a culmination of all their previous achievements. It is a large scale work intended eventually to be produced on stage. It was written over the period of the last three years, working closely together, although Paul Haines is a resident of New Delhi, India.

Recording of the work is nearly complete and it is planned to be released as a three-record set by the Jazz Composer's Orchestra Association, Inc. on its own label JCOA Records sometime during Spring 1971. The album is being produced by Michael Mantler. Private funds are being raised exclusively by the writers themselves.

"Escalator Over The Hill" is a truly contemporary and American Opera. Paul Haines' words are abstract and totally relevant to today's events and feelings. Carla Bley's music is complex and very well organized - involving singers, speakers, choirs, various smaller and larger orchestral ensembles, pre-recorded (live electronic) music and so-called "free" improvising.

Jack Bruce carries the major role, underground film "super-star" Viva has agreed to do the speaking parts, Carla Bley will sing some material herself, and among the other singers already cast are Sheila Jordan and Steve Ferguson (of NRBQ). Most voices, some of which are still to be found, will be natural, untrained, preferably musicians, although there will be one classically trained voice.

The supporting orchestra is the Jazz Composer's Orchestra in various combinations with soloists Don Cherry, Roswell Rudd and Gato Barbieri, singing as well as playing. John McLaughlin will also appear in several segments.

During November and December material was recorded featuring the "Western Band" (consisting of Jack Bruce - vocals and bass, John McLaughlin - guitar, Carla Bley - organ, Paul Motian - drums), as well as the "Eastern Band" (consisting of Don Cherry - trumpet, flutes and vocals, Souren Baronian - clarinet, Leroy Jenkins, Calo Scott, Ron McClure - strings, Sam Brown - guitar, Carla Bley - organ/piano and vocals, Paul Motian - drums).

Later on, in January, the speaking parts were recorded by Viva.

Additional material was recorded in February with Jack Bruce singing, supported by a larger group (consisting of Dewey Redman, Bill Morimando, Howard Johnson - saxophones, Michael Mantler, Jimmy Knepper, Jack Jeffers, Bob Stewart - brasses, John McLaughlin - guitar, Karl Berger - vibes, Charlie Haden - bass, Carla Bley - piano, Paul Motian - drums).

Scheduled for the first week of March is the recording of the "Hotel Band", which is a somewhat strange conglomeration of amateur and professional musicians and singers, featuring Howard Johnson as the yodelling ventriloquist, magical clarinetist Perry Robinson, and an Opera singer, to name only a few. Writer Paul Haines will fly in from New Delhi especially for this event.

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# heard and seen



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## freddie hubbard

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Carleton University, Ottawa. March 11, 1971

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After two previous unsuccessful attempts to lure trumpeter Freddie Hubbard to Carleton, the university finally made it with a concert in the Alumni Theatre by the Hubbard Quintet.

Aside from the leader on trumpet and flugelhorn, the band included Junior Cook, tenor; Joe Bonner, piano; Mickey Bass, bass (really); and Louis Hayes, drums. The music heard took its cue mainly from Freddie's new albums, "Red Clay" and "Straight Life", so everything was in the jazz-rock bag (these categories!). Mostly what I heard from Hubbard confirmed the impression I got listening to him on records, which is too bad because his playing, though very impressive, leaves me cold.

It's not that he's a show-off or unimaginative or anything like that, it's just the intellectual appreciation I have for his technique and his ideas, usually fresh and creative, somehow never gets converted to an emotional thing. But we're jazz-starved in Ottawa, like everywhere else, so the best approach was just enjoying the sheer power of Freddie's chops - and let's face it, there's no one in classical or jazz music playing more horn than Hubbard. The solo he took on Intrepid Fox, a nice, surprising line written by Hubbard

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Freddie Hubbard photograph: Bill Smith

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was jaw-slackening brilliance from beginning to end, and elsewhere what he did was never less than unbelievable.

Another Hubbard original, For B.P. (dedicated to Bud Powell) featured Hayes' best solo, a nice excursion through a jungle of cross-rhythms. The tune's many time and tempo changes (reminiscent of Bud's own Glass Enclosure) seemed to challenge everyone, especially Cook, to great heights.

Cook really got into it on Mr. Clean, too, offering up a long improvisation that ran the gamut from booting blues to visceral free-form exchanges with Bonner. Here and elsewhere, Bonner was the ideal accompanist, and his solo work was full of fire, whether in a rhapsodic context like the out of tempo sections of Black Angel, or on the outskirts of Cecil Taylor territory.

The bassist's only solo, on Black Woman, was disjointed, rambling and too long, but in the collective sections he was strong.

There was a full house and despite a few problems (the concert didn't finish till after midnight) most stayed and cheered at the end. Everybody, it seems digs jazz when they get to hear it, and it remains a mystery why the money men aren't hip to this fact.

-Lee Edwards  
(Courtesy - Ottawa Citizen.)



## lenny breau

Le Hibou, Ottawa. February 10, 1971.

It's nice to hear Lenny Breau again.

The last time he played Le Hibou he sounded on the verge of getting into a rut. His guitar technique made it a fantastic rut, but it was still a rut, very decorative and prone to memorized patterns instead of ideas.

A year and a half has gone by and in that time he seems to have recharged his creative batteries because he now sounds better than ever.

Wednesday night was the first time I'd really heard Lenny's ideas catch up to his technique, and the result was stunning improvisation all night. His musical colleagues this trip might have something to do with Lenny's rejuvenation, because tenor saxist Ron Park, drummer Dave Lewis, and bassist Billy Merrill are all young giants who set an urgent pace.

But even without them Breau sounded inspired. His standard solo excursions on flamenco and country material never were better than Wednesday.

Of the jazz things with the quartet the best of many good tunes was McCoy Tyner's Visions, the sort of forward-looking material that was absent previously.

Lenny played a long-lined inventive solo that broke everybody up and Park, with drummer Lewis slashing and juggling underneath, followed suit. I'd feel better if the tenor player sounded less like John Coltrane and more like Ron Park, though I guess Trane is hard to avoid.

But on Autumn Leaves he got into more of himself and this was his strongest solo.

Autumn Leaves also featured good solos from bassist Merrill, who, like Park, has a lot going for him in terms of time flexibility and harmonic flexibility.

And Lewis kept stoking the fire, driving all the soloists so hard they just had to get something going.

The whole band, in fact, was taking care of business all night, with Lenny Breau out front, leading the way.

-Lee Edwards

## howard mcghee/gene ammons

Jazz at Noon - Downbeat, New York.

Jazz at the Friday March 5 midday jazz bash proved to be the apex of old-fashioned (at least by today's current sounds) music, long forgotten, discarded or ignored by many of the younger (and in some cases, older) jazz listeners. It swung like mad and displayed another virtue long forgotten - feeling, emotion and pure enjoyment of, just playing good music without any kind of special message.

Fortunately both Gene and Howard had the distinct advantage of having a first-class rhythm section back them up. Mike Moore's solid bass playing was out of the La Faro/Peacock bag but the tone was right there; John Bunch showed that he lost nothing by backing Tony Bennett these past few years; Jimmy Madison played tasteful drums without bombing or drowning out the horn men. Credit should be due these three men - you don't have to be super stars to display talent.

The opening song was Groovin' High with both Gene and Howard in tight unison, and Gene displaying that big toned soulful tenor. This was one of the few times that he has played with a normal rhythm section other than his organ backing, and Jug dug in from the first

## **EXTREME RARITIES - LP 1003**

**Benny Goodman and His Orchestra**

**June 6, 1935**

**Volume 2**

Benny Goodman, clarinet; PeeWee Erwin, Nate Kazebier, Jerry Neary, trumpets; Red Ballard, Jack Lacey, trombones; Toots Mondello, Hymie Schertzer, alto saxes; Art Rollini, Dick Clark, tenor saxes; Frank Froeba, piano; Allan Reuss, guitar; Harry Goodman, bass; Gene Krupa, drums. New York City, June 6, 1935.

### **Side One:**

1. I Know That You Know
2. Changes
3. Yes, We Have No Bananas
4. I Never Knew
5. Stompin' At The Savoy
6. Farewell Blues
7. Pardon My Love
8. St. Louis Blues

### **Side Two:**

1. Jingle Bells
2. Rosetta
3. King Porter Stomp
4. Stardust
5. If I Could Be With You
6. Poor Butterfly
7. Can't We Be Friends
8. Bugle Call Rag

All of the above selections are taken from original issues of extremely rare NBC Thesaurus Rhythm Makers radio transcriptions, and are herewith commercially issued on record, for the first time.

Extreme Rarities 1001 — "Benny Goodman — June 6, 1935" Volume 1, is out of print, but will be re-issued if demand warrants it.

Extreme Rarities 1002 — "Hot Jazz On Film" Volume 1, is still available in very small quantity, but when gone will be re-issued if demand warrants it.

Prices: \$5.25 in the USA—\$6.00 elsewhere. Dealer prices on request.

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chorus. Howard came next and displayed a mixture of Miles and Clifford with final touches of pure McGhee pouring out. It should be remembered that Howard has come from the 30's through to the 70's, thus absorbing from all eras of trumpeters, which is no mean feat for a musician, but you knew it was McGhee.

Next song was the old warhorse Satin Doll, taken at a loping tempo. It showed that despite the changes in today's music, you can update your approach without losing your ability. My Funny Valentine was a ballad feature for Gene who displayed to full advantage his fantastic tone for slow soulful music. He reached out and weaved a web of beauty.

After a brief intermission, Howard announced his ballad feature Summertime, played with a mute. He showed a tasteful display of control and imagination, never losing the listener with a polytechnical display of notes, and the rhythm section backed him tastefully.

The finale was Stomping at the Savoy, once again showcasing the entire quintet, thus proving that by playing old warhorses does not mean that you are dated.

Both Gene and Howard proved that point very effectively. Unfortunately for us, these two giants will not be recorded as is, nor will you get to see other summit meetings unless some enterprising promoter takes any kind of interest. Jack Tafoya, who has started these sessions, has high hopes of expanding into Sundays, but whether or not he gets the public's support remains to be seen, but this was one hell of a session.

-Fred Norworthy

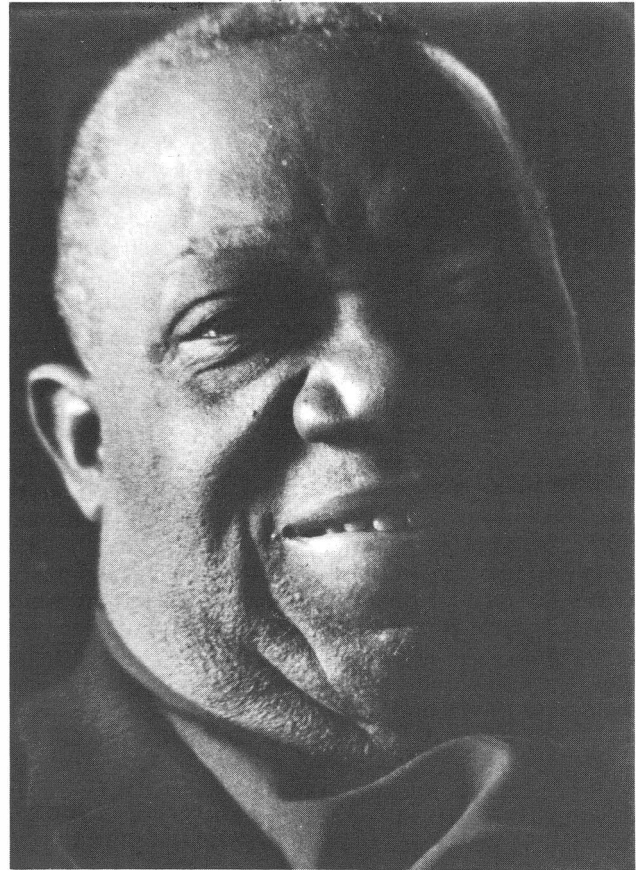
## jazz in toronto

Jimmy Rushing, Ray Bryant, The World's Greatest Jazz Band, Duke Ellington, Sonny Greenwich.



Under normal circumstances the jazz fan has little choice about whom he is going to listen to in any particular week. He simply heads for the one spot that has his kind of music - and is thankful for the opportunity provided to hear at least one group. But what does he do when such an impressive array of talent as that listed above can all be heard simultaneously. If his budget is limited he simply makes a choice and hopes for the best - otherwise, he blows a bundle (and he has to do that now for listening to jazz in Toronto is no longer an inexpensive pastime) and gets around to everyone.

Those people who believe that jazz is spontaneous creation (instantaneous invention) would have been less than satisfied with most of the music performed by all of these groups. Generally speaking they stayed close to a familiar repertoire and rarely tackled anything they were not completely familiar with. It's true that the Ellington band did attempt to answer requests for long-forgotten numbers but the shambles (from an orchestral viewpoint) of such numbers as Echoes Of Harlem and Sidewalks Of New York were only compensated by the thoroughness of the leader's piano stylings and the solid support of the veterans - Harry Carney and Russell Procope - who seem to know every number extant. Most of the band didn't even bother trying to see if the music still existed let alone try and put something together. Generally speaking, the repertoire and approach of all these bands became very predictable if you went back for a second hearing. Any justification for this journey depended on the ability of the musicians to communicate their honesty, involvement and belief in what they play. To a greater



Jimmy Rushing photo by Frank Rosenbaum

Wilber and Freeman photo by Bill Smith

or lesser extent they all achieved this - and depending on the listener's individual taste - the customer went away happy.

Now to be more specific. Jimmy Rushing and Ray Bryant appeared in tandem at the Town Tavern and for the first time in many years we were able to hear the veteran singer in surroundings that properly cushioned his skills. Piano players have "hung" Jimmy Rushing more times than we can remember and dragging rhythm sections have destroyed the momentum of his singing on numerous occasions. Happily with Ray Bryant this didn't occur despite the somewhat annoying cymbal sound of the percussionist. Bryant is one of the best jazz pianists on the scene today and never were his talents better displayed than behind Rushing. Their intuitive communication grew as the week progressed and the fills and solos that emanated from the piano became more inspired and fulfilling. Bryant is a modern musician, in the sense that he functions comfortably with such musicians as Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, and has a thorough understanding of harmony and chords but this has never stood between him and the feeling of jazz. His left hand is among the most individual and strongest in the jazz world and the blues choruses flowed freely on this occasion. He was inspired - and he also inspired in Rushing the comfortable security that whatever happened both the notes, rhythms and time would be together at the end of the chorus. By the week's end, when Jim Galloway became an added voice on soprano saxophone, the repertoire was set with a few standards (Sit Right

Down And Write A Letter, Dinah) and Rushing's perennial blues favorites. The repetition didn't become tiresome because there were always spontaneous changes happening with the numbers while the texture of Rushing's voice became richer and richer. Gallo-way's horn was a good catalyst and the end result was the kind of jazz experience that generates a warm glow in everyone's insides.

Around the corner at The Colonial it was big business. For six nights the World's Greatest Jazz Band did turn-away business and it is rumoured that the liquor sales were a new record for the club. This band plays super-slick versions of dixieland jazz in a blown-up style that generates a great deal of surface excitement. It is extremely impressive to see ten such famous musicians collaborating together in the production of such well-rehearsed, well-thought-out numbers. On one hearing, the impact is stunning. After a second or third hearing, though, it becomes a little tedious when you realise that the "spontaneous" moments are few and far between. Even the high energy duet between Bob Wilber and Bud Freeman on That D Minor Thing has become a stylised thing while Ralph Sutton's Honky Tonk Train Blues has become a mechanical toy version of the real thing. And these are the musicians in the band (plus Vic Dickenson - about whom more in a minute) who seem most likely to have retained the desire to change things around occasionally. There's a glibness, a tightness, a slickness if you like, that gets in the way of the jazz players in this band for listeners like myself. There's no denying the stirring impact of the whole ensemble when they play Haggart and Lawson's arrangements of the old flagwavers (Panama, South Rampart, Five Point Blues, Bourbon Street, That's A Plenty) and everyone bears down at full volume in live echoes of the Bob Crosby sound but normally that only occurs two or three times per set. The rest is occupied with solo features - and that's where the trouble starts. We are put through the tiresome veneer of show business. There is the corny rehash of Big Noise From Winnetka (oh sure, it was fine back in 1938 when Haggart and Bauduc put together this novelty but it is really tired these days) as well as bass features for Haggart who never has been a soloist. Then there's the polished expertise of Billy Butterfield who plays his solos note for note with the same golden slickness that made him a desirable addition to both the Crosby and Goodman bands. He bothers me the same way that Don Goldie disturbed me when he worked with Teagarden - there just isn't that much jazz expression present. Lawson is the "hot" soloist but his phrasing is stiff and unbending. I must confess that much of the time in the ensembles I simply listened to Vic Dickenson who slipped and slid through the arrangements with immaculate ease while adding ironic little touches that gave additional solace to these ears. His solos were forthright and polished and it was a mistake for Eddie Hubble to challenge him one night in their duet. Dickenson has technique to spare and the inner reserves of his musicianship were more than a match for the younger man's calculated veneer. Hubble is a polished interpreter of the Teagarden heritage who can solo with authority, but unlike Bob Wilber for instance, he doesn't have the imagination to forge fresh solos at will and in the long run has to fall back on the cliches learned from musicians he admires. It's a good trombone team, however.

Finally there is the rhythm section. It's a very

polished, smooth flowing unit with Sutton's uncomplicated, rhythmic piano buttressing the ensembles under the generative force of Gus Johnson's drums. The percussionist is the rhythmic key to the band's pulsation, whether anyone cares to admit it or not, and without his propulsive energy a lot of the momentum falls away. This was shown when Don Vickery substituted for the ailing drummer for part of the engagement. The Toronto drummer did a tremendous job of substitution at literally an hour's notice and his execution could hardly be faulted.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band is doing a tremendous job, of course. They have succeeded in pulling people away from their homes and thanks to the generosity of their sponsor and manager Dick Gibson, they have been able to stay together with only a minimum of change. The importance of this cannot be overemphasized and has resulted in a very professional, authoritative sounding band that ultimately fulfills all the goals (musical and economic) that have been set for it. Hopefully it can provide the momentum for other collaborative bands of like-minded musicians and rescue many talented jazz musicians from their present obscurity and anonymity.

Close to 3,000 people packed themselves into St. Paul's Anglican church on February 27, to listen to Duke Ellington's Sacred Concert. The local choir helped out and everyone felt well satisfied with the results. Two days later the band took up residence at the Beverly Hills Hotel for a week of night-club performances. We only got a brief opportunity to hear the band on this occasion so cannot comment too fully on what went down. To a large extent it seemed like an extended, convivial exchange between friends. There was a dance floor close to the stand and an informal atmosphere prevailed. Under such circumstances the Ellington band can be highly unpredictable. Eddie Preston, who worked previously with Charles Mingus, seems to have been assigned the high note role previously held by Cat Anderson and rarely soloed. The reed section retains its astringent individuality with Norris Turney an invaluable, versatile performer. The show was climaxed with a mock-gospel extravaganza that could well catch the public's fancy but I shudder at the thought of it becoming a permanent addition to the "and then I wrote..." medley.

If attendance was good for these elder statesmen of the music (and we should mention that the Buddy Rich band was also competing for an audience at the Royal York) there was only a sprinkling of support for Francois Jordan's presentation of the Sonny Greenwich Quartet at Town Hall on March 5. After listening to Greenwich many times in small, acoustically poor clubs it was a distinct pleasure to hear his music in the comfort and serenity of Town Hall. It was possible to hear all instruments in good balance and at the right volume. Michel Donato journeyed down from Montreal for this engagement and was particularly impressive on bass. I didn't care so much for his efforts on the fender instrument, though. His tone became muddled while his conception was altogether clumsy and out of line with the music played by Sonny, Don Thompson and Terry Clarke. The repertoire was the familiar one but, miraculously, the musicians are still finding fresh things to say with the material and Greenwich's authority seems to increase on every occasion he plays. It was a reassuring end to a great week to find the jazz heritage in such good hands.

-John Norris



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2. She's Coming 'Round The Mountain

**Blind Willie Johnson**

3. The Soul Of A Man
4. Take Your Stand

**Blind Mamie & A.C. Forehand**

5. Wouldn't Mind Dying If Dying Was All
6. Mother's Prayer
7. I'm So Glad Today, Today

**Laura Henton**

8. He's Coming Soon

Side 2

**Blind Willie McTell**

1. We Got To Meet Death One Day
2. Ain't It Grand To Be A Christian
3. Lay Some Flowers On My Grave

**Arizona Dranes**

4. He Is My Story
5. I Shall Wear A Crown

**Edward W. Clayborn**

6. Jesus Will Make It Alright

**Rooseveltd Graves & Brother**

7. I'll Be Rested (When The Roll Is Called)
8. Woke Up This Morning (With Jesus On My Mind)

**Black Bands**

HLP 35 1927-1934

**Earl Hines And His Orchestra**

1. Everybody Loves My Baby tk. 3
2. Good Little, Bad Little You tk. 3
3. Beau-Kno Jack tk. 2
4. Sister Kate tk. 3

**Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orch.**

5. Just Rite tk. 2
6. Ding Dong Blues tk. 2
7. It's Hard To Laugh Or Smile tk. 4

Side 2

**Tiny Parham And His Musicians**

1. The Headhunters Dream tk. 2
2. Snake Eyes tk. 1
3. Fat Man Blues tk. 2

**Baron Lee And The Blue Rhythm Band**

4. Doin' The Shake
5. Rhythm Spasm
6. White Lightning

**Luis Russell And His Orchestra**

7. At The Darktown Strutter's Ball
8. Ol' Man River

**The Great Jug Bands**

HLP 36 1926-1934

**Jed Davenport's Beale Street Jug Band**

1. Save Me Some
2. You Ought To Move Out Of Town
3. Beale Street Breakdown
4. The Dirty Dozen

**Cannon's Jug Stompers**

5. Viola Lee Blues tk. 1
6. Bring It With When You Come
7. Money Never Runs Out
8. Prison Wall Blues

Side 2

**Phillips' Louisville Jug Band**

1. Soldier Boy Blues

**Dixieland Jug Blowers**

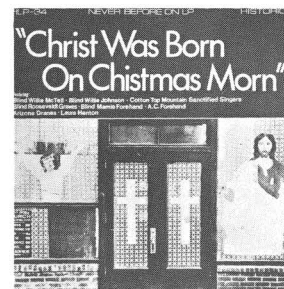
2. Florida Blues
3. Louisville Stomp
4. Skip, Skat, Doodle-Do

**Earl McDonald's Orig. Louisville Jug Band**

5. Rockin' Chair Blues

**Memphis Jug Band**

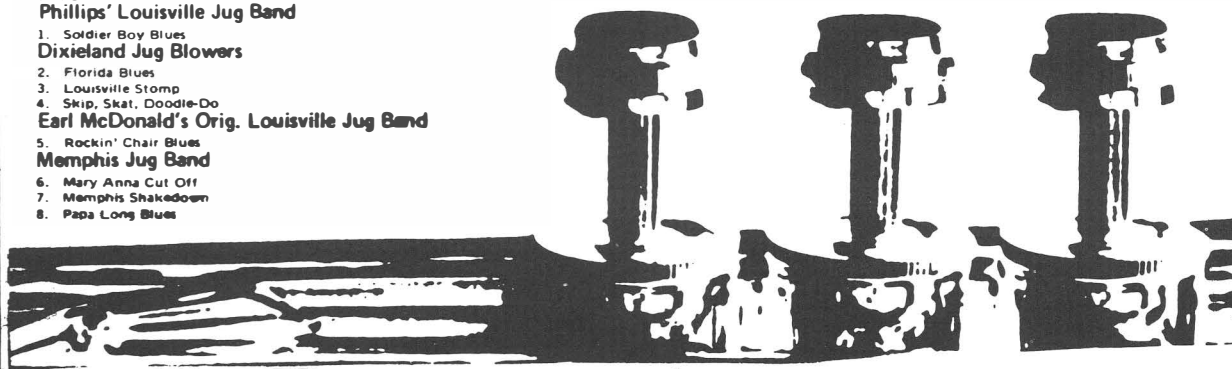
6. Mary Anna Cut Off
7. Memphis Shakedown
8. Papa Long Blues



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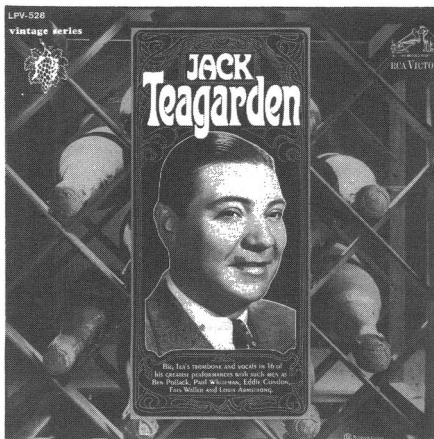


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