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in the Introduction of his
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this somewhat debatable



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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

HERE ARE SOME of our once-every-four-years views of how music and musicians are used on the political scene.

Remember with us way back to Miami last summer. Remember Rockefeller's "houseband" which was on loan-out to his favorite, favorite sons! It was beautiful. The band played the same rousers each time around the hall but changed uniforms for each allegiance (though the drummer never changed the wording on the big bass drum), and the slide trombones zonked the TV interviewers in the aisles. Unanswered question: how much confetti to fill a tuba? Also in Miami was the posh tuxedo affair for adult delegates with Lester Lanin dance kicks. Across the hall was a special rock fun fest for the kiddies, a kind of musical bridge across the generation gap. Gee, Dad, it was swell. And can you forget genial (Senator) George Murphy cuing the convention band for entrances, swell-ups, and cut-offs? Just about the best long distance conducting job you ever did see. He's an ace.

In Chicago last August, music was also involved. First, there was the Lincoln Park sound truck episode. It seems there was a permit for rocking-on-the-green, but the uniformed stalwarts didn't allow the sound truck stage to enter the proscribed area until Allen Ginsberg's guru chants and yippie rhetoric prevailed. They needn't have bothered. The music was bravely underground but not very good.

Meanwhile, back at the convention site, the party platform band was engaged in fighting a running battle of words and music. There was the now famous afternoon battle of delegates chorusing a capella "... marching as to war" versus *Happy Days Are Here Again* in triple forte, reprise after reprise. The trumpet lead changed three times as chops blew out over the hall.

As well prepared as both convention bands were with rollicking tunes like *California, Here I Come*; *The Eyes of Texas*; *Maryland, My Maryland*; *The Maine Stein Song*, and *Moon Over Miami*, there were times when the occasion just couldn't fit the music. Julian Bond for vice-president caught everyone short. What to play? *Sweet Georgia Brown*? *Milestones*? They settled for *Sounds of Music*.

Aside from convention TV fun and games, the present campaigns have used music in other, more subtle ways. Rock groups or any musicians with unwashed airs are not warmly welcomed by candidates extolling law and order. Dixieland groups are pretty handy, though. Straw hats and blazers give the right feeling of the last hurrah. Country-and-western fellas and gals are okay too. Folksy, smell of Mother's home cooking, and by George, it's foot-tappin' good.

And swept along in all of this are local problems like school budgets, bond issues, property taxes, and teachers' salaries. And suddenly, music becomes quiet and vulnerable. "Cut out the frills" means music and the like. (It certainly does not mean football or driver education.) So music and that for which it stands becomes a whipping boy, and an issue that can help carry a man to the Senate of the United States.

It would be nice sometimes to have music and musicians listened to and not always used for someone and something else.

down beat

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Cover photo: James Brown by Charles Stewart

IN THE NOV. 14 DOWN BEAT:

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Complete Coverage Of
The Monterey Jazz Festival

A Candid Interview With
Janis Joplin
ON SALE OCT. 31

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COMMENT

from Carl Fischer

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By Quincy Jones

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Quincy Jones

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Shock Treatment

Regarding the review of my record *Shock Treatment* by Harvey Pekar (*DB*, Sept. 19), I would like to set the record straight on some little known facts in connection with this album. The copy that was reviewed was one about which I am embarrassed and not proud. The story behind this is as follows:

Upon completion of the album, I did the mixing and editing here in California and then sent the finished product to New York. It wasn't until the album was already released that I heard a pressing. Much to my horror, I found that without consulting me the whole album had been changed around—rejected masters and unapproved takes were used (not the ones which I had selected and edited), the wrong tunes were on the album, unauthorized splices were made which disturbed the musical flow of some of the compositions (beats were even missing from bars), whole sections were cut out, some of these being the high points of the album. Therefore the liner notes, which were done to the original album, do not agree with what is actually on the album, calling attention to solos and high spots which are not there. I'm surprised that this wasn't mentioned in the review! Also, the wrong personnel is listed on the jacket.

When I discovered what had happened I was, naturally, disturbed and asked Columbia to redo the album. They graciously consented and I was able to change the album back to its original form except that I left *Mercy Maybe Mercy*, which my producer particularly liked, in place of *Zim*, which I hope will appear in a future album.

Unfortunately, they were not able to call back all the thousands of albums which had already been released. However, they did send a note to the reviewers telling them that the copy which they had received was defective, and to please not review it until they received the corrected copy. It looks as if *Down Beat* didn't get that letter.

In conclusion, let me state that I have no quarrel with Harvey's review, but I do wish that he or someone else would review the correct album.

Don Ellis

North Hollywood, Calif.

Lees (And Others) On Lees

Thank you for the article in the Sept. 5 *DB*, which was a substantially accurate reflection of my thoughts. The headline, however, was a little misleading. I do not think that art is craft; I merely think that craft is a critical element: the better the tool, the better a man can carve his message. It is possible to be a great technician without being a great artist; I do not think it is possible to be a great artist without being a great technician. And in any event, the kind of obsessive fascination that characterizes the great artist usually turns him

into a master technician almost by inadvertence. I have been often misunderstood on this point over the years, and in consequence accused of admiring technique above art, which I don't.

The article suggests—and perhaps I didn't make myself clear to Don DeMicheal—that I am enamored of traditional forms. I'm not. Many of them bore me, unless treated in a very fresh way. I respect *form*, not *forms*. By that I mean structure, shape; it can be very free and still work. Traditional forms usually have sound structural reasons for being. I'd rather see a man rely on a traditional form and handle it well than go wandering around in aimless muttering in search of a form, which a lot of contemporary art does. But as it happens, a great many, perhaps a majority, of the songs that have caught my interest sufficiently to write lyrics for them have been atypical in structure.

Gene Lees

New York, N.Y.

Just read the article on Gene Lees. It confirms my previous suspicions about him—he really is an *artist* (and that's the highest compliment I can give). I hope to be hearing more of his work and reading more articles of the calibre of DeMicheal's on Lees in *DB*. Thanks.

Thomas A. Wargo

San Bruno, Calif.

A comment on the article on Gene Lees. After extolling the virtues of Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern, he ruthlessly puts down Bob Dylan and the Lennon-McCartney team. In my opinion, they can be included among the best of today's songwriters. His overpraise of Berlin and Kern shows that his mind and orientations are still in the 1930s and 1940s. Someone ought to tell him we're living in 1968.

If *Yesterday I Heard the Rain* is an example of a Gene Lees song, his songwriting can be succinctly summed up: it's trite, banal, and full of —

Richard Wagner

Philadelphia, Pa.

Tight Like That

Wow! What's happened to *Down Beat*? You've cleaned house. Your Sept. 5 issue is the first I've seen in two years. I bought it strictly because of Don DeMicheal's interview with Gene Lees—which by the way was fascinating and well done.

But what impresses me are the changes: gone is the stodgy, dull, lackluster, unimaginative *Down Beat* I once subscribed to. *The First Chorus* is thoughtful, intelligent—and something I wish I could have read back when I had the chance to go into music. *Jaff-In* is honestly funny in spots. Martin Williams' *Bystander* column is first-class—something I'd expect to see in *High Fidelity*. Your features are more tightly edited (though not tightly enough, yet) and much more interesting.

Special mention: *Music Workshop*. Great. Probably the most universally interesting feature in the whole mag.

I think I'll re-subscribe.

Fred Schroyer

Beallsville, Pa.

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SHOCK TROOPS OF THE NEW WAVE IN SOUND

DIETING AND HARD WORK BAD MIXTURE FOR SATCH

Louis Armstrong was hospitalized in New York City Sept. 17 for what was initially described by a spokesman as "an examination and tests."

Subsequently, *Down Beat* learned that the 68-year-old trumpeter was apparently suffering from exhaustion due to excessive



Louis Armstrong
Rx: Rest

loss of weight. After a week in an intensive care unit at Beth Israel Hospital, Armstrong was reportedly making an excellent recovery.

Armstrong decided to go on a high protein-low calorie diet early this year, and shed some 60 pounds in a relatively short timespan while keeping up his customary busy schedule, to the consternation of friends.

It was expected that the trumpeter would rest at least until early November. A number of scheduled appearances, including a major one in Vienna, Austria, has been cancelled at presstime.

PRAGUE JAZZ FESTIVAL VICTIM OF OCCUPATION

Not unexpectedly, jazz was among the casualties of "the August events" in Czechoslovakia. The Fifth International Jazz Festival, scheduled to be held in Prague in October, had been cancelled.

In a letter announcing the cancellation, it was stated that "the organizer of the festival, Czechoslovak Musical Instru-

ments, and the management of the festival are fully aware of their duties to jazz as an important field of cultural and artistic activity and as soon as the situation permits, they are ready to start preparations for next year's festival which would continue in the successful tradition... reached by previous Prague Jazz Festivals."

The letter added that "to prove that also in the sphere of jazz concert life the conditions in Czechoslovakia tend towards a certain normalization," a concert featuring Czech jazz musicians would be arranged in 1968, "probably in the second half of November."

While the rude occupation of Czechoslovakia has had cultural and political repercussions in the rest of the Communist world, plans for the October Jazz Jam-boree in Warsaw were proceeding normally at presstime. We wish all friends of jazz in Czechoslovakia the best of luck and a speedy return to "normalization."

U.S. JAZZ AND BLUES STARS INVADE EUROPE

A veritable army of U.S. jazz talent is descending on Europe this fall.

From Oct. 19 through 26, the Newport Jazz Festival in London will offer British fans an array of music ranging from country blues to free jazz.

The Dizzy Gillespie Reunion Band, including Benny Bailey, Jimmy Owens, Curtis Fuller, and a reed section of James Moody, Phil Woods, Sahib Shihab, Harold Land, Cecil Payne; Count Basie; the groups of Art Blakey, Horace Silver, Max Roach, Gary Burton, Elvin Jones, Dave Brubeck-Gerry Mulligan, Sun Ra, Earl Hines and Muddy Waters; blues people Big Joe Williams, John Lee Hooker, T-Bone Walker and Curtis Jones, and a new edition of the Newport All Stars featuring Ruby Braff, Benny Carter, Red Norvo and Barney Kessel are only some of the participants in the event.

The Berlin Jazz Festival, while not quite as gigantic, will offer from Nov. 7 through 10 the big bands of Gillespie, Maynard Ferguson, Don Ellis and Sun Ra; Blakey, Silver, Roach, Burton, Waters, the Stars of Faith and others. Most of the visitors will also tour other European countries under the aegis of George Wein or the American Folk Blues Festival.

TULSA IS NEW ADDITION TO JAZZ FESTIVAL LIST

Tulsa, Oklahoma—once a key location for the stomping territory bands of the southwest—has hardly been a jazz center in recent years. But on Nov. 3, the city's Civic Center will be the scene of a seven-hour jazz festival, organized by Tulsa Jazz Ltd.

The star attractions will be Gerald Wilson's big band from California, organist

Richard (Groove) Holmes and his group. The New Breed—a big band from Kansas City, Mo., led by Eddie Baker—and a 23-piece jazz band from the University of Missouri. In addition, there will be five local groups, including the New Directions Quartet.

LONDON'S LEADING JAZZ CLUB MAKES A BIG MOVE

Ronnie Scott's Club has long been London's outstanding jazz oasis. A few years ago, the club moved to new and larger premises and expanded its scope of activities, while the original location, now dubbed The Old Place, was maintained as



Ronnie Scott
Complete Environment

a stomping ground for young and lesser known players.

Not long ago, Scott—who is also one of England's leading tenor saxophonists—acquired the entire premises housing the club, and Sept. 30 was set as the target date for the grand opening of a new, greatly expanded Ronnie Scott's.

The new setup features three separate levels of entertainment. On the ground floor, the room has been enlarged and re-decorated, the bandstand moved for better viewing, and a new long bar installed. The first floor will feature a room catering to 100-150 persons, designed in contemporary ("not to say outlandish," Scott cracked) style, with light effects, sculptured foam seats, "and a completely different ambiance to the ground floor."

The basement will house a small, intimate lounge bar. In addition to jazz, there

will also be pop music, folk music, flamenco, mime, films, recorded concerts, etc. A reasonable admission price will enable patrons to use all the club facilities.

According to Scott, the new format will produce "an establishment which is a complete environment rather than the accepted conception of a 'club'."

The new facilities will enable Scott to present even the most expensive jazz groups, because their fees will be subsidized by the pop music and other ventures. "The only reason this can be done," he said, "is because the underground pop and new jazz groups are coming together. . . . If we're wrong, it's the river."

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH LUCKY FOR DB WINNER

The Friday September 13th Jazz at Noon session at Chuck's Composite in New York was anything but unlucky for Jazz Interactions and guitarist Dennis Taitt. Proceeds from that day's luncheon were donated to JI which, in turn, gave \$150 of the money to young Taitt to supplement the \$200 scholarship he received from *Down Beat* toward studies at the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

A huge turnout heard a variety of music from the conglomeration of semi-pros, ex-pros and pros who generally gather to

break communal bread and notes every Friday. Led by adman-alto saxophonist Les Lieber, who along with publicist Georgianne Aldrich created Jazz at Noon, the band included, at various times, guest stars like trumpeter Joe Newman, trombonist Benny Powell and drummer Ray McKinley. One of the ex-pro regulars (he still plays gigs on weekends) is trumpeter Sonny Rich, who played with Claude Thornhill in the late '40s.

In the audience were Montego Joe and guitarist Wally Richardson, Taitt's teacher. His pupil sat in on *On Green Dolphin Street* and a good time was had by all, including Dennis' mother.

Blues Outclasses Rock At Sky River Festival

THIRTY-FIVE rock bands, numerous blues and folk artists and a jazz group, several acres of mud, two dramatic units, 15,000 young people, and an indefinable air of freedom remain in the memory after Labor Day weekend at Sultan, Wash.

The occasion was the Sky River Rock Festival, held Aug. 31 through Sept. 2 on Betty Nelson's Organic Raspberry Farm, 40 miles northeast of Seattle in the foothills of the Cascade mountains.

The comments most often heard backstage were "We never played a better set" or "They never grooved more." This was said of or by Kaleidoscope, Willie Mae (Big Mama) Thornton, the Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, the New Lost City Ramblers, the Floating Bridge, It's a Beautiful Day, and the Byron Pope Ensemble—to name a few.

The festival elicited the interest of *Time* and local newspapers, who concentrated on the thousands of turned-on spectators doing whatever they liked. While this was an obvious feature of the three-day event, perhaps the musical side could also have been described. In fact, the two aspects were intimately connected. There was a degree of interaction between audience and performers too often lacking in the big rock halls or in the jazz clubs.

The pinnacle of the festival was reached in a soulful blues session led by Big Mama Thornton, accompanied by James Cotton on mouth harp, Ron (Pigpen) McKernan (of the Grateful Dead) on organ, one of the Dead's two drummers, and a guitarist. The session, late in the afternoon of the final day, seemed to define blues playing in a way that many of the rock groups had only been able to approach.

The Grateful Dead, who preceded Big Mama and were very, very good in their usual bag, sounded square by comparison. Behind Miss Thornton, Pigpen comped and comped and comped—almost no solos.

The scene was loose. A young man who earlier in the day had discarded his clothes jumped on the stand during the session and stood by the singer, who told the audience, "He's doing his thing, and I dig him doing it."

Saturday, Aug. 31, opened with sunshine and about 10,000 admissions, some through the woods but most through the

gate. In addition to the large bandstand with 1,000 clean watts of amplification, there was a smaller nearby stand for folk singers and the San Francisco Mime Troupe. A large arts and crafts sales area was set up, along with the usual food stands, a soul food booth, and an Indian salmon barbecue. Wet ground was soon trampled into mud, and many listeners set up camps in the upper meadow and hillside. The scene was reminiscent of Civil War photographs.

A summary of the most outstanding events of various types follows:

Rock: Country Joe and the Fish (wild performance with conflicts between drum-

quartet with some soul); It's a Beautiful Day (closed the festival at 3 a.m. Tuesday; great electric violinist).

Blues: The James Cotton Blues Band from Chicago; in a class by itself, at least at this festival. Other blues groups included Santana and the Frumious Bandersnatch, both from California.

Jazz: The Byron Pope Ensemble was the only jazz unit, as the term is loosely defined. Altoist-piccoloist-composer Pope came from Canada and is beginning a year's term as Visiting Lecturer in Music at the University of Washington. In his quartet, which projected his avant garde jazz competently, were pianist Gwint Coleman, bassist Alphonse LaRue Wynn, and drummer Steve Solder.

Folk: Alice Stuart Thomas (country blues); Mark Spoelstra; Dr. Humbead's New Tranquility String Band (traditional country); New Lost City Ramblers (good bluegrass); All Men Joy; Billy Roberts; Ramblin' Jack Elliott.

Other bags: A new San Francisco drama group, the Congress of Wonders, blew some minds. Three young hippies in street clothes, they presented a different play each day in a way that made the Mime Troupe appear old-fashioned.

Saturday night the rains came, and Sunday dawned deep in mud. But the atmosphere was established, and some of the best performances happened that night. Monday dawned clear and everyone dried out. Monday evening was damp and foggy, but nobody cared by then. There was just too much happening.

The Sky River Rock Festival and Lighter Than Air Fair, to spell out its full name, was organized by New American Community Inc., with the idea that proceeds of the benefit would go to American Indian and black causes. However, because of planning that "got out of control," according to festival director John Chambliss, bad weather, and infiltration through the woods, gate receipts didn't quite meet the nut.

Chambliss, whose regular occupation is professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, said the festival was a musical and spiritual success, and will be repeated at a better location next year.

We've never heard so much good music in so short a time. —Lowell Richards



RICH FRANK

Big Mama Thornton

mer Chicken Hirsh and others that were resolved dramatically and musically); Kaleidoscope (mixed bag of straight blues, Near East pieces with great oud playing, and flamenco numbers); Floating Bridge (the best local group, playing hard blues, with lead guitarist Rich Dangle); Country Weather (a very groovy Bay Area rock band, better than many on record); Anonymous Artists of America (another good Bay Area rock unit); Juggernaut (Seattle blues-rock

POTPOURRI

Two new faces in the Miles Davis Quintet are British bassist Dave Holland and pianist Chick Corea.

J. J. Johnson has been named president of MBA Music, a New York production firm specializing in radio and television commercial music tracks. For the past two years, Johnson has been a staff composer, arranger and conductor for MBA, and has been responsible for music to commercial spots for Chevrolet, Heinz, Kent, L&M, Canada Dry, Oldsmobile and other products.

Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, the well-known Danish jazz writer and producer, fulfilled a lifelong dream when he opened his own jazz room, Timme's Club, in Copenhagen Aug. 27. Pianist Mary Lou Williams was the first attraction. Singer Inez Cavanaugh, who had her own club, Chez Inez, in Paris for several years, is manager. Local wits commented that the club is so small the waitresses have to wear miniskirts.

Paul Gayten, who was active as a singer in the '40s and later became a successful a&r man, has launched his own record label, Pzazz. First artists signed include Louis Jordan, Lorez Alexandria, and pianist Ronnell Bright. Another new label on the scene is Biograph Records, devoted to reissues and debuting with albums by Ma Rainey and Blind Lemon Jefferson. Arnold Caplin of Historical Records is in charge.

Clark Terry cut three fingers on his left hand to the bone when attempting to inflate a tire on his car. Trying to get at the tire valve, he was injured by the unexpectedly razor-sharp inner edge of the rim. Skin was grafted from the trumpeter's forearm, and doctors are confident he will regain full use of the fingers. The accident occurred in early September. Terry was expected to return to his chair in the *Tonight Show* orchestra by mid-October, but it will probably be some time until he resumes full-time playing activity.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Gerry Mulligan-Dave Brubeck group, with bassist Jack Six and drummer Alan Dawson, and Louis Armstrong's All Stars capped the second night of the first Garden State Art Center Jazz Festival in Holmdel, N.J. An overflow crowd of 6200 attended. On the successful festival's first night, the groups of Stan Getz and Ahmad Jamal filled in for the ailing Hugh Masekela . . . Horace Silver's quintet worked the Blue Coronet after Thelonious Monk, and Monk shifted to Count Basie's Lounge and then the Village Vanguard. Preceding Monk at the Vanguard was Bill Evans. With Evans, in addition to bassist Eddie Gomez, was drummer John Dents. The Evans trio opened at the Top of the Gate for four weeks Oct. 15 . . . Sept. 29 marked the first of what the Vanguard hopes will be many Sunday evenings for Chuck Israels' orchestra. It is hoped that Israels and Sunday will become as synonymous at the Vanguard as Thad Jones-Mel Lewis and Monday . . . Howard McGhee did

several weeks at La Boheme. With the trumpeter were Paul Jeffrey, tenor saxophone; Sonny Donaldson, piano; Tibor Tomka, bass, and Jimmy Lovelace, drums. When Jeffrey left to gig at the Gold Lounge (formerly Sugar Ray's) in Harlem—Jackie McLean has appeared there recently, too—Charlie Shavers dropped in a few times to duet with McGhee. Donaldson's trio was held over when Chico Hamilton's ensemble checked into the Broadway & 69th St. club . . . Pianist Lance Hayward and bassist Bill Lee, the regular weekend duo at West Boondock, appeared in concert at Town Hall. Six basses used as an orchestral unit backed singer Millard Williams and also performed in two of Lee's works, *The Depot* and *One Mile East*. The six were Richard Davis, Bob Cunningham, Larry Ridley, Lyle Atkinson, Michael Fleming and Herbert Brown . . . Teddy Wilson is currently in the middle of an eight-week engagement in the Party Room of the Playboy Club. The pianist opened Sept. 20 . . . Sarah Vaughan closed at the Rainbow Grill Oct. 5 after a month's stay. Her opening night was marked by guest appearances by Louis Armstrong, Tony Bennett and Eddy Arnold . . . Composer-pianist Burton Greene was connected with two September concerts at Town Hall. The first also involved bassist Steve Tintweiss and his Purple Why; the second included a premiere performance of Greene's *Mountains—Expression I* . . . *Focus on the Jazz Vocalist* continues at Slugs' every Monday night. Vicky Kelly, Mel Daney, Jema Jo and Ozzie Waite were heard in September; Mel McClelland

/Continued on page 40



A DIFFERENT COLUMNIST

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"THE RHYTHM MODE" has been a regular feature of the Sunday entertainment section of the *Washington Post* since September 1967. It is conducted by Hollie I. West, who otherwise works for the Associated Press in Washington. That means that West is one of the few regular columnists writing on jazz in a major American newspaper. If it matters (and isn't it absurd to pretend that it does not?), he is also, as far as I know, the only one who is black.

Admittedly, West, in his own words, "tries to appeal to the widest possible audience." But there are several ways of doing that for a music columnist. One way, very much in evidence these days, is, with a veneer of intellectual pretense, to tell the teen-age and young adult audience pretty much what it wants to hear about music it already likes. I have not seen that sort of thing in West's work; indeed I suspect he would

be incapable of it.

The Rhythm Mode offers interviews with musicians who are in town, accounts of musicians coming to town, and often includes record reviews. Thus West has written of James Brown and his actions and words in trying to help quell the Washington riots that followed Martin Luther King's assassination. He has explained, in reviewing LPs, the historical position and importance of Fletcher Henderson and Coleman Hawkins. West writes for a rock-oriented audience about rhythm-and-blues—and for a rhythm-and-blues-oriented audience about good rhythm-and-blues.

West had a column last February built around an interview with John Lewis in which he gave a brief history of the Modern Jazz Quartet and of Lewis' career, and managed to get in some choice quotes on a favorite Lewis subject—getting our symphonists to interpret and phrase jazz-influenced music properly. At the time, Lewis had been working with the symphony of Corpus Christi, Texas, under Maurice Perez, and was particularly enthusiastic about the results. ("This man is a wonderful conductor. He has a great feeling for people.")

West has also undertaken, in a carefully constructed and informed column, to introduce Albert Ayler to his readership. But perhaps I can best convey the quality and perception of West's own

comments on music with a condensation of some of his remarks on Charles Lloyd, which I shall transmit without further comments.

Lloyd, West says, "has been described as a musical prophet who is unraveling the mysterious threads of the new jazz for mass audiences. . . . One writer has even said Lloyd may save jazz from suffocating in a plethora of esoteric techniques and forms. . . ."

West follows with an account of Lloyd's awards, his tours (including the Soviet Union), his slick-magazine write-ups, and his current position as "a darling of the psychedelic crowd. Lloyd wears his hair in bushy, every-which-way style and sports World War I tunics and orange striped pants.

"Despite the acclaim he has received, Lloyd has failed to demonstrate that he is a musician of power and originality. His music seems to suffer from a lack of direction, or maybe from sputtering off into too many directions. . . . There is no question of his technical competence, but his eclectic approach makes him sound more like the musicians who influenced him than a distinct personality.

"For example . . . a blues called *Memphis Green* that contains a theme that begs comparison with Sonny Rollins' vintage *Sonnymoon for Two* and a solo that is filled with stock phrases straight out of John Coltrane."



JAMES BROWN'S BAG

by ira gitler



IF YOU HAVE seen the dynamic James Brown perform, you know that he can really move. Offstage, he can move too—a hard man to pin down for an interview. I caught up with him at NBC, just after he had appeared on the *Tonight Show*. Once we got into it, as you will see, he spoke of many things with enthusiasm. He is a man who knows where he stands musically and a man who has strong convictions about extra-musical matters as well.

In his appearance with Johnny Carson, he got involved in the latter area. He talked of his new chart-busting record, *Say It Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud*. "People need morale," Brown said. "Personalities can do it, because we are leaders." Then he cited a slogan given to him by a young man from Youngstown, Ohio: "Don't hate—communicate."

Brown was dressed conservatively, and his once long, highly-styled hair was worn au naturel, with mod sideburns. He is communicating with the black youth of America on many levels and has been an active, positive influence on them. The seventh grade dropout from Georgia says of his activities with youth: "My first love is working with kids." And he keeps telling them to stay in school.

The 34-year old Brown's rise to fame is one of the great success stories of modern show business. Born in Macon, Ga., he was raised in such poverty that he had to wear underclothes made from flour sacks and pick for coal along the railroad tracks. Today, he is a multimillionaire, has his own Lear jet, owns four cars (a Rolls Royce Silver Cloud; an El Dorado; a Lincoln, and a Toronado), lives in an English-style mansion

in St. Albans, N.Y. surrounded by a moat, owns a string of apartment houses, considerable land and a radio station, and travels with a wardrobe of at least 40 \$250-suits (he designs his own clothes and the uniforms of his band).

His first hit record (the 1955 *Please, Please, Please*; recorded in a garage) was followed by an unprecedented string of top sellers that have made Brown a giant figure on the r&b scene. His touring *James Brown Revue* currently includes his own big band, singers Vicki Anderson and Marvelous Marva, the Jewels, the Flames, and other acts, and he has been instrumental in furthering the careers of a number of successful performers. He does not believe in keeping acts tied to him once they are ready to go out on their own.

In spite of his staggering success,

Brown's primary following is still among his own people. He has yet to make the kind of national breakthrough that Ray Charles accomplished. In recent months, however, he has appeared at Las Vegas' Flamingo Hotel, had his own television special, and has made featured guest appearances on such shows as NBC's *Tonight* and the syndicated *Steve Allen Show*. Ed Sullivan should not be far away.

Though he could easily retire, Brown continues to work hard. "The only reason," he said recently, "I'm staying in it as long as I'm staying in it is 'cause I want to keep inspiring the kids. . . . I don't want them to be like me. Just get an education. Then they won't have to worry about how they're going to be."

I asked Brown to talk about his influences, his band, how he feels about jazz, and his role as an organist. He reacted modestly to the last question.

ORGAN

"Well, I'm not an organ player, that's for sure. I try to play soul, that's about all I can do. But that's the way I express me. That's all I can account for as far as the organ is concerned. Of course we do have an album out now—very, very big—it's a jazz album called *Nothing But Soul*.

"I like Jimmy Smith, McDuff, Jimmy McGriff; I like them because they're real soulful.

"I just made myself play the organ. Because when you put an organ in the outfit, right away the organ man becomes the most important man in there

because he's got volume, drive, and if this cat's taken out of the band, you've got a big gap. So I said one way to make sure that you've got an organ, James Brown, is to learn how to play it yourself. So that's what I did."

INFLUENCES

"As far as my actual singing sound is concerned, no one influenced me on that. But for showmanship, I kind of liked Cab Calloway and Louis Jordan.

"Nobody inspired me to sing—that's me, period. I enjoyed listening to a lot of people, but to get my singing, my sound, I didn't get that from anybody. That's me all the way. 'Course I'll admit it developed into better chords, a little different in chord structure. But a man has to do himself. He can dig another cat, but when you get ready to live it, you can't live another cat. So I just never tried to take it seriously because I know I couldn't come through doing another cat's thing. I've always done my own thing. When I get ready to write a tune, I forget about everything I've ever heard and think of my own thing.

"I was very lucky. My first record was my own thing—*Please, Please, Please*, and that was almost 13 years ago. And the kids act like it's just been released yesterday. I was the luckiest cat in the world. I started out with a million seller. And believe it or not, from the last of 1958 until now, every tune I've ever made made the national charts. And that's like four or five hundred tunes. Unbelievable.

"It's another thing. Every tune I

come out with I make a different approach every time. Now a lot of the acts, predominantly the English acts, a lot of the tunes sound just alike. Sounds like they change the lyrics and that's all. Every arrangement I did myself, even *Prisoner of Love*. This is the way it sounded almost on the record. [Brown had just sung it with the *Tonight Show* orchestra.] I might do it a little different because I hear a big band and you start venturing out. But that's the *Prisoner of Love* that sold a million copies for me. I think a man can be listened to and people can dig him the rest of his life if he makes a different approach. The element of surprise. That's show business all the way.

"Like you see me tonight and you'll come back tomorrow night and say, now, what's he going to do this time? 'Cause you don't feel the same way every time you hit that stage. You've got to feel different. You see a show and see one an hour later and it will be different.

"It's a funny thing, when an act gets on stage—you could see me at the Apollo or any place and my first show will be so sharp, so precise, so strong, you might miss most of the whole thing. But then you come back after I do two shows—in the third show—then I'll use more soul in my singing, but naturally be slowed down in the dancing. You dig it. You'll dig it better after I'm tired. Because when I'm at my best, it's too fast unless you're a musician. We play so fast sometimes we have to just stop and slow it down. It's so sharp—not necessarily tempo-wise—but it's so sharp. Bang! Precise."

YOUNG MUSICIANS

"I don't get a chance to hear too many kids. I know a band that's very, very good called the Ohio Players. Out of Dayton. I think with the proper guidance and a break, these cats could be out of sight, cause they're together. The bass player's so good he took all the frets off the neck. He *knows* where the changes are. He took all the frets off.

"Now, I got a band coming up. It's a white band with one soul brother in it. One. And they play soul. They *play* it, man. They recorded *I Can't Stand Myself*. This is my band, too. See, I've got two bands. I use them to record and now I got them behind Hank Ballard 'cause I'm making a comeback for Hank Ballard, who used to have the Midnighters a while back. They've got a cat plays bass and valve trombone at the same time. Man, this is fantastic."

JAZZ

"Well, I like any kind of jazz. I like West Coast jazz, soft jazz. But when



CHARLES STEWART

I'm tired and really want to relax, I like Ahmad Jamal, Brubeck; soft, just a light touch. But then, if I just feel up to it, I want to hear a cat drive. I like Jimmy Smith and Horace Silver, 'cause they're funky, man.

"My band can play jazz. You'd really be surprised. We were doing the *Steve Allen Show*, and Steve's band was on the outside and we were behind the curtain. We had to get a tempo to warm up with, so went into a jazz tune—started swinging. Steve called it the Battle of the Bands. 'Cause musicians are just that way. Like they hear a cat getting technical and the other cat just will naturally get technical with him and they'll start competing against themselves and before you know it they're really blowing."

THE BAND

"On tour, in the show, the band does a variety of things. They're doing the popular things—the hits. And then we do our things that we recorded. Then we do some jazz and big band things.

"I'd like to mention Albert Ellis. He's our arranger, for the road. He's an alto player. Very talented. He wails. He's basically a jazzman. Then we have Maceo Parker. He just has the magic touch as far as playing the tenor. 'Cause every tune I get him to play on, he comes through."

RAY CHARLES

"I like Ray's band, I like it very much. Ray's a talented man, period. He has his own thing and I can appreciate it. One of the tunes he made I felt was very good—I think was a little too soulful because the average layman couldn't dig it—was *Lucky Old Sun*. He was out of sight on that one. I thought he was going to start crying. I was looking for the tears to drop off the grooves. He was into it.

"It's funny. 'Cause I made a few tunes that were heavy and they didn't come through. 'Cause you get beyond the public. . . . I made a thing called *Ain't That a Groove* and it was slow. Should have been a smash. I made *Kansas City*. *Kansas City* gets momentum when they see me do it on the stage. My showmanship made it. But they couldn't dig what was happening 'cause we were cooking. I tried the heavy approach two or three times and every time I tried, I'd get stopped. Just have to keep coming back and simplifying it. It's a funny thing. You make a little three-finger chord on the guitar and they'll sell a million copies and the minute the cat spreads his hand out across the neck, you can't give the record away.

"And it's hard to cut with real good musicians. I mean that are really aware.



BOB CRAWFORD

See, there's a type of musician that has a groove, has a feeling. Then there's the one who's aware but he doesn't have the feeling because he's not out there to explore it and stay with it—what's going on in the current thing. Then we go into a studio to cut a ballad and you've got to get the musician who's heavy with the music. 'Cause he'll go back there to the old sound. You want to get the current sound, you've got to go to the young kids out there playing."

AVANT GARDE JAZZ

IG: Have you heard the kind of sounds that are more than music?

JB: I haven't dug it too close, but . . . Sonny Rollins is a perfect example of that.

IG: Sonny's still playing melodies.

JB: What melody? You got to be jiving.

IG: Then the other things I'm talking about would really baffle you.

JB: I dug some of these other things. But Sonny is a weird cat, too. 'Cause Sonny'll be playing and everybody'll have to stop because nobody knows where he's at but him. That cat played at a jazz show I dug at the Apollo about a couple of years ago—after he went into the woodshed and stayed for two years. This cat got up and started playing a tune—I don't think Beethoven would have been able to figure out those changes.


"The other night in Cincinnati, on WKBN-FM, I heard one of those funny things. They got some weird things. But I think these are some cats who went to do a session. They got into something

else and just started playing. What it actually sounded like was the cats were tuning up and the cat said there's no more time, so they said 'Release it.' It's a funny thing, but they were together. Because there are periods when they come in and do their little harmony bit.

"I've had eight million sellers in a row. You come with a tune like this and you say, I know this is gonna kill 'em like *It's a Man's World*. This has gotta be it 'cause everything I didn't do in *It's a Man's World* I do in this tune. 'Cause I keep thinking about the things I should have done. And we come back with that tune and nobody digs it. Nobody but the musicians. And now, since the showmanship thing, I really get into it and it's such a change. It's fantastic for the show. But when you go out there you'll find yourself by yourself. It won't come across on a record.

"I don't really get a chance to keep up on my jazz 'cause you get into that bag and you start arranging that way. That's not very profitable. Cat sells 50,000 on a jazz record, he's got a 10,000,000 seller in the jazz world. Man, I sold 76,000 records the day before yesterday—76,000 in one day! Yesterday we did 40,000. I have from 35 to 40, 50, 60,000 records a day. These cats don't sell 'em in eight months. I ain't going that way, baby. Can't do it.

"You've got the 5% thing going there, and you've got 95%. So you have to stay with the 95%. That's the really in thing.

"Definitely do your own thing. But keep people patting their foot. When you do that, you got it going." 

B.B. KING AND THE BLUES: an appreciation by alex von hoffman

THE ART OF B. B. King is the art of a man projecting his soul in sound. Each new record, each performance, every note sung or played, is an attempt to communicate more of the inner B. B. King in music. This is the blues.

Early B. B. King blues derived much of its sound from the big band style made famous by "shouter" Jimmy Rushing with Count Basie during the swing era. For years, King sang in front of various bands over which he had little control. Sometimes this combination worked, but much of the time weak bands or arrangers would clutter up the music and compete with King's distinctive style.

King finally solved this problem with a full-time back-up band consisting of Hammond organ, tenor saxophone, trumpet and drums. This format has many advantages. The saxophone can replace King's guitar as lead instrument, and the organ sets the mood with a bass line and whatever chord-comping is appropriate to a particular piece. At a recent appearance at the Regal Theater in Chicago, King was playing the guitar introduction to a slow blues when a young lady in the audience shouted the name of an up-tempo King standard, *Rock Me, Baby*. To the delight of the crowd, the entire band jumped into the song without missing a single beat.

As well as being versatile, the band always supports and never interferes with King's blues. There is a reflection of the big band style in the new arrangements, but the spotlight remains on King.

The lyrics of the blues are the framework for the artist's display of soul. The actual words often tell of sad events; the true meaning of the lyrics is in their implied feeling. The hip audience lis-

tens not so much to the words King sings as to the emotions he puts inside those words. Therefore, his lyrics are stylized to communicate on several levels to a wide range of individual listeners. They are never very explicit; they allude to the mystery of human experience. (However, blues lyrics cannot be as vague as Bob Dylan's without destroying the mood.)

When read, the words to *Sweet Little Angel*, for example, seem to be a simple analogy; when sung by B. B. King, the lyrics reveal the spiritual aspects of sex and love. The real meanings are hidden and cannot be completely explained; like the wind, they are felt, not seen.

Since the feeling is what is important, blues lyrics need not relate the actual experience the song is about. For example, Ray Charles has said that all Afro-American music, and especially the blues, is really about black suffering throughout the history of this country. In a more specific instance, King suffered both financially and artistically for many years from unfair recording contracts. His experience may have been the inspiration for a recent hit record, *Paying the Cost to be the Boss*.

The ambiguity in the lyrics works for King's audience, too. A blues lover can relate to this song: whether he remembers troubles with an unfaithful woman or a shyster butcher, the feeling is still there.

The fierce shout with which King sings, "Don't open the door for nobody, woman, when you're home and you know you're all alone!" is at once an angry command and a desperate plea. The joy of *Sweet Little Angel* is tinged with a nuance of great fear of losing the beloved. King packs each song with

emotion by combining the different vocal techniques at his disposal. Like Ray Charles, King has found that adding the harmonies and vocal drama of Gospel music to straight-forward blues phrasing multiplies the possibilities of every blues lyric. One line will begin in tense staccato, broken by his famous falsetto wail, and climax in a rough shout; the next line falls to soft pleading tones that initiate another building of tension. Although King performs with little physical movement (an outstretched hand, a tensed fist, and a few facial expressions are about all) anyone who has seen him play knows that the drama of B. B.'s singing can be pure dynamite.

Another of King's vocal strongpoints is his ability to improvise melisma. Melisma is the stretching of one syllable over a series of notes, known among blues singers as "worrying." Worrying is an expressive, almost subconscious process that can change a monotonous blues line into a powerful, melodic one. An audience, hearing a master of melisma like B. B. King "worry" a line, responds to his soulful artistry by rising to its feet with shouts of approval.

Despite his vocal prowess, King is most famous for his guitar playing. His influence can be heard not only in every modern blues guitarist, but also in jazz players such as Larry Coryell. The persisting segregation of American cultures can be seen in the fact that hundreds of white middle-class rock 'n' rollers who have never heard of King imitate the King-influenced style of the white blues guitarist Mike Bloomfield.

King's revolutionary guitar technique is in large part an extension of the single-note electric guitar style developed in the 1940s by T-Bone Walker.



BOB CRAWFORD

In King's music, the style has undergone several important changes. For instance, King has added the complex rhythms of modern jazz to Walker's relatively simple rhythmic lines. King also makes more dramatic use of his electric amplifier by sustaining notes longer than Walker, sometimes for whole measures.

Another great influence on King's playing was the French Gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt. Although he developed his style outside the Afro-American blues tradition, Reinhardt, not unlike John Coltrane in his assimilation of Eastern sounds to jazz, had no trouble incorporating the Gypsy sound into a blues-jazz framework.

King also makes use of the quivering "bottleneck" sound of country blues singers like Bukka White, in which a steel bar or glass bottleneck is vibrated across the guitar strings. In *Down Beat*, King talked about his guitar style:

"And I could never use it (bottleneck), so I learned to trill my hands to sound somewhat like that; and all this seemed to fit right in with the soulful vibrato that Django Reinhardt had. Same with Elmore James; he used one of those things, you know. This sound always intrigued me, I guess."

In another interview, King elaborated: "Sounds are more important to me than trying to play a lot of notes. It's like automobiles. You can have speed or economy, not both. I practice scales, but then I go right back to trying to get certain sounds. . . . I continue to study every chance I get, but I come back to the sound. I still haven't got the sound I actually want, but I think I'm pretty close to it."

Unlike guitarists who try for a flashy style with superficial speed and volume, King always employs technique as a vehicle for self-expression. He is a man in artistic pursuit of the ideal sound that will communicate his feelings purely.

Any recent King single shows that he has indeed come close to that ideal sound. Every blues line is punctuated by a short series of notes played on the guitar that are poetic statements no words could ever match. King's guitar is the perfect complement to his vocals. It begins where the words leave off; sometimes soft and subtle, at other times loud and shrieking, always carrying the music closer to the sound of one man's soul.

The highpoint of every King appearance is an extended guitar solo played as an introduction to a particular number chosen for that performance. Although much of it is improvised, the solo follows a general pattern. King begins with slow, heavy licks that capture the audience's attention, gradually increasing in speed and intensity until

he reaches the climax of the solo, a stream of rapid, screaming notes whose message of pain no one can miss. King resolves the solo by lowering the volume and easing the tension, then enters into the lyrics of the song. The catharsis this produces in his listeners is almost unbelievable; the solo is always accompanied by shouts and screams from the audience. (The whole thing can be heard on *B. B. King Live at the Regal* [ABC 509] or *Blues Is King* [Bluesway 6001].)

This catharsis is what the blues is all about. When King performs to enthusiastic listeners, both are emotionally uplifted by the experience. Another great blues artist, Howlin' Wolf, put it differently: "I just like the blues because to me it sounds good. But blues is problems, and singing about them doesn't make things easier, I think—it just takes your mind off it. Your singing ain't gonna help you none; the problem is still there."


Today, B. B. King is one of the most popular blues artists of all time, but he has paid dues to get there. He has encountered problems such as being exploited by record companies, or playing to hostile audiences who hate the blues

without ever having listened to them. And, of course, the problem of having been born black in Mississippi, U.S.A.

However, his music speaks for itself and these problems are all expressed in B. B. King's blues. The magic of this music is that the sounds of despair and tragedy are always in the end encouraging; great hope lies within the ruins. The message is better expressed in one of King's finest efforts, *Night Life*.

"Well, the night life," he asserts, "it ain't no good life, but it's my life."

This is the implied meaning: that it is human to be hurt and feel pain, whether the pain is self-inflicted or imposed by others, but that it is the better part of humanity to continue on after the pain, pushing harder than ever to reach the infinitely expanding goals of life.

Art that bemoans the human condition and yet affirms the human soul reveals spiritual victory in earthly defeat. When expressed in sound, this art is the blues. Whether it is in Ravi Shankar's droning sitar or in John Coltrane's wailing saxophone or in Yehudi Menuhin's searing violin, this art is the sound of the blues. And the sound of the blues is in King's music, too, because after all, B. B. is the King of the Blues. 

LEE TANNER



THE ROBERT JOHNSON I KNEW...

Like a number of bluesmen who died young after making a significant impact upon the course of the music (Pinetop Smith and Sonny Boy Williamson I, for example), the gifted Mississippi singer-guitarist Robert Johnson, who died tragically young in the fall of 1938, has become the subject of a host of stories, tales and reminiscences. Many of the anecdotes have been fanciful, others exaggerations or outright fabrications, while few have dealt honestly with the man and the impressions he made. What is important in all of this is not the truth or the fancy of the legends that have attached themselves to Johnson but the very fact of them. The extremely personal focus these recollections usually take reveals the high regard in which Johnson was held by his listeners.

Singer-guitarist Henry Townsend recalls Johnson in this interesting and affectionate memoir, the product of an interview conducted at Townsend's St. Louis home in the summer of 1967. Born in Shelby, Miss., on Oct. 27, 1909, and a St. Louis resident for the bulk of his life, Townsend was already a respected member of that city's blues community (he had an exceptional series of recordings for Columbia in 1929 and two additional sides for Paramount 18 months later) when he met Johnson there in the mid-1930s.

AS CLOSE AS I can remember, it was in the early or middle '30s when I met Robert Johnson. It was on Jefferson Avenue between Carr and Biddle in St. Louis. We worked together that particular evening at a house party. That is, I was playing and he came in later.

I hadn't heard any of his recordings at that time. When he came in that night he had his instrument with him, his guitar. So I asked him who he was and he told me, and I asked him if he wanted to do some numbers with me. His name didn't mean anything to me. . . .

He was a slender-built fellow; brown-skin. I think he was considered real slim. I felt he could be in his early 20s or late teens because he wasn't a loudmouth guy, a guy that wanted to talk all the time or know everything. He could sit and just be quiet, and once in a while he would say something. He conducted himself very quietly at all times, as far as I know. I've been with him when he was pretty well torn up and he was just as relaxed then as he was before he had the first drink.

But to me, he was such a good musician! I thought he was great; matter of fact, my ambition was to keep in touch with him as much as I could, because I felt that I could learn quite a bit. I was excited because, to me, he was a rare type of executor of music. Yes, he was that far advanced to me. He had quite a lot of advantages on his guitar for that time. Played slide a lot. He would use a little cap or something he would put on his finger, some kind of a metal pipe. Oh, people was hell about it. Everywhere that I was that he played, why apparently he afforded a lot of satisfaction to everybody.

He was very sincere with his music. I guess this is the only credit you could get for being as good as he was. If you don't take a lot of pride in whatever you're doing, you can't do it very well.

We did quite a bit of rehearsing. As time

went on, we began to get together to try to iron out things. The purpose was to familiarize ourselves with one another, because I had a kind of odd time in my playing, and at that time I couldn't convert away from it. I had to stick with it but I learned to come away from that and work with people. I think Johnson more or less was concerned with that with me. He liked my music, my style and what-not, and we were getting jobs together—which was bread for us—so he would come over and we would sit down and maybe spend an hour, hour-and-a-half sometime, before time to go to work going through the music.

Robert used to tell me what to play behind him on certain numbers. If there was something that he felt should be done along with what he was doing, then he would try to advise me to do this particular thing at this particular instant.

About showing you things, he was a guy that was so inclined towards music, so involved in it, that he felt that one should almost know automatically. You know how that is: when one really knows something and tries to pass it on to another, they figure it shouldn't be too hard to grasp because *they* know it. But on the other hand, if he found that you didn't know, why, he had enough patience to take time out and show you. I learned quite a bit, but under the circumstances execution was what I was trying to learn. After I learned that, why, then I was more or less on my own and I converted myself back towards myself, 'cause I never did want to do as the other fellow. I wanted to feel it, do it my way—but I wanted it to be the right way in time and everything.

Did I have any trouble in backing him up? No, of course not. It was regular time and he was, to me—he was a very good cue man (you know what I mean) in music. You could listen to him and if you had any knowledge of music you would know just about which way or what he was coming out with next. He cued all the time; by that, I mean he kept you informed from his instrument—what he was going to be doing. He was a very easy guy to play with.

He was in St. Louis for about six months or so. We played together quite a lot. From that first time I met him on Jefferson Avenue we went any number of places . . . to night spots, night clubs—small-time night clubs, we called them at that time speakeasies, ha, ha! It was after repeal but they did still have them, quite a bit of them—unlicensed, you know. From that we played a few legit taverns when they started to putting music into them. I think taverns were a little slow getting music into them around here.

Before then, they had music in taverns. In fact, there was a place at Jefferson and Cole that was about the first place musicians got a chance to start out. Now, the kind of better taverns, they had . . . you remember this old panorama that came out that showed a moving picture?—they had this in there. Of course, eventually they moved that out and the musicians were able to go in there.

At that time it was—I think they tore the old place down—up in . . . Brooklyn;

that's it, the Harlem Club, that's what it was. It was right there on the highway in Brooklyn, the Harlem Club. It was a terrific club; they booked big bands in there. I mean, when I say big bands, Ellington and all them fellows worked in there. Sometimes we'd get one to three nights a week there. During the time he and I were together we worked up there pretty often: I would say, during the eight months, we must have got in there 18 to 20 nights.

I never was on the road with him, though he did travel quite a bit. I know this because at various times he'd mentioned various places that he'd been to all through the South. But we just worked around here at different places, and earned pretty good money too. According to that time, I mean, because in the '30s there wasn't too much money. If a fellow made five or six dollars a night at that time, this wasn't a bad salary for a musician. If he started work at, say, eight or nine o'clock and he worked till 12 or one o'clock and he made five or six dollars, people were actually doing day work and getting far less than that during the '30s.

When I sang he would second me, and when he sang I'd second him. Then we would just kind of "jam" it sometimes—you know. I don't know exactly how to explain it, but I'm sure you've heard the type of music where two people just ad lib but they stay in harmony. Maybe one would be playing a certain part of it and the other would be carrying another part, but there was nothing actually worked out—just get in and jam and you do what you feel.

When Robert would perform the numbers he played, he had several methods that he would use in playing even the same set of lyrics. He could go several directions but in most cases he held pretty steady to the original. Like the way he recorded them. I wouldn't want to give the wrong information—I can't recall any of the particular songs he used to do but I know some of the words. He had a number in which he would sing about his "heart beat like a hammer and"—how did that thing go?—"and his eyes was full of tears/she's only been gone 24 hours but it seem like a thousand years." I remember different parts of lyrics, but the titles of the songs I don't. Matter of fact, I've forgotten some of the ones I made myself.

Robert had some real nice lyrics, it seemed to me, and his guitar playing!—well, I could say that I was equally concerned with both his style and his songs. I wouldn't say that what he did was entirely different, but it had its distinguishments. For instance, this boy Leroy Carr—he played *like* everybody else but there were so many little distinguishments he made that nobody else has ever done, or probably ever *will* do, because of him being him, you know, being himself.

In my opinion, what made Robert's music different was this—the older music was more or less various tones, but it didn't have no specific body to it. What I mean when I say body: they didn't play in any certain direction. They would play it this way this time, and the next time it

(Continued on page 32)

DOING IT RIGHT: BUDDY GUY

by michael cuscuna

TWO YEARS AGO Buddy Guy was a guitarist of high regard and low income in Chicago blues recording circles. Today he is the dynamic leader, vocalist and guitarist whose band is in demand at every rock auditorium and blues event in the country.

Most of Guy's success must be attributed to his talent and to people in and out of music who have helped him, for he is not a person to grab at fame. He does not even care for widespread success if, as he has said, "it will interfere with my own life to the extent that I can't walk the streets or see the people who have been so kind to me or play to the kids on my block in Chicago. Look at James Brown—how tied up he is and how hard it is to get in touch with him. No, I wouldn't want that."

Born into a poor family near Baton Rouge, La., Guy left for Chicago in 1957 to find better work as a laborer. From an early age, he had made crude, guitarlike instruments, his first being a wire tied around two nails in the wall.

"One night in Chicago, before I had even started drinking alcohol," he said, "a fellow named Mitchum persuaded me to have a drink and sit in with the band. He liked my playing so much that he bought me a \$50 guitar. I haven't seen him since, but when I find him, he has \$50 and a lot of thanks waiting. Those days were really rough. The owner of the 708 Club heard me sit in with the Otis Rush Band there and hired me for the next week. When he asked me if I had a band, I said yes, even though I didn't know any musicians. Finally he had to help me form one."

Guy has been leading that band in one form or another ever since, a band that would not exist had it not been for encouragement from a number of people in Guy's life.

"The music business is very tough," he said. "I was never sure that I would want to be a professional musician, but a lot of people helped my career and prevented me from quitting. B. B. King gave me a great deal of encouragement and instruction and urged me to keep playing. Magic Sam got me my first recording dates with him and Otis Rush on Cobra records. Later I went to Chess, where I made some of my best material although I was having time problems."

Guy's lead guitar was soon in demand for many blues singers' record dates. Junior Wells has said he would not make a record without him, and indeed, much of the musical and commercial success of Wells' *Hoo Doo Man Blues* and *It's My Life, Baby* albums are due to the presence of Guy's guitar (to dispel a popular misconception, Wells and Guy always have led separate bands).

It was not until last year, when his Vanguard album *A Man and the Blues* appeared and Dick Waterman began

managing him, that Guy was able to find a sizable audience. Since then, good notices and large crowds have followed him through the rock auditoriums, folk clubs and various festivals across this country, Canada and Europe. Guy hopes to enlarge the band (whose current personnel consists of tenor saxophonists A. C. Reese and Bobby Fields, bassist Jack Myers, and drummer Glenn Martin) to eight or nine pieces for its spring 1969 tour of Africa for the U.S. Department of State.

"That will be beautiful," he said. "There's a lot to learn there, and the people are supposed to be wonderful." (Junior Wells and Randy Weston can attest to that.)

Although he uses horns for an r&b flavor and sometimes plays popular soul tunes, Guy considers himself to be strictly a blues player, saying, "We're not the greatest, but we are trying to do it right. We try to keep up with everything so that when the kids ask us for *Money or Knock on Wood*, we can give it to them. I base everything on audience reaction, and the kids are great."


"If a gimmick is necessary, I use it. At our Central Park concert in New York, I almost got the crowd going during the first set—but not enough. So in the second set, I leaped off the stage to audience level. Everyone had to stand

to see me. When I got back on stage, they were still standing. At the end of that set, the cops couldn't stop them. They demanded me back on stage to play more. You know I loved that!"

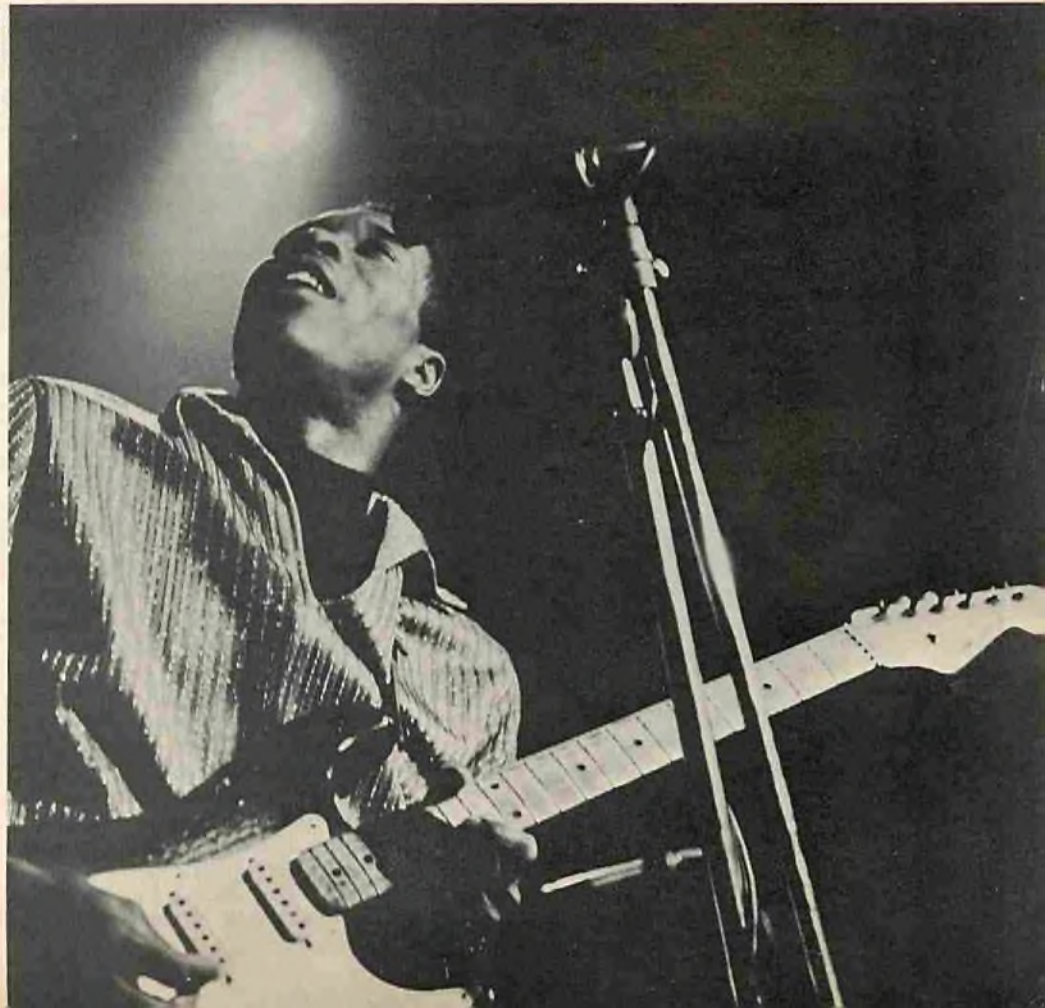
As he talked, Guy began to reveal a great interest in and respect for jazz. In 1967, he had the unique experience of touring Europe with George Wein's Guitar Workshop (which was recorded in Berlin by Saba records).

"George Benson, Jim Hall and Barney Kessel were amazing," he said. "I had a hard time keeping up with them musically; but I want to really get into that music. I had to use a jazz rhythm section for my blues performances, and they were very good but had a different feeling. The experience was great."

Upon listening to a test pressing of the newly recorded suite by jazz guitarist Pat Martino, entitled *The Clear Evidence*, and to George Benson's performance on Miles Davis' *Miles In the Sky* album, Guy remarked, "This music inspires me to learn more. I really dig the jazz people."

When I suggested that Guy's modesty, warm personality, openness and rapidly growing talent might someday earn him the title "Wes Montgomery of the Blues," his reaction was: "Oh man, I wish I could come close to what he was playing." 

LEE TANNER



Record Reviews

Records are reviewed by Chris Albertson, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Alan Heineman, Lawrence Karl, John Litweiler, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Horvey Pekar, 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.

George Benson

GIBLET GRAVY—Verve V6-8749; *Along Came Mary*; *Sunny*; *What's New?*; *Giblet Gravy*; *Walk On By*; *Thunder Walk*; *Sack of Woe*; *Groovin'*; *Low Down and Dirty*.

Collective personnel: Benson, guitar; Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, trumpets; Jimmy Owens, trumpet, flugelhorn; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano (tracks 3, 6, 9); Carl Lynch, guitar (track 1); Eric J. Gale, guitar (tracks 2, 4, 5); Ron Carter, bass (tracks 1, 3, 6-9); Bob Cranshaw, bass (tracks 2, 4, 5); Billy Cobham Jr., drums; Johnny Pacheco, conga drums; Eileen Gilbert, Lois Winter, Albertine Robinson, vocals (tracks 2, 5). Arranged and conducted by Tom McIntosh.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

George Benson has come a long way since he appeared as a rock 'n' roll singer at the age of 11 on a Victor subsidiary label. In fact, he has come a long way since he made his first album as a leader for Prestige at 21.

Before signing up with A&M records, Benson contracted to do this album for Verve, giving them an option on a second one. At this writing, he has not yet had a release on A&M, but that can be expected in the near future. In the meantime, I must agree with Nat Hentoff, who in the notes to this album finds it to be Benson's best to date.

It is hard to say what kind of a career Benson would have had as a rock 'n' roll singer, but this album leaves no doubt that he is one of the finest guitarists on the jazz scene today.

The entire album bears repeated listening, but my favorite tracks are three which feature Benson with pianist Hancock and a rhythm section. They are *What's New?*, *Thunder Walk*, and *Low Down and Dirty*, an extended blues. Throughout these quintet tracks, Benson and Hancock display a delightful mutual rapport, with perfect support from Carter and the two drummers. Hancock's brief solo on *What's New?* and his support of the Benson solo that follows are particularly delightful.

Of the brass and Pepper tracks, I like *Giblet Gravy* best. A "soul" type piece, it finds Benson digging deep into a past that goes way beyond his 25 years. His attack is powerful yet effortless—he plays, as Hentoff so aptly puts it, with "joyful authority", building up his solo as if defying the brass. The result generates a great deal of excitement but, alas, it turns out that he is building up to a fade-out—and here is my only complaint.

I would rate this album five stars if I were rating performance only. However, because I am considering the album as a whole, I feel I must withhold one star for those annoying and unnecessary fade-outs. Only two of the six orchestral tracks are brought to a natural conclusion; the rest fizzle out at most inappropriate moments. I find no excuse for this in any of

the instances here, although I concede that there are times when a slow fade can prove most effective. I should think that a performer would resent having a fiery, spirited solo slowly extinguished by an engineer's volume control. The blame is, of course, not the engineers but the arranger's, Tom McIntosh, a very talented young man who otherwise deserves credit for his unobtrusive charts—even the wordless chorus of three ladies blends nicely into the overall sound of things.

Fade-outs aside, this is a very good album by a fast-rising young jazz player who knows his business. I only hope that A&M's Creed Taylor will not drown what Benson has to say in overpowering Hollywood-type arrangements.

On that note, I shall bring this review to its natural conclusion by recommending that you reach for *Giblet Gravy* and keep your ears on George Benson.

—Albertson

Paul Butterfield

IN MY OWN DREAM—Elektra EKS-74025; *Last Hope's Gone*; *Mine to Love*; *Get Yourself Together*; *Just to Be with You*; *Morning Blues*; *Drunk Again*; *In My Own Dream*.

Personnel: Keith Johnson, trumpet, piano; Dave Sanborn, soprano, alto, baritone saxophones; Gene Dinwiddie, tenor saxophone, flute, tambourine, mandolin, vocal; Naffy Markham, keyboards; Butterfield, harmonica, guitar, vocal; Elvin Bishop, guitar, vocal; Bugsy Maugh, bass, vocal; Phillip Wilson, drums, conga, vocal; John Court, vocal. The Icebag Four: Maugh, Dinwiddie, Wilson and Court.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Paul Butterfield is at once an important and a disappointing musician. He was one of those who went back to the roots and influenced rock musicians to look to the blues as a point of departure. However, he has not grown much since his first album was released; he seems content mainly to emulate black bluesmen rather than to seek originality. The fact that he uses hornmen in his band seems to have led to trumpeters and saxophonists gaining more prominence within the context of rock, but even years ago it wasn't unusual for black blues bands to include horn players.

Imitation may be the highest form of flattery but it isn't the highest form of art. It is significant that *East West*, the best single track that Butterfield has cut, isn't typical of his band's work, but rather is a unique musical hybrid (on which Mike Bloomfield, one of the finest guitarists to emerge in any form of music in the past decade, plays marvelously).

Within the limitations Butterfield has placed upon himself, he does a solid job. Generally, it is harder for a white than a black American to sing blues well. Black people are often exposed to blues and blues-flavored music in their youth and

absorb it, while many whites, especially northern whites, must consciously learn it. Still, it is possible for whites to sing blues well. Jack Teagarden was a great blues singer (significantly, he was a Texan and lived close to the source of the blues). Butterfield is no Teagarden, but his vocals on this LP are straightforward and forceful.

Last Hope's Gone, the first selection here, contains modern jazz (post bop) ensemble playing, some of Butterfield's singing, and an alto saxophone solo by Sanborn. Sanborn is an admirable musician who can tear himself apart on the blues in the time-honored tradition, but he's been influenced by jazzmen like Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley. His playing on this track has a vocal quality and is violently emotional. *Last Hope's Gone* also has fine interplay between bass and drums; Wilson employs a variety of figures and his playing is quite subtle.

Mine to Love features Maugh's husky, flexible singing. Dig the tasty instrumental backing that he receives.

Get Yourself Together, an up-tempo piece, has undistinguished vocal work by Wilson. Butterfield's buoyant harmonica playing lacks substance, but Bishop takes a strong, economical guitar spot.

Just to Be with You, taken at a slow, deliberate pace, builds nicely. Butterfield is the vocalist and also has a well-constructed harmonica spot, but Bishop's work is cliché-ridden.

Maugh sings again on *Morning Blues* and Dinwiddie contributes a dull r&b tenor saxophone solo. The driving horn work accompanying Maugh, Dinwiddie and Butterfield (who closes the track on harmonica) and good rhythm section playing are the best features of this piece. Wilson kicks the band hard without getting real loud, which isn't easy.

Not only is *Drunk Again* bad, it's embarrassing. It features a long, corny "comic" monolog by Bishop. It seems he just "Can't cut that juice a-loose." His guitar work is again stale. Like Butterfield, he's a competent but derivative performer.

In My Own Dream is perhaps the finest track on the album. The rhythm section establishes an infectious, rolling beat over which Butterfield and the Icebag Four sing and Sanborn plays. The piece has a country feeling to which Dinwiddie's mandolin work adds a uniquely delicate flavor. Sanborn has a fine soprano saxophone solo. He opens with sobbing, Near-Easternish playing, then falls into the groove established by the rhythm section and really digs in. His spot has momentum and continuity, and he employs a fuller,

less dry tone than most modern jazz soprano players.

I wish Butterfield would use Sanborn more, but herein lies a problem. He hasn't fully exploited the range of talent and ideas offered by his sidemen. Could he be one of those "fanatic" bluesmen who "think they're the only guys playing real music" that Eric Clapton has described?

—Pekar

George Gruntz

NOON IN TUNISIA—Saba SB 15 132: *Salbe; Maghreb Cantata (Is Tikhbar, Gbitta, Alaji, Djerbi, M'rabaa, Buannara, Fazani); Nemeit.*

Personnel: Sahib Shihab, soprano saxophone, flute, tambourine; Salah El Mahdi, nai, darbouka, bendire; Jelloul Osman, mezuoud, bendire, tabla; Moktar Slama, zoukra, bendire; Gruntz, piano; Jean-Luc Ponty, violin; Eberhard Weber, bass; Hattab Jouini, tabla, darbouka, bendire; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

From the evidence here, the music of the Arab world has several qualities that can be useful to jazz, particularly its sophisticated use of microtonal intervals. Expressive variations from the tempered notes of the western scale have always been part of jazz—a result of the collision in this country between African and European ways of making music. These Tunisian musicians do not, of course, refer to our western scale, but their subtle variations in pitch could be of interest to jazz musicians who are investigating the roots of their own heritage.

The circular rhythms of Arabic music are a more dubious gift, since, in a jazz context, they tend to produce a narrow though intense music, in which time seems

to stand still. One of the glories of jazz has been its unique approach to the developmental time world of European music, a time world that seems foreign to the Arabic rhythms.

A fusion or fruitful collision between jazz and Arabic music would certainly be possible if the musics were to exist side by side or if a genius were to explore the possibilities. (Don Cherry made a beginning with his solo on *Bismallah* from the *Complete Communion* album.) Gruntz' effort is admittedly not monumental, but it is more than pleasant.

Shihab and Ponty both investigate the microtonal possibilities with some success, and Shihab's soprano work, while not entirely free from Coltrane's influence, is very good. Ponty is almost as successful, though an occasional passage conjures up memories of *The Hot Canary*. Gruntz' piano is rather anachronistic in this setting, since his instrument has the tempered scale built in, but for the most part he manages to remain unobtrusive, taking several McCoy Tyner-like solos and displaying an excellent touch. His piano and the whole ensemble are well recorded, an important factor considering all the overtones that are present.

The Arabic instruments here are the nai (a bamboo flute), the zoukra (a Mediterranean oboe), the mezuoud (an ancestor of the bagpipe), and the tabla, bendire, and darbouka, percussion instruments. They are all played with apparent skill, and the mezuoud solos are particularly interesting to a jazz-oriented listener.

Gruntz' *Maghreb Cantata* is a series of Arabic moods and rhythms rather than a coherent composition in the western sense, but it does set up the soloists nicely.

The singing of the Tunisian musicians on the first and last tracks and the lines from a Bedouin poem that begin the *Cantata* make one eager to hear more.

In all, a pleasant and provocative beginning to what could become a fruitful meeting of musical cultures. —Kart

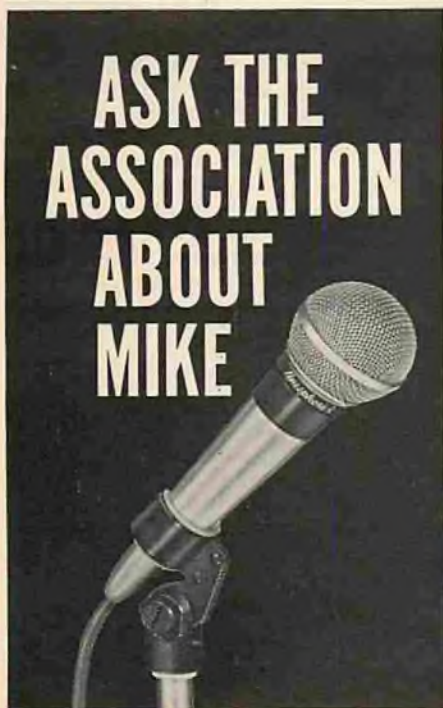
Jazz Composer's Orchestra

THE JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA—JCOA 1001/2: *Communications #8; Communications #9; Communications #10; Preview; Communications #11.*

Personnel: Lloyd Michaels, Randy Brecker (track 1 only), Stephen Furtado (tracks 2-5), flugelhorn; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Jack Jeffers, bass trombone; Bob Northern, Julius Watkins, French horns; Howard Johnson, tuba; Al Gibbons, Steve Lacy (track 1 only), Steve Marcus (tracks 2-5), soprano saxophones; Bob Donovan, Gene Hull (track 1 only), Frank Wess (tracks 2-4), Jimmy Lyons (track 5 only), alto saxophones; Lew Tabackin, George Barrow (tracks 1-4), Gato Barbieri (tracks 1&5), tenor saxophones; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Carla Bley, piano (tracks 1-4); Charlie Haden, Reggie Workman, Kent Carter (track 1 only), Ron Carter (tracks 1-4), Richard Davis (track 1 only), Eddie Gomez (tracks 2-4), Steve Swallow (tracks 2-4), Bob Cunningham (track 5 only), Reggie Johnson (track 5 only), Alan Silva (track 5 only), basses; Andrew Cyrille (tracks 1&5), Beaver Harris (tracks 2-4), drums; Michael Mantler, composer, conductor. Soloists: track 1: Don Cherry, trumpet; Gato Barbieri, tenor saxophone; track 2: Larry Coryell, guitar; track 3: Roswell Rudd, trombone; track 4: Pharoah Sanders, tenor saxophone; track 5: Cecil Taylor, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Here are 2 LPs and a booklet in a box, and though the personnel listing might indicate that it's a big-band third stream set,



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Mantler's intentions are less ambitious. Instead, each piece is a solo vehicle, with discreet, rather imaginative band accompaniment, and the value of the set lies almost entirely in the quality of the soloing.

#11 opens with a deadly long series of chords and fanfares, all accompanied by Taylor's piano, all rather indecisive. Just about the time you become discouraged, Taylor's solo begins. Thereafter the band interrupts only occasionally to play some chords which lead Taylor into a different key. The ending conjures visions of Stan Kenton riding off on a swan as Valhalla burns.

This is the most forceful sustained performance that Taylor has recorded, and one of his very best as well. It is set in the whirlwind tempo that he seems to favor, and is blessed with Cyrille's very dense, very busy, sympathetic drumming. Once the ill-at-ease opening is concluded, a kind of electricity enters Taylor's playing. Cascades of powerful ideas follow, offered in stunningly varied patterns, and you are overwhelmed by the urgency of his musical thought.

It is worth pointing out that Taylor's style depends on an almost total lack of built-in safeguards. There are no pre-set structures, and, despite the sometimes complex theme-variations he invents and then abandons, free-association techniques are his basic principle. In #11, there is a minimum of the familiar devices he formerly fell back on, such as treble lines punctuated by nervous middle-register chords. #11 is pure invention at a rather basic level—that of virtuosity combined with a marvelously perceptive intuition for jazz lyricism.

The importance of #11 is enhanced by the remarkable lack of available Taylor recordings. Among the leading jazz figures of the past decade, nobody else has been so poorly documented. Thus any Taylor record becomes important, #11 the more so because his playing is inspired.

Mantler's writing on these two LPs is thoroughly professional. It is tempting to describe his set-ups as demonstrating Gil Evans' goals and Sun Ra's methods, but Mantler's touch is so light that no such impression is possible. His backgrounds are simply there, without any meaning of their own or any but the most obvious relevance to the solos. Despite the instrumentation, his writing seems colorless—hardly a criticism, perhaps, except that it is dramatized by his lack of lyric impulse and any sort of sensitivity toward the soloists.

Yet, given his intentions, Mantler probably shouldn't be faulted. The balance and pacing of band and soloist in #9, for instance, is quite aware. The concerto grosso idea of #8 was at least in the right spirit. Having five bassists play throughout the set was, however, a pointless idea. They produce a low, muddy rumble, but the engineer managed to keep them from distracting the band.

There are two decided failures here. The three-minute *Preview* has Saunders floundering through a stop-time solo, playing unduly fragmented, incohesive phrases. Coryell, in the tempoless #9, chooses to

play with the ugliest electric-guitar tone possible, offering aimless little diddles in what was apparently intended as a sonoric variation—a difficult proposition to begin with, given his guitar's inflexible sound.

Rudd, in #10, gets away with some murky playing, mainly because of his graceful manner and tongue-in-cheek inflections. Some of this track suggests a kind of avant-garde Woody Herman band, though the meat is an effective duet between Rudd and drummer Harris. Rudd is certainly the expressionist among these soloists, and his work is something of a relief after the relative monochromaticism of the rest of the set.

Finally, #8 has some jumpy Cyrille drumming and too much ricky-tick Carla Bley piano. Don Cherry ignores all this, and Mantler's chart too, to create a classically contoured cornet line. Straight-ahead, even a bit Parker-like, Cherry's gentle flow of melody is a fine improvisation. About halfway through #8, Barbieri's entrance shatters this, and, since his playing is below par, what appears to have been a budding collective improvisation with band accompaniment fails to develop. Nonetheless, Cherry's solo makes it the best track on the first LP.

The booklet is printed on slick paper and includes pertinent recording data, several poems by Taylor, a page from *How It Is* by Sam'l Beckett, some prose propaganda, and nice scrapbook snapshots of the sessions. The recording quality is quite reasonable, especially considering those five bassists. JCOA Records is listed at 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007, and perhaps by the time you read this the set will be in some of the hipper stores as well.

—Litweiler

Jazz Interactions Orchestra

JAZZHATTAN SUITE—Verve 8731: *A Typhical Day in New York; The East Side/The West Side; 125th and Seventh Avenue; A Penthouse Dawn; One for Duke; Complex City.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Ernie Royal, Ray Copeland, Bert Collins, Marvin Stamm, trumpets; Benny Powell, Paul Faulise, Wayne Andre, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, George Marsh, Danny Bank, Jerry Dodgion, reeds; James Buffington, Raymond Alonge, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Patti Bown, piano; Ron Carter, George Duvivier, basses; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Bobby Rosengarden, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Under the firm musical direction of Oliver Nelson (who composed and arranged all the tunes) and the baton of Joe Newman, the Jazz Interactions Orchestra is revealed here as a tight, disciplined powerhouse of a jazz band. Nelson's ingenious charts are executed with precision and elan by this group of topnotch New York studio musicians, who must have relished the opportunity of digging into such swinging jazz scores. In any event, they bring them to bristling life. And swing!

The themes Nelson has concocted are fresh and imaginative without, however, venturing very far from the standard or mainstream approach for the large jazz orchestra. Nelson, in his writing and orchestrating, has the happy faculty of making the orthodox both striking and vigorous, investing the tried-and-true with fresh significance. The music in this set, both in terms of conception and execution, is alive and kicking, full of vitality, exuber-

ance and wit.

The numbers are about equally divided between flagwavers and mood pieces. Of the latter, particularly effective are the sensitive tribute to Duke Ellington, *One for Duke*, and the Phil Woods showcase *Penthouse Dawn*. And on the up tempo pieces, the band really gets it on. Soloing is excellent throughout, with Woods, Zoot Sims, and Jimmy Cleveland outstanding. However, this set of inventions primarily is designed to show off the superb ensemble playing of the Jazz Interactions Orchestra, and it succeeds handsomely.

The selections are, I found, not particularly tied to any programmatic associations the individual titles might suggest, but are perhaps best enjoyed solely as pieces of music. They neither gain nor lose impact through the program. Whatever the title, it's groovy, healthy big band jazz served up with consummate skill and plenty of heart. The participants have every right to be proud.

—Welding

Robin Kenyatta

UNTIL—Vortex 2005: *Until; This Year; You Know How We Do; Little Blue Devil.*

Personnel: Mike Lawrence, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Fred Simmons, piano; Walter Booker, Lewis Worrell, basses; Horace Arnold, drums; Archie Lev, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a picture of Kenyatta on the jacket cover. He's perched on a high stool, left fist jammed into his hip and the right hand holding a half-annotated sheet of music. He has a defiant, take-it-or-leave-it expression. Looks like he means business—and he sounds it, too.

This album is my introduction to Kenyatta, and if this is an accurate sample of what he is capable of, I'll take him. He is one of the new voices and a fine one.

Manifest at once are his lyric powers, demonstrated on the album opener, *Until*. It's a haunting, night-style ballad taken at leisurely pace. He uses no tricks. His exposition is, for the most part, straightforward and disarmingly simple. Similar, perhaps, to how Johnny Hodges might have approached the material.

At a couple of points, he throws in some new-thing flutters and squawks. While these don't seem totally extraneous, they nevertheless don't strike me as sympathetic to the mood. Altogether, the piece is well played and molded structurally, though a trifle overlong.

Until is really the only "traditionally" played tune on the date. The remaining three depend heavily on a free-form presentation. *Year*, for example, begins with a startling recreation of the flavor of the '40s. With the mind compensating for 20 years of changes, one might be listening—in reverie—to someone like Sonny Rollins and Fats Navarro blowing *Dance of the Infidels*. But this intro lasts just a few bars and, with Kenyatta and Lawrence, we're off to the free-form races.

The altoist, who took his name from the famed Kenyan leader, is not the whole show on this one, as he was on *Until*. Simmons and Lawrence jump in for a full airing, and I must say that one thing that struck me about this music is the affinity between the musicians; and that means all of them, not just Simmons, Lawrence and

Kenyatta. Rudd's contributions are particularly effective. Simmons, with a lyric command equal to Kenyatta's, demonstrates the altoist's ability to pick the right man at the right time for the right job. That's no mean talent. Simmons fits like a snug glove.

My one complaint here is that, like so much contemporary jazz, the tunes run long and it's not always justified. The 11:06 minutes of *Now We Do* get a mite wearing.

Despite the preponderance of free-form orientation, the music here is not all that "new." I don't mean just obvious quotes from the '40s such as the one mentioned, which don't mean much in themselves. But an inescapable undercurrent communicates the message that the jazz of the past isn't all old fashioned garbage. What good are roots if you can't be directly nourished by them? That's a good thing.

—Nelsen

David Newman

BIGGER AND BETTER—Atlantic SD-1505: *Yesterday; And I Love Her; The Thirteenth Floor; Ain't That Good News; A Change Is Gonna Come; For Sylvia.*

Collective personnel: Joe Newman, Melvin Lastie, Jimmy Owens, trumpets; Bennie Powell, trombone; Newman, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Haywood Henry or Jerome Richardson, baritone saxophone; William Butler or Eric Gale, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Charles Rainey, electric bass; Bernard Purdie, drums. 10-piece string section; Gene Orloff, concert master (except on track 4). Arranged and conducted by William Fischer.

Rating: ★

This one's for the *Playboy* bunny's night at home with a friend, Hefner's portrait facing the wall, lights low and ears neatly tucked away in the hall closet. Bobby Hackett did this sort of thing so much better with Jackie Gleason, years ago.

Yesterday and *And I Love Her*, the two Lennon-McCartney tunes, are examples of this. A lush muddle of strings, brass and reeds holds Newman at short rein, resulting in the sort of thing one often hears oozing unctuously into supermarket aisles.

Sam Cooke's *A Change Is Gonna Come* suffers the same treatment, while *Ain't That Good News*, another Cooke tune, is done without the strings, giving Newman's tenor freer rein and this review half of its single star.

The other half of that star is for Newman's own composition, *The Thirteenth Floor*. Here Fischer shows that he is not entirely without imagination and Newman comes up with some nice flute playing.

Perhaps this effort would truly have been *Bigger and Better* if the arrangements had left some room for individual expression by not only Newman but some of the excellent musicians who here have so tragically been buried in the background mush.

—Albertson

Jimmy Rushing

LIVIN' THE BLUES—Bluesway 6017: *Sent for You Yesterday; Bad Loser; Sonny Boy Blues; We Remember Prez; Cryin' Blues; Take Me Back, Baby; Tell Me I'm Not Too Late.*

Personnel: Dickie Wells, trombone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Dave Frishberg, piano; Wally Richardson, Hugh McCracken, guitars; Bobby Bushnell, electric bass; Joe Marshall, drums; Rushing, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Rushing is one of the two powerful Kansas City singers who came into promi-

nence during the '30s and '40s; Joe Turner is the other. Turner is a true blues shouter, but Rushing to me, is much more jazz singer than blues singer. His phrasing and rhythmic resiliency, the timbre of his voice are in the jazz idiom, not the blues. When he's at full stride in front of, say, the Basie band or a fine small group like the one on this record, he generates an irresistible power. The attraction, however, is not in what he's saying but how he's saying it.

This is most evident in the blues for which Rushing has "written" the lyrics (*Yesterday* and *Baby* in this collection); there is little or no story line, and the verses, which are usually hand-me-downs, are strung together without much thought

given to continuity. For example, the three verses of *Baby* go one way and then the other. The first is a plea to a woman to take him back; the second is addressed to the audience and lauds a woman's particular charms; but the third is a warning to a woman that, if she wants him, she'd better mend her ways. Now, that just doesn't hang together.

The album's best performance, one that does hang together, is *Late*. Here the verses complement each other, and Rushing is believable (he's not always). In addition, there is some gorgeous Wells trombone backing; each of his fills fits perfectly between Rushing's phrases—and that sort of sensitive, knowledgeable accompaniment is almost a lost art.



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Wells' thoughtful solo on *Yesterday* adds immensely to the performance, which is, over-all, warmly swinging, despite disjointed lyrics. Wells, who should be heard more often than he is these days, also gets off some superb improvisation on the album's lone instrumental, *Prez*. The first of his two choruses is really top-drawer stuff—unclicked, musicianly, imaginative, provocative, well-played. (The second, however, is flawed because Frishberg leads him down a garden path in the second eight.)

There are several lyrical solos by Tate, but pleasant as they are, they are not on the level of Wells' work. Frishberg and the guitarists solo adequately here and there, though they reach no great heights.

In blues ways, then, this is a disappointing set, but in jazz ways it has some sparkling moments. —DeMicheal

Willie (The Lion) Smith

THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIE THE LION SMITH—RCA Victor 6016: *Relaxin'*; *Sand Dunes*; *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; *Shine*; *Tat Barber'shop Chord*; *Red Head*; *Where's My Red*; *Red Rose*; *Blue Skies*; *Nagasaki*; *Running Wild*; *Diga, Diga Doo*; *Got Everything But You*; *Doin' the New Lowdown*; *Love Will Find a Way*; *I'm Just Wild About Harry*; *Chevy Chase*; *Memories of You*; *A Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid*; *Old-Fashioned Love*; *Carolina Shout*; *Charleston*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Keebin' Out of Mischief Now*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Solitude*; *Portrait of the Duke*; *Satin Doll*; *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*; *The Sheik of Araby*; *Keep Your Temper*; *Bring on the Band*; *The Old Stampin' Ground*; *Harlem Joys*; *Love Remembered*; *I'm All Out of Breath*; *Tango a la Caprice*; *Sneakaway*.

Personnel: Smith, piano, vocals, narration.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This two-LP set is historically and musically attractive. Someone at Victor had the bright idea of sitting Smith down at a piano, jogging his memory with questions about his career, and letting the tape run as the venerable pianist (he'll officially be 71 in November) reminisced and played whatever came to his mind. The span of narrative material ranges from Smith's accounts of his experience in vaudeville to his forthright opinions on what music should be. Sandwiched between are warm and entertaining stories about cronies Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and James P. Johnson, with more than a sprinkling of Smith's analyses of pop songs by such writers as Eubie Blake and Irving Berlin.

Perhaps the most fetching revelation he makes in the course of his narration concerns Louis Armstrong. While Smith was in Chicago during the early '20s, he claims he went to hear the King Oliver band and gave Oliver \$10 "to let the kid [Armstrong] play." Evidently Oliver accepted the money, for Smith says Armstrong then played for about half an hour, "and that's the night Louis . . . started to move."

Obviously Smith is in Jelly Roll Morton's league as a raconteur, but like Mr. Jelly Lord, Smith's real contribution to American culture is not his memoirs but his music. (There is another parallel between these two pianist-composers: this talk-play set is similar to Morton's famous Library of Congress sessions, for which he reminisced days on end about the early history of jazz, but it is not as thorough or revelatory.)

Smith's tastes in music are shaped by his deep respect and fondness for harmony and musical expertise. He obviously loves

thick chords, fast-moving and subtle harmonic patterns and false modulation, for his piano solos and compositions are always filled with them.

He also, of course, loves Harlem stride, that house-rocking style of two-fisted piano of which he is the surviving master. I don't believe he ever played it quite as well as Johnson or Waller (who did?), but he was, in his prime, within a whisker of those two. His compositions, like those of most Harlem-bred, ragtime-cum-jazz pianists, are harmonically sophisticated; usually the ballads are romantic (sometimes bordering on the maudlin) and the stomp tunes heavy with notes but light in texture.

His fascination with chord changes comes out in *Got Everything But You*. He precedes his playing of the tune with a discourse on chords, demonstrating a pattern which happens to be that of the first few bars of *Everything*. He then plays the bejabbers out of the tune, ends it, goes back to noodling around with that chord pattern, and can't resist improvising some more on the whole tune (done, he says, in



Ellington's style but sounding much more in Johnson's). Nor does that end his confrontation with the chord pattern. Later in the album it crops up again as a means to demonstrate what "beat" is. Very revealing.

His fondness for Johnson may be the reason why the Johnson tunes in the album are among the best. He does four of them to a turn—*Porter's Love Song*, *Old-Fashioned Love*, *Carolina Shout*, and *Charleston*. In his performance of *Porter's* and *Old-Fashioned*, he displays his remarkable ability to play in two seemingly different tempos simultaneously; his right hand gets far ahead of his left (he does the same thing when he sings). The effect is that of two persons performing at the same time.

Other outstanding examples of fine piano playing are his interpretations of *Shine*, *Alexander's Ragtime*, *Blue Skies*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, and his own *Bring on the Band* and *Sneakaway* (which he describes as a "classical formation of jive and swing").

Unfortunately, there are some bare spots in the course of the two LPs; in fact, it would have been better, I feel, if some tighter editing had been done. But then I felt the same way about Morton's Library of Congress records, which just goes to show you. . . . —DeMicheal

Phil Wilson

PRODIGAL SON—Freeform Records #101: *Prologue*; *Call to Worship—Psalm 100*; *A Song of Joy*; *Old Testament Reading—Psalm 42*; *A Song of Sorrow*; *Reading of the Gospel—John 1:1-18*; *Musical Commentary*; *Offertory Sentences—A Song of Giving*; *Prayer of Thanks*; *Lord's Prayer—Benediction*; *Epilogue*.

Personnel: Wilson, trombone; Lennie Hochman, reeds; George Mayer, bass; Toni Sarni, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Take that old-time religion, intersperse it with the "new thing", and one might expect a conflict: liturgical tradition and free-form jazz are theoretically as compatible as Gregorian chant and bossa nova. But *Prodigal Son* succeeds remarkably well in creating what it sets out to establish: "a Christian Worship service in the jazz idiom."

The success is due to a mutuality of influences. Basically, the scriptural excerpts set the mood for the musicians, and they respond with a spontaneity that is truly ecumenical. That is quite understandable and even expected. More significantly, the improvisatory framework generated by the Wilson quartet has rubbed off on the two ministers who officiated.

To say that Reverends Ben Owens and Philip McKean "swing" would be more inaccurate than irreverent. To report that they "reharmonized" the scripture would be closer to the truth. The "arrangements" are not entirely those of King James. Many passages from *John* and the *42nd Psalm* are taken out of context, and most of the cumbersome thees and thous are updated. The results are conversational, not sermonistic. Those results could have been even more effective had either clergyman been able to project with some dramatic impact.

Forced to draw on the contents of the liturgy, rather than the delivery of each passage, the four "commentators" display an amazing cohesiveness within a free format. And the experimentation never diminishes the one quality that makes the service such an outstanding success: drive.

Wilson and Hochman plunge straight ahead, complement each other, play tag with each other, harmonize on each other's lines, begin where the other leaves off, suggest, cajole—like two dancers so familiar with the other's steps that each can lead without ever stepping on the other's toes.

Such familiarity is more than a matter of musical instinct; it stems from the confidence they have in the rhythmic foundation that allows, encourages, and above all, flawlessly follows.

Wilson can bellow as rambunctiously as a tailgating Dixielander, as he demonstrates in the *Prologue*; or wail mournfully, as his intro to *A Song of Sorrow* reveals. Hochman's many embouchures are impressive. His tenor in the *Prologue* swings with an abandon that conjures up Prez, circa 1940. His flute solo on *A Song of Joy* is precisely that. Incidentally, in the midst of the up-tempo flauting—over excellent, straight-ahead pulsations by Moyer and Sarni—Wilson intones a somber figure, three times slower, that is reminiscent of a multi-rhythmic passage in Prokofiev's *Lieutenant Kije Suite*.

One of the most memorable group efforts can be heard in the blues, *Song of*

Sorrow. While Wilson brays in the bitter-sweet style of Vic Dickenson, Moyer double-stops with triplets that sound like a bolero rhythm; Sarni maintains a sensuous, stripper-like beat, and Hochman wends his way in serpentine fashion with bass clarinet. An odd mixture, yet the homogeneity achieved is typical of the group effort throughout the entire service.

I would have preferred more music and less talk, but this is exactly the way it happened one Sunday in March, 1966, and there are enough opportunities for the Wilson combo to "make a joyful noise."

Since you're not apt to find Freeform Records on the racks, the album can be obtained from Concert Recordings Inc., 164 Park Ave., Cranston, R.I. 02905.

—Siders

RECORD BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

While the British quartet the Nice demonstrate in their first LP collection, *The Thoughts of Emerlist Davjack* (Immediate Z12 52 004), a thoroughgoing mastery both of the conventions of instrumental rock and of recording technology, they also reveal the crucial weakness that continues to plague so many rock groups—the failure to produce or discover any significant song materials on which to lavish those instrumental skills. The lengthy instrumental performances on the set indicate that the Nice are more than capable rock players, but that their improvising skills, while far in advance of those of most rock instrumentalists, are nowhere near as compelling as those of the meanest jazz extemporizers. Most of what goes on in this disc is pointless, develops nothing of real substance, and simply peters out through the lack of any firm sense of direction or musical development. What the group needs most, though, is a batch of solid songs with which to work.

On the other hand, it is the absence of a strong group identity as well as the lack of appreciable instrumental skills that mars *Conspicuous Only in Its Absence* (Columbia 9624), a set of 1966 "live" tapes made in San Francisco's Matrix by one of that city's earliest rock groups, The Great Society. A quintet, it featured vocalist Grace Slick (later of the Jefferson Airplane), and this set is notable mainly for the earliest recordings of *Somebody to Love* and *White Rabbit*—a pair of Slick compositions given consummate performances by the Airplane in its *Surrealistic Pillow* album (RCA Victor LPM 3766)—and possibly for its historic value in documenting the emergence of the so-called "San Francisco sound." This was an early, ground-breaking group that was unable to stay together long enough to mature and grow. This set indicates that the seeds were there.

A promising first album by a capable Canadian quintet, Kensington Market, is *Avenue Road* (Warner Bros. 1754), though the approach displayed here is still a mite too eclectic to indicate what

the group is capable of doing. Again, fine instrumental skills, good singing, topnotch production—though perhaps a bit over-arranged—and generally good "original" material. The influences upon the latter, however, are a bit obvious at this stage in the group's development, which hopefully will continue. Their command of the genre and of the requisite technology is impressive.

An even more obviously eclectic amalgam is revealed in *The First Edition's 2nd* (Reprise 6302). Produced by Mike Post, the performances are glib and glossy, conventionally contemporary-sounding without ever really touching any depths of expressiveness. The material skitters all over the place—pseudo-Beatles, eviscerated Negro "soul", fake-funk, and even juiceless Janis Ian-like confections, all handsomely but superficially done by the California quartet. No guts, in short. Buy a box of bon-bons instead.

There is some blithe and infectiously exuberant good-time music in *Fats Is Back* (Reprise 6304) by the ebullient New Orleans rhythm-and-blues pastmaster Antoine (Fats) Domino. The approach is simple and uncluttered, the backbeat heavy, the band tight, and the choral backings perfect. Fats' deliberate, sweet yet virile delivery and uncomplicated swinging attack (vocally and pianistically) sound doubly refreshing in the face of all the precious, "significant" twaddle that seems to infest the rock scene these days. There are some bouncy, happy pieces in this set—*I'm Ready*, *So Swell When You're Well*, *Honest Papas*, *Make Me Belong to You*—that are far more satisfying, to my way of thinking, than Fats' performances of the Beatles' *Lady Madonna* and *Lovely Rita* (the arrangements are too ponderous, I feel). This set succeeds largely through its joyousness and unpretentiousness. There's absolutely no *message* anywhere in the set, just earthy, rhythmically incisive party music performed with gusto and simplicity. Even the cover is a gas.

An album I've been enjoying lately is The Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* (Columbia CS 8670) which, as the title suggests, is basically the California rock group's treatment of contemporary country-and-western music. The album is a modest success, for the flavor is authentically c&w while remaining faithful to the Byrd's essential sound. The performances do not represent a fusion of rock and country so much as they do the application of the group's characteristic vocal blend and laconic delivery to c&w materials. The instrumentation is for the most part orthodox country—electric lead and pedal steel guitars, backed by acoustic rhythm guitar, bass and drums, with occasional colorations furnished by fiddle and Nashville-styled piano. While the Byrds' treatments add no new dimensions to country music, they at least approach the material with respect, taste, restraint, and an awareness of what it's all about. It is a far more satisfying foray into this territory than was that of the International Submarine Band, whose singer-composer Gram Parsons is also present in the Byrds' performances. The synthesis goes on. 

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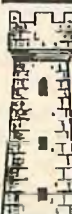
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O.C. SMITH / BLINDFOLD TEST

The spirit of the blues dominates the performances of many singers whose repertoire is not actually composed of blues material. Never has this been more apparent than in the case of O. C. Smith.

Born in 1936 in Mansfield, La., O.C. (originally known as Ocie Lee Smith) learned about music from his mother, a music teacher, and from listening to jazz musicians (Dizzy, Bird and the other bop generators). "Later on," he recalls, "I dug Nat Cole, and went into the blues bag, listening to B.B. King and John Lee Hooker and of course Ray Charles."

Three years with Basic from early 1961 until late '63 afforded him invaluable training in the doctrines of the blues. Recording as a soloist on Columbia, he scored a mild hit with *That's Life*, a blues-tinged ballad, then hit the jackpot this year with *Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp*, a narrative type song in the *Billie Joe* tradition, delivered with soulful intensity.

Smith has since played the big rooms, visited England (tremendous ovations), and shows signs of being the most important new jazz-rooted singer to establish himself in recent years. This was his first *Blindfold Test*. —Leonard Feather



1. JIMMY RUSHING. *Bad Loser* (from *Livin' The Blues*, Bluesway). Wally Richardson or Hugh McCracken, guitar.

That's Jimmy Rushing, I think. Not exceptional, but still good listening, because I like the blues. This is just basically a 12 bar blues, but as I said I love the blues, and although I haven't heard Jimmy in a long while, his name immediately came to mind.

That was a very good guitar solo, and that's what threw me off when I heard it. I started thinking of some more singers, some who might play guitar, because I know Jimmy doesn't, and so I started thinking of maybe B.B. King. However, I really do think it is Jimmy Rushing, and I'll rate that three stars.

2. HORACE SILVER. *Psychedelic Sally* (from *Serenade to a Soul Sister*, Blue Note). Charles Tolliver, trumpet; Silver, piano, composer; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone.

I'd say Herbie Hancock and Donald Byrd. My mind's a total blank; I know this album very well, as a matter of fact I have it. But regardless of who it is, I'd give it five, because I think it was well constructed rhythmically, and I liked all the soloists and all the ensemble parts.

I think it was a very good track. I love it—it's my kind of music.

3. BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS. *House in the Country* (from *Child Is Father to The Man*, Columbia).

I have no idea who that is. I'll just take a wild guess and say The Union Gap; I don't know why.

I could only just about make out some of the lyrics, and I think there was just a little bit too much going on for me. Too many things happening all at once. I think the idea is probably good, for what it is, but it was really a little too busy for me. It wasn't something I could sit and listen to and give my total concentration to.

I'm sure it has some emotional value and message—but not for me. As I said in the beginning, I was a little curious as to what was going to happen, and it really lost me for a minute with all that going on. I think that had it been at night, I'd have got scared!

I could only rate it two, at most.

4. CARMEN McRAE. *Loads of Love* (from *Portrait of Carmen*, Atlantic). Oliver Nelson, arranger.

That was very definitely Dinah Shore! . . . No, it was Carmen, and it was beautiful. I'm just a Carmen McRae fan and anything she sings, I'd love it. But aside from the fact that I love Carmen, that particular tune, I think, is beautiful. The taste, the arrangement and her performance.

I've never heard this song sung that slow before, and I really like it very much—perfect arrangement, and I'm trying to think who it is. Sounded a little bit like Thad Jones, then a little like Duke Pearson sometimes, but I know it's someone whose work I have heard and liked.

I'm sure Carmen has developed a great deal just recently, however. I've just always liked her, and there's nothing much more I can say but beautiful, and five stars.

5. FRANKIE LAINE. *Gentle On My Mind* (from *Take Me Back to Laine Country*, ABC).

. . . Well, I thought in the beginning it was Frankie Laine, then after a while I wasn't certain, and then again after a while I thought it was, so I have to say it is. If it isn't, whoever it is certainly sounds a lot like him. If it is Frankie Laine, he's changed a little bit, I think.

I like that song very much, and I think he did a good job with it, whoever it was, although I still am inclined to think it is Frankie Laine. The change I referred to is that he's not as harsh as he was. I always thought of him as being a better—

a driving kind of singer. But he still has the sound, the Frankie Laine sound. I'll give that three stars.

6. B. B. KING. *How Blue Can You Get?* (from *Live At The Regal*, ABC).

Damn! Can I give that twelve stars?

B. B. King—and that's the blues at its highest. Really, that's the peak of the blues as far as I'm concerned. As many stars as you can give it, that's what I'd like to do.

I'm saying it's B. B. King, although I've never met him. If it's not, then I've really been fooled! That's one of the best blues lyrics I've heard in a long time.

7. LOU RAWLS. *I'm Satisfied* (from *You're Good For Me*, Capitol). H. B. Barnum, arranger-conductor.

That was Lou Rawls. First of all, let me say that I like Lou very much, but I don't think that was one of his better efforts by any means. I think it lacked the drive I'm used to hearing from him. Primarily that's what it was. He usually sends out a strong message, but on this particular cut, at any rate, it wasn't so. I did like the arrangement, but I just don't think Lou gave it all he could have. I'll rate it three—it was good, but I'd normally give him more.

8. WILSON PICKETT. *I'm A Midnight Mover* (from *The Midnight Mover*, Atlantic).

It sounded a lot of times like James Brown; however, I'm not quite sure of that because he did some things which at times I wasn't certain of.

If it's not James Brown, whoever it is did an exceptional job of sounding like him, whether it was intentional or not, and I like the sound and liked the record very much; the material, the vocal performance and the arrangement and feeling—it's a groovy feeling, and I'll give it four stars.





RAY FLERLAGE

Otis Spann/Muddy Waters/Big Joe Williams

University Disciples of Christ Church
Chicago

Personnel: Spann, piano; Waters, guitar; Williams, 9-string guitar.

Every now and then, Spann and Waters (with his unamplified guitar) will make duet appearances such as this for small Chicago neighborhood affairs. While this is probably the best sort of surrounding for the low-key Spann, this concert managed to show just how much Muddy needs his full band.

The best part of the Spann-Waters program was the second of Spann's three blues. A long medium-slow piece, it included quite good piano work and a thoroughly relaxed, smoky, intimate vocal. Spann's piano style is a melange of pre-war boogie-KC-blues techniques, at its best (as here) conjuring an image of an Avery Parrish with real musical substance. Except for the low pressure, there is nothing really distinctive about Spann's singing—it is simply good singing, especially when his material is good, the mood is right, and the tempo neither forces nor lags.

But Spann is not a consistent musician, and his piano work wasn't quite so fine the rest of the afternoon. Waters played guitar disinterestedly throughout, taking the same rather elementary solo in most of his choruses. In deliberate contrast to the subdued atmosphere Spann had created, Waters began with two sure-fire crowd-pleasers. Any given two measures of a Muddy Waters vocal, at any time, communicate an irresistible rocking swing. Nonetheless, the afternoon's performance was weak in several ways.

Hoochie Coochie Man, mostly a reci-

Big Joe Williams: A Beautiful Experience

tation, is always hard to make vocally interesting. *Long Distance Call* has an over-wordy climactic line, and Waters' inevitable solution was to overstate it by doing the "Another mule is kicking in your stall" routine (but the crowd certainly loved it). *Blow Winds Blow* should have been carried by its medium-fast tempo, and the climactic chorus was strained, almost indecisive. And the encore, *Honey-Bee*, had an unfortunate slow tempo, plus Waters singing in a completely out-of-character purposeless falsetto.

Probably none of these flaws would have appeared if Waters had been singing with his own band, where strong instrumental lines make the flow of music continuous at any tempo. A piano at best is inadequate support and reinforcement for such an extroverted urban blues style. Again, the thoroughly urban quality of Waters' singing makes his falsetto lines more eccentric than anything else. A dozen years ago, he stopped singing traditional country blues. It may be that Waters and Spann were presented in this fashion to make some point about Mississippi roots, but nothing of the kind was demonstrated.

Yet in each song, the strengths of Waters' music were clear. Few blues singers have been blessed with such a rich voice, and he tends to use it well. The swooping phrases, the heavy accents, the dramatically held notes, might be simply mannerisms in a less tasteful singer, but are the whole content of Waters' style, delivered with compelling power. And when his material is reasonably strong, something as satisfying as the opening choruses of this afternoon's *Long Distance Call* can take place.

This concert was a tribute to Martin Luther King, with the proceeds going to

SCLC. Each of the three performers, in fact, presented a personal song about Dr. King's assassination. In truth, while these pieces were seriously intended, none managed to convey a sense of urgency or reflect the full tragedy of the occasion.

Nonetheless, the rest of Big Joe Williams' program was fully rewarding. His performance took up the greater share of the afternoon, and contained the energy, swing and ease that Waters and Spann had lacked. Despite their well-known modernity, their only genuine technical advance beyond Big Joe's traditional blues is the relaxation-tension rhythm. In every other way, Big Joe's art made theirs seem limited and confined.

Big Joe opened by expressing regret that there was no amplifier available for his 9-string guitar, then proceeded to play with such percussive vigor as to make amplification irrelevant. A number of his songs were apparently chosen to emphasize purely rhythmic qualities. Others presented striking themes wittily done (*Take Off That Wig*), while still others conveyed a moving blues feeling. Technically, there might seem to be little difference between each of the pieces performed since dynamics and musical elements were consistent throughout his performance. Yet each song had its own special impact.

Big Joe's guitar lines more than accompanied his singing. Vocal and instrumental lines were blended in call-and-response patterns, one or the other dominating according to the motion of the songs themselves. There were very few 12-measure blues choruses as Big Joe skipped a chord change here or played a 6-bar response there. Frequently, the ends of lines were swallowed by the guitar pattern.

Essential to the performance was his dazzling array of rhythms and devices. Williams offered these with free abandon, laying out, perhaps, for two measures while he sang, then presenting cross-rhythms, double-time responses, or even rhythms in totally unrelated tempos. Most effective were occasional musical between-the-lines guitar commentaries. There was nothing affected about this, no showing-off or technical tricks. The only impulse was a purely musical one.

On the surface, this might seem to be an erratic kind of music, given the constant shifting spectra of rhythms, the dispersed structures, the minimal controls imposed on the music. Actually, it was very much crafted, for Big Joe's moment-to-moment instincts are infallible. It may even be that, for many of his songs, only details change from one performance to another. Behind the raw power of his music was a sure command of ideas, emotions, and of course, techniques.

Of his songs, the lament about the Army man was a natural for this college audience. More subtle was *Baby Please Don't Go*, which Joe took at a tempo that completely negated the rather herky-jerky lines. *Tijuana* seemed to have been cut off, possibly because the complicated guitar patterns threatened to carry the song away.

Nowadays, when revivalists are threatening to do to blues what they did to traditional jazz, a few performers such as Big Joe Williams are extremely valuable.

It may be that Waters and Spann are, in the commonly accepted sense, the more "soulful" musicians, but the freedom and mastery of Big Joe's blues seems a more contemporary, more meaningful music. The others may be more specifically jazz influenced, but his music seems far closer in spirit to the emotional forces that have increasingly dominated jazz in our time.

Big Joe Williams' blues is a beautiful experience. —John B. Litweiler

Buddy Guy Blues Band

Club 47, Cambridge, Mass.

Personnel: A. C. Reed, tenor, vocals; Bobby Fields, tenor; Guy, guitar, vocals; Jack Myers, electric bass; Glen Martin, drums.

When Buddy Guy dies—he should live 100 years and be well—his guitar, in all probability, will keep playing by itself for two or three days. There are few musicians of whom it may truthfully be said that their instruments become living, breathing beings. Guy is one.

Although he has been known for a few years as perhaps the baddest of Chicago's South Side guitarists, national success is a recent phenomenon in the 29-year-old bluesman's career, and he is a bit puzzled by it. "I just play the same thing all the time, but it keeps coming out different. I don't know why," he says.

Different is right. He'll knock out a prolonged chord series, tough, hard, unrelenting; then, when you begin to wonder whether he can pick at all, he'll throw off, and sometimes almost throw away, a run

of astounding difficulty. He plays guitar behind his back or with his left hand only, his left arm extended away from his body, or while climbing the wall or leaning against a post or sitting on the floor. Showmanship, yes; but it all makes perfect musical sense.

He was handicapped at the 47 by a not especially good band. Reed (Jimmy's brother), is a fair-to-middling horn man but a dull singer; Fields did nothing all night but play blues changes; Martin has several interesting ideas, but not, as yet, the hands to go with the ideas. Myers is very good, however.

So it was all up to Guy. He delivered. As a vocalist, he is uneven. His departures into novelty numbers (*Mary Had A Little Lamb*; *A-Tisket, A-Tasket*) weren't very successful, and a *Fever* with largely improvised lyrics didn't quite come off, either. But *How Long* and *Stormy Monday* were soulful and effective, and his versions of James Brown's *I Got You* and the old *Driftin'* and *Driftin'* were moving and exciting. In general, he's better in a straight, hard blues context than with pop or novelty tunes.

And that guitar! A one-handed solo on *First Time I Met the Blues* that segued into *Good Morning Blues*, which Guy ended by singing along with some extremely complex guitar lines. Two solos behind a Reed vocal, the latter featuring several choruses composed mainly of dissonant held notes with chords sparingly used as punctuation. Some brilliant backing of a slow blues sung by Reed, reinforced by

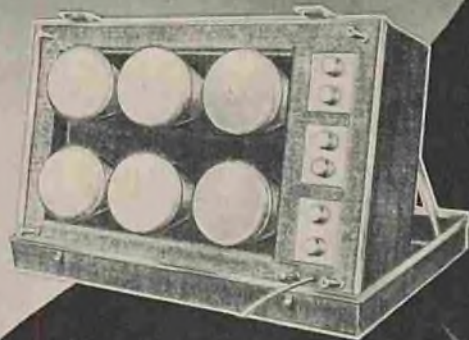
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the most imaginative drum work Martin did all night. And chorus after chorus of superlative blues guitar throughout. About which there isn't much to say: everybody knows what blues sounds like. Yet it's no small compliment to Guy to insist that he plays things you've never heard. He takes chances he probably doesn't even know he's taking, is able to improvise some very unusual phrasing on virtually everything he plays, and with all retains authoritative command of the traditional blues idiom.

His is a biting, crying sound, surprisingly angry for such an apparently gentle man, but one that rattles around your head long after the lights are out and everybody's gone home. Which is what the blues is about. —Alan Heineman

Preservation Hall Jazz Band

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center
New York City

Personnel: De De Pierce, trumpet, vocals; Jim Robinson, trombone; Willie Humphrey, clarinet, vocals; Billie Pierce, piano, vocals; Allan Jaffe, sousaphone; Josiah (Gio) Frazier, drums.

Taking all the facts into consideration—a relatively unknown group of aging New Orleans musicians appearing in the nation's foremost cultural arts center on a hot, muggy Monday night—the odds were overwhelmingly against a boxoffice success.

Yet, the auditorium of Philharmonic Hall was almost filled to its 2600 capacity as Mrs. Pierce led her blind husband, De De, in shirtsleeves, onto the middle of the huge stage. As she seated herself at an

upright piano and they began to play a nameless blues, I was transported back to New Orleans and that January night in 1961 when I first heard them and decided to record them for Riverside's *Living Legends* series.

Their playing hadn't changed. Billie was still forming her own set of lyrics by mixing verses from a variety of classic blues, but it didn't really matter what she was singing; the over-all sound was there. Faltering and somewhat out of tune, the couple still managed to capture the spirit of those early blues performances that surround the faded labels of my old Paramount and OKeh 78s.

During an enthusiastic burst of applause and cheers from the almost all-white, largely over-35 audience, drummer Frazier joined the Pierces and started the drums rolling for *Hindustan*, a foot-stomping exercise that brought on trombonist Robinson and clarinetist Humphrey. The audience went wild.

To complete the band, Jaffe, proprietor of Preservation Hall for the last seven years, entered wrapped in his sousaphone. This was the band's cue to go into *Bourbon Street Parade*. None of the numbers was announced, and the absence of a "personality" emcee was a blessing.

Humphrey is by far the most competent player in the group that visited New York (there are two Preservation Hall jazz bands, and personnel tends to vary). His solos were generally good and more often in tune than not. Even his singing (on *Lil Liza Jane*) was far superior to

the efforts of De De Pierce, who was the main vocalist of the evening.

Liza Jane was undisputedly the band's most successful number. A rousing, stomping version, it had the audience wrapped in a frenzy of excitement, calling for more of the same. Instead, as poor programming would have it, the band went right into a slow, mournful version of *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*, which yielded some lyrical solos by Humphrey and De De Pierce, using a mute, but would have been more effective earlier in the program.

In an article that appeared in the *New York Times* the day before the concert, John S. Wilson quoted an unidentified someone as saying that Robinson "is playing better today than he did four years ago." There was no evidence of this at Philharmonic Hall. On the contrary, Robinson's playing was consistently rough and unimaginative. His solos were either the same ones he played 10 years ago (but less fluent) or indistinguishable from his ensemble work—sparse, harsh notes accenting the rhythm. Except for some beautiful glissandi on *Ice Cream*, his performance was disappointing and very unlike the Jim Robinson I had heard and recorded seven years earlier.

Billie Pierce was never a great pianist, but she did capture the flavor of an era as her fingers romped across the keyboard, producing a sound not unlike that created by Lil Armstrong on the *Hot Five* sides. Not great music by any stretch of the imagination but somehow very effective in the context of a band such as this.

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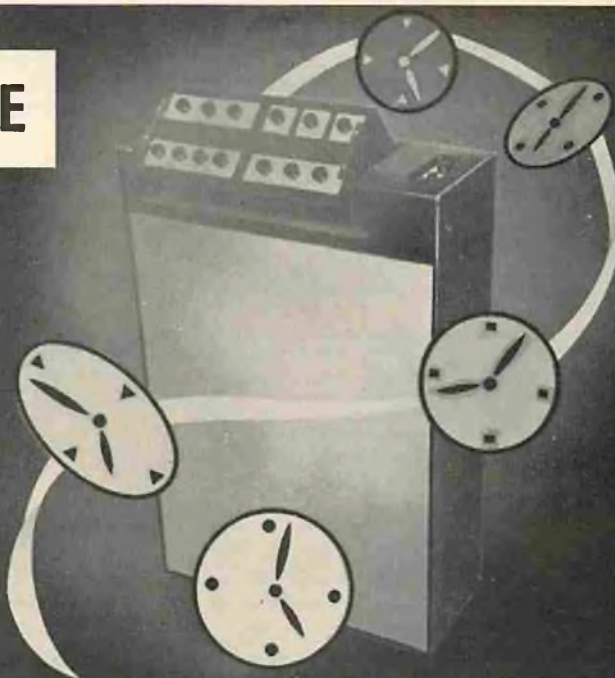
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Her voice, on the other hand, is still quite impressive, and one did not mind the fact that the huge auditorium blurred her lyrics—they are often hard to understand anyway. It is a pity that she was not allowed to sing more.

De De Pierce, who should have sung less, showed signs that he might have been a good trumpet player at one time. Occasionally, he would play some beautiful phrases, especially on the slower numbers, but he lacked the vitality and adroitness of such still-active New Orleans trumpeters as Ernest Cagnolatti, Kid Thomas and Percy Humphrey.

His vocals on two Cajun tunes, *Eh La Bas* and *Sallee Dame*, came off quite well but he sounded like a poor imitation of Louis Armstrong on *Bourbon Street Pa-*

rade and *Hello Dolly*.

I have heard these musicians play in the dingy confines of Preservation Hall. They did not play better there, but there is an atmosphere about that place that tends to make one overlook the shortcomings of the players. On the cavernous stage of Philharmonic Hall, surrounded by the antiseptic wood paneling of a much later era, New Orleans jazz was being quoted out of context.

I strongly suspect that the audience (which gave the jazz veterans two extended standing ovations) was overcome by nostalgia, and it was indeed a moving experience to see some of the last stalwarts of an all but vanished era calmly face a sophisticated New York audience and do their thing. —Chris Albertson

Ernie Farrow

Detroit Institute of Arts, Detroit, Mich.

Personnel: Quintet: John Hair, trombone; Joe Thurman, tenor saxophone; Teddy Harris, piano; Farrow, bass; Bert Myrick, drums. Big Band: add Herbie Williams, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Marcus Belgrave, trumpet; Charles Brown, alto saxophone; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone.

Since his return from New York in late 1965, bassist Farrow has established himself as the number one force in Detroit jazz. The quality of his playing and his quintet alone would have established him as a major influence in Motor City music circles, but Farrow has also distinguished himself in extramusical matters: formally through his activity in numerous organizations dedicated to jazz, and informally through his contacts with musicians and laymen. He has done more than any other individual to provide outlets for Detroit musicians.

In his latest venture, Farrow and a group of associates presented a series of concerts featuring Detroit's finest jazz musicians. They were fighting an uphill battle against public apathy and the effects of the Detroit newspaper strike. The financial returns have not been encouraging, but the sponsors are dedicated and the series will continue. At the third (and best attended) concert of the series the star attraction was Farrow himself, leading his regular quintet and a nine-piece group specially assembled for the occasion.

The nonet was scheduled to lead off, but an accident backstage disabled Houston's baritone. While a substitute horn was being sought, Farrow kicked off with the quintet.

The opener, Thurman's *Eight Mile*, was a bit stiff, but Farrow loosened up the band by calling his own *A Bit of West Indies*. Latin tempos always bring out the best in Myrick, and his enthusiasm fired the band. Hair chose *St. Thomas* as his personal bit of West Indies and built his sometimes humorous solo largely from that motif. Myrick, in his solo, demonstrated that he is not only a competent percussionist, but a very individual one.

By the time the quintet finished navigating the Indies, a borrowed baritone had arrived and the nonet assembled for *I Remember Clifford*. It was immediately apparent that there would be no lack of "bottom" in this band—not with Farrow's sturdy bass line and Houston's husky baritone.

Williams, on fluegelhorn, was the featured soloist, Belgrave supplying a few bars of trumpet for tonal contrast. Williams' choice of horns was an apt one, for his style owes a great deal to Brownie and a trumpet solo would have invited comparisons.

The band really got into stride on *I'm Hip*, a jumping, skipping Harris original which made effective use of a humorous "train" sound. Harris, who did all the charts for the large group, has the rare ability to create compositions and arrangements which are original and fresh, yet uncluttered and eminently swingable. It is regrettable that his big band efforts so seldom get an airing outside the Motown milieu. Thurman, who combines a Lester Young style with a bigger sound than one expects to hear from a tenorist of that persuasion, made his strongest solo state-

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ment of the afternoon and even found a new baby in the process. Belgrave expanded on the humor in Harris' tune with a puckish solo. After a fluegelhorn stint by Williams, Harris, with the assistance of Farrow's manual and facial cues, proved that he is indeed hip.

Farrow's fans have come to regard his visual directorship as part of the entertainment. With his approach to leadership, Farrow could preserve spontaneity in a 100-piece band. For his own solo, the bassist signaled Harris and Myrick to lay out and proceeded unaccompanied—save for his audible rhythmic heel, which out-swings more renowned rhythm sections.

On *Salt Peanuts*, Harris utilized a call-and-response pattern between brass and reeds. Even this oldest of big band arranging devices sounded fresh. The reeds' response to the brass section was a single low note, held while Myrick supplied the sometime vocal interpolation on his snare. After contributions by Thurman and Hair (with high note interjections by Belgrave), Houston took his first solo.

Houston is rarely found on a jazz set these days and his presence in the band was the occasion of much excited pre-concert speculation. He had a little trouble getting started, but by his second chorus he had demonstrated that he is still one of the few masters of his demanding horn. Brown, who had the difficult task of following Houston, rose to the occasion with one of the most enthusiastically received solos of the afternoon. It would appear that

the alto, Brown's first horn, is still his best, although he has seldom employed it in recent years. Listeners who knew only his swinging but polite tenor work were startled by his crying, Jackie McLean-ish sound. His solo was not only emotionally heated but logical, making frequent use of three note phrases alluding to the title.

After a brief rundown of Farrow's theme, *The Check*, it was time for intermission. The 125 jazz devotees returned to their seats clutching "Support Local Jazz" bumper stickers (another Farrow gesture) to find the quintet assembled for a reconsideration of the bebop classic *Cheryl*. Farrow, in his solo, considered not only bebop but some pre-bop rhythmic ideas.

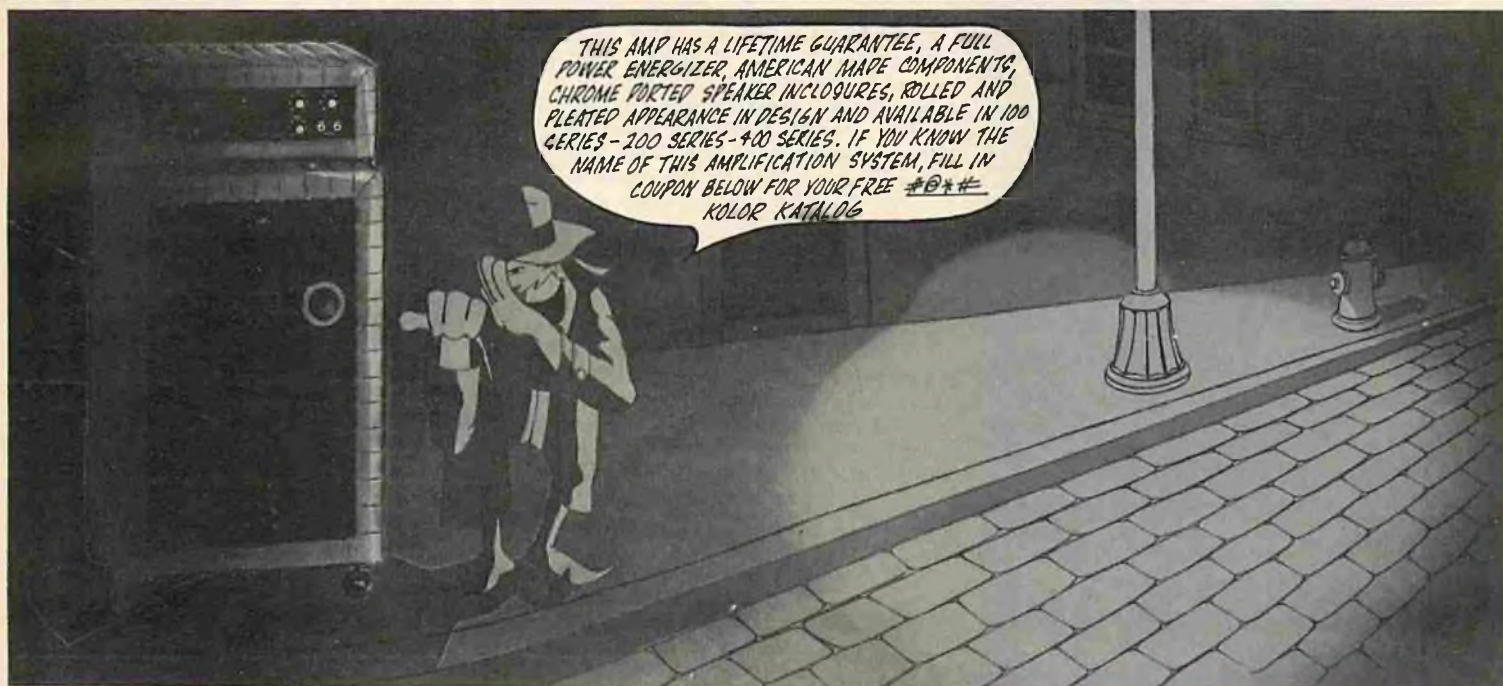
Then it was back to the '60s with *It Was A Very Good Year*. Hair, the junior member of the group, displayed his very trombonistic approach to good advantage. The trombonist, who must be regarded as one of the most improved musicians on the Detroit scene, is just one of Farrow's numerous swinging proteges. Farrow's role as missionary to the younger musicians is in many ways analogous to that played by Barry Harris in the '50s, the Golden Era of Detroit jazz.

The Big Sound opened their second set with *Body and Soul*, distinguished by Brown's singing lead alto, Belgrave's intelligent use of half-valve effects and, especially, Houston's solo. The baritonist achieved a yearning effect singularly appropriate to the tune.

The fast stepping *Ray's Idea* was well executed. The band's precision was remarkable considering that it had proved impossible to get all nine of the busy musicians together for any one rehearsal. During Farrow's solo, Harris responded to the bassist's foot-stomping with a stomp of his own. Before they knew it the two launched on a happy rhythmic exchange, Farrow plucking all the while. Their enthusiasm was not lost on the audience.

The title of *Jerry's Bag*, a Hair original, refers to a young lady who can be depended on to request tunes like *Watermelon Man*. Farrow sometimes speaks of an "implied rock" feeling in his music. Here it was more than implied; it was right there on two and four. But it was loose rock—fun rock—something quite different from what these men have experienced in the Motown studios. It has always seemed to me that the partying groove Farrow and Co. got into on *Jerry's Bag* is the type of feeling most appropriate for exploitation in a rock context.

Finally it was time for the theme again, this time in extended form with solos by Belgrave, Thurman, Hair and Myrick, plus a high note exchange between the two trumpeters. The room by now felt more like a club than a concert hall. Seldom have I seen such genuinely enthusiastic response from a Detroit concert audience. But Farrow left them begging for more. To shouts of "Encore!" the nonet responded with one loud unison note. Even that kind of swung. —Bill McLarney



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JOHNSON

(Continued from page 18)

was altogether different—the same tune but it was altogether different. But Robert, his was not like that. Each time, whatever he played was uniform and this could make you notice.

As far as I'm concerned, his changes were actually correct [that is, regular] all the time. Everything was timed out perfect, and he kept the words [i.e., the rhyme scheme] pretty well balanced. Sometimes the lyric would be stretched out a little bit, and he had to ad lib from that, but as soon as he was ready for the change the cue would come in. If he stretched a bar out all the way through without coming to any change at all, you don't have to worry. Just follow through and when it comes time for the change he would cue you. When he would hold a line like that, he was trying to get in something that was too heavy for the time we were using.

You know what I think about Robert? Now maybe he wrote, but he was a great guy for plain inspiration. He'd get a feeling and out of nowhere he could put a song together. I've seen him do it time and time again. I'm sure some of the songs he would be doing were lyrics he had never sung before, but he would just start and piece it together—build it into a song.

Now, he never talked about that with me. It's only a feeling I had. I remember asking him about songs he had sung two or three nights before, and he'd tell me, well, he wouldn't, he couldn't do that one again. And I'd ask him why. He'd say, "Well, that was just a feeling. I was just, just . . . reciting from a feeling."

If he got a good verse in a song, I assume he would remember it because he felt it was a reliable one, but like I said—sometimes he would go on with a song and in the next two or three days you ask him, "The song you did the other night?" he'd say, "Well, I don't know."

This boy Robert, it was a brief acquaintance. Myself, I thought he was a pretty nice guy. He wasn't selfish with any part of himself. I would say he was kind of an easygoing guy; of course, this is something that's hard to tell about anybody, even if you know them for years. He wasn't a flowery type of a guy. Just because you didn't agree with him on certain matters, it didn't arouse him to the position that you should agree with him or else. He was very considerate. He wasn't sad or depressed in his mind—not that I could see. But this could have been an inward feeling that you only could tell from a song. You know, we all kind of have the tendency to unravel our inner feelings through this kind of thing. It could have been possible that Robert was like that but he never did show it.

Oh, he would drink. At that time I don't know if you would consider that heavy drinking or not because I guess everybody was lushing so hard then until you couldn't distinguish who was the worst, ha, ha! Robert wasn't any worse than I was. His music didn't fall off. He was able to hold it pretty well. And women, I wouldn't say that he was the

type that actually was a . . . glamour guy for girls, and all that. I would say he was a normal type of a fellow where this was concerned. I wouldn't say he would get out for a lot of fancy stuff, because he had too much chance to be . . . if he hadn't been a normal guy, he could have been dead without being poisoned. He had quite a bit of fame growing and he could have killed himself otherwise, ha, ha, ha! Well, he was pretty young when he died, I can imagine.

He didn't say much about himself that I can remember. I don't remember him ever saying anything about his beginning in the music field. When I first met him we had discussed different things about Memphis, which made me assume that this was where he was from. At that time, the musician that I used to play with most often, [pianist Roosevelt] Sykes, was in Memphis and Robert had mentioned his name, as well as a drummer by the name of Booker—I believe his name was Booker T. Washington—and several other people that I knew were in Memphis. He also mentioned two brothers—what's the name?—Yancey, that's it. Not that he necessarily liked his music but just that he knew him. He was a piano player, named Jimmy, and he had a brother Alonzo. I don't know if he [i.e., Robert] was from Memphis; no, I think he was originally from Shelby, Miss. [note: Johnson was from Robinsonville, Miss.], but he got started in Memphis and, like most guys, I guess he just took that for home.

When I knew him, music was the only means that I know of that he supported himself with. Just played guitar, that's all I knowed him to play. I don't recall him ever blowing any [mouth] harp along with me. Now, he could play harp; I know he could play. So could I. But his guitar was sufficient enough, I guess, 'cause this is what he relied on. He lived off his music.

Discography

Robert Johnson's compelling, individual music may be heard on several LP collections, the major of which is *King of the Delta Blues Singers* (Columbia CL 1654), containing 16 gripping examples of his art at its highest. *Blues Roots/Mississippi* (RBF Records 14) offers his *I Believe I'll Dust My Broom*, a most influential recording, and *Honeymoon Blues*, among 12 other selections; his *Dead Shrimp Blues* is on *Mississippi Blues, 1927-1941* (Belzona 1001), while *I'm A Steady Rolling Man* and *Sweet Home Chicago* can be found with 14 other excellent country blues performances on *Origin Jazz Library's The Mississippi Blues No. 3* (OJL 17).

A number of Townsend's older recordings are available on LP, among them *Long Ago*, on *St. Louis Town* (Belzona 1003); *Poor Man Blues*, on *Blues Rediscoveries* (RBF Records 11); and *Henry's Worry Blues*, on *St. Louis* (Origin Jazz Library 20). An album of 1961 recordings by Townsend, *Tired of Bein' Mistreated* (Prestige Bluesville 1041), while of interest to blues scholars, is not nearly as powerful or stimulating as his early recordings.



WORDS AND MUSIC

By Art Hodes



CERTAIN THINGS that happen to a person he'll never forget if he lives to be 100. Yeah, I remember the first time the press took note of me—my first important "notice." The one in *Down Beat* was a gas—something about a new pianist hitting New York . . . and soon, etc., etc. It took a little longer than "soon."

But the write-up I'll never forget is one that required a magnifying glass to read. It was in the *New Yorker* and all it was was a mention in the Mostly for Music section. But when they told me at Ryan's during work that I'd made the *New Yorker*, like man, I'm out there running the corners, looking for a copy. Finally found one, too . . . but don't read it now, Art. Wait 'til after work and get by yourself and really relish it.

So I'm in this corner sandwich joint at Sixth and 49th. It is now about 4 a.m. I've ordered something (who remembers—what's food at such a time?). Now for the magic moment. So I unfold my mag and start scanning. As I said, you need triple focals to see this bit, but it looms up—there it is! One of a gang of names appearing at the Jimmy Ryan sessions. I'm fascinated. Meanwhile, who pays attention to what's going on around you? So how do I know that some cute character sitting down the counter a half-dozen stools away gets up, goes up front, and pays his bill by pulling a gun on the boss and calmly robbing him? Who's interested? The cops, of course. Suddenly there's a lot of action in the place, and I'm lookin' up, and the gendarmes are having a hard time believing that a guy could sit that close to a holdup and not see or hear any-

thing. I had to get on the phone to prove it. You see why I never forgot that mention.

You know, every once in awhile musicians get together and they'll complain about this and that. Critics come in for a lot of "discussion." What do they know? What can they know? Of course, I, for one, would hate to go back to those good ol' days before jazz mags and jazz writers, when the only people who paid you any mind were other musicians. That was your audience. I remember Jess Stacy introducing me to some English gal, saying "She's a writer." And I wondered: so what.

Now and then we'd get a mention in a newspaper, but almost always because the place you worked took an ad. Those were the days when you didn't have to play under lights, wear anything but a tux (unless you wanted to be part of a mickey-mouse band), have some society dame tell "your" leader "you have made this evening a social success" when all you did was play chorus after chorus and tune following tune—with no one taking a solo or expressing anything. Maybe the leader would throw you four bars (possibly eight). Yeah, those were the days before we had writers who at times become critical. I like to remember that. I like to remember the salaries that went with those pre-writer days. You made it big if you got \$40 (a week). And don't forget the hours. In the '30s we graduated to a six-night-week. Each night was seven hours long. The good ol' Liberty Inn paid \$35 (if I remember correctly). That was before writers.

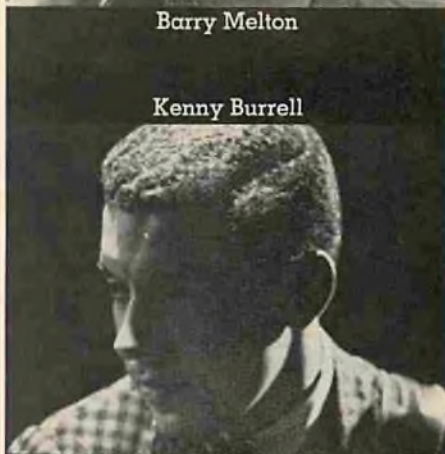
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VOCALIST

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I personally can't see how I could sit out front, listen to a group, and give forth with critical opinions. And I'm speaking as a musician. I grant you your right to do it; and I'm not angry because it's happening. I'd much rather you talk about me than not talk. At least that makes me feel I'm worth talking about. That may be the feeling of any number of pros. But dig this. These are actual examples:

I'm standing in a record shop in New York City, and I'm listening to a new release I'm on. Now, from the back of the store comes one of jazz' revered writers. In my book, this is one good-to-the-kind-of jazz-I-believe-in-guy. He listens. The record spins to a close. It's a swinging affair; should be; there are some good players on it. The writer spoke up: "Who's that on drums? Man, you guys were really swinging." (Now, that's not word for word, but it is the gist of what he said.) Well, here's the story. Remember Bob Thiele? This was when he "discovered" jazz and dug such traditional players as the late Rod Cless. It was his date. We had Earl Murphy on bass, Marty Marsala on trumpet, Jack Goss on guitar, myself on piano, and Cless on clarinet. George Wettling was to be on drums, but he couldn't make the gig. So he sent a sub, a player none of us ever had played with. So, you're hung. In any case, I told the sub "no" and we made the date without him. We each had to concentrate a bit harder; there were no drums to lean on. We just went in there and swung. Came out good, too—real good. But there were no drums on the date. So, what do you hear?

Or the time I was sitting at Nick's in the Village, having my bar-supper. Boy, I was enjoying that band; mostly because Fats Waller was sitting in on piano. Nick (a piano player and piano lover) was all beams and smiles. Man, that group was swinging as only a group swings when Fats is in there. So I'm happy, sitting and nodding and taking it all in. Then, suddenly, Fats spots me and waves me a hello, and I wave back, and now Fats is waving me over to him. So I walk down to the festivities, and Fats gets up and I've got the seat. Now I'm in trouble, because what I hear from up front and what's happening on the stand are two different things. This group is swinging like a rusty gate. I should have known it—no one gets up when it's that good. I'm tellin' you—in no time I was soaked through, just trying to make it swing. Fats was a giant; not only was he putting the whole thing together right under my ears, but he was playing his good solos at the time he was keeping the beat right. I worked. I couldn't wait for that set to end. No, I don't want to remember who the guys were in that band. I want to forget it—except the Fats Waller part. And the lesson I learned was that from up front you really don't know.

A few weeks ago I was playing my home town (Park Forest, Ill.) parade. I love a parade, and for years I've been part of this one.

So there's this flat-top and 10 musicians on board. In an hour the whole town's heard you as you drive through. You can't

get hurt. But I'm sure glad no one "covers" this event for any trade paper. Because this time someone forgot to look the piano over. Not only did I have a toy with which to make myself heard (or felt) when all the other players had an instrument of their choice, but I had a broken-down toy. Looking inside, I discovered at least 30 bent hammers—like the whole middle register. Well, what are you gonna do? Make a big thing out of it? So, go on, finger the keys, get your exercise. At least I'll get my hands into action. Some people later said the piano didn't come through so good. Uh huh. But, buddy, I was glad no critic was out there. For it's doubtful if he'd have checked back to see what the story was. And I'd have caught it.

I remember when I first heard Louis Armstrong. Boy, that was an experience—those Hot Fives. But a lot of musicians were having a hard time accepting the other men on the date. For years I was to hear such statements as "can you imagine what Armstrong would have sounded like if he had great backing?"

In time I learned to appreciate the greatness in Johnny Dodds' clarinet playing and Kid Ory's trombone. But it took time. These guys could have been greatly hurt by our immature judgments.

Come to think of it, I've followed Louie's recordings through the years, and there was something he had when he cut those Hot Fives that I missed as time went along. Now, when Armstrong is onstage, he's show biz, and to judge his performance as if he was in a recording studio with the musicians you'd love to hear him with, playing the tunes you'd choose, isn't reality.

You know there're dates I accept that I know have to be "fun" dates (or don't take the gig). There might be three drummers I could get that would sound better than the one I'd chosen, if we were recording—but for an onstage engagement, a jam session, or many a varied affair, I have to pick certain players over others. I don't carry one group. So here I am up in Muspatootsa, and I've got a swinging group because we're up there to make those people happy. That makes for a happy agent, and I don't have to tell you what that means. But I will. It means more work. And if I don't ply my trade, I'm dead. DEAD. Above all, I must function. A musician who doesn't play music isn't living. Above all, PLAY.

There's definitely more to it than meets the eye. Meanwhile, I must take note of one thing. A writer can inflict damage on a career. You rap someone in the press, and an interested buyer will lay off. Writers should realize the power they hold in their pen. Turn the thing around. Let's say that the musicians could vote on the jazz writers, and let's also say they do. Some powerful musician picks on one of the writers. So what happens? That cat could very easily be out of work. What I'm saying is that a writer has a duty to be informed. A writer must exercise fairness, try to be objective, and keep his personal feelings out of his writings. And when in doubt, don't.

Please remember that a lot of the pro-

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fessional jazz players (and I do mean especially those who've had a long climb getting anywhere near to some sort of acceptance) have had to take a lot of knocks along the way. In those years in jazz of "pre writers", when belts were being tightened and meals skipped, but in which we stuck with our beliefs, we took our beatings, and you weren't there to help. So in a way we made it possible for you to sit out there in front and criticize.

Now then, some of these jazz greats have been hurt deeply along the way. New eras have come and passed them by. Jazz polls have ignored them. You see players in their 50s and 60s having to compete on the open market with the young stars instead of having a roof to operate under, as symphony players have.

There's much that's wrong that needs righting. You talk to Dizzy, and he'll tell you where he'd be if there hadn't been a L. Armstrong to make the rough places smooth. A little kindness along the way—especially when no one has the right to be that sure. For gosh sakes, you send 10 persons to cover one event, and it's possible none will agree. It's easy to write, "I caught Joe Dunks last night, and did he stink; he bombed." It's as a musician friend of mine says: "I'd rather meet him with a gun in his hand than a pen."

Maybe you think I'm not serious? Let me tell you, I've met a few critics years later who had completely changed their thinking and, given the same situation again, would never have reported it in the same manner. Unfortunately, the damage they did was done.

Years ago, when I was this high and believed "all God's children got rhythm" and that anyone from New Orleans was "my man," I roomed with a prize fighter from New Orleans. We were buddies. Bill had this habit of standing before a mirror and pinching his cheeks and saying to the mirror, "Oh, you doll." Of course, I knew he was only kidding; his face had caught a few. But how many times do I see myself in the mirror and don't see myself as I really am?

Through the years, friends have helped me with constructive criticism: "I think you'd look better without that moustache," "The guy you should listen to is James P. (Johnson, one of the greatest of piano pickers)." This has helped me. Do you want to criticize me? Go ahead. But dig: dig deep. Be thoughtful. Spell it out. Tell me what you honestly believe is wrong, and you'll be helpin' me. The boss who told me "What you need Art, is a good swift kick in the butt" didn't help because he didn't go beyond that blunt statement, and I'm one of those guys who, when you say "you can't miss it," I miss it.

It wasn't 'til about 15 years later, when a friend of mine told me the same thing, that I got the message—I made him spell it out, and then I did (or at least tried to do) something about it. Good criticism enriches. To poke digs at people when you know damn well they can't get back at you just tells me you're not a well-put-together person. You should sit down with yourself and have a heart-to-heart talk.

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GONE WITH WHAT WIND By Charlie Christian

Charlie Christian (1919-1942) is the father of modern jazz guitar. He was the first to popularize electrically amplified guitar, on which he created a unique single-string solo style with rhythmic and harmonic characteristics which anticipated the bebop revolution. Though his time in the sun was brief (he was discovered by John Hammond in 1939, joined Benny Goodman in September of that year, contracted tuberculosis in 1941, and died on March 2, 1942) his impact was indelible. Christian's jazz was steeped in the blues tradition of Texas and Oklahoma. The solo reproduced below is representative of his approach to the idiom. It can be found on *The Charlie Christian Story* (Columbia CL 652); his jam session work with Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Kenny Clarke is available on *Charlie Christian* (Archive of Folk Music 219). He can also be heard on Lionel Hampton's *Swing Classics* (RCA Victor LPM 2318).

By
COUNT BASIE and
BENNY GOODMAN

The musical score is written for guitar in treble clef, common time (C). It consists of several measures with various chords and a final riff.

Measure 1: Intro (4 measures). Chord: A (12 measures). Chord: B (12 measures). Chord: C (12 measures).

Measure 2: (Clarinet Solo) (Piano Solo) (11 measures). Chord: D (11 measures). Chord: E (11 measures). Chord: C (11 measures).

Measure 3: Chord: C7 (11 measures). Chord: F7 (11 measures). Chord: C (11 measures).

Measure 4: Chord: G7 (11 measures). Chord: C (11 measures).

Measure 5: Chord: C7 (11 measures). Chord: F7 (11 measures). Chord: C (11 measures).

Measure 6: Chord: G7 (11 measures). Chord: C (11 measures).

Measure 7: Chord: G (12 measures). Chord: H (12 measures). Chord: I (12 measures). Chord: J (11 measures). Chord: Riff (11 measures).

Measure 8: (Vibe Solo) (12 measures). Chord: G (12 measures). Chord: H (12 measures). Chord: I (12 measures). Chord: J (11 measures). Chord: Riff (11 measures).

Free improvisation till end.

Free improvisation till end.

J. J. JOHNSON By David Baker

IN THIS second column on trombonist J. J. Johnson, we will examine some other facets of J.J.'s playing. One of the most notable things about J.J. is his ability to imbue a solo with thematic and structural unity. In his solo on *Now's The Time* from the *J.J. in Person* album (Columbia CL 1161, deleted) we see some of the ways in which he obtains this remarkable cohesion.

In the solo, there is a constant contrasting of elements: lyric vs. choppy; ascending lines vs. descending lines; consonance vs. dissonance; high register vs. low register, and highly rhythmic passages vs. quiet ones. He builds to a stirring climax, then tapers the solo, all the while working with the theme itself and a few other basic motifs. He takes a few contours and phrases and shapes and reshapes them until a metamorphosis is effected.

The thematic material from the last four measures of the "head" serves as a



point of departure for letter (A); first a simple paraphrase, then an elongation of the material. Letter (B) contrasts the long-lined lyricism of (A). It consists of terse 4 and 5-note phrases, alternately ascending and descending. At (B) 8-9, notice the implied substitutions $A\sharp m7-A\sharp m7-Gm7-Gm7$. At letter (C) 4, the same material as (B) 3 and 4 is presented in a more lyrical form, and telescoped into a single measure. At (C) 7 and (I) 6, we have forms of the diminished scale but used quite differently in each case. At letter (E) the thematic material from letter (A) returns in fragmented form. Letter (E) 4 and 5 is (B) 3 and 4 in a slightly altered form. At letter (F) 4, $F\sharp m7$, $B7$ is substituted for $Cm7$, $F7$. In measures 7-8-9-10, notice the extremely chromatic patterns used to create tension. At letter (G) the basic contours from letter (B) return but in a more lyrical form. At (G) 8-12 the material from (A) 10-12 returns. Letter (H) is again the basic contours of (B). At (I), note the beautiful sequence with chromatic linking material. At (I) 4, the material from (G) 4

returns slightly altered and extended (the 4 F's from (G) 5 are changed to four 8th-notes) ending in a repeated (D). At (J), note the intensity produced by the Major 7th (E) in the F7 chord in measures 1 and 2. (J) 5 and 6 seem to be an inversion of (J) 1 and 2. (J) 7 and 8 uses substitutions similar to (B) 8 (Am7, Abm7).

At (K) the intensity starts to lessen—J.J. returns to consonance, lower register and less intense sound.

The climax of the solo spans three choruses of maximum intensity [letters (F), (G) and (H)]. J.J. achieves this climax through the skillful use of dissonance, chromaticism, extreme rhythmic activity, extreme tessituras (high and low), use of vibrato and changes of dynamics.

If this solo were a written composition (reworked, pondered over, edited, etc.) it would be a tour de force, but as an improvised solo it stands as testimony to the remarkable improvisational abilities of J. J. Johnson—the No. 1 trombonist.

Other outstanding solos by J.J. using the technique of thematic development are *Chasin' the Bird* (J is for Jazz, Columbia CL 935, deleted) and *Jackie-ing* (A Touch of Satin, Columbia CL 1737, deleted).



ASHLEY SIMMONS

David Baker is head of the Jazz Department at Indiana University's School of Music, where his cantata *Black America* recently received its premiere. He began his musical career as a trombonist, working with Stan Kenton, Maynard Ferguson, George Russell and his own group until he was forced to give up the instrument in 1962 due to an illness affecting his embouchure, after which he switched to cello. He won the New Star award for trombone in the 1962 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll. Baker is the author of *Developing Jazz Improvisation* and *Developing Improvisational Facility*.

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AD LIB

(Continued from page 12)

and Lou Mims in early October. Marge Eliot is slated for Oct. 21, and the rest of the schedule includes Myra Brown, Oct. 28; Mario Balin, Nov. 4; Muriel Winston, Nov. 11; Joe Davis, Nov. 18; and Ona Lee, Nov. 25 . . . Jazz Interactions presented Sun Ra at one of their Sunday afternoon sessions at the Dom, and followed up with Count's Rock Band, featuring Steve Marcus, tenor and soprano saxophones; Mike Noek, piano; Gene Perla, bass, and Bob Moses, drums. The Dom no longer has a weekly jazz policy . . . Group 212 held its Jazz Musicians' Open House #2 at its headquarters in Woodstock, N.Y. the weekend of Sept. 13-15. Groups performing included the Sunny Murray Acoustical Swing Unit, the Noah Howard Ensemble, the Aboriginal Music Society, Burton Greene's quartet and the Jack Cross Band . . . Trumpeter Bobby Johnson is ensconced for the fall and winter seasons in the Safari Lounge of the Nevele Country Club in Ellenville, N.Y. . . . Booker Ervin played for the Hartford Jazz Society in mid-September.

Los Angeles: Could Los Angeles' brand new Jazz Suite be in trouble already? Business was so slow on a Sunday in September—the last night of Oliver Nelson's big band gig—that Nelson was told by the club to forget about coming in. Many of the sidemen failed to get the message in

time, so when they showed up at the Jazz Suite and found it was for naught, most of them went over to Donte's to dig Len-nie Stack's big band . . . Craig Hundley and his mini-swingers have cut their first album for World-Pacific. It's called, appropriately, *Arrival of A Young Giant*, and was to be released Oct. 15. Hundley, 14, now has his own publishing firm (three tunes on the album are his originals) called Shades, in deference to his manager, Roy Maxwell, who is never without them . . . Mayor Sam Yorty declared "Lou Rawls Day" in early September, and presented the singer with a key to Los Angeles and a commemorative scroll . . . Calvin Jackson will probably end up with a key to Mexico City. His reception there during the early part of the summer was so encouraging that Jackson will return in November to do the pilot for a projected TV series devoted to various composers, called *Rehearsing with Cal*. The first one is based on George Gershwin's music. Jackson's piano concerto, dedicated to John F. Kennedy, may be premiered in Mexico City. That would be ironic. The industrial film Jackson scored for the Bank of America is ready for release . . . A successful fund-raising benefit for the American Civil Liberties Union was held at Red Callender's home. Typical for studio musicians, the host could not make it; he was at CBS, rehearsing for the *Jonathan Winters Show*. Among those who took part in the benefit: Eddie Beal, Betty Bennett, Leonard Feather, Panama Francis, Plas Johnson, Mike Melvoin, Vi Redd, Ed

Thigpen, Toshiko and Joe Williams. Callender has been keeping quite busy playing bass, Fender bass and tuba on *Hawaii Five-O*; *Wild, Wild West*; *Gun-smoke*; *Mannix*, and *Mission: Impossible*. Most recent jazz gig for Callender was at Malibu West, with Buddy Collette, reeds; Al Viola, guitar; Jerry Williams, drums . . . Composer-arranger Bob Zieff is teaching a course in jazz structure and style at the Demonstration School for Adults. This is a pilot program operated by the Los Angeles schools and financed by the federal government. The free, non-credit course is given every Monday from 7 to 9 p.m. Zieff uses tapes and records to illustrate his points . . . *Dixieland at Disneyland*, the annual night of traditionalism was headlined by Louis Armstrong. Also on the program: Turk Murphy; the Dukes of Dixieland; Teddy Buckner and his Stars of Dixieland; Santo Pecora's New Orleans All Stars; the Firehouse Five plus Two; Pete Loft-house and his Second Story Men, featuring vocalist Barbara Kelly; the South Market Street Jazz Band; the Young Men From New Orleans; plus a Dixieland contingent from the Mickie Finn Show. Noticeably absent was Doc Souchon, the New Orleans pioneer who died Aug. 25, and fronted a band of New Orleans cronies every year at Disneyland. Wes Grant nosed out Frank Bostwick for president of the Southern California Hot Jazz Society for the coming year . . . Donald O'Connor's new TV show is getting off the ground with the help of some jazz-flavored guests: Joe Williams, Della Reese, Herb Jeffries, the Pair Extraordinaire (Carl Craig, vocals; Marcus Hemphill, bass), Kellie Greene and Ike Cole, the latter also in town for a *Steve Allen Show* taping . . . Sergio Mendes and Brasil '66 played a successful week at the Greek Theatre. Before taking off for two tours (West and Northwest, Oct. 17-27; East Coast, Nov. 7-17), Mendes boosted a new group from Brazil at Donte's, the Bossa Rio Quintet . . . Lorez Alexandria moved from Redd Foxx's, where she did three weeks, to Memory Lane for a month . . . Count Basie checked into the Jazz Suite for a week, with Perri Lee in the lounge . . . Ralph Green returned to the Parisian Room, where he is backed by the house group, Kenny Dixon's trio . . . The Bill of Fare is featuring singer Austin Cromer with the Dave Holden Duo, and in the Other Room (a new piano bar just opened at the Bill of Fare): Dub Frazier . . . Vocalist Betty Hayward and the Bobby Shelby Organ Trio followed Gene Lynn and the Karen Hernandez Trio into the Pied Piper. Clara Bryant remains a fixture on Sundays and Tuesdays. Backing the female trumpeter are Jimmy Bunn, piano; Harper Cosby, bass; Leslie Milton, drums. Recent sitters-in have included Benny Golson, Don Ellis, Tony Ortega, Freddie Hubbard and Freddie Hill . . . O. C. Smith and the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band did two shows at Disneyland recently. Smith then followed Buddy Greco into the Chevron-Hilton in Sydney, Australia . . . Louis Bellson kicked off a new, "occasional" big band policy at the

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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

(Signature publisher)
Charles Suber

Hong Kong Bar . . . The Joey Bushkin Trio opened Jilly's in Palm Springs . . . Mongo Santamaria just closed at P.J.'s, and from now through the end of the year, the club will book strictly hard rock . . . Don Piestrup, who had been rehearsing his big band at Donte's for many months, unveiled his book at a regular big-band Sunday night session . . . Stan Seckler brought his award-winning Pico Rivera Stage Band to KABC-TV for an early morning live shot on *Good Day, L.A.* . . . Veteran pianist George Epperson (he used to travel and play duets with Earl Hines) is making his film debut in *Midnight Cowboy*.

San Francisco: The Blackhawk, once well known as a jazz mecca, is returning to a jazz policy after a decade of other pursuits (restaurant, topless, Internal Revenue troubles). The club has reopened under new host Louis McDowell, ex-vibist with Martin Denny. Jack Sheldon was the first name attraction, backed by Bryce Rohde, piano; Frank Stewart, bass; Lee Charlton, drums; alternating with the house trio of pianist Peter Mendelsohn (Bill Douglas, bass; Bill Johnson, drums). The Kerry Shannon Quartet plays invitational jam sessions Sunday afternoon. Tentative coming attractions are the Frank Rosolino and Cal Tjader groups, defines the Four Freshmen and the Shannon quartet . . . Art Pepper was discharged from the hospital after a close call. On Jack London Square, a benefit concert for Pepper at the Casuals had five hours of music as good as the cause. Jack Sheldon's quartet led off, then the Bill Atwood Quintet (Atwood, trumpet; Vince Wallace, tenor; Sy Perkoff, electric harpsichord; Kelly Bryan, bass; Vince Leone, drums), followed by pianist George Muribus' trio (Curt Jerde, bass; Tom Hanson, drums) with Gail Muribus on jazz vocals. Roland Kirk's quartet, in town at the Both/And, had the place in a merry uproar. The Don Piestrup big band climaxed the concert. Something big was needed to follow Kirk, heavily incensed over one of Ralph Gleason's ex cathedra announcements in the *Chronicle*: "There is no group around at the moment which seems to me to have as broad an appeal as the Cannonball Adderley Quintet" (then at the Jazz Workshop). Plaudits are due to Miss Tommy Thompson, who largely organized the Pepper benefit; KJAZ disc jockeys John Rogers and Stan Dunn for publicity and emceeing; and the owners and staff of the Casuals who contributed premises and time free . . . After Kirk at the Both/And came the Freddie Hubbard Quintet featuring James Spaulding, and in October, the Miles Davis Quintet . . . The Adderley quintet was followed by Willie Bobo at the Workshop . . . Count Basie was at Basin Street West, followed by the Coasters and the Drifters, and succeeding them, a combination bill of Carmen McRae and the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet . . . At the Trident in Sausalito, the new Gary Burton Quartet had Jerry Hahn on guitar; and holdovers Steve Swallow, bass; Roy Haynes, drums. Jeremy Steig and the Snyrs were due next, then the Bola Sete

Trio . . . The Pair Extraordinaire followed Young-Holt Unlimited at the Matarador, then Cal Tjader, later Vince Guaraldi . . . Two benefit concerts were held for the Ali Akbar Khan College of Music at the Berkeley Community Theatre, the first featuring the Grateful Dead, the Steve Miller Blues Band, and the Ace of Cubs; the second an evening of North Indian music performed by Kahn and other Indian musicians . . . John Handy is hoping to be on the road soon with the Jazz Action Movement's Jazzmobile.

Chicago: Promoter Joe Segal brought in the Elvin Jones Trio (Joe Farrell, reeds, flute; Jimmy Garrison, bass) for their Chicago debut at a Sept. 29 double-header at the Firehouse, followed by a week at the Tejar Club. Segal also had Freddie Hubbard scheduled for Oct. 13 at the Firehouse . . . Art Hodes was selected by WTTW (the local educational TV station) and the Junior League as a subject for *Profile: Chicago*, joining such distinguished company as psychologist Karl Menninger, U.S. Senator Charles Percy, and conductor Jean Martinon. The pianist and his band (Nap Trottier, trumpet; Bill Hank, trombone; Rail Wilson, bass; Hillard Brown, drums) also participated in WTTW's *Culture in Chicago*. Sept. 24, Hodes joined Lil Armstrong, drummer Red Saunders' band, and other artists in a presentation of Saunders' history of jazz program for students in Portage, Wis. . . . Count Basie and his band did a one-nighter at the

Club Laurel Sept. 22 . . . Wilson Pickett was featured at the Aragon . . . Eddy Davis exited the Scotch Mist . . . Gladys Knight and the Pips headlined at the Regal Theater Sept. 20 . . . Mara Lynn Brown, a fine song stylist, was at Mr. Kelly's in September . . . The Jazz Exponents hold forth at the Baroque Fridays and Saturdays, while the Don Bennett Trio is on hand the two preceding nights . . . Franz Jackson's band was held over through September at the Red Pepper . . . Fred Wayne has formed a big rehearsal band which gets together Tuesday nights at the Cubby Bear Lounge on Clark and Addison . . . The Chicago Footwarmers continue Sundays at Rene's in Westmont.

Detroit: Pianist Horace Silver recently made his first appearance at Baker's Keyboard. With Silver were trumpeter Randy Brecker; tenorist Benny Maupin, a former Detroit; bassist John Williams, and drummer Billy Cobham. Cobham also journeyed down the street to sit in at the Bandit's Villa. Marty Kallao, who had played electric bass with reed man Terry Harrington's group there, has returned to guitar and taken over the leadership of the group. With Kallao are pianist Bill Stevenson, bassist Jim Bunting, and drummer Jim Miller. Harrington has taken over the leadership of the Roostertail houseband from trumpeter John Trudell. The Roostertail also recently featured Buddy Rich's big band . . . Reed man Larry Nozero's quartet (Keith Vree-

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laud, piano; John Dana, bass; Jim Nemeth, drums) did a guest spot on Bob Heinz' morning show on WXYZ . . . Vocalist Ursula Walker, most frequently heard with vibist Jack Brokensha's group at Brokensha's club, recently did her first stint at the Playboy Penthouse . . . United Soul (Lyman Woodard, organ; Dennis Coffey, guitar; Melvin Davis, drums) can now be heard six nights a week. Wednesday through Saturday the trio is at Jato's, while Monday and Tuesday find them at the Flamingo. The group's replacement at the Frolic was drummer George McGregor's trio, with Flint organist Reggie Robins, and guitarist Ron English . . . Bassist Sharon Hicks has revived an old Detroit name for her group, the Premiers. (The original Premiers featured such as pianist Alice McLeod [Mrs. John Coltrane] and trombonist George Bohannon). Miss Hicks' youthful group, now appearing afterhours at the Rapa House, includes trumpeters Kathy Hashley and Bobby Matthews, altoist Norma Bell, guitarist Frank Jones, drummer Carl Graves . . . Trombonist Norman O'Gara and his quartet (George Benson, tenor; Herman Davis, organ; Andrew Smith, drums) continue to work commercial gigs around town at such places as the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge and the 20 Grand Gold Room. Meanwhile, O'Gara gets his jazz kicks sitting with organist Charles Harris' trio at the Argyle, where trumpeter Mose Thomas was also a guest.

New Orleans: The Roosevelt Hotel is becoming a one-stop showplace. In addition to the Blue Room shows accompanied by Leon Kelner's band, three other rooms adjoining the lobby are now featuring entertainment. Pianist Chuck Berlin's modern jazz trio recently opened at the Rendezvous Room; Banjos Extraordinary is the new addition to the Sazerac Bar; and pianists Laverne Smith and Charlotte Champagne are playing in the Fairmont Room . . . When Pete Fountain moved from the 800 to 200 block of Bourbon Street, he brought a country-and-western group to the former club and closed down his third lounge, Storyville, which was on the brim of the French Quarter . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club's September meeting-jam session featured the Olympia Brass Band and two non-jazz acts, Trombones Beaucoup and a 40-piece barber-shop group. The club's Jazz Museum is rumored to be moving to the new Hotel Sonseta, now under construction at Bourbon and Bienville . . . Billie and DeDe Pierce, regulars on the Preservation Hall roster of traditionalists, played a recent date in St. Louis, then went to Mexico where they played for festivities connected with the Olympic Games . . . German jazz writer Karl Gert zur Heide was doing research at the Tulane Jazz Archive on pianist Little Brother Montgomery in September . . . Trumpeter Porgy Jones moved to the Hurricane #2 Lounge recently. Featured with Jones is pianist Ed Frank . . . Sharkey Bonano's Kings of Dixieland played outdoor concerts on the gallery of D. H. Holmes' Canal Street store during the week of the massive

American Legion convention here. The store was sponsoring an American Talent program . . . Trumpeter Roy Liberto left the Famous Door after a tiff with the management. Liberto's rhythm section, led by bassist Art Seelig Sr., stayed on as an intermission group . . . Trumpeter Kid Sheik Colar is set for a tour of Europe . . . Sidney Cates, traditional guitarist, banjoist and secretary of AFM Local 496 in New Orleans, died in September. Cates was active with numerous local combos and was seen in a background spot in the Warner Brothers film *Hotel*.

Toronto: The Toronto Symphony is again presenting its *Jazz at the Symphony* series, six Saturday night concerts featuring well-known jazz artists with the orchestra. Scheduled for the 1968-69 season are the Ramsey Lewis Trio, Oct. 26; Henry Cuesta Quintet and singer Olive Brown, Nov. 23; Cannonball Adderley, Jan. 25; Herbie Mann, Feb. 22; Dave Brubeck, March 15; Duke Ellington, May 10 . . . Jazz will be heard in three downtown clubs this season. Besides old standbys, the Colonial Tavern and The Town, George's Spaghetti House intends to import U.S. stars. The restaurant's summer music festival (which featured Blue Mitchell, Zoot Sims and Bob Brookmeyer) proved so successful that management will continue to present the Moe Koffman group (with the Art Ayre Trio) on an alternate basis with such stars as Pepper Adams, Al Cohn, Kai Winding, Pee Wee Russell and Toots Thielemans.

Denmark: Following engagements by Phil Woods with Red Mitchell; Lucky Thompson, and Art Farmer, Sonny Rollins opened a three-week engagement at the Montmartre Sept. 3. Backing the tenor giant were Kenny Drew, piano; Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass, and Albert Heath, drums. Needless to say, the three weeks held high priority on the list of Danish jazz events, but jazz activity in Copenhagen is increasing on a broad scale. The Vingaarden, which has been presenting live jazz seven nights a week for several years, has enlarged its activities and now presents live music in the bar as well. Organist Hans Fjeldsted is in charge of a trio five nights a week. And Baron Timme Rosenkrantz at last opened his own place, Timme's Club (see p. 12) . . . Americans active in Danish radio and television studios lately: trumpeter Ted Curson, Lucky Thompson, and singer Babs Gonzales . . . The Doors' concert in Copenhagen Sept. 17 was something of a disappointment because of the aggressive attitude of Jim Morrison. The concert opened with a Danish group, Cy Nicklin and The Day of Phoenix . . . City Service Agency has started its own record company, CSA Records. So far, three 45 rpm records with Danish groups that enjoy a certain popularity have been released. The groups are *Darktown All Stars* and *Basse Seidelin's New Orleans Stompers* (both trad bands), and Leonardo Pedersen's *Jazzkapel* (early swing) . . . A 50-minute program on the music of Hoagy Carmichael was presented on

TV in all Scandinavian countries Sept. 15. Participating were the composer, altoist Arne Domnerus, violinist Svend Asmusen, guitarist Rune Gustafsson, trumpeter Rolf Eriesson, singer Sonya Hedenbratt, and several others . . . English cornetist Alex Welsh and his band gave a concert in Aarhus Sept. 13 . . . In August, Danish television presented one of its most ambitious jazz projects to date, four consecutive programs with the common title *The Golden Years of Swing*, which attempted to throw light on Danish jazz in the period 1937-1945. Seven of the heroes from that period gathered at the Montmartre to talk about old times while the cameras worked. Only violinist Svend Asmusen and pianist Bent Fabricius Bjerre (Bent Fabric) are still professional musicians. The other five were Peter Rasmussen (trombone), Kai Ewans (alto), Borge Roger Henriksen (piano), Helge Jacobsen (guitar), and Kai Timmermann (drums). The discussion served as accompaniment to old jazz films, compositions from the '30s played in new arrangements by the Palle Mikkelsen big band, etc. The most famous of Danish bandleaders from that period, Leo (The Lion) Mathisen, was unable to participate due to illness.

Japan: Kosei Nenkin Kaikan in Shinjuku, Tokyo was the setting Sept. 10 and 13 for the first Japan All Star Band festival. The soloists were all first, second or third place winners in *Swing Journal's* annual readers poll, and the full bands were 10 of the top 11 in the country. Tickets to both nights were sold out weeks in advance. All stars taking part were Masaaki Kikuchi, Takeshi Inomata, Terumasa Hino, Hiroshi Suzuki, Sadao Watanabe, Akira Miyazawa, Hiroshi Okazaki, Koji Suzuki, Sleepy Matsumoto, Hidio Ichikawa, Tetsuo Fushimi, Takeshi Muraoka and at least 20 others. Top clarinetist Eiji Kitamura was out of the country, and number one vibist Seiji Hiraoka couldn't make it due to schedule conflicts. Pianist Kikuchi appeared the first night only. The following day he departed for the U.S. and a year's study at Boston's Berklee School. The big band roster both nights was topped by the Sharps & Flats, number one in Japan. The New Herd, number two band, didn't take part for the simple reason that it wasn't invited. The Sharps & Flats' manager was one of the prime movers of the festival, and apparently he didn't want any competition. Other full bands included The Lobsters, The Skyliners, Noche Cubana, The Swing Beavers, The Blue Coats, The Tokyo Cuban Boys, The Driving Men, The Music Makers and The Tokyo Panchos . . . Japan Columbia has released an LP made during pianist Hampton Hawes' visit here in May entitled *Hampton Hawes Jam Session*. In addition to the pianist, participants included Japanese jazzmen Hawes gigged with during a 1956 tour of duty here as a GI. The session was supervised by writer Shoichi Yui. Sidemen were Sleepy Matsumoto and Akira Miyazawa, tenors; Shungo Sawada, guitar; Isao Suzuki, bass, and George Ohtsuka, drums . . .

The House Rockers, a rock and blues group of GI bandmen, and Sophia University student Delmar Burge of Oklahoma City have recorded an LP for Victor of Japan entitled *Golden Memphis Sounds*. Leader of the Rockers is now organist John Brinson. The Rockers' Saturday and Sunday night gigs at The Mugen, mid-town Tokyo psychedelic spot, are turning scores of patrons away . . . Folk music has flickered away to a whisper here and the rock bands are making with pseudo-blues sounds now and again, with every indication that "soul" will be the next big musical fad here. A Ginza spot called Killer Joe's features a Japanese version of "soul" every night . . . On the second night after his return from two months in Brazil and the U.S., where he appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival, altoist Sadao Watanabe was in a taxi accident in Tokyo. Watanabe was not hurt, but his Selmer alto, which he always carries in a soft plastic case, was damaged beyond repair. The cab company replaced the horn the following day with another Selmer, this one a gold-plated model. He broke in the horn at his welcome-home concert at an S.R.O. performance at Sankei Hall. The Watanabe quintet included trombonist Takashi Imai, guitarist Masuo Yoshiaki, bassist Yoshio Ikeda, and brother Fumio on drums. Watanabe's octet made its debut adding flutist Yuji Imamura, baritonist Hideyuki Kikuchi, and pianist Yoshio Suzuki . . . Claudia Ralo, one of Brazil's top singers, is in Japan on a tour sponsored by the Brazilian government. The 20-year-old singer appeared at Shibuya City Hall Sept. 28, on the same bill with Watanabe's quintet, Terumasa Hino's quintet and the George Ohtsuka Trio. Miss Ralo has recorded an LP for Japan's King record label and has made TV, theater and concert appearances all over Japan, playing to capacity houses. Her specialty is bossa nova but she also has a wide jazz repertoire . . . Miriam Makeba's opening concert here in early September was poorly attended. The singer received bad Japanese press notices at outset because local promoters billed her as "the singer who started and is perpetuating the Black Power revolution in U.S." However, at her press conference and at subsequent interviews, Miss Makeba refused to be drawn into any discussions of race or politics and made no statements other than to assert that her presence in Japan was purely as an artist. Rave reviews after the first concert resulted in larger audiences toward the close of her tour . . . Many tickets were still available for the Ramsey Lewis and Tony Bennett concerts in mid-September as their respective tours began. The consensus here is that September and October, back to college months, are bad months for foreign artists to gig in Japan. College students comprise the bulk of jazz fans here, and during this time their money is tied up in tuition and their time in study. Lewis and Bennett, the latter backed by the Sharps & Flats, were each booked into different Tokyo halls Sept. 17 and 18 . . . Pianist Wynton Kelly, Art Blakey Jr. and Elvira Blakey, the son and daughter of the drummer, accompanied the Jazz Messengers to Japan for a month's tour in August and September.

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

NEW YORK

Apartment: Charles DeForest, Ray Starling, tfn.
Baby Grand: unk.
Basie's: name groups.
Blue Coronet (Brooklyn): Jimmy Smith to 10/21, Arthur Prysock, 10/22-27. Mongo Santamaría, 10/28-11/4.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Cafe Deluxe: unk.
Casey's: Nico Bunick, Herb Brown, tfn.
Ceasar's Table: Jimmy Butts to 10/27.
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.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
Dom: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Electric Circus: unk.
Encore (Union, N.J.): unk.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jimmy Hamilton.
Fillmore East: Jeff Beck, Tim Buckley, Albert King, 10/18-19. Moody Blues, John Mayall, 10/25-26. Steppenwolf, Buddy Rich, The Move, 11/8-9. Country Joe & the Fish, Terry Reid, 11/15-16. Iron Butterfly, Canned Heat, 11/22-23.
Forest Hills Inn: unk.
Forum Club (Staten Island): Pat Trixie, Wed., Fri.-Sat.
14 and 10: name pianists.
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.
Half Note: unk.
Hiway Lounge (Brooklyn): unk.
Holiday Inn (Jersey City): unk.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
Lake Tower Inn: Otto-McLawler to 11/10.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): The Page Three, Bob Jennings, tfn.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Buddy Rich to 11/6.
Miss Lacey's: Alex Layne, Horace Parlan, Thur.-Tue.
Motif (St. James, L.I.): Johnny Rec, tfn.
Musart: George Braith, sessions, wknds.
Nevel Country Club (Ellenville): Bobby Johnson, tfn.
Pellicane's Supper Club (Smithtown): Joe Pellicane, Joe Font, Peter Franco.
Pink Poodle: Sam Pruitt, Jazzmen, Sun. afternoon.
Playboy Club: Teddy Wilson to 11/14. Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie, Al Haig.
Pitts Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Sunny Davis, hb. Sessions, Mon.
Plaza 9: Dorothy Donegan to 10/27. Dukes of Dixieland, 10/29-11/10.
Port of Call: jazz, Fri.-Sat.
Rainbow Grill: Jono Gilberto, Jonah Jones to 10/26.
Jimmy Ryan's: Fred Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, Bobby Pratt.
The Scene: unk.
Shepherd's: Billy Fellows to 11/9.
Slug's: Marge Eliot, 10/21. Myra Brown, 10/28. Mario Balin, 11/4. Harold Vick, 10/19. Vera Aer, 10/26. Jazz Samaritans, 11/2. The Substructure, Oct. (Sun. afternoons). Frank Foster, Nov. (Sun. afternoons).
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Starfire (Levittown): Joe Coleman, Fri.-Sat., tfn. Guest Night, Mon.
Sulky (Westbury, L.I.): Dick Norell, Han Gormley, Harry Stump, Tom O'Neil, Frank Thompson. Sessions, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Three Aces: Sonny Phillips, Ben Dixon, tfn.
Tom Jones: unk.
Top of the Gate: Bill Evans to 11/10.
Village Door (Jamaica): Peck Morrison, Stan Hope.
Village Gate: Thelonious Monk, 10/18-19. Dick Gregory, 11/1-2.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.

DETROIT

Apartment: Bobby Laurel, Tue.-Sat.

Argyle Bowl: Charles Harris, Wed.-Sat.
Baker's Keyboard: Redd Foxx to 10/25. Three Sounds, 11/8-17. Quartette Tres Bien, 11/21-24.
Bandit's Villa: Marty Kallao, Fri.-Sat. after-hours.
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.-Sat.
Drome: unk.
Flamingo: United Soul, Mon.-Tue.
Frolie: George McGregor, Fri.-Sun.
Golden Horseshoe (Petoskey): Levi Mann.
Ivanhoe: Larry Nozoro, Wed.-Sat.
Jato's: United Soul, Wed.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Matt Michael, Mon.-Sat.
Roostertail: Terry Harrington, hb.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Flip Jackson, Wed.-Sat.
Twenty Grand: Nu-Art Organ Quartet, Thur.-Tue.
Visger Inn (River Rouge): Dezie McCullers, Mon.-Sat., Sat. afternoon.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phillip Cohran, Fri.-Sun.
Baroque: Jazz Exponents, Fri.-Sat. Don Bennett, Wed.-Thur.
Good Bag: Lu Nero, Wed.-Sun. Sessions, Mon.-Tue.
Havana-Madrid: Bunky Green, wknds.
Hungry Eye: Gene Shaw, Tue.-Thur. Various organ groups.
Hyde Park Art Center: AACM concerts, Fri.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Earl Hines to 10/20. Soulful Strings, 10/23-11/10.
Lurlean's: various groups, wknds.
Millennaires Club (Downtown): Pat Panessa, Fri.-Sat.
Midas Touch: Tommy Ponce, Wed.-Sun. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hb.
Mother Blues: various blues groups.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Pigalle: Norm Murphy.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Drester, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hb.
Plugged Nickel: various name groups.
Pumpkin Room: unk.
Rene's Lounge (Westmont): Chicago Footwarmers, Sun.
Scotch Mist: unk.
Will Sheldon's: Judy Roberts, Tue.-Sat.
Tejar Club: various name groups.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Luenink, Mon.-Sat. Dave West, Frank Rico, Sun.
Blue Room: unk.
Cabaret: Marcel Richardson, Sun.
Club 77: James Hlack, afterhours, wknds.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, Roosevelt Sykes, tfn.
Cozy Koles: Ronnie Kole, Sun. afternoon.
Devil's Den: Marcel Richardson, Mon.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Downs Lounge: Buddy Prima, tfn.
El Morocco: Clive Wilson, tfn.
Fairmont Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Art Seelig, hb.
Fountainbleau: Tony Mitchell, tfn.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: unk.
Jerry Hirt's: Jerry Hirt, tfn.
Hurricane #2: Porgy Jones, wknds.
Ivanhoe: Art Neville, tfn.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Off Limits: David Laste, wknds, afterhours.
Paddock Lounge: Snookum Russell, Thomas Jefferson, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Carol Cunningham, Dead End Kids.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Rendezvous Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Sho' Bar: Don Suhor, tfn.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

Stereo: Roger Dickerson, Jerri Hall, wknds.
Top-of-the-Mart: Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.
Vaneresson's Cnfe Creole: Kid Claiborne.

LOS ANGELES

Bill of Fare: Dave Holden, Austin Cromer, Dub Frazier.
Buccaneer (Manhattan Beach): Dave & Suzanne Miller.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Chadney's (Santa Monica): Stan Worth. (Sherman Oaks): Roy Malus.
Charley Brown's (Woodland Hills): Marilyn Spencer-Bob Molina, Mon., Thur., Sat. Buddy Madlock, wknds.
Charter Oak (Mar Vista): Marty Harris, Thur.-Sun.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Hobby Troup.
Joyce Collins, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Dolo Coker, Sam Fletcher, Thur.-Sun.
Cocoanut Grove: Ella Fitzgerald to 10/29.
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. Vic Feldman, 10/17. Paul Horn, 10/18-19, 25-26.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Dixieland.
Golden Bull (Studio City): D'Vaughn Pershing.
Hong Kong Bar (Century Plaza): George Shearing to 10/28. Buddy Rich, 11/10-tfn.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Cosmic Brotherhood, 10/18-26. Bola Sete, 10/30-11/10. Latin groups, Sun. afternoon. Bobby Bryant, Mon.-Tue.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz nightly.
Memory Lane: Lorez Alexandria, Harry (Sweetie) Edison.
Mickie Finn's (San Diego): Dixieland.
940 Club: Eddie Cano.
Parisian Room: Kenny Dixon, Ralph Green.
Red Holloway, Mon.
Pied Piper: Betty Hayward, Bobby Shelby, Clara Bryant, Sun., Tue.
Pilgrimage Theatre: D'Vaughn Pershing, 10/20.
Pete & Conte Candoli, 10/27.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): Vince Saunders, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Bob Corwin, hb.
Reuben's Restaurant (Newport, Tustin, Whit-tier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Sat., tfn.
Shakey's (Long Beach, Pico Rivera, Gardena): Dixieland, wknds.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Eddie Harris to 10/20.
Miles Davis, 10/23-11/3.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle. Dave MacKay, Mon. Joyce Collins, Tue.
Smuggler's Inn: George Gande, Mon.-Sat.
Sneaky Pete's: Art Graham.
Studio 82: R. D. Stokes.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard.
Vina's: Duke Jethro, Mon., Wed.-Thur. Gus Poole, Fri.-Sun.
Volksgarten (Glendora): Johnny Catron, Thur.-Sat.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Father Tom Vaughn.
Woodley's: Jimmy Hamilton.

ST. LOUIS

Al Baker's: Gale Belle, tfn.
Brave Bull: Sam Garner.
Celtic Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor, Wed., Fri., Sat.
Garage: Pete Johnstone, tfn.
Garavaglia's: Pinky Cole, Terri Andre, tfn.
House of the Lions: Sal Ferrante, tfn.
Le Apartment: Dan Wintermantle, tfn.
Mainlander: Marion Miller, tfn.
Mr. C's LaCachette: Bernard Hutcherson, Thur.-Sat.
Mr. Yac's: Ralph Winn.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur. Gretchen Hill, Fri.-Sat.
Parkway North: Lucky Light, Don Stille, The Marksmen, tfn.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb. Gordon Lawrence, tfn.
Spanish Door: Dave Venn, Mon.-Fri., cocktail hr. Peanuts Whalum, Mon.-Sat.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

BALTIMORE

Alpine Villa: name groups.
Bluesette: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Phil Harris, Fri.-Sat.
Chesapeake: Neil Wolfe.
Left Bank Jazz Society (Famous Ballroom): unk.
Lenny Moore's: Fuzzy Kane, wknds.
Peyton Place: unk.
Playboy Club: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, Donald Bailey.

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