

ICD SEPTEMBER 5, 1968 35c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Of Newport '68

Country Joe and the
Fish: No Gimmicks

db music
workshop

Horace Silver/Ed Shaughnessy





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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

FOR THOSE LEARNING music—and that means just about all our readers whether they be students, teachers, or performers—September means more than a change of scene and season. Though there are summer schools and jazz festivals and the like, September still means “end-of-vacation”, “back-to-work”, or “back-to-school.”

For those among you who are returning to school, at whatever level, here are some remarks and observations culled from some of the wiser heads in music and music education.

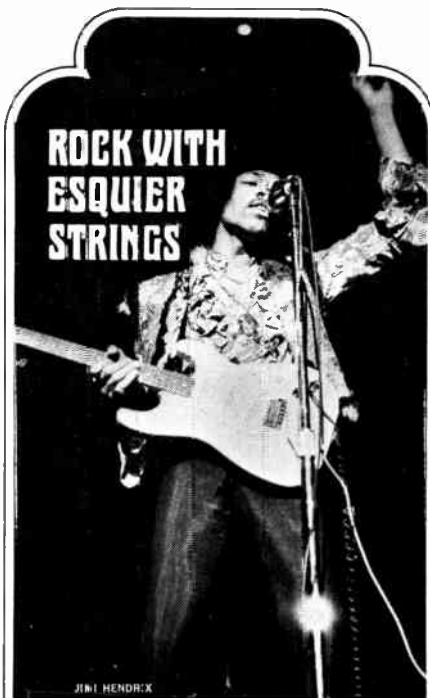
Do your best to determine just where you and your music are headed. Just what is it you want to do with your music? If you are sure that music and only music fills your life with the satisfactions you want and need, then you must further discover if you really have what it takes to earn a living in and from music. To be a professional anything is not easy. To be a professional musician (teacher and/or performer) is rough, and you must know what it takes.

To be a successful professional performing musician you need three basic things. First is a strong, outgoing ego—something inside of you that must speak out. Second is ambition—a strong, almost ruthless drive that makes everything beside music insignificant. The third, and the most elusive to define, is talent. Talent has many ingredients, such as mastery of instrument, thorough knowledge of the theory and literature of music, and the ability to communicate your music and personality to an audience. Talent is a quality that is usually regarded by others as a relative value—“He’s the best (or worst).” To the top pro, talent is more of an absolute. He sets his own standard of excellence and consequently is his own best (and worst) critic and judge. You can be sure that Ellington or Parker or Heifetz set his own (seldom or never-to-be-achieved) standard and did not accept the criteria of others.

The same three things—ego, ambition, and talent—are needed to be a successful music educator; especially today, when there is a very thin line between professional teacher and professional performer. It is no longer true, if it ever was, that “only unsuccessful musicians teach.” Being able to make it as a full time working professional is denied to many musicians because of many other factors. (Remember that less than 5% of the 240,000 union musicians in the U.S.A. earn their full-time living from music.) It is fortunate that in today’s education market there is a place for talented, professional musicians to teach and perform in the jazz idiom. To be involved in school jazz as student or teacher is becoming a requirement for acceptance as a complete musician in all idioms.

For those of you whose interest—or commitment—to music is less than total, there should be no less appreciation or enjoyment. There are, and will continue to be, many fine musicians who make their living at something else. Great! Music can certainly be an end in itself. Music should not lose any of its intrinsic value to you because it is an avocation. Do your best to aim at professional standards of performance no matter what your individual role and everyone will come out ahead. But do keep in mind that music is an ever-learning process. And, by the way, don’t forget to practice.

[E.S.]



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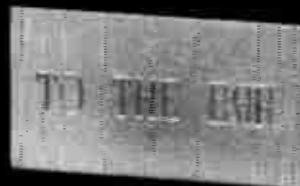
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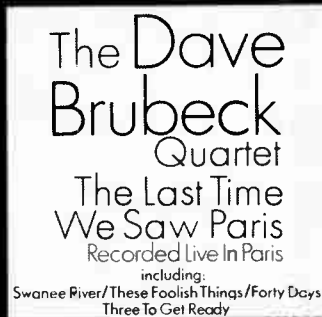


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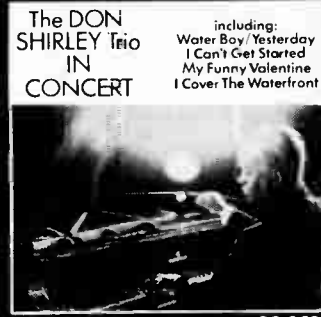
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Expert Addenda

Thanks to *Down Beat* and Alan Heineman for bending over backwards to include a perceptive assessment of two of the finest groups involved in the New Music, Cream and Jefferson Airplane (*DB*, July 25).

I have various objections-opinions about the article (i.e., there are a helluva lot more than two interesting electric bassists around these days: what about McCartney and the man for Moby Grape or Grateful Dead?); but, for what they're worth, I'd rather pass on some factual addenda to Heineman's insightful "impressions" of the Brandeis Cream concert.

First, the Clapton solo that drove him "as high up and far out" as he ever got on jazz, is Eric's production number, *Steppin' Out*, and is available by him (in shorter form) on two non-Cream recordings. One is a "primitive" but powerful version recorded in 1966 when Clapton was playing with a pick-up group called the Powerhouse, which included Jack Bruce on bass and a mid-teen Stevie Winwood (now with Traffic) as lead singer. The album is Elektra's rock-blues cornucopia *What's a Shakin'*, and it includes two other cuts by the Powerhouse.

The later version—more polished and pyrotechnical, with brass accompaniment—is on London's *Blues Breakers: John Mayall with Eric Clapton*; and this album also includes Eric's classic slow blues work on *Have You Heard*, a Mayall original. *Steppin' Out*, by the way, is an adaptation (increasingly beyond recognition and belief) from Memphis Slim.

Now, a final comment on Ginger Baker's *Sing, Sing, Sing* drum solo during *NSU*: briefly, both guitarists lost their amps in the middle of the number, took several baffled looks at one another, then walked offstage and handed the situation to Baker until power was restored. He did well just to hold the piece together—and if you've got to get through a *Toad* at the concert's finale, you had better hold *something* in reserve, even if it's just a double-pass thumpety thump. On Baker's part, *NSU* was a demonstration of class rather than crash. See their new album for an updated presentation of his work—and the best Cream yet.

David W. Johnson

Boston, Mass.

Greene Eyes

I enjoyed your article on Kellie Greene (*DB*, July 25) by Harvey Siders, but it left two very interesting questions unanswered: How did she get that name and why (or is it really her true name) and how old is she?

Charles Sweningsen

Chicago, Ill.

Kellie is the lady's right name; as for the other question, we'd not presume to break etiquette, but she's over 21.

Miles Apart

In the June 27 issue, Leonard Feather wrote, in regards to Miles Davis' sudden penchant for pop music: "There are several explanations, but the simplest and most logical, it seems to me, is that when you have reached the esthetic mountaintop, there is no place to look but down."

Are we to infer from Feather's poetic explanation of Miles' new bag that Miles is merely patronizing pop music?

Might I say that many musicians have reached the so-called esthetic mountaintop—but, then, the really great ones somehow always manage to find new mountains to conquer, as exemplified by the relentless "pathfinding" of the late great John Coltrane, who, in twenty-some-odd years as a professional musician, never stooped to anyone or anything.

Alfred Hassan Jr.

Chino, Cal.

Miles is the most conservative cat around. He doesn't waste nothin', notes or words. Musically or verbally, when you are supposed to fill up space he lays out, but when it comes time to communicate he tells it like it is, and that's my kinda folk. His analysis of the current jazz and pop scene was beautiful: devastating, but honest and beautiful. Miles is my man.

Albert L. Malatesta

Brookline, Mass.

Ducal Errata

Inside Ellington (DB, July 25) was the best article written about Duke Ellington I have read to date. Instead of being the umpteenth article about the various styles of the musicians, John McDonough told us about the personalities of the Duke and his sidemen.

I'm glad to see that I'm not the only one who's disgusted by the transformation of *Concerto for Cootie*, one of the greatest jazz records ever made, into the much less interesting, commercialized *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*. Even Lawrence Brown, who has played *Do Nothing* for 28 years, shares my displeasure.

There were three errors, the last two of them minor, that I'd like to point out:

McDonough writes that "Harry Carney has played *Sophisticated Lady* since it was added to the book in 1933 (he was originally one of several soloists, however), and that's a tradition." On the original 1933 recording of *Lady*, Carney didn't solo at all. . . .

McDonough quotes Mercer Ellington as saying: "Even Louis Metcalfe, whom (Freddy) Jenkins replaced in the trumpet section in 1929, still plays regularly. . . ." It was in 1928, not 1929, that Jenkins replaced Metcalfe.

As Stanley Dance pointed out in *Cat Anderson: Trumpet Astronaut* (DB, Jan. 25), Cat joined the Duke in 1944, not 1945. . . .

Nevertheless, this was a great article. I'd like to see articles on such forgotten Ellingtonians as Otto Hardwicke, Taft Jordan, and Al Sears. Keep up the good work.

Bruce Adams

Hillsdale, N.J.

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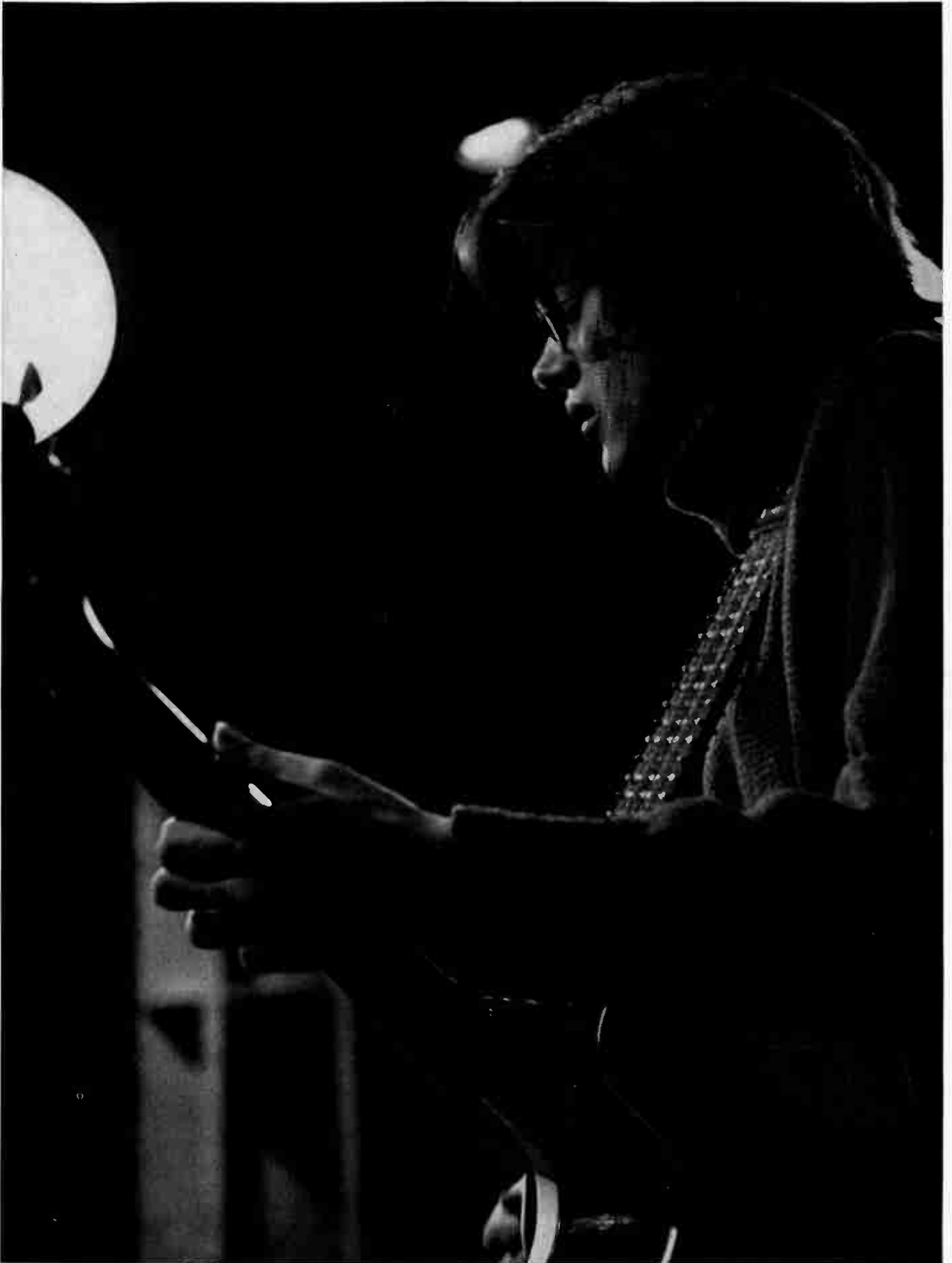
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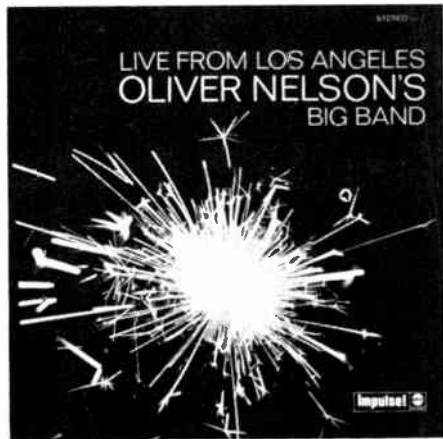
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Personnel: Bobby Bryant, Conte Candoli, Buddy Childers, Freddy Hill, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Billy Byers, Pete Myers, Ernie Tack, trombones; Gabe Baltazar, Jack Nimitz, Bill Perkins, Tom Scott, Frank Strozier, reeds; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Mel Brown, guitar; Ed Thigpen, drums; Nelson, conductor, arranger, soprano saxophone.

Assembled with Nelson on this trip are many virtuosos, all cribbing on the West Coast these days. Guitarist Brown, young tenorist Scott, trumpeter Bryant, altoist Strozier, and long-time groove incentive Thigpen are highlights of this all-star brigade. After you hear this jam, you'll probably wonder why I don't just list the whole roster as highlights; nobody is shirking his duty noticeably. Big bands aren't old fashioned or square; they're almost too hip. And this package is definitely an element of that syndrome.

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SPOTLIGHT ON SINGERS AT MONTEREY FESTIVAL

The Monterey Jazz Festival, which takes place this year Sept. 20-22, has announced its basic program, subject to change and/or additions.

Three well-known singers will host the evening performances. Mel Torme will do the opening night honors, backed by "The Dektet" (presumably playing the Marty Paich arrangements for this instrumentation which graced a Torme LP some years ago), and sharing the bill with the Oscar Peterson Trio and the Gary Burton Quartet. Starting time is 9 p.m.

The following afternoon will be devoted to "Masters of the Blues", including Muddy Waters, B. B. King, Big Mama Thornton, Jimmy Rushing, Jimmy Witherspoon, the Vince Guaraldi Trio, and "surprise guests."

The evening concert, which kicks off at 8:15 p.m., will be hosted by Carmen McRae. The Modern Jazz Quartet, the Gabor Szabo Quintet, the Don Ellis Orchestra, and other artists to be announced will perform.

Sunday afternoon will be divided between Lalo Schifrin's *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*, conducted by the composer at the helm of a chorus and orchestra featuring saxophonist Tom Scott, and a vibraharp session billed as "A Generation of Vibers", with Milt Jackson, Cal Tjader, Burton, and others. The performance by Burton and his augmented quartet of Carla Bley's *A Genuine Tong Funeral*, originally scheduled for this concert, has been canceled.

The festival will conclude with "An Evening with Mr. B.", starring Billy Eckstine and featuring Earl Hines with quartet and orchestra, the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the groups of Cal Tjader and Tom Scott, and others. This program starts at 7:15 p.m.

For ticket information write P.O. Box "Jazz", Monterey, CA. 93940.

IMPULSE, MRS. COLTRANE IN LEGACY AGREEMENT

Recently, an album by the late John Coltrane was issued on the Coltrane label, sponsored by the saxophonist's widow, pianist-harpist Alice Coltrane. This recording, and other tapes owned by Mrs. Coltrane, will now become available on Impulse, the label for which Coltrane recorded from 1962 until his death last year. This material will be released by Impulse under a special Coltrane Recording Corp. logo.

In announcing the new affiliation, Impulse a& chief Bob Thiele revealed that Mrs. Coltrane will also record on her own for the label, utilizing both her own compositions and material from her husband's legacy.

Thiele said that with the tapes made available by Mrs. Coltrane, and several unreleased sessions for Impulse, the company will be able to release new albums by Coltrane for the next three or four years.

JONES-LEWIS IN JAPAN: ACCLAIM BUT NO BREAD

"We was robbed," cracked Thad Jones upon his return from a hectic 10-day Japanese visit with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band. "It was a big hoax."

The band arrived in Tokyo July 11, expecting to give concerts in major halls there and in other Japanese cities. But the tour's promoter, Keiko Okutani, had failed to make proper arrangements.

On their first two nights in Tokyo, the band played at the Pit Inn, a jazz theater with a capacity of only 75 persons. The third night found them at Kunikiniya Hall, seating 500, but due to lack of publicity only 400 attended.

Unable to leave Tokyo, the band managed to do three nights at a club, the Golden Getsusekai, tape a television show, and make an appearance at a U.S. military base. A joint concert with a local big band, The Sharps & Flats, filled a 2,000-seat hall to capacity, and on their final night in Japan, they again played Kunikiniya Hall, turning away more than 1500.

Critical acclaim for the band was unprecedented, according to local observers, but the co-leaders had to pay all expenses out of their own pockets. Jones, however, was intrepid. "It may have been a financial disaster," he said, "but good things are already starting to happen from it. So I'm not as unhappy as I might be. Several Japanese promoters want to bring the band back in December."

Jones and Lewis have filed suit against Miss Okutani.

INSTRUMENTS NEEDED BY BROOKLYN JAZZ PROJECT

An ambitious jazz program is growing in Brooklyn during the long, hot summer. It is part of MUSE, the cultural program of the Bedford-Lincoln Neighborhood Museum, the first in a planned series of local museums operated by the Brooklyn Children's Museum under the combined auspices of the Brooklyn Museum, the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens.

Director of the jazz workshop, which provides music lessons to children and adults, is Bill Barron, a tenor saxophonist known for his work with Philly Joe Jones and the group he co-led with Ted Curson. Barron has assembled a formidable staff which includes Jimmy Owens, trumpet; Kiame Zawadi, trombone; his brother, Kenny Barron, piano; Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Reggie Workman, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Don Jay (a member of the *Hello Dolly* cast), voice; himself, reeds and woodwinds. In addition to the instruction, weekly jam sessions are being held on Wednesdays, and special concerts given periodically. Tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers and a 12-piece band performed July 18.

Barron says the response from the pupils has been tremendous. "We have students from age 4½ to 44," he reports, "but of the 270 in the program, only 100 have instruments."

Anyone interested in helping to secure instruments for MUSE can contact Barron in care of that organization at 1530 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216.



Horace Silver shakes hands with Mayor Frank N. Zullo of Norwalk, Conn. on the occasion of being presented with the key to his native city at a ceremony preceding a concert by Silver's quintet on July 14. The pianist-composer was also commended by the Norwalk city council. Mayor Zullo is a former musician who played trumpet with the Casa Loma Band in the late '30s. Silver's father, John Silver, was guest of honor at the event. For more from Silver, see p. 42.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: In what is becoming an annual event, the Village Gate presented the quintets of **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Miles Davis** during the last half of July. Patrons lucky enough to be in attendance one night heard Davis sit in with Gillespie on the theme from *Black Orpheus*. Singer **Tiny Irvin** did part of the engagement with Diz . . . A Gillespie sideman of the '40s, pianist **Al Haig**, has been playing the downstairs jazz gig at the Playboy Club on weekends, replacing **Teddy Wilson** . . . The New York Hot Jazz Society held a very successful concert at the Half Note on Sunday, July 21 with cornetist **Bobby Hackett** at the helm of a group that included **Vic Dickenson**, trombone; **Bob Wilber** reeds; **Dick Wellstood**, piano; **Al Lucas**, bass; and **Jimmy Crawford**, drums. **Jake Hanna's** group, with **Bill Berry**, trumpet, and **Richie Kamuca**, tenor, are the regulars . . . 14 and 10, a club located at 14th St. and 10th Ave. in Manhattan, has instituted a jazz piano policy. **Cedar Walton** and **Monty Alexander** were among the first to grace the keyboard there, and in late July, **Walter Bishop** was heard, accompanied by **Herbie Lewis**, bass, and **Wally Richardson**, guitar. Future incumbents may include **Barry Harris** and **Walter Davis** . . . Walton, with trombonist **Curtis Fuller**, baritone saxophonist **Charles Davis**, bassist **Larry Ridley** and drummer **Billy Hart**, played three nights for the C.O.C.P. Social Club in Brooklyn, the last



This pretty young lady is **Lorraine Feather**, 19, daughter of **Leonard Feather** and an erstwhile **Down Beat** contributor (*The First Sound of Jazz; Music '66*). Miss Feather recently made her debut at the **Players' Theater** in New York City, singing, dancing and acting in *Walk Down Mah Street*, a topical revue well received by the critics.

weekend in July. The previous weekend, singer **Eddie Jefferson** did the same thing with **Dizzy Reece**, trumpet; **Milt Seely**, piano; **Steve Davis**, bass, and **J.C. Moses**, drums. Reece had been playing at La Boheme (which now serves hard stuff as well as wine and beer) with Russian expatriate bassist **Igor Beruk** (he's dropped the "shtis") and drummer **Jimmy Lovelace**. Tenor saxophonist-flutist **Lew Tabackin** also subbed for Reece. Opposite this trio was French emigre pianist **Errol Parker** . . . Club "Jest Us" presented the **Milt Jackson Quintet** in late July at Studio "O" in Brooklyn . . . Saxophonists **Sam Rivers** and **Pharoah Sanders** each did Saturday afternoons at Slugs' . . . **Earl Hines** and his quartet played for the **Hartford Jazz Society** . . . Meanwhile, in Woodstock, N.Y., guitarist **Michael Berardi** continues to head up musical events at Group 212, a non-profit, multi-media workshop and school. In July, Berardi and drummer **Sunny Murray** fronted the **Acoustical Swing Unit** at Group 212 with **Earl** and **Jack Cross**, trumpets; **Alan Silva**, electric cello, and **Juma**, bass; and a group consisting of Berardi, **Earl Cross**, **Juma** and pianist **Burton Green** played compositions of the last three named. At the **Little Theatre** in Woodstock, a concert was given by the **Noah Howard Ensemble**, while **Roswell Rudd's Primordial Jazz Octet** appeared at the **Woodstock Playhouse**. With saxist **Howard** were **Rick Colbeck** and **Earl Cross**, trumpets; **Leslie Waldron**, piano; **Steve Tintweiss** and



THE NOVELIST AND THE HORNMAN

Bystander

By **MARTIN WILLIAMS**

I'M GOING TO say something about the character of a great jazz saxophonist, **Sonny Rollins**. In order to say it I must put it in a context and make a comparison. In doing so, it may seem that I am discussing politics, but I am not. One other thing may help to make this clear: the fact that I am opposed to America's involvement in Vietnam is a matter of public record.

I recently attended a showing of two documentary films intended for television. Both were the work of a young British film-maker named **Dick Fontaine**. One of them was on novelist **Norman Mailer**. The other was on **Rollins**.

The Mailer film covered the events that Mailer deals with in his recent book *Armies of the Night*. That is, with Mailer's personal protest against the military, and particularly against the Vietnam war.

We saw Mailer march toward the Pentagon, Mailer making statements and deliberately getting himself arrested, Mailer making further statements upon his re-

lease, Mailer cruising Washington in an open car and commenting on the soldiers in the streets as they passed. And so forth. Then, in a final scene, we saw Mailer on the *Merv Griffin Show*, explaining and expounding his actions; denouncing and pronouncing for the TV audience.

Fontaine handled that last scene with particular skill. He photographed Mailer on TV as picked up on a set in a midtown Manhattan bar, so that one got a double image of Mailer's appearance plus the responses of the habitués and barflies to what he said and how he said it. At one point, an angry citizen turned the TV set off. But other equally angry citizens saw to it that the set was immediately turned back on.

In describing the war, Mailer chose the word that is frequently hurled at his recent writings: he called it obscene. So it may be. But the impression that emerged from this film was that **Norman Mailer** was obscene. He was snobbish, arrogant, sneering, self-righteous, self-congratulatory, smirking, patronizing, boorish. In short, he was himself all the things that he professes to abhor and fear in American foreign policy.

And then **Sonny Rollins**. We saw Rollins playing on his favorite East River bridge; Rollins at home talking about working in nightclubs, about how his listeners expect it of him and yet how difficult he finds it; Rollins visiting drummer **Charles Moffett's** music class at a Harlem school and playing in the band beside a young saxophonist who was

beautifully moved by the experience—as was **Rollins**; Rollins strolling through the autumn woods and playing his horn.

Rollins, for the length of **Fontaine's** film, was a man of much dignity and beauty. That dignity was not based on innocence or delusion about the world he lives in, nor his position in it. There was a sentence delivered toward the end, as **Rollins** stood at the end of a pier looking out at the ocean that began, "If it is true that America is measuring black people for the gas ovens. . . ."

Nor was **Rollins's** dignity based on any innocent delusions about himself. On the contrary, **Rollins's** dignity comes from his pursuit of the truth about himself, which is of course the only source that dignity such as his can have.

Sonny Rollins is a man and an individual. He did not, in this film, blame others or blame the world for faults or shortcomings that are his own. And because **Rollins** knows about the faults and shortcomings that are his own, he also knows a lot about the virtues and the beauties and the generousities that are his own.

As **Rollins** pursues self-knowledge, he follows, I believe, the highest calling that any man can have and, yes, the only hope of the world.

In any case, I would guess that there are few evils abroad in the world that **Sonny Rollins** would make worse by contaminating them with his own.

Dick Fontaine's **Rollins** film was made for **National Educational Television**. Watch for it.



Ira Gitler's JAFF-IN



DON SCHLITTEN

"Verry in-terr-estling—but foolish."

If Nina Simone married Mongo Santamaria she would be Nina Santamaria
 If Kim Novak married Tiny Tim she would be Kim Tim
 If Eartha Kitt married Sonny Stitt she would be Eartha Kitt Stitt
 If Ann Sterling married Horace Silver she would be Ann Sterling Silver
 If Conrad Janis married Janis Joplin and Janis Ian, they'd both be Janis Janis and he would be a bigan:ist
 If Blossom Dearie married Timothy Leary she would be Blossom Dearie Leary
 If Ginny Byrd married Mortimer Snerd she would be Ginny Byrd Snerd
 If Mama Cass married Joe Pass she would be Mama Cass Pass



"Soak it to me"

If Jackie Cain married Roy Kral she still would be Jackie Cain
 If Roberta Peck married Joe Beck she would be Roberta Peck Beck

If Mavis Rivers married Sam Rivers there would be a flood
 If Zsa Zsa Gabor married Gabor Szabo she would be Zsa Zsa Szabo or he might be Gabor Gabor
 If Vi Redd married Leonard Feather she would be Vi Redd Feather, but if he married Feather Johnston she'd be Feather Feather



DRAWINGS/MARY JO SCHWALBACH

I have a friend who is so square he thinks:
 Saketumi is the name of a Japanese rock musician
 Ed Beach is a bathing resort
 Orrin Keepnews is a censorship bureau
 Socket Toomey is an Irish electric rock band
 Albert Heath is a Scottish moor
 Socker Tumi is an Italian middleweight
 Fluouristan is a province in India where the sitar players have 30% fewer cavities
 Cy Touff is a neighborhood bully
 Fender basses are made out of old auto bodies
 Buddy Rich is a wealthy friend
 Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen is a Danish vocal quartet
 Milford Graves is a Civil War burial ground.

Juma, basses; Robert Kapp, drums; and Berardi. With Rudd were Charles Davis and Ramon Morris, saxophones; Perry Robinson, clarinet; Louis Worrell and Richard Younstein, basses; Marvin Patisillo, drums; and Susan Elrauch, voice. Leader Rudd played French horn and piano as well as trombone . . . Eubie Blake, Maxine Sullivan, Al Hibbler, Cliff Jackson, Bobby Hackett and the Saints & Sinners were among the participants in a memorial program for George Wettling at the Riverboat . . . The Pazant Brothers brought their brand of "soul" music to the Jazz in the Garden series at the Museum of Modern Art. Eddie Pazant played alto and baritone saxophones while brother Alvin blew fluegelhorn and trumpet with Selwyn Wheeler, trombone; Thomas Hollins, tenor saxophone; Charles Hudson and Harry Jensen, guitars; Ralph Carpenter, bass, and Bobby Bedney, drums . . . *Record Notes:* Drummer Grady Tate has recorded a vocal album for Skye called *Windmills of My Mind*. The album is part of Skye's "Discovery Series." Conga drummer Armando Peraza, currently with Cal Tjader, also is represented in the series with an album entitled *Wild Thing*.

Los Angeles: Anita O'Day is on a two-month tour of Japan and Southeast Asia, backed by Wayne Phillips' combo . . . Joe Pass' recent three-week gig at the Hong Kong Bar made him the most bleary-eyed member of the "bloodshot brigade" that furnishes the music for *Good Day, L.A.*, a 90-minute live show seen every morning over KABC-TV, starting at 7 a.m. Fronting the group is drummer Roger Pearsall, with Mike Wofford, piano; Pass, and Whitey Hoggan, bass. Pass led a trio at the Hong Kong Bar (Monte Budwig, bass; Frank Severino, drums) which, fortunately, got through at 1 a.m. The headlining group, the Jonah Jones Quintet (Andre Persiany, piano; Jerome Darr, guitar; John Brown, bass; and Solomon Hall, drums) played the last set. But by 6 a.m., Pass had to be at the station to rehearse with the singers and other acts that appear on the show. In spite of the ungodly hour, *Good Day, L.A.* has had its share of alert guests: The Four Freshmen, Sam Fletcher, Jack Sheldon, Hampton Hawes, Sylvia Syms, Teddy Buckner and his Dixieland combo, Paul Desmond and Mavis Rivers . . . Vi Redd filled a gap on just two days notice and found herself on a 10-day tour of Antibes, Majorca, Sweden, Denmark and North Africa as vocalist with the Count Basie Band. She was due to return in early August for her own Lighthouse gig, fronting Joe Sample, piano; Bill Plummer, bass; and Stix Hooper, drums. Miss Redd's father, drummer-vocalist Alton Redd, is now in charge of the Young Men From New Orleans—the traditional combo that plays regularly on the Disneyland riverboat. Another Alton, Alton Purnell, succeeded the late Harvey Brooks, who used to lead the group, on piano . . . O.C. Smith's three-week stay at the Hong Kong Bar was one of the most successful of his career, which is now zooming. While in England recently, the

(Continued on page 39)

NEWPORT ROUNDUP

By Dan Morgenstern and Ira Gitler

Photographs by Joseph L. Johnson

GITLER:

WHEN YOU HAVE been at as many Newport Jazz Festivals as I have—and I've missed only three—you have to guard against a blasé attitude. You also have to take into account that you may have heard some groups several times during the preceding months while most of the festival audience is hearing them live for the first and only time all year. Thus what impresses them may not move you, but you should be able to understand why. On the other hand, familiarity with a musician's recent work can be a valuable touchstone in evaluating a performance. Some artists do their best on record; others in clubs; still others at festivals or concerts.

Newport '68 was, as usual, a mixture of the good, the bad, and the ugly. Of the events that I officially covered (I audited most of the goings on even when I wasn't on assignment), Saturday afternoon had more concentrated "good" than any other program. It opened in a sunny, airy manner that suited the balmy weather with the Latin jazz of the casually attired (black slacks and white shirts) septet of conga drummer Montego Joe.

Rounding out the effective percussion section were Sonny Morgan on bongos and Ralph Dorsey on jazz drums. Herb Bushler, electric bass, and Eddie Diehl, guitar, took care of the string section, with trumpeter Eddie Preston and saxophonist Bobby Brown as the front line. Bushler contributed a pretty Latin original entitled *King Dikas*, and Brown, Preston and Diehl handled the solos with an ease that balanced the ensembles well. Brown was especially effective. His tenor was funky when it had to be, turning lovely in the right places and always harmonically interesting.

(Latin was also represented by Mongo Santamaria's outfit on Thursday night, but it was more Latin rock than Latin jazz, if you want to get categorical. The most interesting thing happening was the flute work of Hubert Laws.)

Everyone was nicely primed when Tal Farlow walked on stage with Johnny Knapp, piano; Junie Booth, bass, and Mousey Alexander, drums. The Lincolnesque guitarist, whose lone major public appearance of the last 10 years at the Frammis Club in New York in December had stirred up local guitarists to a fine froth, was a surprise to the young, intently-digging listeners and made them rise to their feet in applause several times. Much of the noise was also being made for Knapp, whose churning, boiling, two-fisted attack (shades of the late Eddie Costa and the forgotten Johnny Williams) get to your viscera.

Summertime had the kind of loose-limbed swing that Farlow rides so fleetly. *My Romance* spotlighted an unaccom-

panied segment by Tal in which he chorded gorgeously. A blues with an Eastern flavor was followed by a rousing, beat-biting version of Horace Silver's *The Preacher* that really had some of that old-time religion. Farlow and Knapp got into some counterpoint that was liquid mercury. Before the group was allowed to leave they had to oblige with an encore, a way-up *Fascinatin' Rhythm*. If I don't single out Booth and Alexander for individual praise, let it be said that such a performance cannot be achieved without a total group effort of the highest caliber.

With his first Newport performance, Farlow re-established himself with a segment of the jazz-public-at-large as one of the great practitioners of his popular instrument. Someone should now record him and let the rest of the people out there in on the fun.

Two of Farlow's most avid listeners were fellow guitarists Jim Hall and Barney Kessel, the latter having delayed his return to California just to hear Tal. Both these men had played on the opening evening of the festival, backed by bassist Vic Gaskin and drummer Roy McCurdy of Cannonball Adderley's rhythm section. Hall first essayed a tender *My Funny Valentine* and then swung *Up, Up and Away*. He is a highly sensitive artist whose subtle delivery is worth reaching out for.

Kessel, for all his harmonic and technical sophistication, is still fundamentally a funky-butt Oklahoma guitar picker. He scored with *On Green Dolphin Street* and a raunchy blues before Hall joined him in a broiling bossa duet on *Manha de Carnaval*.

But back to Saturday afternoon. Farlow was very hard to follow, but the next man up had waited a long time for his day in the Newport sun. With a rhythm section he hadn't even rehearsed with—Booth, Alexander, and pianist Billy Taylor—alto saxist Sonny Criss electrified the crowd. Coming on the heels of Farlow's set, his efforts served only to compound the excitement. The audience did not begin to approach any of the evening throngs in size, but the impact of their response was the emotional highpoint of the festival.

Criss, who likes to sit on a high stool when he plays, started tentatively with *Green Dolphin Street*. To paraphrase *It Never Entered My Mind*, he was uneasy in his easy chair. By the time the number ended, however, he had started to relax and the warm welcome from the assembly furthered this feeling. *Willow Weep For Me* may not be a blues, structurally speaking, but it really is the blues, especially the way Criss cried it. This was a galvanizing performance, paced with the dynamics and dramatics of a master. At the conclusion of a particularly heartfelt coda, the audience acclaimed him as it had Far-



Roland Kirk



Sonny Criss

low by rising as one.

Criss' terrible swift sword of a saxophone ripped ever upward and onward on *Sonny Moon For Two*, a tune by another Sonny—Rollins. Taylor's relaxed, two-handed drive was especially buoyant as Booth walked him along. (Billy seems to always play his best with the boppers. Well, he too came up on 52nd Street.)

Criss topped off the set with Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays*, spitting fire from his horn. Bird lives in many forms. One of the most rewarding is Criss' artistic combination of musicianship and passion.

Two of the all-time alto saxophone greats were next in what promised to be a Newport special: Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges backed by Duke Ellington and Duke's rhythm section—bassist Jeff Castleman and drummer Speedy Jones. The horns joined on the opening *Satin Doll*, with Carter his usual suave, serene self. Ellington soloed on 'A' *Train* before the horns stated the melody. A Castleman feature followed in which the 22-year-old showed that he is a worthy addition to an illustrious line of Ellington bassists. Especially impressive to this listener was his tone. This aspect of playing is often not well developed until a musician gets a bit older. Castleman has a bright future.

The spotlight then switched to Hodges who "sang" *Passion Flower* as only he can, replete with the descending moan that can ice your ventricles. *Things Ain't What They Used To Be* demonstrated that the Rabbit can swing as well as play pretty, a fact that some people tended to forget at one time. But these were hardly fresh choices for the occasion.

Meanwhile Carter, who had come all the way from California for his first Newport appearance, just stood around. Finally, Ellington gave him a piece of manuscript with a sketch for a new number—the name escapes me—that Duke's small unit had been playing recently at the Rainbow Grill. Carter's sound was like creme de menthe, but the spirit wasn't there as it should have been. Reliable reports from backstage had it that Carter was very unhappy with the way the set had been handled. It would have been appropriate to play one or two Carter compositions such as *When Lights Are Low* or *Blues in My Heart*, or at least to have had him share *Passion Flower* with Hodges, as he did at last year's *Jazz at the Philharmonic*. This cavalier treatment of such a distinguished musician was shameful. But Ellington had certainly shown no grace the night before to Charlie Barnet.

Saturday afternoon's alto contingent was nicely rounded off by Sadao Watanabe, backed by Taylor, Castleman and Jones. The Japanese musician has improved tremendously in the years since I first heard him, when he was still a Berklee student. Watanabe can bop a while, with a mellow sound. He paid homage to Charlie Parker with *Au Privave* and the seldom-done *Red Cross*. Where was Tiny Grimes?

Thursday evening, in addition to presenting Santamaria, Hall and Kessel, provided a forum for Cannonball Adderley, Gary Burton and Nina Simone. Adderley's group has really become showbiz. Their

/Continued on page 35

MORGENSTERN:

FROM THE STANDPOINT of attendance, Newport's 15th (my 12th) was the most successful year in the festival's history.

From other standpoints, it was perhaps not the best of Newports, but far from the worst, and even its failures seemed honorable. It was definitely one of the best organized events ever staged here. The sound system was much improved, but a course in microphone placement would have helped, especially when it came to big bands.

And there were plenty of big bands. All of Friday night was devoted to this seemingly indestructible jazz element. Count Basie's crew kicked off the "Schlitz Salute to Big Bands," and all that followed the Count, his men, and his very special guest was anticlimax.

To say that the band was in shape would be understatement. It has been called a swing machine, but no mechanics were in evidence. The band's new drummer, Chicagoan Harold Jones, is definitely a find. He has drive, precision, and a big and supple beat. He was a joy to hear, and has given the band new wings.

After roaring through a brace of numbers (with no bows to nostalgia) featuring such soloists as tenorman Lockjaw Davis, vocalist-trombonist Richard Boone, trumpeter Oscar Brashear, and flutist Eric Dixon with a cohesion, ensemble brilliance and momentum that outclassed all competition at the festival, Basie brought on the evening's first special guest.

This was Joe Thomas, one-time tenor star of the Jimmie Lunceford Band, and now a well-established mortician in Kansas City. Though he rarely plays these days, his swooping entrance on *Cheatin' on Me* showed no trace of rust. He proved that "jump" tenor of the classic school, with that big sound and flat-footed swing, still can sound good in expert hands.

Thomas sang this number, too, in the relaxed, almost casual but perfectly timed manner of Lunceford's "hot" vocalists. The band backed him splendidly, with just the right tempo, but there was more for it to do on Thomas' encore, *For Dancers Only*. The vintage Sy Oliver chart, adapted slightly to give the tenor part more prominence, wore its 30 years with swinging grace, and was further enhanced by an Al Aarons trumpet solo that was a gem of stylistic faithfulness, without a trace of the condescension so often associated with jazz recreations.

After this slam-bang opener, there was some tedious nonsense involving emcee Andre Baruch (who never had much to do with jazz even when radio and Swing were kings) and a juvenile script by George Simon. Furnishing the musical backdrop for these antics was the valiant Woody Herman Herd, whose leader gave a lesson in gracious amiability.

Woody and Co. had the thankless task of impersonating Benny Goodman (*Let's Dance* and *Don't Be That Way*—the latter an obtuse choice, since it was written for and introduced by the Chick Webb Band); Tommy Dorsey (*Gettin' Sentimental* and *Marie*, with a vocal by Jack Leonard—not the comedian, but Sinatra's predecessor with T.D., poised and amazingly youthful

—and Bunny Berigan's famous solo scored for the entire trumpet section, undermined and unannounced by Baruch); a Jimmy Dorsey medley featuring Bob Eberle (embarassing, but apparently of appeal to middle-aged ladies in the audience); Glenn Miller (*In The Mood*—what else?), and, finally, Artie Shaw (*Nightmare* and *Summit Ridge Drive*, which at least gave Woody and the band a bit of a chance to stretch out).

The only prior jazz moment of note in this swamp of nostalgia was the brief appearance of Erskine Hawkins in *Tuxedo Junction* and *Tippin' In*. Hawkins had a fine band but was not a major trumpeter; in this setting, however, he generated swing and good spirits, appearing to have mellowed considerably as a player.

The history lesson mercifully concluded (a perfect example of how not to do it), Woody and his men had a few moments of their own. As usual, some new old faces were in the ranks: trombonist Bob Burgess, baritonist Ronnie Cuber, and tenorist Joe Alexander, all of whom did well. So did standby Sal Nistico, and Woody himself on the lovely soprano feature, *Free Again*. (The title was appropriate.) New drummer Ed Soph, a North Texas State product, wasn't quite at home with the Swing era, but worked hard for the band.

Next up was Duke Ellington, who was supposed to play host to Charlie Barnet, with whom the band had duly rehearsed



PHOTOS: TOP: JOE VENUTI;
BOTTOM: RAY CHARLES

for several days. However, the host did not appear to perform the introduction. Thus, Barnet had to walk on cold and pass the time while his extra men (Clark Terry, Nat Pierce, and drummer Steve Little) scuffled to find their places on the stand. It was the first of several puzzling non-gracious gestures made by Mr. Ellington in the course of the festival.

Barnet, looking like a millionaire should, led the band through a medley including *Cherokee*, *Skyliner*, *East Side-West Side*, and a riff-laden *Smiles*. I've always liked Barnet and his bands, and the old charts sounded fine—if even more Ellington-flavored than customary.

Barnet played some nice alto and soprano (the latter especially good on section lead), but no tenor—the instrument he was most closely identified with. He concluded his set with a peppy Bill Holman original, *Introduction to an Ending*, written for his last regular band in 1964.

Duke at last made his entry, assuring Barnet that he loved him madly. He then led his band through a routine set, made somewhat less so by the recent departure from the reed section of Jimmy Hamilton (replaced by Harold Ashby) and the temporary addition to the ranks of trumpeter Harold (Money) Johnson, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland, and second drummer Dick Wilson. (Sam Woodyard, once again, was out; Rufus Jones was back in.)

There were *A Train*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Passion Flower*, and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*—standard fare of no great impact on an audience such as this. A little more fresh were Russell Procope's fine clarinet feature, *Swamp Goo*; Paul Gonsalves' *Up Jump*; and Cat Anderson's melodramatic *Salome* (during which Duke upstaged him by posing with a trumpet while Cat played fluegelhorn and vice versa). As every Ellington follower had instantly feared when spotting the second drummer, a drum battle concluded the set.

Ellington also played the following afternoon, as reported by Ira Gitler. The moody maestro appeared again that night at the helm of the full band, offering a third *A Train*, a third *Things Ain't*, the famous medley of *The Mooche*, *Creole Love Call*, *Black and Tan Fantasy*, and *Mood Indigo*; *La Plus Belle Africaine*; a rousing *Rockin' In Rhythm*; and a pretty *Star-Crossed Lovers* (for Johnny Hodges). In a manner of speaking, the highlight of the set was a Paul Gonsalves feature, *Body and Soul*, which opened with lovely slow tenor, then doubled the tempo for what seemed an endless series of choruses obviously designed to penalize Gonsalves for some infraction—perhaps for having upstaged the maestro during his introduction with some Stan Laurel antics.

If Ellington often made his sincerest admirers flinch, he made up for it with a remarkable non-musical performance, concluding what will go down in history as one of Newport's most unforgettable moments.

This was the Joan Crawford episode. Miss Crawford, as you no doubt know, is one of the directors of the Pepsi-Cola Co., and it was in this role that she made her Newport jazz debut. Glamorous (though I don't think red hair suits her) but ob-

viously nervous, she took to the podium after a brief introduction by George Wein, to read a fatuous canned speech, rife with clichés about jazz and its contributions to American culture.

Midway, she stopped short. "Shut up!" she yelled, suddenly finding her voice, eyes blazing, "you just shut up!" adding some remarks about the audience's manners. It was a fine moment, reminiscent of a scene from *Mildred Pierce*. Apparently, she was upset by a heckler whom few others could hear, and perhaps by the inevitable hum produced by a huge outdoor crowd. (In fact, the crowd was much quieter and more attentive than customary.)

Miss Crawford finished her speech,



Joan Crawford and Duke Ellington

which revealed itself to be an introduction to Ellington, in a shaky voice, and as she stepped down to the stage, appeared on the verge of losing her composure once again.

But there was Duke, resplendent and beaming, to help her down the steps. He swept her towards center stage, telling her that she was gracious and charming and that he loved her madly. He then kissed her twice on each cheek, and waltzed her off into the wings. It was a superb rescue operation, carried out by a complete professional.

The Big Band Night (remember?) ended with an uninspired set by a mediocre band assembled for Dizzy Gillespie. Only Dizzy himself, an occasional assistance from James Moody, and a visit by Benny Carter redeemed the tedium created by Gil Fuller's stodgy arrangements and an under-rehearsed band. Art Blakey, making a surprise appearance as second drummer, seemed to be waiting for something to do, but the opportunity did not arise.

He did, however, back Carter on a with-rhythm section-only *I Can't Get Started*. It was a lovely, lyrical and elegant excursion by a master saxophonist, and the

only memorable moment of the set. Carter also played well on his own *Doozy*, a fast blues, the band getting in a few licks, including a competent tenor solo by Buddy Terry. Diz himself shone on *Con Alma*, but would have been much better off with some samples from his old band books.

The afternoon which had preceded this mixed bag of a night saw Dizzy in much better company—at the helm of his quintet, with guest star Vi Redd. The quintet rendered *Kush* and *Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac*, replete with comedy routines and gorgeous playing by the leader and Moody; and then Miss Redd, who sings and plays alto sax, joined in for some impromptu, unrehearsed blues, which hit a good if rather messy groove.

Miss Redd sings most pleasantly, and, as she demonstrated on *Lover Man*, plays excellent, Parker-inspired alto. To say she plays well for a woman would be patronizing—she'd get a lot of cats in trouble. She followed with *On A Clear Day* (graced by a short but wondrous Dizzy solo spot) and wrapped up her sprightly interlude with *This Little Light of Mine*.

The program had opened with an overly long set by Rufus Harley, the bagpipe man. Harley does play this odd instrument very well, as he demonstrated on Wes Montgomery's *Windy*, dedicated to the guitarist's memory. But his excursions on tenor and soprano saxophones were not much more than mediocre on the former and consistently flat on the latter.

Archie Shepp made a brief, surrealistic appearance with a quintet including tubaist Howard Johnson, bassist Wilbur Ware (!), trombonist Grachan Moncur, drummer Leroy Anderson, and percussionist Mohammad Ali (brother of Rashied Ali). The group began with a promising bebop riff, segueing into a Moncur solo with J. J. Johnson aspects. But soon the music turned into a backdrop for poet Leroy Bibbs, whose apparently impassioned recital was rendered incomprehensible due to the only occasional contact between his voice and the microphone. He gestured grandly, swaying to and fro, his words lost to the wind. That single number was all for Archie, and off he went, followed by a few scattered and bewildered shouts of "more."

By far the best music of the afternoon was provided by a group that is heir to the true spirit of the avant garde—the new Elvin Jones Trio, with Joe Farrell (tenor, soprano, and flute) and Jimmy Garrison (bass).

These three played as one, and what they played was fresh and full of life and spirit and surprise. They did *Jim's Tune*, a rouser with Farrell on soprano (which he handles in his own way); *Risa*, which brought a standing ovation for Jimmy Garrison's fantastic solo, and also had Joe on tenor in fascinating exchanges with Elvin; *Flute Joe*, with Farrell on guess what, and some amazing arco playing from Garrison (he is always in tune, and what a sound he gets), and, for a grand finale, *Keiko's Birthday March*, with an inventive, completely musical solo by the leader which brought everybody, including the most confirmed sunbathers, to their feet. A splendid set by a splendid group. Watch

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Art Is Craft: an interview with lyricist-novelist Gene Lees

By Don DeMicheal

THE SUBJECT was the history of American popular music, and Gene Lees was doing the talking. He was about to take off.

After dismissing George M. Cohan as a "raging Jingoist" and "undistinguished songwriter" who gained popularity because his songs reflected the Manifest Destiny and imperialism of Teddy Roosevelt and thus "touched the core of vast optimism of America in the pre-World War I period," Lees began to recite the lyrics of a song by the man he considers the finest early song writer, Paul Dresser:

*They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal.
With a heart that was mellow,
An all-round good fellow
was my gal Sal. . . .
She was always willing to share
Every trouble, sorrow, and care;
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
was my gal Sal.*

"That's an affectionate portrait of a tart!"

Gene Lees was now in full flight.

LEES HAS BEEN COMING up with the unexpected, unqualified statement—which usually succeeds in shocking or infuriating his listeners or readers, depending on which podium he happens to have mounted—at least since 1955, when he left his native Canada to take a post as drama critic at the Louisville, Ky., *Times*. Shortly after his arrival, he expanded his journalistic duties to include music criticism. He promptly turned off at least half the members of the Louisville Orchestra—the darlings of the city—with his straight-ahead reviews of its concerts.

Besides his love of concert music, Lees also harbored a deep interest in the art of popular music, particularly the standard repertoire and jazz. He became a familiar figure on the small Louisville jazz scene. The jazzers either held him in high regard (mainly because he might be able to do something for them) or despised him (for his uncompromising statements about the art, or because he didn't do anything for them).

Indeed, he could be overbearing when cornered, but he also occasionally showed flashes of that large store of talent he has—and the insecurity (and loneliness) that go with that particular kind of hell.

In 1958, Lees' writing for the *Times* won him a Reid Fellowship, a singular honor in the newspaper world, and a year in Europe. Soon after he returned from the sabbatical, he became managing editor (later editor) of *Down Beat*.

His sometimes barbed, bald statements, particularly those dealing with art and craft, served as a breath-freshener for the magazine, but they also caused a lot of musicians and critics to take a great and almost instant dislike to him. He gloried in the controversy and continued to hone his style on the hides of such men as

Mitch Miller, Thelonious Monk and Nat Hentoff, as well as on the commercial sides of rock 'n' roll and disc jockeys.

Lees was also very tough on singers, for they constituted his bailiwick—he not only had long studied popular songs and those who sang them but was also a good, if unpolished, singer himself.

He left the magazine in the summer of 1961 to become a professional singer (a desire that continues to surface periodically). But things did not turn out the way he expected. After a couple of unspectacular engagements, he signed on as manager of a U.S. State Department tour by the Paul Winter Sextet. After six months spent flying around Latin America, Lees and the group returned. Winter wrung a spate of good fortune from the tour (a White House concert, a record contract, a few tours of the night club and concert circuits) and faded from sight.

Lees went back to magazine writing, but he also occupied himself with a music he'd run across in Brazil—bossa nova. He turned his hand to writing lyrics. With the coming of the bossa nova wave to this country, Lees was a couple steps ahead of most other people, and he renewed his friendships with two of the most important Brazilian bossa nova musicians, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Joao Gilberto.

When Jobim's *Corcovado* was Anglified to *Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars* and gained popularity in the United States, it was graced with an English lyric by Lees. And that was the beginning of Gene Lees' career as a major lyric writer.

In addition to Jobim, his collaborators have included Bill Evans, Lalo Schifrin, Charles Aznavour and Jeff Davis. He has worked closely with Gerry Mulligan on several projects and expects eventually to write a Broadway musical with the baritone saxophonist.

Lees still writes prose—one published novel, short stories (one will be made into a movie), magazine articles, and music criticism (he's pop-music editor of *High Fidelity*)—but it is as a lyricist that he has made his greatest mark.

THROUGHOUT HIS rapidly shifting career, Lees has remained Lees. He talks a lot, but he knows a lot. He's still given to flat, one-sentence summary dismissals, but he always supports his condemnations with solid reasoning. He continues to see craft as the salvation of art, and he backs his contention with accomplishment.

Lees probably sees himself as a continuation of the tradition of sophisticated American popular music. Certainly he knows that tradition and has spent much time analyzing it and learning from it. (He claims to know the words to 5,000 songs.)

"The first great songwriter was Paul Dresser," he said. "His lyrics were highly literate and anticipate the sophistication of Cole Porter. Dresser was [novelist] Theo-

dore Dreiser's brother, and Dreiser had a compulsion to be a great novelist because his brother was such a big-shot show-business success—it was an ego drive to equal his brother Paul's fame."

But the real shakeup in American popular music, according to Lees, came in 1911, when Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* was published and singlehandedly ended the period of "dripping sentimentality" American popular music was going through at the time. ("These cycles of antiromanticism come and they go. With rock 'n' roll, we're now in a cycle of antiromanticism, but it's ending, as Jim Webb's very fine little song, *Up, Up and Away*, indicates.")

Lees pointed out that *Alexander's Rag-*



GIUSEPPE G. PINO

time Band set off a craze for the foxtrot, which was a dance easy for "lead-footed idiots" to do, and that this craze eventually led to the rise of night clubs. ("Irving Berlin virtually created the night club in America.")

"The remarkable thing about Berlin's music," Lees continued, "is that it keeps changing as it goes. All this stuff about somebody else composing his music—I don't believe that for a minute. For if you examine his stuff in order, which I have, you'll find that it's gone through an evolutionary process. He had an uncanny ability to stay up with the harmonic changes of the time, despite the fact that he can't read music."

The impact of *Alexander's Ragtime Band* notwithstanding, American popular music before World War I was still under a heavy Viennese influence, as embodied in the music of Sigmund Romberg, Rudolf Friml, and Victor Herbert, according to Lees.

How, then, did American pop music lose this Viennese accent and become American?

"Jerome Kern is the transition," Lees replied. "He had that sweet, lovely melodic sense that is a touch Viennese, but harmonically, he was very hip. He was a highly skilled and educated composer. He knew what he was doing. He's the crossover to a genuinely American music. He certainly has a foot in each camp—and that's what makes his music so exquisite. He's my favorite composer of popular music. Kern—and George Gershwin—wrote better than any of them."

"Gershwin finished the step Kern began. He idolized Kern, and the melodic contour, that marvelously plastic unity of Gershwin's melodies, has roots in Kern. I don't think Gershwin was harmonically more sophisticated than Kern, but his music has a more deeply American flavor to it. Kern's is sort of mid-Atlantic, neither European nor American—it's Kern. He was very special."

Lees holds that this sophistication continued to grow in American popular music through the late '30s and early '40s but then went into decline.

"I feel it continued to improve in execution right through the '50s, until rock 'n' roll hit, but declined in conception," he explained. "It has not again reached the heights of late Gershwin, late Berlin, late Kern, Harold Arlen, and specifically Cole Porter's *Begin the Beguine*, which is probably the greatest song written in America—the way that sort of builds operatically. What a piece of work that is."

Though Lees said he thinks lyrics were quite good by 1940, he feels they did not reach the heights of the compositions of that time:

"Lyrics went into a decadence and sentimentality with the war and post-war years. They are, however, going to reach a peak in about another four or five years."

Of all the lyricists produced by the golden age of popular composition, Johnny Mercer is, to Lees, the master of all. ("He's got more range than anybody and incredible technical command.")

Another favorite Lees lyricist is Tom

Adair, who wrote the words to several Matt Dennis songs. ("*Violets for Your Furs* is one of the finest pieces of poetry I've run into in this country.")

"My influences," Lees said, "are Mercer, Adair, Larry Hart, Charles Trenet, Vinicius de Moraes (he's a poet, playwright—wrote *Black Orpheus*) and Jobim."

Lees, as might be seen by his acknowledged influences, is split in his loyalties—half Latin, half American.

"I'm not an American lyricist, I'm a Canadian," he said. "I come from a bilingual country and for years have been interested in French lyrics. The lyric is treated far more seriously in France than it is in America and England."

He said he had been heavily influenced by Trenet's conception of telling a story in the lyric:

"I tend to break lyrics down to two kinds of structures—the Chekov songs and the O. Henry songs."

"Sometimes, as in *Quiet Nights*, I use the floating Chekov construction: it has the smallest possible surprise at the end. Other songs have lines you'd least expect—something hits you from out of left field, which is the O. Henry type of ending."

"The French have a concept of the song that is far ahead of what we're doing here. They make these rock people look like primitive amateurs—not only rock people, everybody. The content of the good French stuff is so ballsy, so meaty, so meaningful, so full of poetry . . . they think vocally."

"One of the things I'm trying to do is expand the scope of the popular song—extend it, not junk the old forms but enlarge them. I'm very interested in introducing these French elements and influences over here."

"I don't think, however, it's satisfactory to take foreign tunes and translate them, a lot of which I've done. A new kind of song has to be built in America, from the ground up."

AMONG THE structural elements of Lees' methods is the slow building of intensity—he likens it to crescendoing. But perhaps the most fascinating element is, for want of a better term, The Split Meaning. It is not unique to him, however.

"Many songs in Broadway shows," he said, "have one meaning in the show and another when they're sung outside. For instance, *I Believe in You*, sung outside the show, is a song chicks sing about a guy, but in the show the guy sings it to his own image in the mirror. In one place it's a charming love song; in the other it's a portrait of a man's egotism."

"Songwriters have been splitting this difference for years."

Probably none, however, has written a lyric that sounds at first like a melancholy love song but that, underneath, is about the death of God. Lees has done just that in one of his most recent songs, *Yesterday I Heard the Rain*, composed by A. Manzanero and recorded by Tony Bennett.*

Lees explained the lyric's duality:
*Yesterday I heard the Rain
Whispering your name,
Asking where you'd gone.*

"You can look at that as the loss of a chick or the loss of God."

*It fell softly from the clouds
On the silent crowds
As I wandered on.*

"To me, the feeling of crowds is that sense of being surrounded in the city with the impersonal. Silent crowds is kind of abstract. Crowds are noisy, but a silent crowd is a funny sort of image to me, a slightly disturbing one."

*Out of doorways, black umbrellas
came to pursue me;
Faceless people as they passed were
looking through me;
No one knew me.*

"The song took nine days to write [Lees has written a novel in seven], but that sequence of lines occurred to me in a flash. I recognized that they were paranoid symbolisms. I didn't know whether to use them, but then I thought, 'Yeah, most people have a touch of paranoia and those lines will move them without their really understanding why.' But it's more than paranoia; it's the utter impersonality of our times—faceless people looking through me—the guy in the song doesn't exist, and they don't exist. So it's meant to be nightmarish at that point, but from a structural standpoint, it's like a crescendo coming in the middle of a drum solo when you're not ready for it. So I had to back down and go to cooler images, to come out of that paranoia. So I went back to:

*Yesterday I shut my eyes,
Face up to the skies,
Drinking in the rain.
But your image was still there,
Floating in the air,
Brighter than a flame.*

"Several things occurred to me as I wrote that. One was the Sacred Heart of Jesus, with the flame burning; another was the burning bush; and oddly enough a painting of the crucifixion by Salvador Dali—in which the figure and the cross are hung in midair.

"'Brighter than a flame' is a false rhyme to 'rain.' I used two false rhymes in the song, but I had to live with them for the sake of the message. And 'brighter than a flame' is a cliché, but I left it in because of the Sacred Heart and because it's a hot image in the midst of an essentially grey picture."

"But then I was strapped. The lyric had become so intense that if I made it any more intense, I was in danger of falling into the bathetic. And I wanted to keep this detached tone so I wasn't committing myself to what the song was really about."

"Then I got it:
*Yesterday I saw a city
Full of Shadows without pity . . .*

"Though I didn't think of it at the time, I realize that line's related to the Song of Solomon, which is about a girl wandering around, rejected by her lover, and nobody gives a damn about her and her pain."

"Then I was home free:
*And I heard the steady rain
Whispering your name,
Whispering your name.*

"'Steady rain' has the sense of its driving down on you, a quality of the relent-

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COUNTRY JOE and the FISH: Improvisers

By Lowell Richards

ONE OF THE THINGS jazz and the new rock-pop music have in common, aside from the fact that a lot of it swings and some doesn't, is that there are groups whose popularity and musicianship are not always directly related.

Some bands are immensely popular and make important contributions to music; other units aren't quite as big in the eyes of the musicians as in those of the audiences. Then there are groups who are not at the top in terms of popularity, but have the undivided attention of other musicians.

Country Joe and the Fish is one of these latter groups; other musicians listen to them, and the very young rock groups copy their tunes along with those of the Stones, Doors, Airplane, etc.

We talked about this and other matters with Joe McDonald, leader of the five-man country-rock-blues band, when they visited Seattle to play several engagements. The other four were in the street playing football, so Joe had to be our main source. Since he grew his handlebar moustache, Joe resembles a young Mark Twain.

"One song per thing. We demand that no two songs sound alike." This is how Joe describes what the group is trying to do now, and this attitude reflects their concern for musicianship. Because they refuse to crystallize Country Joe and the Fish into an identifiable sound image, they have not moved to the top of the record sales charts; but they aren't unhappy with the good, healthy sale of 250,000 copies for each of their first two albums.

Among the tunes on these two albums (a third should be on the counters by this time), *Section 43* has become the most popular. Surprisingly, it is a long instrumental composition in four parts. There is some beautiful harmonica playing by Joe, who also plays one lead guitar solo, followed by first lead guitarist Barry Melton in his slashing, powerful style. But not even *Section 43* could be called a hit, and this is the way the group wants it.

"We don't want to play songs any more. We want to improvise. There is a different relation between people and a band that improvises than between people and a band that doesn't improvise," Joe explained.

One look at either album cover—*Electric Music for the Mind and Body* and *I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-To-Die*—shows that Country Joe and the Fish are five individuals. They don't dress alike; no manager tells them how to look, and the only "images" are personal ones.

Joe McDonald writes and sings most of their songs. He plays a somewhat classically-oriented style of guitar and some harmonica, and is the group's spiritual and musical leader. Twice last

year he left the band to do singles as a country folk singer, armed only with a 12-string guitar. But now they're back together—and *Together* is the title of their third Vanguard album, which, if a pre-auditioned tape is any indication, goes well beyond the first two.

Joe's songs extend from the acidly critical *Superbird* to the pensive and sad *Who Am I*. He is one of the best male singers in popular music, with a style that ranges from the lyric flow of Donovan all the way to hard, funky screaming.

Lead guitarist Barry Melton does the group's most down-to-earth singing and expresses himself on guitar with great vigor. He is a large, quiet man with a great bush of curly hair. Organist and third guitarist David Cohen also has doubled on steam calliope. Gary (Chicken) Hirsh is an able drummer who solos well in the jazz bag. Bruce Barthol is one of the best electric bassists extant, and also takes his full share of solo time.

The Fish came from Southern California, and Joe tells us that they range in age from 21 to 26, and "are all college drop-outs." In 1965, they went electric in Berkeley and rapidly became one of the more popular bands on the Bay Area scene. In 1967 they began to tour, playing Seattle and then New York, where they enjoyed a warm reception. They plan to make a Scandinavian tour late this summer.


"We're not a rock and roll band," Joe insisted when pressed about what the band was doing. Most of all they want to improvise. They are rather tired of repeating tunes from their records. "Those songs have lost all life," Joe said. In one long set at the Eagles in Seattle this spring, they jammed for an hour and a half, at the risk of doing things the audience wasn't set to hear, and also at the risk of not being "into it" all the way. But they want to take these risks very much. This is what they were doing in 1966, Joe told us, and

they were happiest then.

What makes Country Joe and the Fish a great pleasure to hear, at least for this writer, is their clear and original sound. Most bands of this type tend to sound fuzzy and muddy, and things don't always get heard. With the Fish, you can hear what everybody is doing. They can blast away, but confine the really loud outbursts to single sharp chords for emphasis; in between, there is funky country rock.

They are trying to branch out from the usual light-show concert and dance scene. At Duvall, near Seattle, they accompanied the Great Piano Drop, an outdoor happening in which a piano was cut loose from a helicopter in front of 2,000 spectators. Playing in the open air, they sounded their country best, playing for the benefit of two underground media, KRAB-FM and the *Helix* newspaper. In San Francisco early this year, they made a short film at the Kezar Stadium Peace March. It was an "experimental" film in the sense that it was entirely devoted to music, still a rarity in the avant garde motion picture world.

Joe McDonald began his musical career as a high school trombone player, pumping away on such things as "you know, *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *National Emblem March*, and so on." He says his musical influences include, but are not limited to J.J. Johnson, Dave Brubeck, Kid Ory, Julie London, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Harry Belafonte, Pete Seeger, Gilbert & Sullivan, and Earl Robinson.

Country Joe and the Fish are serious about what they do, yet can be thoroughly relaxed and humorous about it at the same time. There are several things on the new album that resemble nothing they've done before, such as a beautiful mickey-band put-on inviting white tourists to visit Harlem in the summer, with a surprise kicker on the end. This is one group that refuses to become stereotyped. 



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Don De Micheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Ralph Johnson, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bob Porter, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Carol Sloane, and Pete Welding.

Reviews are signed by the writers.

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

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

Elvin Jones-Richard Davis

HEAVY SOUNDS—Impulse 9160: *Raunchy Rita; Shiny Stockings; M.E.; Summertime; Elvin's Guitar Blues; Here's That Rainy Day.*

Personnel: Frank Foster, tenor sax; Billy Greene, piano; Davis, bass; Jones, drums, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This record is worth buying for the glorious bass-drums duet on *Summertime* alone: 11½ minutes of sensitivity, coherence, lyricism and virtuosity.

The rest of the album is uneven. There can be no possible question that Jones and Davis are among the two or three most influential and powerful voices on their respective instruments in jazz, and Davis is brilliant throughout the session. Jones, however, is strangely subdued, contenting himself for the most part with timekeeping—albeit highly electric timekeeping—and rarely letting the drums become an equal solo voice with the lead soloist, as is his customary practice when he is at his most effective.

Foster and Greene are both competent, but seldom exciting. Foster's best contributions are on *Rita*, but his solo goes on and on and on. He composed the piece, which is right out of the Horace Silver misterioso-soul bag, and he should have remembered that brevity is the wit of soul. Still, his ascent into the upper register after several choruses is logical and impressive, as is his change shortly thereafter from a strictly linear to a modified sheets-of-sound approach. Greene's entrance is also Silver-lined, a repeated, staccato minor blues chord; there is some brilliant slurred Davis behind Greene's third chorus, after which the bassist takes a firm, strong-toned, fleet solo with incredible rhythmic nuances sprinkled throughout. He moves impeccably into the out chorus.

Foster's surprise entrance during Davis' *Stockings* solo is also a nice moment, precipitating a provocative three-way conversation between bass, drums and tenor, during which Davis, with uncanny anticipation, moves into and away from Foster's lines. Foster's solo on *Rainy Day* is movingly pensive.

Jones displays his utter mastery of the brushes on *Stockings*. And then *Summertime*: Davis arco with Jones on mallets for the wrenching melody statement; Davis to pizzicato, Jones to brushes for Davis' solo—a singing, thumping, in-and-out-of-meter, now linear, now chorded excursion into the highest reaches of virile romanticism. Jones to mallets for a slowly building solo that reminds us who we have been dealing with all this quiet time: Superelvin. And in case we thought to get off easy after the intense solos, Davis reaches back for some bowed, screeching harmonics on the final melody statement and extends his grasp on our jugular into a free-form,

chattering, sliding exit, Jones making thunder next to and on top of him. All of this arco, then a plucked phrase, arco again with Jones crescendoing and shimmering, and a final, resonant plucked note bringing us home. Two voices as hundreds; two voices as one.

Never mind all the negative stuff above. Buy the record. You don't get 11 comparable minutes very often. —Heineman

Herbie Mann

WINDOWS OPENED—Atlantic 1507: *There Is A Mountain; If I Were A Carpenter; Paper Man; Footprints; By the Time I Get to Phoenix; Windows Opened.*

Personnel: Mann, flute; Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Sonny Sharrock, guitar; Miroslav Vitous, bass; Bruno Carr, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Another tasty, eminently listenable set of variations from Mann and crew, this album attractively combines three contemporary pop songs—*Mountain, Carpenter*, and *Phoenix*—with three solid jazz pieces: Charles Tolliver's *Paper Man*, Wayne Shorter's *Footprints*, and Roy Ayers' *Windows Opened*. The Mann combine attacks virtually all the pieces with equal gusto, elan, and devotion. There's little holding back, for example, on the pop tunes; they are given readings almost as strong, committed, and persuasive as the jazz vehicles.

The group develops a compelling degree of responsive interaction on *Paper Man*; it just barrels along, and the churning textures generated are most interesting. These five men have an impeccable rapport. An even more arresting performance is *Footprints*; from the beautiful arrangement of the theme through Mann's well-conceived set of variations, Ayers' deliberate and well-constructed vibes solo, Sharrock's brief guitar interlude, and Vitous' fine basswork to the theme's recapitulation. This is a fine performance, gentle and ruminative.

Not unexpectedly, composer Ayers shines on *Windows*, a vaguely Oriental-sounding piece. His approach to the vibes is lean and linear and he's seemingly his own man, having transcended any influences he might have had in the past. His playing does not seem rooted in that of any other vibes player, in fact, perhaps being closest to Mike Mainieri's fleet, avant-garde tinged approach to the instrument—but this similarity suggests itself only occasionally.

Mann contributes a fine statement in his usual (perhaps one should say taken-for-granted) fluid style. A nice performance of a tasty piece, the only flaw being Sharrock's excessive, mood-shattering guitar solo.

The weakest track in the set is the brief *Phoenix*, on which appear an unbilled

woodwind section and a vocal group which intones wordlessly in the background. This performance, obviously designed for radio play, probably derives from another set of recording sessions, and was included to pad out the side. It's merely inoffensive—and that's about the best one can say for it.

In all, however, a very tasty and well executed set of performances that bears repeated listening. The flutist is a master at skating blithely over the surfaces of melodies, creating mild eddies of interest behind him. This set is no exception to Mann's usual consistent level of performance and the selections here, while scarcely deathless, are appealing and enjoyable. A set, in short, that makes for good solid listening as well as generating that pleasant sonority that is the essence of tasteful "background" or "mood" jazz. Mann has done it again. —Welding

Gil Melle Jazz Electronauts

TOME VI—Verve V6-8744: *Blue Quasar; Elgin Marble; Man with the Flashlight; Jog Falls Spinning Song.*

Personnel: Melle, soprano sax, Tome VI, effects generator; Forrest Westbrook, piano, electric; Benfaral Matthews, bass, cello, envelope; Fred C. Stofflet, drums, doomsday machine.

Rating: ★

Like the early OJDB sides, this record may have great historical importance, but it is simply not very good music. In case you thought either that it was time to see your optometrist or that *Down Beat's* typesetter is on acid, be assured that the instrumentation above is accurate. From the description of the electronic instruments and music that Melle offers in the liner notes, one would think that listening to the album would be a whole new trip. Nope; a very old trip: fourth-rate Coltrane-ish quartet sounds, with the bulk of the electronic contributions in the nature of special effects—drone backgrounds, organized chaos at a supposedly climactic point, bleatings, etc.

Melle tells us, for instance, that Tome VI, an electronic system built into his soprano, can produce as many as five individual voices. Yet they are rarely heard; mostly, it's the conventional amplified sax sound with, perhaps, a loop echo, and that effect not used nearly as intelligently as by Don Ellis or Larry Coryell.

The musicians all seem relatively capable. Melle is the dulllest—his solos go absolutely nowhere. *Quasar* is chiefly Melle, 15 minutes long, and intolerably tedious. There is an electronic apogee in its midst, but—perhaps it's the nature of the beast—it builds only dynamically, and does not contribute to the structural elements of the piece.

Westbrook is a superior technician, but



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sounds crucified by his classical background. He never breaks free. Ditto Matthews, though he has a couple effective moments on *Quasar* and *Flashlight*. Stofflet is the closest to being at home in a jazz context, particularly free jazz.

It is possible, though doubtful, that the conventional jazz listener—more specifically, this reviewer—is just not equipped to deal with the newness of Melle's forms and instrumentation. More likely, Melle is not yet ready to communicate to the jazz listener—or any listener. —Heineman

Kid Ory

KID ORY LIVE—Vault 9006: *Ob, Didn't He Ramble?*; *Down Home Rag*; *South*; *Dipper Mouth*; *High Society Rag*; *Muskrat Ramble*; *Mahogany Hall Stomp*; *Do What Ory Say*; *My Gal Sal*; *Maryland*; *My Maryland*; *Eb*; *La Bas*; *Tiger Rag*.

Personnel: Andy Blakeney, trumpet; Ory, trombone; Joe Darensbourg, clarinet; Bud Scott, guitar, banjo; Buster Wilson, piano; Ed Garland, bass; Minor Hall, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This welcome, well-recorded album memorializes the zesty and exuberant New Orleans-based music of the band Ory put together in 1947 for a series of concert-dances organized by Jack Lewerke (then proprietor of Los Angeles' Record Shack and now a highly successful record distributor in that city) at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Santa Monica, Calif. The recordings were made at one of these affairs in 1948 by Dave Caughran and Cecil Charles Spiller, and the sound is remarkably clean and crisp, capturing well the drive and excitement of the band.

The band is the same as that heard on the *This Is Jazz* broadcast recordings made in mid-1947 and originally issued on the Circle label (later reissued on LP as Riverside 12-119). As Bill Pieper points out in his capable liner notes, the band assembled for this series of dances was more or less a casual, sometime unit. Most of the men were holding down "day" jobs—trumpeter Blakeney, for example, was a janitor in a Los Angeles school—and pursued music irregularly. Rehearsal time was sadly limited, so the bulk of the band's book consisted of New Orleans "standards" (though at the time these performances were recorded the pieces were not yet overworked and still retained more than a measure of freshness).

Expectedly, then, the band's performances are pretty rough, but they more than make up in spirit and enthusiasm for what they lack in polish. The rhythm section (particularly drummer Hall) generates a great deal of swaggering push that propels the performances along nicely. They developed a light yet strong "shuffle" rhythm attack that sat very well with the New Orleans-with-Swing-overtones approach favored by the front line: *Mahogany Hall* offers an especially good sampling of Hall's steady, propulsive stick work.

Despite their occasional raggedness, the ensembles are full of controlled fire and the textures are nearly perfect. Blakeney's trumpet work, while rarely attaining to any great levels of adventurousness, sparks the ensembles with just the right note of lifting drive and climax-building pyrotechnics. Apparently Blakeney was no grandstander, for he evidences a concern for

understatement throughout his playing on this set, though he could be properly brash when the tune called for it. He very carefully fashions his solos so that they build nicely, and his tone and use of color are extremely tasteful. An underrated trumpeter.

Ory is himself, which is to say full of swagger and musicality. He perfectly understood the role of the trombone in this music, and his playing here is an object lesson in both economy and exuberance. He just bowls this band along with his blustering, driving ensemble work, and his fills, riffs, and contrapuntal work behind the soloists are masterful and sensitive.

Darensbourg has his good moments, but generally speaking he is the least interesting of the three hornmen, a situation which might be explained by his poor health at the time.

All told, though, a fine and brisk celebration of the joys of New Orleans jazz. The band members seem to be enjoying themselves as much as the enthusiastic audience. The album may be ordered from Vault Records, 2525 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, CA. 90006. —Welding

Wally Richardson

SOUL GURU—Prestige 7569: *Senor Boogaloo*; *Elbow Blues*; *Monday Monday*; *Surf Side Shuffle*; *Soul Guru*; *Lonely Rider*; *Khyber Pass Boogaloo*; *Square Heels*, *White Stockings*.

Personnel: Tracks 2, 4, 8: Richardson, guitar; Ernest Hayes, piano; Jimmy Lewis, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums. Other tracks: Zane Zacharoff, bass clarinet; Richardson, guitar; Everett Barksdale, 12-string guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Orville Mason, electric bass; Donaldson, drums; Montego Joe, conga, Israeli drum.

Rating: ★★☆☆

A prominent fixture on the New York recording scene for the last 15 years,



guitarist Richardson is heard here in his first set as a leader. Unfortunately, however, the album is not very exciting. It's dull, in fact—the result of an overly restrictive album concept. The emphasis is on a strongly commercial, deliberately overt and unsubtle approach that attempts to combine contemporary "soul" styles and easy, swinging jazz. It just doesn't work—here, at least.

The chief trouble seems to be a lack of conviction in the leader's playing. He rarely gets *inside* these tunes to develop sufficient excitement and energy flow, qualities they sorely need, particularly in juxtaposition to the heavy, straight-ahead rhythm conception. Against this almost stolid kind of rhythm playing, a much more immediately exciting amplified sound is needed

—greater volume, more energy output, more *hysteria*, if you will. Richardson's whole approach here is out of kilter with that of the rhythm section—his attack too clean and deliberate, his guitar tone too thin and, most importantly, too *quiet*. And his improvising, while obviously well conceived and executed, just doesn't build to any great excitement. It's much too controlled; in fact, it sounds very much as though the guitarist is hanging back.

The only track that really comes off is *Lonely Rider*, and this simply because it alone of the eight selections hews to a more subtle, jazz-like approach. It's the most "natural" sounding of the performances in that Richardson's normal bent is followed all the way through—in the thematic materials, the sensitive supporting work of the sidemen, the supple jazz rhythm playing, and in the leader's thoughtful soloing. It's of a piece, unlike the balance of the selections.

Too bad; not even a *near* miss. While this set will not harm Richardson's reputation, it surely will not garner him any additional fans from either the rock, soul, or jazz sectors. Like too many other contrived sets, this album seeks to embrace too much territory and winds up covering none of them at all adequately. No real synthesis, either. —Welding

Walter Wanderley

FROM RIO WITH LOVE—Tower 5047: *Voce e Eu; Eu e o Rio; Labareda; Volto Ja; Eu Nao Tenho Onde Morar; Que Sabe Voce De Mim; Corcovado; O Poema Da Vida; Deixa Andar; A Mesma Rosa Amarela; So Vou De Mulher; A Nega Se Vingou.*

Personnel: Wanderley, organ; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★½

For enthusiasts of bossa nova, this appealing and unpretentious album on Capitol's Tower subsidiary will come as a nice surprise. Wanderley here hews to a "pop", extroverted approach rather than to the understated, introspective one that has been followed by most of the Brazilian b.n. musicians who have appeared and recorded in the U.S., so what we get in this charming set is an approach midway between the subtle, ruminative b.n. style and contemporary popular music. The recorded sound is very "hot", with the rhythm section prominently up front along with the leader's organ. And the selections are quite short, furthering the impression that these were recorded for single release. A vocal chorus, singing in Portuguese, appears on several of the tracks as well.

The arrangements are generally uncluttered, and quite imaginatively conceived to make maximum use of a small number of instruments. When horns are used, as they are on several pieces, they are employed with taste and sensitivity. There's absolutely nothing gratuitous or wasteful in this set at all. Dexterity and economy of expression are the twin principles upon which this music is based, and they are firmly annealed to a strong melodic sense.

This music has absolutely no pretensions and, despite—or perhaps because of—its pop intentions, is thoroughly ingratiating and wears well. If you are a b.n. fan, you'll doubtless dig this set; if your allegiance, however, is primarily to jazz you might find it less interesting.

The cover photograph—depicting a marvel of nature—is an utter gas! —Welding

Joe Zawinul

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD STREAM—Vortex 2002: *Baptismal; The Soul of a Village (Paris 1&2); The Fifth Canto; From Vienna with Love; Lord, Lord, Lord; A Concerto Retitled.*

Personnel: Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; William Fischer, tenor saxophone, arranger; Zawinul, piano; Selwart Clarke, Alfred Brown, Theodore Israel, violas; Kermit Moore, cello; Richard Davis, bass; Warren Smith, Freddie Waits, Roy McCurdy, percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Much care and thought has been put into this album. Zawinul and Fischer are both extremely gifted musicians, and appear to have an uncanny ability to under-

stand each other's creative processes and to complement one another.

Zawinul assigned all of the writing to Fischer, who also plays tenor saxophone on the album and composed all the music (except *Vienna*, written by Friederich Gulda). His music is melodic and imaginative, utilizing different colors and forms. The varying combinations of strings (cello and three violas), trumpet, saxophone, and rhythm section—plus prepared piano and electric piano—make it possible for him to get effects that are original, evocative, and often quite poignant.

The album notes attempt to describe the music and explain how it was written. ("Fischer's graphic notation was not easy at the beginning. It was necessary to learn



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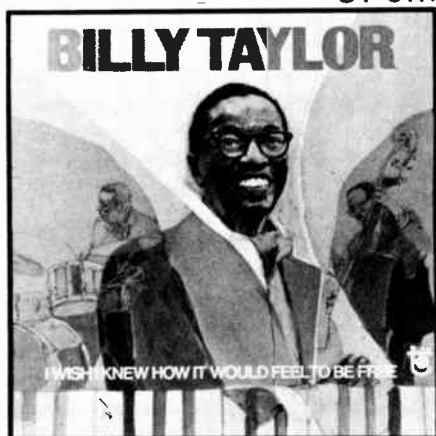


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the procedure of reading music which had tones timed by the second instead of metrics.") After seeing this, I expected to hear something complicated and difficult to listen to but was surprised instead by a quietly stated melody (*Baptism*) that was developed into a rhythmic figure into which the strings were woven. The insistent bass, the cymbal, silvery and clear-sounding, caught up the melody, and it swept along, billowing out into a huge cloud of sound.

A drone effect with prepared piano is used in *Village*. Starting quietly, it suggests the timbre of some primitive instrument as tension mounts in a shimmering haze; the music builds to a tumultuous climax. *Vienna*, by Gulda, is exquisite, played simply and with great feeling by Zawinul with a string background.

One can hear in this pianist's playing some influences he may or may not be consciously aware of. One is reminded at times of Tatum, Evans, Hancock, and others, but Zawinul has distilled these impressions into a style of his own. With his musical touch and disciplined technique, he develops every piece reflectively, seeming to hold each theme up to the light to examine it before tossing it back into the swirling eddies of sound. He plays effortlessly, with an awareness of what is going on around him as the lovely melodic lines unfold and are threaded into the fabric of the music. With such a wide variety of moods and changes of pace, so musically conceived, one can listen to this album over and over again. —McPartland

BLUES 'N' FOLK

BY PETE WELDING

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Sonny Boy Williamson, *More Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1509)

Rating: ★★★★★

Muddy Waters, *More Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1511)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Howlin' Wolf, *More Real Folk Blues* (Chess 1512)

Rating: ★★★

Various Artists, *Memphis and the Delta—1950s* (Blues Classics 15)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Texas Blues—The Early '50s* (Blues Classics 16)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Various Artists, *Blues Roots/Chicago—The 1930s* (RBF Records 15)

Rating: ★★★

The documentation of the postwar blues continues apace with the first five LPs itemized above (the RBF Chicago set indicates something of the city's older blues traditions upon which the postwar bluesmen built). The Waters set is easily the most significant, offering as it does a further look at some of the earliest (late 1940s, early '50s) work in the emergent postwar idiom by one of its pillars. Noteworthy among an exemplary set are the half-dozen fine performances by the trio

of Waters, harmonica player Little Walter (mostly on unamplified harmonica), and bassist Big Crawford; the only word to describe the interaction of Waters' magnificent delta-drenched bottleneck guitar; Walter's inventive, swooping harmonica; and Crawford's propulsive bass is superb. There are a couple of early '50s band tracks, too—*She's All Right* and *My Life Is Ruined* (previously unissued)—that are fine samples of the genre. Also unissued prior to this are *Down South Blues* (a good *Rollin' and Tumblin'* variant), and a fairly literal—but fine—reading of Robert Johnson's *Kind-Hearted Woman*. *Whiskey Blues* was previously issued on Aristocrat as *Sittin' Here Thinkin'* but is otherwise new to LP. *Honey Bee*, the superb two-guitar (Muddy and Little Walter) and bass (Big Crawford) piece, is included on *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427), but perhaps one should not quibble. Highly recommended—the only thing wrong with an otherwise splendid set is a certain desultoriness—a lack of excitement—on a couple of the pieces.

The material in the Howlin' Wolf set, also from the performer's early to middle Chess days, ranges from mediocre to superb; hence the rating, which represents a compromise. In my estimation Wolf's best material was strong, modally organized, Mississippi-styled blues, and there is very little of this in this set, which concentrates for the most part on standard 12-bar three-chord band numbers, some of them seriously flawed by insipid "novelty" lyrics. At their best, these band numbers generate considerable unsophisticated power, but at their worst they're dreary in the extreme—to wit, *Who Will Be Next?*, *You Can't Be Beat*, or *Neighbors*, to name just three. Much of the material here is slack and unfocused, the lyrics tawdry and not very tight, and often the band's work is sloppy. One gets the impression that these are tag-ends of sessions, a feeling that is reinforced when one notes that both *I've Got a Woman* and *I Love My Baby* are probably alternate takes of the same piece, a variant of *Decoration Day*.

The most raucous of the early-styled numbers is *Just My Kind*, a previously unissued *Rollin' and Tumblin'* variant. It's not very good, the band is out of tune, and the piece never really gathers to a head. The best performance in the set is the modal *You Gonna Wreck My Life*, which is just a retitled *How Many More Years?* (which was included in the earlier Wolf LP, *Moanin' in the Moonlight*, Chess 1434). Not really an essential set, you may want to pass this up in favor of the earlier LPs unless, of course, you're a Wolf freak.

Following in the wake of, and in large measure taking their impetus from the work of Waters, Howlin' Wolf, John Lee Hooker, and Elmore James—the four leading postwar blues artists—were scores of blues performers of lesser and in some cases comparable abilities. While Chicago was the leading recording center for the postwar idiom, lesser centers were established and maintained in Detroit, Memphis, Los Angeles, New York, and elsewhere. But the direction was signaled by developments in Chicago, and the major artists seem to have gravitated there.

The importance of the older Mississippi blues forms to the postwar genre cannot be too strongly emphasized—Waters, Wolf, Hooker, and James all bore the stamp of their Mississippi backgrounds. It is scarcely surprising, then, that this flavor should suffuse many of the postwar recordings made in Memphis, at the northernmost end of the Mississippi delta. The influence of Waters and, through Elmore James, Robert Johnson is patent in many of the recordings comprising Blues Classics' *Memphis and the Delta* set. James' recasting of Johnson's *Dust My Broom* theme crops up no less than three times (Houston Boines, Elmore James, and Boyd Gilmore) in this interesting set. Waters' great influence is re-emphasized in such performances as Junior Brooks' *She's a Little Girl*, Drifting Slim's *Good Morning, Baby*, and, to a degree, Willie Love's *Seventy-Four Blues*, while the *Rollin' and Tumblin'* motif crops up again in Sunnyland Slim's *Going Back to Memphis*. Roosevelt Sykes' *West Helena Blues* is postwar only by virtue of its having been recorded in the 1950s; in all its lineaments it is prewar-styled, as is Forest City Joe's *Memory of Sonny Boy*, an affecting tribute to the influence of the late John Lee (Sonny Boy) Williamson. Representing an intermediate step between postwar and prewar styles is one-man band Joe Hill Louis' *I Feel Like a Million*, a brisk shuffle with an easy, jazz-inflected vocal. Included also is the anomalous Harmonica Frank's *Going Away Walking*, a superb performance by any standards, and Jimmy Cotton's early hit *Cotton Crop Blues*. Despite their obvious debt to the work of the leading, more original postwar blues stylists, the blues men of the Memphis area generated considerable raw power and strong, convincing emotion in their finest recordings, many of the best of which are contained in this set.

The case of Texas blues in the postwar years was totally different, suggesting nothing so much as a self-contained continuum of older, more regionally centered traditions. Influences from beyond the state's borders seem almost nonexistent, for example. What seems to have happened is that due to the rise of a number of local independent recording operations in the years after World War II, the largely dormant older blues styles of the east Texas area resurfaced and took on only a slightly different cast as a result of the use of electrically amplified instruments. It is interesting to note, as Blues Classics' *Texas Blues* compilation suggests, the prevalence of the self-accompanied vocalist—that is, singer with only a single instrument in support, most often his own guitar. This is the format employed on 10 of the 13 selections here, only the two strong selections by Frankie Lee Sims (*Lucy Mae Blues* and *I'm Long, Long Gone*) at all suggesting anything like the usual ensemble postwar blues style being developed elsewhere at the time.

There are some superb performances here: Smokey Hogg's powerful two-part *Penitentiary Blues* finds its counterpart in a fine long version of the local *Tom Moore's Farm* by a septuagenarian songwriter who wishes to remain anonymous; both pieces detail the oppressive brutality

of the Texas penal farm-plantation system. Then there are two representative guitar-accompanied pieces by John Hogg (Smokey's cousin), *West Texas Blues* and *Black Snake Blues*, with echoes of Blind Lemon Jefferson; a magnificent *Mistreated Blues* by singer-guitarist Buddy Chiles; a simply beautiful *Late in the Evening* by Lightnin' Hopkins; two adequate pieces by one of his disciples L. C. Williams, *Trying, Trying* and *Hole in the Wall*. Included for good measure is a late performance—early '50s—by singer Texas Alexander with piano and guitar accompaniment, *Crossroads*. The accompaniment is a mite inapposite at times, but the veteran Texas blues man comes across well. In all, a fine survey of early postwar Texas blues that is highly recommended.

The masterfully spare, dry-toned harmonica and wry singing of the late Rice Miller (Sonny Boy Williamson #2) is featured in a set of performances of more recent vintage—late 1950s, early '60s, mostly issued as singles on Chess' Checker subsidiary—on the *Chess More Real Folk Blues* set by Williamson. The level of many of the performances in the album is extraordinarily high—*Help Me, Nine Below Zero, Trying to Get Back on My Feet, My Younger Days*, and *Close to Me* are exemplary samples of the singer-harmonica player's art—and there are very few trivial pieces, the updated *Fox Chase* variant *The Hunt* being the album's least effective side. Several others, *Stop Right Now, She's My Baby*, and *Somebody Help Me*, while rough and sometimes sloppy, are not bad. A fine, well-balanced set by a major and very individual blues artist.

Something of the nature of the studio-determined Chicago blues sound of the 1930s (and which continued on into the 1940s as well)—the so-called "Bluebird beat"—is outlined in the 14 selections by Big Bill Broonzy, Jazz Gillum, Big Maceo Merriweather, and Washboard Sam (stalwarts of the studio sessions of the day), Johnnie Temple, Memphis Minnie, and St. Louis Jimmy Oden comprising RBF's *Blues Roots/Chicago* survey. The most that might be said of the compilation is that the performances are not unrepresentative of the work of the artists included. At the same time, they're not particularly good either. If one operates on the assumption that any recordings by a group of artists comprising a tradition or style is sufficient to outline that tradition or style, then this set may be considered representative of the genre. I feel that any such survey should offer as many highlights of the idiom as is possible—artistry should be the major criterion of selection—and since any number of far superior recordings by just about every artist in this set could have been selected with little trouble, I have rated it fairly low. I mention this because the performances here are quite respectable; the musical level is consistently good (which is, of course, the chief reason why these men were selected to perform yeoman studio duty in the first place) without ever attaining to the very highest levels of which they were at times capable. This set concentrates on the routine rather than the inspired—and the latter is what I would have liked to hear.



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THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS/BLINDFOLD TEST



PHOTOS/RAYMOND ROSS

1. FRANK SINATRA-DUKE ELLINGTON. *Follow Me* (from *Francis A. & Edward K.*, Reprise). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Billy May, arranger.

ML: That, of course, was Sinatra, and I'm positive it was with Duke Ellington, although I don't think the writing was by Duke, but the sound of the fellows comes through, that's for sure. Anybody can write for Duke's band, and you'll still know it's Duke's band.

It seemed to me, from the vocal standpoint, that the tempo should have been a little faster. But for the chart itself, the arrangement, it was beautiful. It was just that as a singer, Sinatra would have come off better at a brighter tempo—but the arrangement wouldn't have, so being the kind of singer he is, he probably thought 'I'll sing it wherever it's going to lay best for the band.' So he gets five stars for those thoughts. And Duke's band, as everyone else who's ever taken a *Blindfold Test* has always said, it's five stars no matter what.

TJ: I agree with Mel insofar as the tempo was concerned. I felt that it was a little slow for the voice, and I'd like to say too that there are certain musicians and performers that whatever they do, you know who it is immediately. They have that very distinctive trademark, and Sinatra is one of them and Ellington—and Cootie Williams and Paul Gonsalves, those soloists. Just beautiful. They're still great painters—they can paint you any picture you want. So what can you say? Five!

2. LIONEL HAMPTON. *Thai Silk* (from *Newport Uproar*, RCA Victor). Jerome Richardson, lead alto sax; Hampton, vibes, composer.

TJ: I liked the melody. I thought it had a very pensive quality to it. And the arrangement, of course, was very good and the vibraphone soloist had to be Hamp. There are certain things he'll play that give you the clue of his playing immediately. He's another one of the people that

The New York and Hollywood music scenes are loaded with performers who, having paid their dues as traveling jazzmen, have decided to aim at the financial and geographical security of studio work.

Many musicians who, perhaps decades ago, ranked high in *Down Beat* polls, now sit obscurely in staff bands at a network, or spend up to 18 hours a day in the recording studios. Most of them had to sacrifice their jazz reputations in exchange for a dependable income.

Thad Jones and Mel Lewis are among the minority of these musicians who felt that total compromise was not necessary; that a jazz reputation could be maintained along with a comfortable studio life. They joined forces in December 1965.

What started out as a glorified rehearsal band, playing Mondays at the Village Vanguard, grew (on the strength of its extraordinary merits) into an ensemble heard on records, at college dates, in two visits to California, and most recently on a tour of Japan.

This was Thad Jones' first *Blindfold Test*, and Mel's second (a solo interview appeared 9/27/62). They were given no information about the records played.

—Leonard Feather



has a very distinctive style of playing.

I loved the reed section, it had good quality. I don't know if that was a regular band of Hampton's or not. It was probably a band that got together for that particular occasion—Newport possibly? And for a live performance like that, I thought it was recorded exceptionally well.

I really liked it, and I'll go along with another five stars. For the quality of the recording, and for the musicianship.

ML: Yes, I'll go along with Thad on that, too. I think that was the band put together of Hampton alumni. In fact, I think quite a few guys from our band went up there with them. We have a few ex-Hamptonites in our band, and I know they really didn't have much time to get themselves together for this. It sounded like they didn't really know the chart that well, but they played the hell out of it, because they're pros, and it had that kind of feeling. Not like a band that's been together for a long time, but like a band that could do about as good as you would want at very, very short notice. So, I'd go along with the high rating, just because of the circumstances.

3. DOC SEVERINSEN. *Nikki* (from *The Great Arrival*, Command). Severinsen, Dick Perry, Jimmy Maxwell, trumpets; John Frosk, Bob McCoy, flugelhorn; Al Klink, piccolo; Derek Smith, piano; Tony Mottola, guitar.

ML: That was a very nice market type record, with the contemporary sound, the electric piano and things like that. I don't know who the trumpet player was . . . hey, I wonder! I wonder if that was a Pat Williams record, by any chance. Or it might be Doc Severinsen. Could be anybody, but the trumpet player had a very pretty sound, full and fat and pretty.

I liked the arrangement. Not looking at it from a jazz standpoint, because it's not supposed to be jazz, I'd say it's a very pleasant market sort of thing which I can

take any time without getting the least bit sick. For what it is, I'd give it three stars.

TJ: Well, I was a little bit more interested in the melodic structure, and what would naturally follow, like nice pretty chords, good backgrounds, and just enough going on to make it interesting.

I was particularly impressed with the fact that whoever wrote it didn't submerge the real melody of the piece with a lot of meaningless chords that didn't really have any place in it, as sometimes happens.

For the melodic quality I would give it four stars. I was very impressed with it. And the trumpet solo, of course—but there's a natural reaction with me: I love to hear trumpet players, especially when they play that good. I don't know who it is, but I sure liked him.

4. GARY McFARLAND. *Flamingo* (from *Does the Sun Really Shine on the Moon?*, Skye). Jerome Richardson, soprano saxophone; McFarland, vibes; Sam Brown, guitar.

TJ: This one is going to be a little difficult, because I had the feeling that the musicians didn't really want to get involved with anything. It was just a record date, you know, and they weren't really interested in what they were doing. As a matter of fact the alto player had a few problems playing the melody. He didn't play the right melody at the end of the phrase—maybe because they didn't know it, and perhaps that accounts for that lack of real interest in the performance.

As far as a rating goes, I'd rather take a rain check.

ML: It was sort of bland. You'd call it background music. I also heard some funny changes in the guitar, and I also don't think they really knew the tune that much, so they didn't choose to become involved in it.

Was that an alto or a soprano? It doesn't matter, really. And I don't think I'd rate it either.

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BOB FUENTES

Denardo Coleman and Dewey Redman

Ornette Coleman Quartet

Town Hall, Philadelphia

Personnel: Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone, trumpet, violin, musette; Dewey Redman, tenor saxophone; Charlie Haden, bass; Denardo Coleman, drums.

This June 16 concert was the second appearance of the new Coleman quartet, the first having been the previous day at Resurrection City in Washington, D.C. The usual hard-core jazz people were the only representatives of Philadelphia's typically apathetic jazz community on this night of torrential rains. Despite the low attendance, Coleman turned in a very good and enthusiastic performance.

All of the compositions performed, with the exception of *Sadness* and *Buddha Blues*, were new and as yet untitled. The concert opened with a beautiful version of *Sadness*, enhanced by Redman's tenor echoing the haunting, lyrical lines of Ornette's alto. *Buddha Blues* featured Coleman on musette, a double-reed relative of the oboe. His solo contained many Gospel-like melodies, tremolos, and erratic lines but was much too long and not very Eastern. Haden provided a beautiful drone like theme throughout the piece while 11-year-old Denardo played exceptionally well, alternating a rock beat with an exotic tomtom chant.

Two new trumpet numbers indicated a marked improvement in Coleman's playing of this instrument. The first was an excellent, sweet, medium-tempo composition with a powerful bass backdrop and astounding solo from Haden. Coleman was light, melodic, and always in command of whatever he was attempting to play. The second was a simple theme with occasional trills played by the trumpet with the tenor sounding out a variation of *Frere Jacques* in counterpoint. Again Coleman used Gospel riffs, but this time he allowed too many slurs and faulty runs to slip into his solo. On his single violin piece, Ornette played an infectious theme and typically frantic solo, with arco support from Haden throughout.

The remaining four numbers were played by the entire quartet, with Coleman on alto. Here one could hear a master at work. As with *Moak*, one does not expect to hear much startlingly new music from Coleman, just more of the music that has already made history. Characteristically, Coleman's themes were lyrical, rhythmic-

ally strong and unique. And characteristically his alto work consisted of the same earthy, flowing melodic lines that made him such an iconoclast 10 years ago. But a prominent flaw in Coleman's alto performances is the tedious length of many of his solos.

The biggest surprise of the evening was tenor saxophonist Redman, whose only (and limited) exposure to the general jazz public has been his European Fontana recording of some three years ago. Redman has a variety of musical approaches, all of which met with overwhelming audience approval on this night. On some tunes he played light, swift, and very basic melodic solos that seemed to be an extension of Ornette's saxophone style. These solos are occasionally effectively punctuated by false high notes and sputtering screeches to keep the basic feeling more basic. At other times, Redman adapted a quite different attack, which might be derived from Pharaoh Sanders' style (as characterized by that reed man's recorded solo on *Naima* with the Coltrane quintet). Redman, though, is more disciplined, subtle, and cohesive than Sanders when he growls and purrs and cries. I have heard no one else transmit human sounds so vividly and sincerely through a horn. Dewey Redman is a unique and talented voice with great potential.

Words of praise for Charlie Haden have all but run dry. Although very exhausted from a heavy schedule, the bassist was his strong, melodic, versatile, inventive self—always giving new life and adding new sides to Coleman's music. He is the most consistent musician in the group.

Coleman's young son, Denardo, is developing very well. Although he could hardly be considered in the same class as his predecessors (Billy Higgins, Ed Blackwell, and Charles Moffett), he does have a natural feeling for his instrument and for his father's music that makes his contributions worthwhile. In fact, his work on *Buddha Blues* was original and very much an asset to the tune. His three drum solos at this concert were fairly well executed and well received, though not very inventive. Musical aspects aside, it is beautiful to see a father and son working together under such conditions.

This is one of Coleman's more interesting units, but not his tightest or strongest. Its most important new feature and main

source of freshness is the developing, promising talent of Redman. The music is undeniably classic and enjoyable, although probably no great new discoveries lie in wait for the listener. Ornette Coleman is a giant.
—Michael Cuscuna

Jazz Scene '68

Royal Festival Hall, London, England

"Man!" exclaim nine out of 10 American musicians who appear at London's Royal Festival Hall, "I sure would like to hear that organ!" During the progress of the first substantial showcasing British jazz has received they could have had that pleasure.

Many people doubted the wisdom of promoting such a venture in the hall, just as they doubted Michael Garrick's temerity at laying hands on the keyboard of the incredibly beautiful organ after only a short rehearsal, but both projects paid off handsomely. The concert, co-promoted by *Melody Maker* and the Harold Davison office, was a near sell-out; Garrick's sextet provided the most interesting music. A bouquet to the *MM* for thinking up the idea and another for being the first people in 16 years to get the front-stage microphones turned up sufficiently for listeners in all parts of the auditorium to hear.

Chris McGregor's South African group opened the show with its dwela-flavored brand of avant garde. McGregor made a deep, sonorous chord at the piano, and his men rather bleakly smashed into the audience with *White Lies*, an original filled with an Aylerish mood of foreboding. Mongesi Feza chortled on his pocket trumpet while Louis Moholo's drums traveled freedom's road. Ronnie Beer blew abstractedly on tenor while Moholo laid out, and then the leader took an unaccompanied solo that was thick with his country's roots, rocking and sprawling, while the drums came back to propel the whole into a heavy bass statement from Johnny Dyani.

It was grossly unfair to the audience, the band and their fans alike to use them to warm up the house. Their music is hard to latch on to at first hearing. It is very abstract, but underneath it all lies a dancing pulse that owes more to West than South Africa. When the sextet ended with the almost mandatory Ayler-Shepp "cod" march bit, applause was sparse and the audience relieved. A pity, because in more sympathetic surroundings, McGregor's is the most exciting group in Britain today.

Fluegelhornist Ian Carr and fatherly tenor saxophonist Don Rendell co-lead one of the most musicianly quintets around. Everything they play is suffused with the stamp of good breeding which makes it up to date but then *not* up to date—if you see what I mean. An original that appeared to be based on *Autumn Leaves* had an attractive piano solo from Michael Garrick over Dave Green's resilient bass and also a flute essay from Rendell that reminded me of Leo Wright's approach to the instrument. Carr coaxed a flowing kind of thing from his horn, weaving his hips in the manner of an erudite belly dancer before the tempo doubled and Rendell had the last word on tenor. *You Said It* included strange piano and was a collection of well-

conceived duets: Rendell with Green, Carr with Trevor Tomkin (drums).

Three Americans were included to boost the bill, which the locals could well have carried unaided. Tenor man Hank Mobley, accompanied by Mike Pyne, piano; Ron Matthewson, bass; and Tony Levin, drums, was lacking in authority during his rather bland set, which was not improved by the ugly cymbal figures that disrupted his pretty ballad ideas on *There Is No Greater Love*.

Alex Welsh's mainstream combo, which would have been the ideal choice for warming up the audience, was instead left to close the first half. This expert and well-

tered through. Goode, together with the admirable John Marshall on drums, gave solid support throughout this set. Garrick conducted *Rustic Grave Song* through its appropriately funereal opening passages, with Philip's lucid tenor the dominant voice. Then things accelerated into a kind of march-time, Philip roaring Shepp-like over the rest of the men.

"The next one is a sort of a bebop carol," joked the pianist before jumping lithely up into the organ seat for *Carol*. The vast instrument was slowly illuminated along the entire extent of its considerable pipes, but Garrick played it safe at the keyboard, preferring to sacrifice its un-

fact, it was Monk who called the solos.) Now that he's living this side of the pond all that has been changed, and his appearance at the concert was just one of many recent opportunities to hear one of America's better exports. With Tracey and bassist Lennie Bush and drummer Ronnie Stephenson, two defectors from jazz to the studios, Woods told his story on an original that started off slowly before gradually building into insistent 4/4 swing. Woods is a master of his horn and a jazzman of sterling quality. With this single piece he said all that there was to be said and needed no encore to prove his worth.

Tracey's men followed with a stirring *Blues for This Year*, which spotted some perky Kenny Wheeler trumpet over shouting brass and riffing reeds before the pianist vacated his stool and left his men behind to accompany American vocalist Salena Jones. Brian Lemon, an able accompanist, took over at the keyboard, and Eddie Harvey came onstage to conduct his own charts. Miss Jones is an excellent singer; she's straight ahead with no nonsense in her interpretations of some of the better songs, and she never succumbs to the trickiness of those conscious "jazz singers" who can be such bores. My only reservations are that she went on for too long and should never have tampered with *Gloomy Sunday*. It's never been one of the greatest songs, but too many of us out here remember Billie Holiday's interpretation to put up with swinging on such an unsuitable vehicle. All in all, though, Miss Jones did some nice things to *My Mood Is You*, *Black Coffee*, and *Sitting Alone with My Tears*. She chooses to stay out of the trick bag and be true to herself and just for those virtues alone, London is happy to welcome her as a resident.

Woods returned to ease into the rousing Tracey original *A.M. Mayhem* on the tail of Chris Pyne's shouting trombone. A stylish, professional, and *original* finish to an evening of British jazz with American embellishments.

—Valerie Wilmer



VALERIE WILMER

Dudu Pakwana, Mongesi Feza, Johnny Dyani, Chris McGregor

rounded band is sadly always hampered by a plodding drummer, yet tonight it had on the credit side the temporary return of Matthewson to the rhythm team. On Frank Foster's punchy vehicle, *Shiny Stockings*, the bassist gave us a long singing solo, obviously enjoying himself. Pianist Fred Hunt played nicely with a Garnerish touch on this one before a muted trombone intro from Roy Williams led into Dickie Wells' tribute to Tommy Dorsey, *Bones for the King*. All members of the Welsh group are excellent soloists, but Williams is an outstanding creator on an instrument that has become a little overlooked. His clean, clear, and jazzy sound on this number and *Oh, Baby* more than justified the votes he has received in recent critics' polls.

The Michael Garrick set, which featured the multi-reed talents of Art Theman and Jimmy Philip, saw Ian Carr back again as a last-minute substitute for Henry Lowther. Garrick gave us a kind of baroque jazz he has written for express use in church services. I missed the first number because of the RFH's system of shutting the doors on late-comers (quite a good idea, really, but infuriating if you're left outside), but an amusing Slam Stewart hum-along solo from veteran bassist Coleridge Goode fil-

doubtedly powerful possibilities for quieter sounds that fitted closely with what was going on among the horns. The work was sprightly and endowed with Garrick's own pixielike quality, and although there is nothing *exciting* about it, what the composer does is blissfully original.

Things moved from experimental to well-tryed as Stan Tracey led his 15-piece big band in their first London concert appearance. Pianist Tracey is not too adventurous, possibly, but he is very much himself and with his *Under Milk Wood* and *Alice in Wonderland* suites has added considerably to the merits of local jazz. Three choice selections from *Alice* were offered, all memorable melodies full of beautiful voicings. *Fantasies in Bloom* was reminiscent of the world of Dameronia—always a good thing—and *Afro-Charlie Meets the White Rabbit* gave us the second face of Tracey as he crawled hand over hand down the keyboard in his personal distillation of the stride-piano-Monk manner. Unsung tenorist Bobby Wellins blew strongly on this piece too.

When Phil Woods played London last year with the Thelonious Monk Octet, the organizers were castigated for only allowing the alto saxophonist a single solo. (In

Irene Reid

Memory Lane, Los Angeles, Calif.

Personnel: Harry (Sweets) Edison, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass; Paul Humphrey, drums; Miss Reid, vocals.

Accolades come in many forms. The simplest in the jazz lexicon are the most eloquent: an appreciative "yeah" at the right moment; an admiring glance from fellow musicians; a respectful silence in the audience. This whole gamut of understatement marked Irene Reid's first appearance on the West Coast as a headliner. (She had sung at Disneyland six years earlier when she was with Count Basie's band.)

Facing a "down home" crowd at Memory Lane is no easy task for a singer—let alone an instrumentalist. The patrons there like to *dance* to jazz. All the more to Miss Reid's credit that she completely captivated her listeners. A lesser talent would never have pulled it off, especially the monologs and that time-honored gimmick of picking out one ringside customer and personally serenading him.

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Irene did it—masterfully—on *Alfie*. And aside from the humor implicit in watching a guy squirming self-consciously, she really got into the guts of that ballad, something that only Carmen McRae has been able to do.

Miss Reid's poise, and particularly her timing, made the monolog preceding *For Once In My Life* believable. As for the tune itself, her careful control of dynamics allowed it to build to an internal climax before it softly faded away over a fragile Flanagan flutter.

She can cook. *My Shining Hour* and *Let Me Love You* gave ample proof of her culinary capacity. When the chemistry was right, she could be turned on by the perceptive rhythm section; at other times, she would take charge, pushing the combo, playing with them, as in the infectious tags of *Shining Hour*.

The highlight, not surprisingly, was a



Irene Reid
Thoroughbred

traditional blues montage of *Goin' To Chicago*, *Easy Rider*, *Stormy Monday*, *Every Day*, etc. Every verbal cliché that could fit into 12 bars was conjured up, but every type of vocal shading was utilized. She belted, she whispered, she was gutsy, she was demure. Even when she set the automatic pilot on the blues shout-er's best friend, the flatted third, Miss Reid swung with authority.

Now about Sweets and those other confections. Their backing was so with it, so emotionally attuned to the singer's every nuance, that I found my attention diverted quite often. Edison has the happy facility for filling gaps with the right number of notes. Sometimes it calls for one note, but Sweets is there with his bent tones. Behind Miss Reid, he built a wailing wall that reminded one of Prez commenting behind *Lady Day*, or Hackett behind Sinatra.

As for Tommy Flanagan, he hearkens back Ellis Larkins accompanying Lee Wiley. Flanagan never took his ears off Miss Reid, and provided her with one of the most sensitive and intelligent keyboard cushions that a singer could be offered.

Although Irene Reid is reluctant to ad-

mit it, she's a thoroughbred jazz singer with a versatility that should be commercially exploited. There's no reason why she can't have a hit record. She certainly deserves the chance to travel the route of her fellow Basie alumnus, O. C. Smith, and work the smart rooms.

—Harvey Siders

The Circus

The Cellar, Arlington Heights, Ill.

Personnel: Jimmy Stella, trumpet, trombone, vocals; Rick Panzer, trumpet, drums, vocals; Bill Mickelberg, guitar, cornet, vocals; Kevin Murphy, organ, keyboard bass, vocals; Ross Salomone, drums, vocals.

There's a different, if not totally new style developing out of the rock-soul bag which I'd like to peg "psychedelic soul." And if there ever was a group with this soulful commodity, it's The Circus.

Some months ago I had my first encounter with The Circus very inadvertently. I went to Like Young (a teen club in Chicago's Old Town) to catch The Little Boy Blues (a local group), but The Circus was onstage as I walked in. The main things that hit me were their musicianship, showmanship, arrangements (real ensemble passages with the amplified brass), and their apparent love for their work.

The opportunity to hear the group again arose when they played The Cellar, a renovated Firestone warehouse made into one of the many local psychedelic caverns overrun by hip (and not-so-hip) teens. Located in Arlington Heights, one of the western suburbs of Chicago, it attracts kids not only from its home base but from all over the Chicago area. The place is usually jammed. The names of groups that have played the club are written in Day-Glo paint on the walls.

There are psychedelic lights, as one might expect, hooked up to a "Psychedelic Color Controller," geared to the frequencies of certain notes and sounds, creating sound-matched light patterns which are extremely effective.

The doors opened at 8 p.m., and streams of kids spilled in to hear the groups. The Sunshine Gospel Mission elicited almost no response from the audience. They copied their repertoire directly from the originals, down to exact solos and tempos.

The Circus began with *You Don't Know Like I Know*. A really psychedelic entrance led into a moving rock beat. I was amazed as the kids gave them the greatest compliment any rock group can receive: they crowded around the bandstand and *listened*.

The next number was *Funky Broadway*, the street Wilson Pickett sang to fame. The three front men gyrated, swinging their instruments back and forth. Again, there were real ensemble passages and a truly funky drum solo, with quotes from The Rascals' *It's Wonderful* and Eddy Floyd's *Knock On Wood*.

With only a slight tempo change, the group moved into *Get Ready* by The Temptations. More movement, more soulful sound.

Ross played steady eighth notes on his bass drum, and Stella, Panzer, and Mickelberg made sure the audience picked up the idea by clapping on the beat.

Pickett's *Midnight Hour* found Salomone on lead vocal and Panzer on drums.

Screams came from the crowd as Salomone used his showmanship to the hilt. Panzer did better on drums than could be expected, playing complicated beats most regular rock drummers can't play. This group doesn't do anything unless they are good at it.

Panzer and Salomone returned to their respective instruments, and the psychedelic lights went on for *I'll Be There*.

One of the highlights of the evening was a ballad version of *Old Man River*. Murphy introduced the song in a high falsetto ("This time, we're really gonna sock it to ya!"), then did the vocal in bass.

Sam and Dave's *I Thank You* was given a most sockingly regal treatment. They stole the show with this one at a Wisconsin State College concert from the main group, The Buckingham, and I can easily see why. *Tell Mama* was another moving soul song with a faster beat than *I Thank You*. Both drew solid clapping and cheers as the beat went on.

For their final number, The Circus played their new release on Jambée Records, *I'll Always Love You*, originally done by The Spinners. This one had Stella on trombone and guitarist Mickelberg on cornet, with sharp, crisp playing on ensembles. (Note: The sound quality of the record is just fair, and doesn't do the group justice.)

I can say without qualification or fear of overstatement that The Circus is among the best performance groups I've ever seen. Their talent, showmanship, and musicianship should generate excitement wherever they play.

—Mark Wolf

LEES

/Continued from page 20

less about it.

"And throughout the song I hadn't once said I'm lonely, unhappy, I'm this or the other. Among the things I will not do in a song is mention the character's emotional state. I write every song for a fictional character; I ask myself, 'What kind of guy is singing this?' It's almost like writing dialog, and since I'm a fiction writer, I can be other people, just as an actor can be."

IT IS ONLY NATURAL that a writer as concerned with every detail of his work as Lees is would look askance at much of the popular art of today. He finds all formless art dreadful ("I believe in working within a form, of setting up limitations and then outsmarting them"), and though he finds some good in rock 'n' roll ("Jim Webb is a great talent, though he doesn't know anything about structure"), it is precious little. He is particularly upset at the lionization of Paul McCartney and John Lennon:

"If you ask me do I like them, we must first define what level we're talking about. *Michelle* is a nice melody, and I like stuff like *A Day in the Life* because it has expanded the vocabulary of the popular song—but it is *not* major poetry; it is *not* major art!

"Their subject matter is often irrelevant, like *Lovely Rita*, *Meter Maid*. It's just pot

humor. Pot, of course, has the capacity to make the banal seem profound and the mildly amusing seem hilarious. But if you're not high and listen to their stuff, you find there's not much there. The content of the poetry is small and slight."

After a diatribe against a couple of well-known American critics who have been known to go into raptures over the poetry of Bob Dylan and the Beatles because these critics know practically nothing about poetry and less about the history of American popular songs, Lees slipped into his the-sky-is-falling bag, a not uncommon occurrence.

"The whole popularity of Ionesco plays, Andy Warhol paintings, and Paul McCartney-John Lennon tunes. . . ." He stopped, perhaps bewildered at such popularity. . . . "They're insane and the world is too. My particular misfortune is that I am not insane but live in a world that is. I'm a complete pessimist—this is the shuddering collapse of Anglo-American, Christian civilization. That terribly frivolous, self-indulgent irrelevance can only happen in a terribly pampered society. I really don't have time for much of this anything-that-comes-out-of-my-mouth-is-profound stuff. I'm a peasant; I still believe in sweating over art.

"Possibly the most disturbing thing about the present period is the sell-out by most critics for the sake of the retention of readership and, therefore, their incomes. A great many of them are whores riding a bandwagon, shouting to the crowds what the crowds want to hear, instead of doing the one job that justifies the role of critic: teaching and thereby raising the level of perception."

Lees, when in flight, is sort of self-propelling: one thought sends him chasing off even faster after another. For example:

"The prime element in art is craft. You can't have art without craft, and you can't learn craft without working for it. To write songs you have to know music, and Paul McCartney is a musical ignoramus. Oh, that doesn't mean he hasn't a certain amount of melodic flair and can't write good melodies, though I often wonder how much of that is George Martin's talent, their musical director. . . ."

"Rock 'n' roll writers are so involved in uglification of syllables that they don't seem interested in the accurate fitting, say, of long vowels to long notes, short vowels to short notes—they're not interested. And why should they be? The performances by rock groups are so distorted that fine points of craft are inaudible.

"Bob Dylan has probably the worst ear for sound of anybody I've ever heard. His words come out like broken glass, and I suppose a Nat Hentoff or a Ralph Gleason would offer justification for it by saying, 'That's the broken-glass poetry of Bob Dylan.' Nonsense. Bob Dylan doesn't know a thing about craft. . . ."

"We are in the age of the instant artist. Everybody's disillusioned with being a used-car salesman and wants to be an artist. Hogwash!"

And after he had explained it all, it did indeed seem that the sky was falling.

CS

NEWPORT: MORGENSTERN

(Continued from page 18)

out for this threesome!

A generally good afternoon concluded with the newest of regular big bands at the festival, led by the irrepressible Clark Terry. This is a band with considerable potential, not all of which it was able to show. According to Terry, several of the best numbers had to be cut due to time problems—as usual, the program was running late. And key soloist Zoot Sims was absent.

Still, there were some impressive sounds, including a fine Phil Woods arrangement of Jimmy Heath's *The Serpent's Tooth*; a Frank Wess chart and solo on *Flute Juice*; a pretty *All Heart* (by Strayhorn; arranged by Nat Pierce); *Lazy Afternoon*, arranged by and featuring the alto of Bob-by Donovan; *Etoile*, also by Woods, and, of course, some blue mumbles by Mr. Terry.

Aside from the leader's sterling solo work, there were good contributions by the above named players; by tenorist Lew Tabackin, who has his own thing going in a Rollins mold; by trombonists Jimmy Cleveland and Julian Priester; by lead trumpeter Lloyd Michaels, who has phenomenal chops, and by trumpeter-flugelhornist Jimmy Owens, whose composition and arrangement, *Complicity*, will be something else when the cats get the chart down. Terry knows how to get to the people, both musically and personally, and this band will go places.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band, directed by John Garvey, had originally been scheduled to open the Saturday night concert. Instead, they were put on at the end of the Saturday afternoon program.

The band could have more than held its own against professional competition on any of the evening shows, and it's a pity that more people didn't get to hear it. It has musicianship, ensemble spirit and drive, fine soloists, and a remarkably varied repertoire. Those who remained to listen stood and cheered on more than one occasion.

The Palle Mikkelsen Quintet from Denmark (for some odd reason, much newspaper and magazine coverage of the festival referred to the group as being Dutch) had the unenviable job of warming up the Sunday night crowd, most of which arrived late.

The group performed ably in its allotted half hour, with the leader's clean, crisp trumpet work, Bernt Rosengren's robust tenor, and Alex Riel's good drums to the fore. They did their set medley style—two up-tempo pieces framing a pensive *Portrait of Jennie*, with Mikkelsen in a lyrical Clifford Brown bag. An afternoon spot would have been more appropriate for this excellent contemporary group, which came to Newport on the strength of its victory at the Montreux Festival in Switzerland.

Saturday night began with the best and ran downhill. That best was the Alex Welsh Band from England, with guest stars Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, and Joe Venuti.

First, the band (Welsh, cornet; Roy

Williams, trombone; Johnny Barnes, clarinet and baritone sax; Fred Hunt, piano; Jim Douglas, guitar; Tony Bayless, bass; Lennie Hastings, drums) played a set including a swinging *Oh Baby*; a *Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* with ensemble licks from the old Roy Eldridge-Dickie Wells arrangement, and, for a surprise, Bob Brookmeyer's *Open Country*, with a front line of Williams and Barnes only.

This is a band unlike any we have in this country today. Call it mainstream, if you will—to me it seems a jazz band in the best sense of the word. For years, it has been backing Americans on British tours. All have returned singing its praises. Welsh is a sincere, no-nonsense player with a crackling tone and swinging drive. Williams is an exceptional trombonist with his own conception. Barnes swings the hell out of the baritone, with a gutty sound. Hunt is a thoughtful pianist with two good hands, and I liked the rhythm section. Best of all, the band has its heart in what it does.

The audience, certainly not oriented to "this kind" of music, responded immediately and warmly. The band created an ambience for its guests that resulted in more audience attention and enthusiasm than I've previously witnessed for this brand of jazz at Newport.

Freeman was up first, with a marvelously relaxed *Exactly Like You* at middle tempo, backed by the rhythm section only. Bud has been around awhile, and has never been less than excellent. But I believe he's playing more today than ever before. No more set licks for him; he seems to be thinking in new ways, and the music comes out with flowing ease. The whole band joined in for some spirited riffing behind him on *I Got Rhythm*, which cooked.

Pee Wee Russell got into another groove with *Pee Wee's Blues*. Every time he plays this piece it becomes a new listening experience. This was one of the great versions, subtle and delicate, yet resilient. Pee Wee played oh-so-softly, but the hushed crowd of 18,000 didn't miss a note. The master picked up the tempo and raised the sonic level for *Love Is Just Around the Corner*, the band backing him as if to the Russell manner born.

Ruby Braff was in superb form. He shared his solo space with Welsh on his first number (both cornetists in a Louis groove) and gave spots to trombone and baritone on *No One Else But You*, a lovely Armstrong piece from the Hot Seven canon that no one else but Ruby seems to play these days. A rare moment came when Ruby soloed backed by rhythm guitar only, his mellow, golden sound carrying a message of beauty into the night.

Joe Venuti, a legendary figure, was next. George Wein took over at the piano, and the horns layed out. From the first note of *Body and Soul* (in spite of some amplifier trouble), it was obvious that the veteran violinist had lost none of his skill.

A singing tone and perfect intonation, a harmonic sense more sophisticated and subtle than most players half his age can claim, and that lilting swing that always marked his style were all in evidence. And

he is an improviser, no doubt about that.

Sweet Georgia Brown, his encore, was a swinger. Venuti's agility with the bow is matchless. He is a musician of great finesse, using his mastery of the classic violin tradition to create sparkling jazz, unimpaired by the passing years. That such a player has to exist in semi-obscurity is a great pity and a great waste.

Everybody joined in for the grand finale of this segment, *Royal Garden Blues*, with breaks and solos for all hands. Venuti shone again, in solo and ensemble, and the final out choruses jelled in that marvelous way that once in a while offers proof of the lasting glories of the parent style—freedom.

We have discussed Miss Crawford and the Ellington set that followed her appearance. More showbiz was the order of the night, with Hugh Masekela and his quintet (Al Abreu, tenor sax; William Anderson, piano; Henry Franklin, bass; Chick Carter, drums). The young South African trumpeter and singer has an engaging personality, and his current popularity is nothing to moan about.

But when he attempts to play jazz, as he did intermittently at Newport, the results are less than impressive. He is a limited trumpeter, though his sound is good and strong, and his attempts at extended improvisation are monotonous. He is much better when he sticks to his pseudo-ethnic material and singing.

Dionne Warwick, who ended the night's festivities, does not claim to be a jazz singer. She has personality, charm, and style, though her intonation, derived from the sliding pitch of Gospel singing, sometimes gets her in trouble, as it did on *Who Can I Turn To*. But she has a nice voice, and makes up in feeling for what she lacks in technique. She was at her best on *Walk On By*, *Say A Little Prayer*, and *Way to San Jose*. *Alfie* is done better by Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae, but Dionne got to the people with her version.

If artists like Miss Warwick and Masekela were responsible for the night's record turnout, I'm all in favor of booking them at jazz festivals. After all, the people who came also showed their appreciation of Ellington, Venuti, and Pee Wee Russell, and if "pop" artists make it possible to get new exposure for such performers, in addition to spelling the difference between profit and loss, more power to them. "Pure" far too often is rhymed with "poor."

But I'll admit that I'd rather listen to Ray Charles, who also brings out crowds. He pulled 8,000 for his Sunday show; a record for Newport afternoons. And he gave us all kinds of music; all of it memorable, and some of it out of sight.

It was a perfect day. The music began with a long (but not too long) set by Charles' excellent big band, spotting such soloists as trumpeters Virgil Jones, Phil Gilbeaux, and Wallace Davenport (the latter is the musical director), tenorists Curtis Amy and Clifford Scott, and altoists Claude Miller and Fred Jackson. Roger Humphries was on drums, and Henry Coker in the trombone section. Among the band's best offerings was *Blowing the Blues Away*, with a tenor battle.

There were also the Raelets, a singer-dancer-organist of talent named Billy Preston, a boy crooner named Andy Baxter, and an Apollo-styled emcee. It was a good show even before Ray Charles came on, but then. . . .

In excellent spirits, looking as fit as we've ever seen him, and at the top of his brilliant form, Charles had the audience in hand from the moment he appeared. He has charisma, and he knows what to do with it. He did 17 numbers, not one of them less than good.

Among his greatest were tried-and-true *Georgia*, still spellbinding; a moving *Yesterday* and an almost eerie *Eleanor Rigby*; a rocking *Let's Go Get Stoned*; another standby, *You Are My Sunshine* (turned into a sermon), and a fine instrumental, *Premium Stuff*, spotting some first-rate jazz piano.

Charles featured a member of the Raelets, Clydie King, on a marvelous *Ode to Billie Joe*, and she scored. But then Ray topped it all with a marathon *What'd I Say*, setting in motion a wave of good feeling that rocked and swayed the audience and finally brought it to its feet in a celebration of pure joy.

Ray Charles is a marvel. He made us cry and he made us laugh and above all, he made us feel glad to be alive. The trip to Newport would have been worthwhile just for him.

At festival's end, George Wein announced that highway construction would force him to move next year. The state of Rhode Island, he said, had assured him it would cover the costs of repairing to a new site. Apparently, the local folks have seen the light. Good for them. Newport is still the mother of all jazz festivals. **[E5]**

NEWPORT: GITLER

(Continued from page 17)

African tunics made them look like a commercial Gospel group. For sheer verbosity, *Rumpelstilskin* took the cookies. If Cannon would economize he might say more. Know what I mean? He did just that on Leonard Bernstein's *Somewhere*. This was pretty 'Ball and none of that other jive. Brother Nat, however, seemed to have the better of the straight-ahead, unadulterated jazz-saying. He also sang the blues, first wordlessly a la Clark Terry and then with words—a Flip Wilson impression. Zawinul, who can go pretty far out (as he does on his own *Rumpelstilskin*) was into an Avery Parrish feel of a sort on the blues. The set closer was the group's big record hit *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*. It was a solid blues groove with no great flights of creativeness. Nothing more, nothing less. You expect a group to do their hits, but at a festival you want a little extra.

The highlight of Gary Burton's set was a panoramic drum solo by Roy Haynes with sticks, mallets, a fast right foot and much imagination and power. Particularly effective were the sticks and mallets on the high hat. The piece itself was spooky, with a hospital-corridor sound sometimes reminiscent of Lennie Tristano. The rest of the set was comprised of the blues *Walter L.*, the delicately conceived *African Flower*, and two numbers by the group's guitarist, Larry Coryell, *Good Citizen Swallow*

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(a feature for the group's talented bassist Steve Swallow) and an untitled opus with a psychedelic hue that matched Burton's wildly painted vibes.

Burton is a sophisticated swinger and his group has a tight, together sound but they can become wearing after a while because of a bland tonal quality. Coryell, it seems to me, is overrated as a soloist.

Nina Simone's set was typical. *Mr. Backlash* is a powerful number, both in its message and in the beat with which it is delivered. *The King of Love is Dead*, dedicated to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., was perhaps a bit obvious.

Sunday evening was a disappointment. Not that I expected anything from Ramsey Lewis. His slick brand of soul leaves me chilly. The Sound of Feeling, a vocal-instrumental group from California featuring the Andrece twins (Alyce and Rhae), pianist-arranger Gary David, and soprano saxophonist Joe Roccisano, was evidently feeling the pressure of its first major appearance and never got off the launching pad. On *Circe Revisited* David also played the Marxophone, a kind of autoharp that reproduces 22 tones. The sirens were wailing, but they were the wrong kind. The girls did everything but turn men into swine. For those few minutes I almost wished they had. In all fairness, the group's new Verve recording, with Oliver Nelson on soprano, seems to be a much better indication of what they can do.

Having heard Horace Silver's new group sparkle on two occasions at the Plugged Nickel in Chicago right before the festival, I was disappointed by their Newport set. The Eastern-flavored *Kindred Spirits* (dedicated here to Wes Montgomery) was overlong. On *The Natives Are Restless Tonight*, trumpeter Randy Brecker's choice of notes was judicious and tenorman Benny Maupin's dark, rough-hewn tone swung to advantage. Silver displayed that digging-in swing that is his trademark. Due to a faulty mike, bassist John Williams was inaudible, but Billy Cobham again revealed himself as an intelligent, fiery soloist. *Psychedelic Sally*, Horace's latest hot number, was not up to the recorded version or the Chicago renditions.

Emcee Flip Wilson showed his Lenny Bruce influence in his phrasing and a routine about midgets. Wilson started slowly and told a few tasteless jokes—if you're going to be vulgar, you'd better be funny—but ended strong and left 'em laughing.

The bad and the ugly were taken care of by Don Ellis and his orchestra. The "ugly" were costumes that looked as if they had been purchased at the five-and-dime or from a theatrical outfitter in receivership. The "bad" was the band. When you play Charlie Parker's *K.C. Blues* as pallidly as this band did, then you need something more than an overloaded rhythm section to make you swing. They even made a fine alto man, Frank Strozier, sound bad, and tenorist John Klemmer, who showed promise on his Cadet release, did nothing but make sounds and run up and down his horn. The transcription of Bird's solo from the original recording galumphed along like a slow freight with missing wheels.

The Great Divide, which opened the set, featured a choppy tenor solo that sounded

like a seasick Flip Phillips (I didn't get the player's name) and a strident, unimaginative alto solo by Ira Schulman. *Open Beauty*, with its multiple images in sound through electronics, conjured up an underwater ballet of sea nymphs, anemones, sea kelp and octopi. Les Baxter's theremin did it better years ago. Ellis actually does play some pretty things at a slow tempo like this (when he tries to swing he falls flat on his valves) but when he gets into the electronic tricks he ends up sounding like Horace Heidt's Three Trumpeteers.

A New Kind of Country by Hank Levy had another unswinging tenor solo from the guy with the moo-cow tone, and the set closer, *Injun Lady*, found Ellis puckapucking away with more tricks. What a waste of electronic equipment. I could have even forgiven those hideous orange jackets if the music hadn't been so lame. Ellis is nothing more than third-rate Stan Kenton with freaky time signatures. And some of Kenton's bands swung, an alien word to Ellis.

I've saved Roland Kirk for last because I don't want to end on a sour note. Kirk was the hit of Sunday evening with a performance that stopped the show. With him were Ron Burton, piano; Vernon Martin, bass, and Jimmy Hopps, drums. Roland is a band all by himself. He played straight-ahead tenor on a swinging minor-key number; warm, full-blooded tenor on *Alfie*; pretty strich, with peaks of intensity, on *How Insensitive*, a number featuring three horns at once (every man his own ensemble) that segued into a singing-blowing flute solo. After some right nostril on a green Tonette, he used the flute percussively.

What was to have been the finale began with a Gospel air (*By and By*), using the multi-horns as a bagpipe effect. Then came a section of taped together clarinet-and-a-half—one didn't have a bell—that looked like it was made by Johnson&Johnson. He growled tellingly here before switching back to tenor and a chaotic ending which recalled a World War II battle. His encore—definitely by popular demand—was a tribute to Coltrane in which Kirk played *Lush Life* on tenor; a manzello number; a tenor blues; and a fairly good impression of a man having hysterics into a flute. The finish was a happening, Roland tearing up paper and his aide-de-camp, Joe Texidor, banging away on a gong like J. Arthur Rank's man gone out to lunch.

One of the main differences between the sounds of Kirk and the sounds of Ellis is that Kirk is always swinging at the core. He oozes the music that we like to think of as jazz, and embodies the spirit that all forms of this art have always contained.

Kirk comes to play, whether for pay or not. He and Sonny Criss sessioned with a nucleus of the University of Illinois Jazz Band at a large party at the Viking Hotel Saturday night and really ripped it up. Drummer Hopps showed plenty of that never-say-die spirit, and the Illinois band's vocalist, Don Smith, played some mean piano.

At the festival's final gathering, an intimate affair at George Wein's house after the last concert, Kirk again was the spirit catalyst. Armed with his clarinet, and accompanied by RCA Victor producer Mike

readers poll instructions

VOTE NOW!

The 33rd annual **Down Beat** Readers Poll is under way. For the next eight weeks—until midnight, Oct. 25—readers will have the opportunity to vote for their favorite jazz musicians.

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

VOTING RULES:

1. Vote once only. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Oct. 25.

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

3. **Jazzman of the Year:** Vote for the person who, in your opinion, has contributed most to jazz in 1968.

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

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

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

7. Make only one selection in each category.

VOTE NOW!

Lipskin in full stride at the keyboard, he played through the entire history of jazz from New Orleans to avant garde with some heavy bopping and lovely melody in between. He inspired Wein to sit down and play the best piano I've ever heard from him, as the two (and the ever-ready Hopps) did an *A Train* that became *Rock-in' in Rhythm* and a few other things.

Before he played, Wein had said to me of Kirk: "He's got to be one of the greatest musicians of all time." Layed out on the rug as I was by the music, I offered no argument. There hadn't been jamming like this at Newport in years. In Roland Kirk, Newport '68 recaptured the feeling that got the whole thing started in the first place.



AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

singer taped several TV specials. Pianist **Jack Wilson's** career seems closely linked to O.C.'s since he became his musical director. Wilson, who has had his share of physical miseries lately, fractured a vertebra while working in Seattle, and for a long time was unaware of it. Wilson continues to record for Blue Note. His next album will be with strings—all **Billy Byers** charts . . . **Murray MacEachern**—the former **Benny Goodman**, **Glen Gray** and **Paul Whiteman** sideman who boasts the unusual double of trombone and alto sax—played two nights at Donte's with **John Largo**, accordion; **Ray Leatherwood**, bass; and **Jerry King**, drums. Sitting in: **Paul Suter**, flute. MacEachern's most steady studio gig finds him with **David Rose's** orchestra . . . There have been two noticeable changes in the **Freedom Sounds** recently: **Ernie Watts**, on tenor, replacing **Willie Greasham**; and **Francisco Aquabella**, replacing **Moises Obligation** on congas. Others: **Wayne Henderson**, trombone; **Jimmy Russell Benson**, flute; **Harold Land Jr.**, piano; **Wilton Felder**, electric bass; **Fred Hampson**, drums, and **Ricky Chimelis**, timbales . . . **T-Bone Walker** dropped into Shelly's while the **Jazz Crusaders** were appearing there. He'd been in Paris, but came back to Los Angeles to have some dental work done . . . **Stix Hooper** is still part of the house combo at Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills (**Dick Shreve**, piano and leader; **John Duke**, bass). When Stix worked with the **Harold Land-Bobby Hutchinson** group and with **Vi Redd's** group, **Eddie Williams** subbed . . . A regular rehearsal band, fronted by arranger **Don Piestrup**, a former native of San Francisco, rehearses every Tuesday afternoon at Donte's. Personnel: **Larry McGuire**, **Conte Candoli**, **Steve Huffsteter**, **Gary Barone**, **Bill Madison**, trumpets; **Charlie Loper**, **George Bohannon**, **Jack Redmond**, **Kenny Shroyer**, trombones; **Alf Clausen**, **Alan Robinson**, French horns; **Ernie Watts**, **Carrington Visor**, **Willie Maiden**, **Roger Neumann**, **John Gross**, **Meyer Hirsch**, reeds; **Shep Meyers**, piano; **John Morrell**, guitar; **Albert Stinson**, bass; **Nick Ceroli**, drums. Charts are by Piestrup and Clausen, who is also involved in a smaller group with the following personnel: **Jack Coan**, **Jerry**

Rusch, trumpets; **Gary McKaig**, trombone; **Bruce Amorine**, alto sax; **Roger Neumann**, tenor sax; **Dick Clark**, baritone sax; **Pete Woodford**, guitar; **Clausen**, bass; **Ron Lundberg**, drums. The book is by Clausen and Neumann . . . **Louis Bellson's** band was at Donte's for two Sundays, followed by a return engagement for **Lennie Stack** and his band. Then **Gene Estes** brought his band in. **Mike Barone** still holds down the Wednesday slot with his 17 pieces. **Mundell Lowe** fronted a quintet for two Guitar Nights; **Charlie Shoemaker**, vibes; **Jimmy Rowles**, piano; **Max Bennett**, bass; **John Guerin**, drums. **Ron Anthony** followed with a quartet that included **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Gene Cherico**, bass, and **Dick Berk**, drums. **John Pisano** fronted a quintet for two weekends while his bossman, **Herb Alpert**, was between gigs. In the group: **Tim Weisberg**, flute; **Jack Daugherty**, piano; **Pat Senatore**, electric bass, and **Nick Ceroli**, drums. **Pisano**, **Senatore** and **Ceroli** are members of the **Tijuana Brass** . . . The **Candoli Brothers**, **Pete** and **Conte**, co-led a sextet for two nights with **Lou Levy**, piano; **Chuck Domanico**, bass; **Dave Koonse**, guitar, and **Stan Levey**, drums.

Chicago: Best news in town for some time was the July 24 opening of a new jazz spot, the Tejar Club, at 1321 S. Michigan, where **Ahmad Jamal** once held forth. Owner is drummer **Teddy Thomas**, and the opening group was the **Wynton Kelly Trio** featuring **Jimmy Cobh** on drums. Third member was bassist **Herbie Lewis**, subbing for the ailing **Paul Chambers**. Singer **Franklin Davis** shared the bill at the club, which features a soulfood menu and is open for lunch . . . **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet wraps up a three-week frame at the London House Aug. 25. Pianist **Eddie Higgins' trio** follows. **Cannon** and **Brother Nat** were preceded by tenorist **Eddie Harris**, who followed **Stan Getz** . . . **Franz Jackson's Original Jass All Stars** hold forth Fridays and Saturdays through August at the Red Pepper Saloon, 9400 West Grand . . . **Joe Segal** brought **Yusef Lateef** and his quartet to town in July for a most successful Sunday matinee and evening at Mother Blues. Lateef also did a one-nighter at the White Elephant. Segal's annual **Charlie Parker Memorial Concert** was scheduled for Aug. 18 at Mother Blues, with **Roland Kirk** and his quartet as the stars . . . The **Jefferson Airplane** broke all attendance records at the Electric Theater for a two-day stand in late July. People were packed in like sardines, causing, according to eyewitness reports, a number of fainting spells . . . **Sonny Stitt** did a one-nighter at the Pumpkin Room in July . . . Trumpeter **Gene Shaw** heads the Tuesday through Thursday group at the Hungry Eye . . . Saxophonist **Anthony Braxton** recorded for Bob Koester's Delmark label . . . The famous film short *Jamming the Blues* was shown at the Aardvark Theater with **LeRoi Jones' Dutchman** (the bad and the beautiful?) . . . **Oscar Peterson's** trio and **Lou Rawls' revue** were the light jazz spice at this year's Ravinia Music Festival . . . The houseband at Jazz Ltd. now consists of **Don Ingle**, trumpet; **Jim Beebe**, trom-

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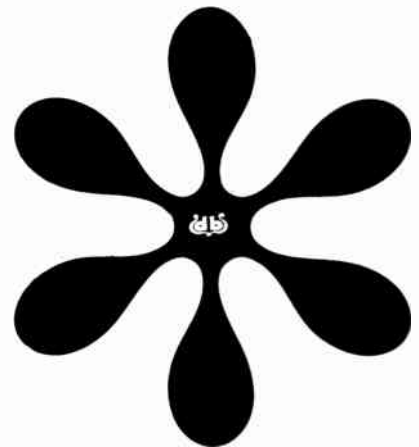
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bone; **Bill Reinhardt**, clarinet and leader; **Rozelle Claxton**, piano; **Art Sandley**, banjo; **Quinn Wilson**, bass and sousaphone, and **Barrett Deems**, drums.

Detroit: Tenorist **Larry Nozero** has been in and out of town lately, first with **Henry Mancini**, then for a short tour with **Sergio Mendes** . . . While pianist **Kirk Lightsey** is touring with vocalist **Aretha Franklin**, his replacement, both in trumpeter **John Trudell's** houseband at the Roostertail and in reedman **Terry Harrington's** quartet at the Bandit's Villa will be **Harold McKinney** . . . After a short but successful stay, pianist **Kenny Cox** and his **Jazz Masters** yielded the stand at the Drome to a Detroit favorite, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** (with **Don Patterson**, organ, and **Billy James**, drums) as the new management of the club made their first venture into booking name groups. The **Jazz Masters** are tentatively scheduled to return after Stitt's engagement . . . Baker's Keyboard also featured another local favorite and former Detroiter recently—guitarist **Kenny Burrell** and his quartet (**Richard Wyands**, piano; **Martin Rivera**, bass; **Bill English**, drums) . . . Some very creative duo jazz can now be heard at the Redwood Lounge in Livonia, where pianist **Marian Devore** and bassist **John Dana** collaborate four nights a week . . . Some of the best attended sessions in the city are taking place afterhours at the Universal Kingdom Afro-Culture Center under the auspices of the Detroit Creative Musicians Association. The most recent session was a memorial to **John Coltrane** on the anniversary of the saxophonist's death. Participants in that and other recent sessions have included trumpeter **Wesley Fields**; reedmen **Marvin Cabell**, **Leon Henderson**, **Aaron Neal** and **Mike Olsheski**; pianists **Stanley Booker** and **Harold McKinney**; organists **John (Yogi) Collins** and **James Cox**; bassists **Robert Allen**, **John Dana** and **Sam Scott**; drummers **Bob Battle**, **Jimmy Brown**, **Johnny Cleaver**, **Doug Hammon**, **Clifford Mack**, **Art Smith** and **Danny Spencer** . . . Singer **Norv Hill** can now be heard at the Capitol Park Motor Hotel in Lansing, backed by bassist **Paul Cullen's** trio (**Tom Curran**, piano; **Billy Parker**, drums) . . . Another singer, **Stewart Cunningham**, has joined forces with tenorist **Flip Jackson's** group at the Town Bar in Ann Arbor.

New Orleans: Summer concerts have been blossoming out in New Orleans. In addition to the Sunday Afternoon Jazz Society's modern sessions and the New Orleans Jazz Club's summer series, trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** and singers **Jimi Hendrix** and **Glen Campbell** have appeared recently at the Municipal Auditorium. The Masekela show also featured two local groups, **Willie Tee** and **the Souls** and drummer **June Gardner's** combo. The ILA Auditorium was the site of recent concerts by drummer **James Black**, trumpeter **Johnny Fernandez' big band** featuring vocalist **Germaine Bazzile** and drummer **June Gardner**, and a three-band bash spotlighting **The Sages**, tenorman **Davis Laste's** combo, and trumpeter **Porgy Jones' group** . . . Blues

singer-pianist **Roosevelt Sykes** is back in New Orleans on the same bill with another well-know blues artist, **Smilin' Joe**, at the Court of Two Sisters tavern . . . Trumpeter **Ben Smalley's** quartet with vocalist **Cecile Laurie** played a brief engagement at the Club Di Notti in the French Quarter . . . Vibist **Ben Thompson** is doing weekends at the Devil's Dungeon . . . Rock singer **Raymond Lewis** brought a show to entertain inmates at Angola State Prison at Angola, La. . . . Trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard** played with the houseband at the VIP after his recent concert here. Also doing a guest spot at the lounge was Chicago vocalist **Bob Anderson** . . . Trumpeter **John Brunis** left drummer **Sid Wilson's** combo at Club 77 to join **Fats Domino's** band. Brunis replaces **Ted Riley** . . . The Downtowner Lounge in the Bourbon Orleans Hotel is now holding afternoon sessions on weekends with singer **Ellyna Tatum** doing Dixie vocals . . . Bassist **Rod Saeuz**, heard here with pianists **Pibe Hine** and **Dave West**, went to St. Louis . . . **Al Hirt** played a benefit concert at his club in late July for underprivileged youth in New Orleans.

Philadelphia: The Afro Brothers, a group that has promoted many fine jazz presentations in their attempts to encourage the arts of the black community, continued their summer presentations at the Heritage House with **Rufus Harley** (July 29), **Nate Jones' big band** and vocalist **September Wrice** (Aug. 5), **Bobby Timmons** (Aug. 12) and **Eddie Green** (Aug. 19) . . . Saxophonist **Odean Pope** has been taking care of jazz chores with his modern group at the Blue North Club. Vocalist **Evelyn Simms** closed recently at the room after an extended stay . . . Drummer **Harry (Skeets) March** has been leading a group at the Black Orchid in Atlantic City, featuring trumpeter **Tommy Simms** and pianist **Johnny Johnston**. **John Lamb** has been on bass with the group on and off . . . **Frank Sinatra** did a fund-raising concert for **Hubert Humphrey** at the Spectrum Aug. 4 . . . Singer **Kim Weston** was slated to appear with **Harry Belafonte** at New Jersey's Garden State Arts Center July 30-Aug. 3. This writer had the pleasure of doing sound for a **Kim Weston** concert some time ago. She is a most talented and beautiful young lady . . . Two recent events in the big Schmidts Beer summer series featured jazz. **Sarah Vaughan** and **Louis Armstrong** stole the first show, which also featured **Michael Olatunji**, **Don Ellis**, **Maggie Harris** and **Charles Lloyd**. **Count Basie** and his orchestra supplied the jazz on the other show which also featured **Jackie Wilson** and **Judy Garland**. Several members of the Basie band joined the orchestra that played for **Miss Garland** . . . The Show Boat Jazz Theatr (that's how they spell it), which recently cut down to a records-only policy, announced that they would use local talent on weekends for the remainder of the summer season. A young group, the **Visitors**, started the new policy . . . Jazz bassoonist **Dan Jones** is slated to play for future meetings of the **Fred Miles Ameri-**

can Interracialist Jazz Society. Trumpeter **Charles Chisholme**, leader of the new houseband at **Laurettas Hi Hat Club** in Lawnside, N.J. recently joined the group . . . **Ray Bryant** and his trio were recently featured at the Aqua Lounge in West Philly . . . **Benny Goodman's** scheduled performance was rained out at the Temple University Concerts in Ambler, Pa. It was felt that the tent roof would be unsafe during the heavy downpour . . . In Atlantic City, **Al Grey** and his group held forth at the Wonder Bar, saxophonist **Gene Quill** is playing loud and clear at the Jockey Club, and bassman **Jimmy Mobley** is playing once again after having been in the hospital for some time.

Pittsburgh: Saxophonist **Nate Harper**, star sideman of the **Walt Harper Jazz Quintet**, was married recently and spent his wedding reception listening to another jazz group, the **Sell Thomas Quintet**. The leader and drummer is **Sell Thomas** of Washington, Pa. Others are **Roger Barbour**, French horn and trumpet; **Charles Childs**, alto and tenor; **Robert De Vaughn**, tenor and flute, and **Jul Thomas**, organ . . . The Holiday Inn at West Mifflin gets swinging action from **Jerry Lucarelli** on cordovox; **Bruce Buerelson**, drums, and **Jerry Manoeles**, vocals. They call themselves the **Jerry Bruce Trio** . . . **Stauffer's Mt. Lebanon, Pa.** restaurant has a fine jazz group entertaining on Saturdays: **Marty Irvin**, piano; **Bob Swanson**, bass; **Tom Lavelle**, drums . . . The **Jazz Communicators**, starring **Freddie Hubbard** on trumpet, played a short engagement at **Crawford's Grill** in early July . . . Afternoon jazz sessions at the **Cherry Lounge**, downtown, have filled a Saturday void for many who like to see star drop-ins like trumpeter **Ray DeFate**, saxist **Louis Schreiber**, and drummer **Chuck Spatafore** . . . The **Hurricane Bar** continues to provide top jazz organists, and featured the groups of **Jon Bartell** and **Betty Burgess** in July . . . The **Jimmy McGriff** organ combo had an early July gig at the **Hollywood Club** in Clairton, Pa. for one week . . . Clarinetist **Jack Mahony** feels he has mastered his new electronic instrument and is planning to form a combo for a comeback try. He recently sat in with pianist **John Hughes** and drummer **Spigot Plummer** at the **Champion Lakes Golf Club** in Ligonier, Pa.

Seattle: The Sky River Rock Festival, a three-day affair scheduled for Aug. 31-Sept. 2 on a farm near Sultan, Wash., northeast of Seattle has signed the **Youngbloods**, **Country Joe and the Fish**, and **Country Weather**, with other names expected . . . Four free Sunday jazz concerts are being held in the Seward Park Amphitheater under sponsorship of **Sicks' Rainier Brewing Co.**, the **Seattle Jazz Society**, and the **Recording Industries Trust Fund** of the A.F. of M. with **John Handy**, **Bola Sete** and **Joe Johansen** kicking the series off July 28, and **Charles Lloyd's** quartet booked for Aug. 8, plus two local bands. **Lloyd** also played the **Eagles Auditorium**, with pianist **Keith Jarrett**, bassist **Ron McClure** and drummer **Paul Motian**, fill-

ing the house on two weekday nights (July 17-18) with the help of Vanilla Fudge and Crome Syrens . . . A new blues unit called the Juggernaut, consisting of Pernell Alexander, Butch Snipes, Dan Bonow and Tim Bonow, has been playing at local parks and at the Eagles . . . Another blues-oriented quartet, the Floating Bridge, has guitarists Rich Dangle and Joe Johansen, electric bassist Joe Johnson and drummer Mike Marinelli, and was the most exciting group at the Seattle Jazz Society's annual benefit picnic July 21 at Edmonds; they appear nightly at Mr. P's as part of the Ron Holden Quintet. Other units playing the SJS benefit were the Cosmic Funk, led by bassist Pete Leinonen; the Sarge West Quartet; the Joe Brazil Quintet, and the Mike Mandel Quartet . . . The Penthouse, long one of the best jazz spots in the U.S., is crumbling under the wrecker's ball to make way for a parking garage and bank, and owner Charlie Puzzo has not yet announced a new location . . . Singer Bobby Adano is swinging each night at Rosellini's 410 Restaurant, ably backed by pianist Bob Nixon, bassist Chuck Metcalf, and drummer Dean Hodges . . . The Mothers of Invention were booked into the Seattle Center Arena again for Aug. 23 . . . Buddy Rich's great big band appeared Aug. 5-8 at D-J's . . . Singer Woody Woodhouse is going into his second year at the Checkmate, a soul tavern, but organist Mike Mandel and drummer Steve Haas have left to go to Boston and freshen up at the Berklee School; replacements were not set at press-time . . . The Byron Pope Ensemble, a jazz-oriented quintet that plays Pope's compositions almost exclusively, has been granted \$1,000 by the Washington State Arts Commissions to perform four jazz concerts in black population centers; two were held at the Cirque Theater in Seattle, and two more are set for Tacoma in East Pasco . . . The Jimi Hendrix Experience will play at the Seattle Coliseum Sept. 6.

Baltimore: Jazz singer Margie Schaefer is back on the scene, leading her own trio three nights a week at Harold's Club on North Charles Street . . . Vocalist Johnny Hartman rounded out the name jazz activity at the Alpine Villa for the summer July 11-14. The Jazz Society of Performing Artists has also suspended operations for the summer, one reason being that Elzie Street Jr. and Ray Pino, two of its mainstays, have been spending their time working on the Jazz at Laurel Festival. The Society and the Alpine Villa will resume jazz activities Sept. 9 when Richard (Groove) Holmes comes in. Backing Hartman was the trio of local pianist Albert Dailey, currently at Henry Baker's Peyton Place . . . The Left Bank Jazz Society was host to two brilliant jazz organizations in July. The Don Ellis Band, fresh from Newport, performed July 14, and the following Sunday, Max Roach, with trumpeter Charles Tolliver, Baltimore alto saxophonist Gary Bartz, pianist Stanley Cowell and bassist Jymie Merritt, brought a large crowd to their feet again and again throughout an inspiring (but too short) afternoon.



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Double Time (Long Meter)

C7#9 find the key un-lock the door.

Ab7 wan-der-in'-soud from town to town. *Ab7* Don't know how the

Live-in life from hand to hand. *Ab7* pass-in'round from

Ab7 deal-go down. *Ab7* wait-in' for your *Ab7* luc-ky break to come.

man to man. 'for you know your feel-ings will be numb.

1. *Ab7* *Ab7*

2. *Ab7* *Ab7* *C7#9* *F7*

Psy-che-del-ic sal-Ly don't you want to know

C7#9 *F7* *C7#9*

Psy-che-del-ic Sal-Ly How I love you so. Psy-che-del-ic Sal-Ly

F7 *C7#9*

Give your-self a chance. woh - - - come on here and find vo-mance.

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THE THINKING DRUMMER

By Ed Shaughnessy

THE MOST interesting rhythmic aspect of much of today's music—be it jazz, "hard-rock", or the latest hit on the current pop charts—is *changing meter*. This means that the particular piece of music being played does not have a set rhythmic pattern (such as 4/4) all the way through the song or composition, but is interestingly varied with 2/4, 3/4, or combinations of both, giving a feeling of 5/4, 6/4, 7/4,

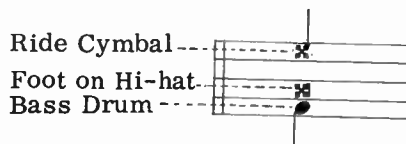
and other rhythmic phrasings.

It would very much benefit the serious drum student (or professional player) to learn the "feel" of all meters—no matter what his particular area of drumming may be. The author has found from his own teaching experiences that the earlier a drummer is exposed to all rhythmic "feelings", the sooner he becomes fluent in hearing and playing in them. The drum-

mer, young or old, with only 4/4 (and a few waltzes) in his experience should not be discouraged with these "new rhythms." They can be easily learned.

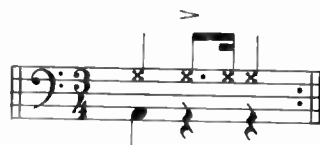
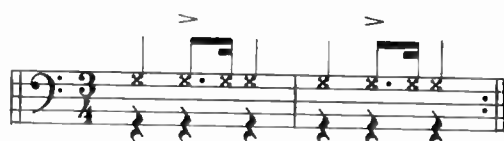
The first step toward mastering "odd" time groups is separate study of each, one at a time. Later, we will discuss weaving more than one rhythm together . . . it's a real kick to do. Our study this month is of 3/4 jazz . . . go slowly . . . stay relaxed.

$\frac{3}{4}$ SWING - THE JAZZ WALTZ



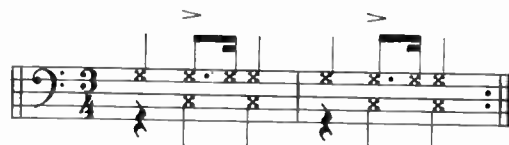
THE BASIC CYMBAL BEAT
Played with an accented feeling on beat 2.

Practice this beat alone until it is sure and swinging; then try bass drum on beat 1 (no Hi-hat).

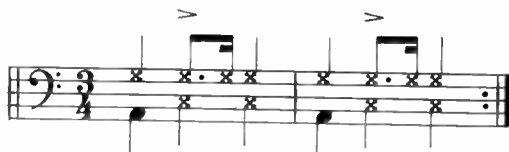


VERSION I

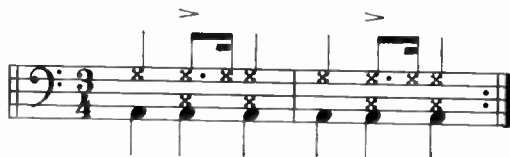
① Ride Cymbal beat with Hi-hat on beats 2 and 3.



② Ride Cymbal beat with Hi-hat and Bass Drum added on beat 1.



③ Ride Cymbal beat with Hi-hat and Bass Drum playing three beats to the bar.

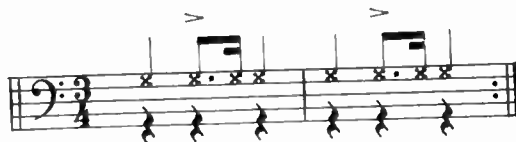


The final result as arrived at in Ex. 3 is practical for slow to medium tempos as generally played. This pattern should be diligently practiced until the student is comfortably secure and always feels the "one" (first beat) in every bar. The feeling of "one" or the downbeat of each bar is essential in $\frac{3}{4}$ and all other rhythms to follow.

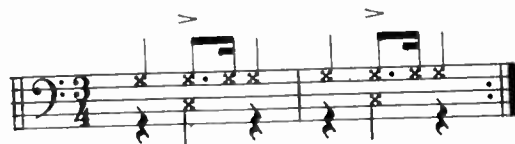
For medium to fast tempos, the Hi-hat on beats 2 and 3 is somewhat confining rhythmically, and the pattern below should be used.

VERSION II.

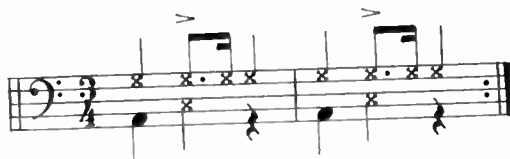
Basic Cymbal beat is the same.



- ① Cymbal beat with Hi-hat on beat 2 only.



- ② Cymbal beat with Hi-hat and Bass Drum on beat 1.



- ③ Cymbal beat with Hi-hat and Bass Drum playing three beats to the bar.



Pattern No. ② will be found to be ideal to play at very fast $\frac{3}{4}$ tempos - since the bass drum on beat ① has a very settling effect. It should be the type of bass drum beat that is felt more than is really heard.

Once the drummer can freely play in $\frac{3}{4}$ time with the hi-hat on beats ② and ③ in the 1st Version, or in the second version - with hi-hat on beat ② only, he can choose which to play at his own discretion, depending on tempo and feel of the piece.

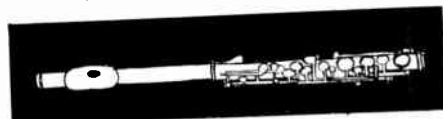
Over the next few months, we will be presenting some more examples of the learning approach to these increasingly common rhythms. Much of the material will be excerpts from the author's *The New Time Signatures in Jazz Drumming* (published by Belwin Co.) which has been very successful in aiding many teachers throughout the country in the area of "odd-time" playing. It is our earnest hope to present this type of helpful, logical, and above all *musical aid* to better drumming in this column, *The Thinking Drummer*.

Other subjects to be covered include finger control, reading drum parts in a musical way, tuning the drum set, basic practice routines for beginners and advanced drummers, and many other interesting subjects. If there is enough interest, we will include some columns on various percussion instruments and their playing techniques. The author cannot promise individual replies, but will try to answer common questions in this column if the questioner will direct his written request to Ed Shaughnessy, c/o *Down Beat*.

If the reader can capture the tremendous joy of drumming that has been the wonderful privilege of the professional drummers throughout the world, be it on log drum or tabla or drum set, he is indeed wealthy beyond all material measure.



ED SHAUGHNESSY, drummer, teacher and author, is one of the most accomplished and versatile percussionists in the business. His wide-ranging musical associations during two decades as a professional have included combos from Eddie Condon to Charlie Mingus (among them George Shearing, Stan Getz, Don Ellis, Charlie Ventura, Roy Eldridge, Teddy Charles, Joe Newman, and Gary Burton) and such big bands as Benny



Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Lucky Millinder, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra U.S.A., Johnny Richards and Doc Severinsen. Shaughnessy is featured regularly on the Johnny Carson *Tonight* show. He is much in demand as a clinician on the college and high school scene, and is the author of *The New Time Signatures in Jazz Drumming*. A new book, *Stage Band Drumming*, is scheduled for publication this year.

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WHERE WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): unk.
Apartment: Emme Kemp, Charles DeForest, tfn.
Baby Grand: Connie Wills, tfn.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Herb Brown, tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri. Chuck Wayne.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): unk.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
De Lux Cafe (Bronx): Jazz Peace Bros., wknds.
Dom: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Electric Circus: Sly and the Family Stone to 8/25. Iron Butterfly, 8/27-9/1.
Encore (Union, N.J.): Russ Moy, Carmen Cicalese, Lou Vanco, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six.
Fillmore East: unk.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): unk.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler to 9/15.

Garden Dis-Cafe: Raymond Tania, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight (Elizabeth, N.J.): unk.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Gladstone Plushbottom & Co.: Bruce McNichols, Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed., Sun.
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach, N.J.): unk.
Half Note: Ruby Braff, Zoot Sims, Nat Pierce, Aug.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): unk.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon. Booker Ervin, tfn.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): unk.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Cliff Pampell, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Eddie McGinnis, tfn.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Bee, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
007: unk.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weis, Effie Al Haig.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Helen O'Connell to 8/31. Sarah Vaughan, 9/5-30.
Rx: Cliff Jackson, Thur.-Sat.
Red Garter: unk.
Jimmy Ryan's: Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
Shepherd's: Ada Cavallo to 8/24. Blue Notes, 8/26-9/21.
Slug's: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Sports Corner: Brew Moore, Sun.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall. Sessions, Sun.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn, L.I.): Slam Stewart, Fri.-Sat., Mon.
Tom Jones: Dave Rivera, tfn.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Travelers (Queens): unk.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Carmen McRae to 8/25. Gary Burton, 8/27-9/1.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
Winecellar: unk.
Zebra Club (Levittown): no jazz till fall.



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Baker's Keyboard: Horace Silver, 8/30-9/7.
Odell Brown, 9/12-21. Art Blakey, 9/27-10/5.
Richard (Groove) Holmes, 10/11-20.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha Concert Jazz Quartet, Tue.-Sun. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
Capitol Park Motor Hotel (Lansing): Norv Hill, Paul Cullen, Fri.-Sun.
Drome: Kenny Cox and the Jazz Masters, wknds.
Frolie: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Dome (Troy): Ken Rademacher, wknds.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Mr. D's: Michel David, nightly.
Nordia (Battle Creek): Dick Rench, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Redwood (Livonia): Marion Devore, Wed.-Sat.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
Society of Experimental Arts: Detroit Contemporary 5, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Flip Jackson, Stewart Cunningham, Thur.-Sat.
Twenty Grand: Mike Olsheski, Louise Salvador, Thur.-Sat.
Universal Kingdom Afro-Culture Center: sessions, Fri.-Sun. afterhours.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Tue.-Sat., Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

CHICAGO

Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.
Bitter End: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.
Copa Cabana: The Trio, Mon.
Earl of Old Town: unk.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
Abraham Lincoln Center: AACM concerts, Sun.
London House: Cannonball Adderley to 8/25.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millionaires Club (Downtown): Pat Panessa, Fri.-Sat.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Sun.-Thur.
Midas Touch: Cary Coleman.
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: unk.
Pumpkin Room: Prince James, The Tiaras, Thur.-Mon.
Pussycat: Odell Brown & the Organizers, Mon.-Tue.
Red Pepper: Franz Jackson, Aug.
Rennie's Lounge (Westmont): Mike Woolbridge, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Pat Panessa, Tue.-Thur.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Janelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Don Boudreau, Jean Sampson.
Chef's Inn (Corona Del Mar): Jimmy Vann.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup.
Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Clem's (Compton): Tony Ortega, Sun. 6 a.m.-noon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Thur.-Sun.
Cocanut Grove: Nancy Wilson, 9/17-30.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Disneyland (Anaheim): Teddy Buckner, Clara Ward, Young Men From New Orleans.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon.
Vocal Night, Tue. Mike Barone, Wed. Big Bands, Sun. Gene Siegel, 8/25. Toshiko, 9/1.
Factory (Beverly Hills): name jazz groups, Sun.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Fleur-de-Lis (Laguna Beach): Jan Deneau, Thur.-Sun. Dewey Erney, Fri.-Sat.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): Joe Williams to 8/25.
Kaleidoscope: Don Ellis, Wed.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Freddie Hubbard to 9/15. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's-on-the-Hill: jazz, nightly. Special guests, Mon.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green.
Red Holloway, Mon.
Pied Piper: Aaron McNeil, Karen Hernandez.
Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Dixieland, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
Shakey's (various locations): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Keith Jarrett, George Bohannon to 9/1.
Shifty's (San Diego): jazz nightly.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobby Boyle, Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande.
Sneaky Pete's: Art Graham.
Tiki Island: Reggie Buckner.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): John Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Dick Shreve, hb.

BALTIMORE

Alpine Villa: Richard (Groove) Holmes, 9/9.
Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Harold's Club: Margie Schaeffer, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): Charles Williams, Joe Lee Wilson, 9/1.
Kozy Korner: Mickey Fields.
Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane, wknds.
Peyton Place: Albert Dailey.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

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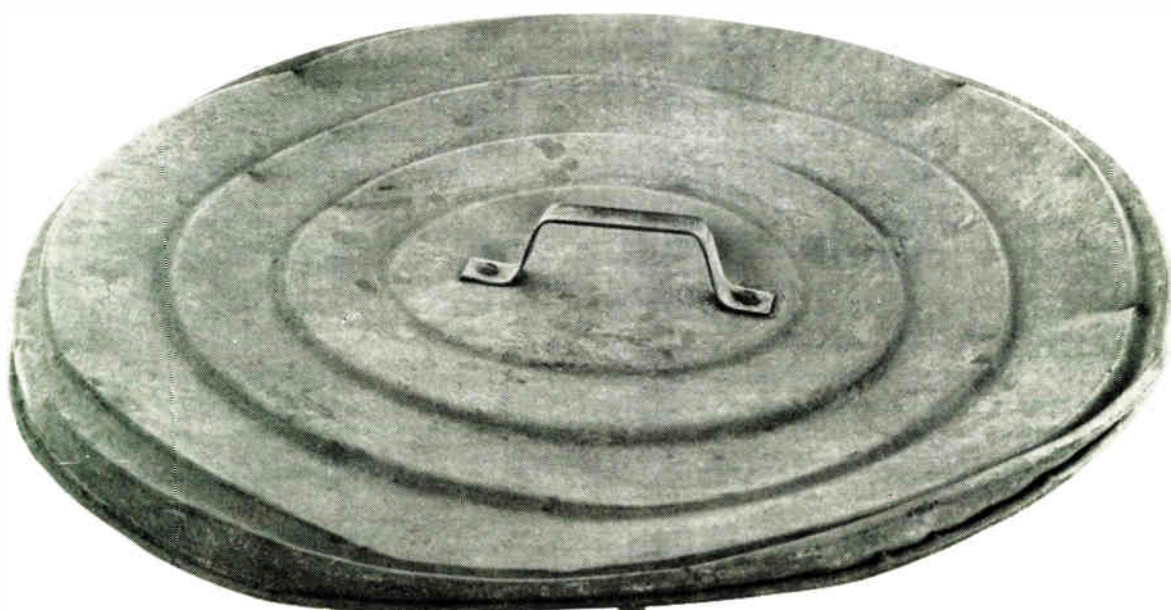
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