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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

THE PREVIOUS issue of *Down Beat* (July 10) reported on the finals of the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival held in St. Louis in May. Part of that story indicated that the operation and promotion of the festival left something to be desired. More has developed on that story.

The Association of Collegiate Jazz Festivals has been organized as a not-for-profit association to maintain the educational aspects of college jazz and to keep commercial consideration from diluting either the purpose of the festivals or the quality of the music performed. The Association's first official action was to serve notice on Robert Yde, the promoter-producer of the national finals, that certain musical and educational standards had to be met. Yde opted to "make other arrangements". Therefore, the 1970 Collegiate Jazz Festival finals will be sponsored and operated by the six regional festivals which comprise the membership of the Association. Invitations have been extended to the existing festivals at Quinnipiac and Notre Dame to affiliate with the original six (Villanova, Mobile, Mid-West, Inter-Mountain, Little Rock, and Cerritos, California).

The 1970 college jazz festivals will have three major categories: big band, combo, and vocal (solo and group). The music performed will be jazz, the merits of which will be decided by the judges. Jazz will be broadly interpreted to have these basic elements: Musical creativity, sense of time, improvisational skills. These jazz "qualifications" will be applicable to all participating musicians and vocalists regardless of what label they wear. The festivals welcome any and all individuals and groups who call themselves rock or pop or folk musicians, as long as they compete under the same conditions as those who call themselves jazz musicians. It has to be said again: its the essence and quality of music to be performed that is important, not labels.

Yde had announced just prior to the St. Louis event that the festival winners would be flown to Toronto to compete against Canadian groups for "the North American Championship". This project was negotiated directly with the good, trusting people of the Canadian National Exhibition, a most legitimate and prestigious operation. It turned out that what had been sold them was a "Folk, Pop, and Jazz Festival". Questions were immediately raised. Would Canada field enough big bands, combos and vocalists in the jazz idiom to warrant a head-to-head confrontation? What adjudication standards would be used? What rights would participating groups have in any recording or filming of the event? Who would screen the audition tapes? And what would happen if any U.S. group could not appear; who would then represent this country in that particular category?

As yet, these questions have not been answered. The U.S. musicians are waiting to hear clear and reasonable answers before they will fly to Toronto. Their confidence is also somewhat shaken by Yde's sudden cancellation of his *Sounds of Young America* project. He claims he was forced to cancel this rock & pop event because of a lack of performers. That is understandable.

This is not the first time that jazz musicians, young or old, have been used for someone else's thing. Let's all watch that. db

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education in jazz

By Phil Wilson

When I was recently asked to join the teaching staff at Berklee, my delight at the opportunity to be a part of what I knew to be an excellent faculty at an exciting and progressive music school was immediately following by a "but what can I contribute" reaction. My own background was varied but certainly not what might be considered conventional preparation for a college teaching career. Some college training in traditional music, enough talent to get professionally involved at an early age, a stint with the NORAD Command Band, experience with several name bands and finally four years as trombone soloist and arranger with Woody Herman.

PHIL WILSON

My first conversation with the Administrative staff at Berklee, however, made it immediately apparent that my strong interest in teaching supported by my extensive professional experience was exactly what the school required in all of its faculty appointments. More specifically, what I was told was "we don't just want you to teach the theory of trombone playing; we want you to prepare your students to make a living." Well, I had made a good living as a professional trombonist for a number of years and I was certainly aware of the varied and exacting demands of the world of professional music.

I'm now comfortably, if somewhat hectically, situated at Berklee teaching arranging, coaching ensembles and "preparing trombone students to make a living." As chairman of the trombone department, I've made certain that all my students are involved in a wide variety of ensemble activities . . . large and small jazz groups; theater and studio orchestras; brass quartets, quintets and choirs; concert bands; and even a special ten trombone jazz workshop.

I don't know exactly what musical directions each of my students will choose, but I do know that each will leave Berklee well prepared technically and musically for a career as a professional trombonist.

Phil Wilson

CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Music Still A Brotherhood

Two years ago, I suffered a broken jaw which became infected and resulted in the removal of a portion of my bottom jaw. The Veterans Hospital in Boston has been trying to use an 'implant' in the jaw so that I might have an embouchure with which to play my several different saxophones and clarinets.

Meanwhile, I have been trying to find some kind of an embouchure with the jaw as it is. It necessitated trying many different kinds of mouthpieces, which I could not afford as I am now a totally, permanently disabled veteran. I wish to thank the following reed men who were in sympathy with my situation and sent me mouthpieces: Bob Wilber, Oliver Nelson, Benny Goodman, Al Klink, Eddie Daniels, Lucky Thompson.

In an era which is torn with racial strife, it is inspiring to know that in the music business there is a brotherhood and mutual understanding which exists in no other profession to the same degree. Quoting Lucky Thompson, "promise to always give your very best, whether it be music or to life itself. And above all, never lose faith in God or yourself. It is my pleasure and most profound wish to always be of some small assistance to any man who is in there trying to help himself . . ."

Jack Garellick

Montpelier, Vt.

Clarinet Dreams

Barney Bigard's Blindfold Test (*DB*, June 12) served to remind me that Barney, Albert Nicholas, and Russell Procope are about the last of the fat-toned clarinetists.

I, too, have admired Procope's work since the John Kirby days, and I sincerely believe that his playing has never been more beautiful than it is today. Except for an ancient Dot album (on which he plays only the alto sax) he has never had a recording session of his own.

Do record company a&r men read the letters column in *Down Beat?* May I suggest an album of Duke's lesser known compositions, such as *Blue Belles of Harlem?* I should like to hear Procope featured together with Charlie Byrd on guitar, in a setting of reeds and strings. No brass at all. This type of arm-chair record session organizing is a familiar game to all of us fans. In our ivory towers, money is never a problem, and we don't have a single stockholder to account to.

Irv L. Jacobs

National City, Calif.

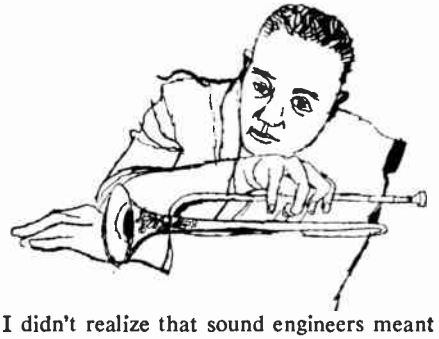
Rim Shots Miss Mark

In his review of the LP *Wild Bill at Bull Run*, (*DB*, May 1) Wayne Jones states that my liner notes—informative initially—degenerate into silliness, mistakes and namedropping. Example: I describe "the familiar rim shot that Philly Joe Jones popularized" (I didn't even refer to Jones) as "wood block licks" and refer to Keter Betts' sound as "sort of a cross between Jimmy Blanton and Walter Page."

Regarding Bertell Knox, I wrote that he is a powerhouse, pneumatic drill style of percussionist of the Big Sid Catlett school. I also referred to his sparse, well-spaced wood block licks behind Gwaltney and Harris. As for Betts, I said that he literally plays all over his instrument with the facility of a cellist. The Betts sound, sort of a cross between Jimmy Blanton and Walter Page, is particularly noteworthy on his plucked solos. . . .

There is nothing "silly" about these comparisons. I don't know how long Jones has been listening to jazz. Perhaps he never heard Catlett or Blanton or Page in person, as it appears his jazz experiences begin much later than the '40s. Regarding the "namedropping" accusation, I don't know what he means so I cannot comment.

One more point requires clarification. I wrote my review from my audition of the original tapes and not the final pressing. I will never make this mistake again.



I didn't realize that sound engineers meant so much in making or breaking a jazz recording. There were some acoustical flaws in the final product which were not present on the orignal tapes.

George W. Kay

Washington, D.C.

Wayne Jones is a professional drummer whose playing experience began in the late '40s, and whose musical orientation is mainly traditional. His review clearly stated that a rim shot is not a "wood block lick" but Mr. Kay apparently missed the point. —*Ed.*

Through A Glass Darkly

I just received my special New Orleans issue of *DB*. (June 12). I didn't know that Willis Conover drank.

Charles Sweningsen

Chicago, Ill.

Reviewer Reconsiders

In reading over my review of *Blood, Sweat & Tears* (*DB*, May 1) and in listening to the record again, I have realized that I was unduly harsh on Jim Fielder and Bobby Colomby about their contributions to *Blues, Part 2*. While I still generally prefer the sound of the acoustic bass, Fielder (along with Jack Casady, Jack Bruce, and now Steve Swallow) is one of the finest Fender bassmen. And Colomby's solo is in fact one of his best moments on the record. So, gentlemen, my apologies for getting my wires crossed somewhere.

James Bourne

Cambridge, Mass.

MINGUS BACK ON SCENE WITH QUINTET IN N.Y.

After several years out of the public eye, Charles Mingus returned to action June 17, when he opened an engagement at New York's Village Vanguard with a new quintet.

With the bassist-composer were Bill Hardman, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Billy Robinson, tenor saxophone; and Danny Richmond, drums. All except Robinson, a new face on the scene, are Mingus alumni.

The packed house found Mingus in a jovial mood. He told the audience that the group "was still rehearsing," and also asked for requests. The group offered such Mingus classics as *Fables of Faubus* (sans vocal) and *Better Git It In Your Soul.* More details in the next issue.

LOWER MANHATTAN GETS UNIQUE MINI FESTIVAL

An unusual series of jazz concerts in a unique setting will be offered New Yorkers during the month of August on the pier at the South Street Seaport, located at South and Fulton Streets in lower Manhattan.

With the East River serving as a backdrop, four different groups will perform on consecutive Friday evenings, beginning Aug. 1.

Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson will lead the first group, with Jimmy Heath and Joe Farrell, tenor saxophones and flutes; Barry Harris, piano; Richard Davis, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums. On Aug. 8, trumpeter Ted Curson will feature a formidable reed section of Arnie Lawrence, alto; Tyrone Washington, tenor, and Pepper Adams, baritone; with Jaki Byard, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass, and Beaver Harris, drums.

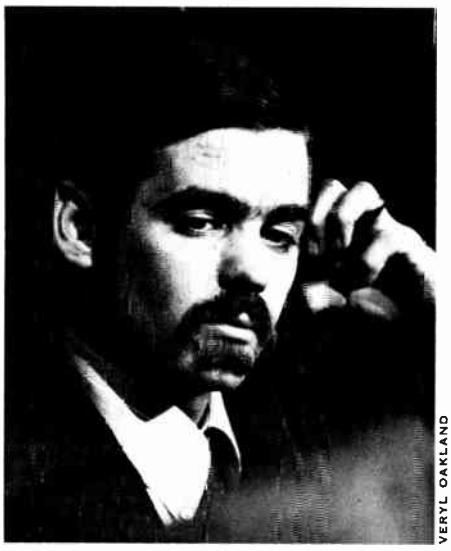
Trumpeter Howard McGhee will present tenorist Bill Barron, tubaist-baritone saxophonist Howard Johnson, pianist Duke Pearson, bassist Charlie Haden, and Beaver Harris again on drums on Aug. 15. The final program, on Aug. 22, stars tenorist Booker Ervin, with Jimmy Owens, trumpet; Melba Liston, trombone; Toshiko, piano; Richard Davis, bass, and Tootie Heath, drums.

The series is the brainchild of photographer-saxophonist Mort Dagowitz, who wanted to feature "some musicians' musicians in an experimental series." He stresses that no one but the musicians are getting paid, and that the pay is above scale. Curson handled the bookings. All the concerts will be recorded by Orville O'Brien, and record companies will have options to buy the tapes.

Tickets are scaled at a top price of $1 per concert, or $3 for the series. In case of rain, programs will be shifted to the following Sunday night. All main subway lines have Fulton St. stops, and parking facilities are free and plentiful. Ticket requests should be directed to South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St., New York, N.Y. 10038.

DEATH OF AL STINSON MOURNED BY COLLEAGUES

Bassist Albert Stinson, 24, died of unknown causes, apparently in his sleep, in a Boston, Mass. hotelroom June 2. He had been touring with guitarist Larry Coryell's group.



VERYL OAKLAND

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Stinson studied various instruments as a young child, settling on bass when he was 14. After moving to California, he worked with Terry Gibbs (1961), Frank Rosolino, and then Chico Hamilton, with whom he remained for more than three years. In 1965, he joined the quartet of Charles Lloyd, his team-mate with Hamilton. Subsequently, he free-lanced on the west coast prior to joining Coryell.

Stinson was an exceptional musician with a brilliant instrumental technique and fertile imagination. His sudden death shocked the jazz world. Hamilton described him as "one of the greatest musicians I've ever worked with." Stinson recorded with Hamilton, Joe Pass, and Clare Fischer. His own favorite LP was *A Different Journey* (Reprise) with Hamilton.

JOE MORELLO RECORDS; PLANS TO FORM GROUP

Since the breakup of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, drummer Joe Morello has been keeping busy conducting clinics throughout the U.S. and in Europe. He is so much in demand that he is booked solidly through 1969, but has a great desire to get into other things as well.

During a recent visit to Chicago, Morello did a record date for a new label, Ovation, founded by Dick Schory of Percussion Pops fame, which already has in the can albums by Joe Venuti and Schory himself.

The album features the drummer in various settings (brass choir; string quartet; rock group), and he jokingly suggested *The Confused World of Joe Morello* as a suitable title.

"I'm still searching for that right musical direction to go in with a group of my own, which I hope to form soon," he told *Down Beat.* "I feel that I've been bent in one direction for so long that I just have to break out." He will definitely have his own group by the spring of 1970, he said, adding that it would not be "the usual three rhythm-one horn thing."

PASSING OF A LEGEND: AGENT JOE GLASER, 72

Joseph G. Glaser, 72, president of the Associated Booking Corp., died June 6 at Beth Israel Hospital in New York City as a result of a paralytic stroke suffered two months earlier.

Glaser was a show business legend. Born in Chicago, the son of a physician, he had planned to follow in his father's footsteps but discovered that he could not stand the sight of blood. He dropped out of medical school, and after a spell at fight promotion, became involved in the night club business.

It was as operator of the Sunset Cafe, where many of the greatest jazzmen of the '20s played, that Glaser first became associated with his most famous client, Louis Armstrong. (Contrary to legend, however, he did not become Satchmo's manager until 1935.)

Glaser entered the agency field in the late '20s and was for several years connected with Rockwell-O'Keefe. From the start, he specialized in jazz and blues talent, and it was largely through his efforts that black artists were booked into top spots at decent salaries from the mid-'30s on. In 1937, Glaser negotiated a radio show for Armstrong sponsored by Fleischman's Yeast, the first sponsored radio program featuring a black performer.

That same year, Glaser formed Glaser-Consolidated Attractions, with Armstrong topping a roster that soon included Roy Eldridge, Hot Lips Page, Stuff Smith, Andy Kirk, Erskine Hawkins, Earl Hines, Don Redman, and many others. By the mid-'40s, he had a huge string of artists, white as well as black, and was bought out by MCA. However, the giant corporation found itself unable to properly manage the talent it had acquired, and Glaser resumed at the helm of his own independent business.

Over the years, there was hardly a prominent name in jazz and dance music not handled by Glaser at one time or another. Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Woody Herman, Les Brown, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck and a host of

others worked for him, and later, he added such newcomers as Barbra Streisand (for whom he negotiated a fabulous million-dollar contract for four weeks at Las Vegas' International Hotel not long before he was stricken), The Rascals, and Credence Clearwater Revival.

His hobbies included boxing (he handled Sugar Ray Robinson, Sonny Liston, and Cassius (Muhammed Ali) Clay, dog breeding (he had a kennel of miniature poodles and won many prizes), and baseball (he loved the Yankees and maintained three boxes at Yankee Stadium). He drove a Rolls-Royce with the license plate JOE.

While he was often accused of running a "plantation," there can be little doubt that Glaser contributed immensely towards greater acceptance and better working conditions for black artists, and especially in the '30s and '40s, he had an acute ear for talent. In later years, his judgment sometimes failed him, as for instance in respect to the *Timex* Jazz Shows, which he overbooked with acts until they flopped, or in his reluctance to give up the old-fashioned strings of one-nighters for some of his top attractions.

Glaser ran his agency with an iron hand, and few decisions were made without him. No changes, however, are foreseen in the structure of ABC.

POTPOURRI

Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and his quintet (**Hal Posey**, trumpet; **Mario Darpino**, flute; **Joe Byrd**, bass; **Bill Reichenbach**, drums) left June 29 on a State Dept. tour of Africa. The group will visit 10 cities in eight countries during the two-month trip and is due to return Aug. 23.

•

There will be blues on three consecutive Fridays at Loeb Student Center of New York University, starting July 18 with **Luther (Georgia Boy) Johnson** and **Bill Dicey's** band. **John Lee Hooker** performs July 25, and Gospel-blues singer **Leonda**, funny blues man **Henry Bradley**, Boston's **Paul Geremia**, and Portugese (!) blues singer-guitarist **Paul Pena** will be on hand Aug. 1. All concerts start at 8 p.m.

•

A unique press conference with music by **Buddy Tate's** quartet was held onstage at Carnegie Hall in late May to announce the Rutgers Jazz Festival, a joint venture involving the Rutgers Institute of Jazz Studies, the Carnegie Hall Corporation, and **George Wein's** Festival Productions, Inc. The festival will take place July 26-27 at Rutgers Stadium, New Brunswick, N.J., and will feature **Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Mann, B.B. King,** and **Booker T. and the M.G.s** on opening night, and **Blood, Sweat&Tears, Donald Byrd, Miles Davis, Buddy Rich** and his band, the **Newport All Stars,** and **Nina Simone** on Sunday night. There will also be a conference of jazz scholars on Sunday afternoon.

•

A giant benefit for the widow and children of bassist **Ralph Pena** will be held at the Music Center in Los Angeles July 13. Among those scheduled to appear are **Frank Sinatra, Stan Kenton, Clare Fischer, Joe Pass, Pete Jolly, Emil Richards, Shelly Manne,** and many others not set at presstime. **Ray Neapolitan** is coordinating the affair.

•

The Missouri House of Representatives passed a resolution expressing sadness at the death of **Coleman Hawkins** and honoring him as "one of Missouri's most famous and best loved natives." State Rep. **Russell Howard** of St. Louis introduced the resolution.

•

Guitarist **Atilla Zoller,** back home in New York after a five-week stay in Germany, tells us that two weeks were spent

/Continued on page 38

MAN OF MANY FACES

Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

ONCE IN A WHILE on the *Late Late Show* you may run across a quasi-jazz musical called *New Orleans*. Louis Armstrong plays a major role. Another important part is that of a character who, at the time of the picture's release in 1946, was said by some reviewers to bear a remote resemblance to Joe Glaser, at least to the extent that he helped Louis along the road to fame.

The resemblance was remote indeed. The true story of the real life Joe Glaser has never been told, and now that he is gone, I wonder if it ever will be.

If it were told honestly, that could be a unique slice of Americana. It would show Glaser, a doctor's son, opting out of medical school and drifting into the demi-monde of Chicago during the Prohibition years, selling used cars, managing fighters, operating South Side saloons.

The turning point in the story would coincide, of course, with the period when Glaser was running the Sunset Cafe and Armstrong was working as a sideman in Carroll Dickerson's band.

I talked to Louis the day after Glaser's funeral. "I lost the best friend I ever had," he said. "I'll never forget the day I came to the Sunset and saw that he'd put my name up in lights—'Louis Armstrong, the World's Greatest Trumpet Player.' That was in 1926. Man, we came a long way together from Chicago, and if it hadn't been for him I don't know what would have happened to me."

What would have happened is, in fact, not hard to surmise, since there was a time when it actually did happen. As I wrote in *Down Beat,* July 15, 1965:

"Armstrong at one point (one of the non-Joe Glaser points) got into a lot of managerial difficulties. One American road manager who came to Europe with him was a lush; later, Louis got mixed up with a French manager and found himself torn between two contracts. One week the *Melody Maker* came out with a flaming headline to the effect that Satch, beset by all these troubles, had skipped out from under everyone's nose and had taken the first boat back home from France. That was in January, 1935, and it was the last Europe saw of him for well over a decade."

Not long after his return home, Louis was safely back in the Glaser fold, and when Joe founded his Associated Booking Corp. in 1937, Satch was first, last and always the most cherished client of his original mentor.

Much has been said about the Armstrong-Glaser relationship. Some artists resented it, feeling that Joe was giving Louis favored treatment that resulted in loss of jobs for others. Some felt Joe was taking advantage of Louis in some unspecified way. The best answer, of course, lies in the situation in which Louis now finds himself. He is (has been for many years) a happy man, with economic security assured as long as he lives. He got what he wanted out of the deal, and more; Joe got what he wanted too, and if Louis did not begrudge him his share it ill became any outsider to take issue.

The fact is that Glaser was a man of many faces. Like so many who worked for him at one time or another, I was around him long enough to see beneath the facade, the tough voice and low boiling point that terrified anyone confronted for the first time by his wrath.

Before and during his illness, and after his passing, I heard several often-recurring phrases attached to Glaser. "His bark is worse than his bite," some would say; or, "Joe is a sucker for anyone with a hard luck story," or "Joe is a man who never goes back on his word." They were all true. I speak from 30 years' experience.

The strangest contrast of all was the Glaser literary style. As anyone will attest who corresponded with him, it was hard to believe that the man who cursed out hapless nobodies in his office, roared at clients over the phone, infuriated talent-buyers with the hard bargains he drove, was the same person who wrote those flowery, long-winded letters, full of assurances of good will and usually concluding with some remark like "Bear in mind it is always a pleasure to hear from you and you can contact me any time you have anything of any kind which you may wish to discuss."

Since I moved West, his letters always included some reference to "Gods' country," his name for California.

In the last letter I received in March, he said: "I don't have the slightest idea when I will be coming out to God's country, but I'm definitely going to try to do so before the month is over. Of course, if I should come out, rest assured it will be a pleasure for me to definitely make it a point to try and see you."

Joe never made it to God's country that time. Or perhaps, in a sense, he did. db

Creole Cookin': New Orleans Jazzfest 1969

by Ira Gitler

THE ATTENDANCE could have been better and the sound was not always up to the excellent standard set in the first concert, but all things considered, the second annual New Orleans International Jazz Festival must be judged an artistic success. However, if one were to review only the concerts held at the Municipal Auditorium during the course of *Jazzfest 1969* (June 1-7), the entire spirit that this event engendered in the Crescent City would go unreported. To neglect the attendant events would be like serving Shrimp Remoulade without the piquant remoulade sauce or dishing up a gumbo minus the okra.

New Orleans—particularly the French Quarter, where we were billeted—oozes color, some of it commercial and contrived, to be sure, but color nevertheless. New Orleans is a city for gourmets, gourmands and just plain eaters. From the posh Caribbean Room of the Pontchartrain Hotel (its 77-year-old host Mr. Aschaffenberg recently was awarded the Golden Plate as top man in his field) in the lovely Garden District to the downhome ambiance of Buster's (soul food) at Burgundy and Orleans in the French Quarter, the victuals were gastronomic marvels, firing the mind, pleasing the palate and satisfying the stomach. Trout Veronique to hot sausage runs quite a spectrum, but we felt that we had done all right even if we had figuratively merely scanned the city's collective menu during the one-week stay.

New Orleans is a balling town—a city that is never completely asleep. Unlike the compulsive gambling atmosphere of Las Vegas, here the waking moments are mellower, the boozing blowzier and the music more musical and less manufactured. Some of the music falls into the commercial-color category but there is enough of the real thing—at least during festival week—to offset this. With all the visiting players in town, there was sitting in that ranged from "kitty halls" through clubs to paid-admission sessions, luncheons, and after-hours parties.

Along Bourbon Street and environs, Gerry Mulligan blew with trombonist Santo Pecora's band at the Famous Door and with Bobby Hackett at the Cabaret Toulouse of the Downtowner Motor Inn. Jaki Byard became part of Papa Bue's Viking Jazzband for a while at the same club, and Roland Kirk jammed at Preservation Hall. One had to be more than ubiquitous to make all these scenes, but I doubt if any could have been more inspired than one we stumbled into at Dixieland Hall, where they charge $1.50 to get in, have set fees for requests (the dearest being $5.00 for *The Saints*) and attempt to sell LPs of New Orleans jazz or drawings of musicians to the patrons. Out on Bourbon Street, the drummer in the unseen band sounded good, so in we walked and found Zoot Sims sitting in the midst of the house band, in shirtsleeves, feet working, sometimes off the ground, head back, tenor up, wailing a *Willow Weep For Me* that rose dripping out of the bayous. And there was more: *Bye Bye Blues, I Found A New Baby, Indiana, The Shiek of Araby* and the closing *Saints*. The members of the band are not all "strictly from Dixie" and on *Indiana*, trumpeter Jack Willis and trombonist Waldron (Frog) Joseph incorporated a riff directly from Fats Navarro's *Ice Freezes Red*. And the drummer turned out to be Freddie Kohlman, a formidable figure whom the visiting New Yorkers mentioned in the same breath with Big Sid Catlett. When Dixieland Hall closed at midnight, he and Zoot, neither of whom had completely satisfied the desire to play, went across the street to jam with Hackett.

JACK BRADLEY

Zoot Sims sits in at Dixieland Hall: l. to r. Waldron (Frog) Joseph, Jack Willis (partially hidden), Sims, Placide Adams Albert Burbank.

Pre-scheduled jamming, with an admission charge, took place in the ballroom of the Royal Orleans Hotel at midnight on Wednesday and Thursday following the concerts at the Auditorium. The nucleus of Wednesday's bash was the excellent festival house band consisting of Clark Terry, Sims, Byard, Milt Hinton and Alan Dawson. None of the members flagged during the long week which included a variety of situations, ranging from the concert appearances, daily rehearsals and an outdoor TV taping to a riverboat outing. The jam session was no exception. Soon they were joined by Alvin Batiste, a local clarinetist with a very good sound but not particularly distinguished ideas; Ron Dewar, the tenor saxophonist from the University of Illinois Band, who played effects rather than ideas; Cecil Bridgewater, the trumpeter from the same band, who had more flash than depth; and Roland Kirk, whose soprano became a Picou dervish as he kaleidoscopically offered his interpretation of the clarinetist's famed *High Society* chorus. (At a Friday luncheon in honor of Hackett at the Downtowner, Kirk's soprano was breathtakingly evident in the midst of some fine sounds dished out by pianist Dave (Fat Man) Williams—a good blues man—and drummer Fred Staehle. Roland says he is going back to NO just to hang out for a week and blow with all the local bands.)

The second session at the Royal Orleans turned out to be, in part, a Philips recording session for Dutch songstress Rita Reys, backed by the house band with her husband, Pim Jacobs, replacing Byard at the piano. Before this set, Richard Davis, who had come down from New York to bow and pick his way sensitively through a feature on *Summertime* with Byard and Dawson (and help them support Kirk) at the Auditorium that night led off the proceedings with some more of his virtuousity, followed by a Tranetinged *Lush Life* by Dewar, backed by his Illinois compatriots.

Miss Reys has a buoyant style, and with driving solos from Terry and Sims the set went well. The album was completed during her Friday night concert stint with the same backing. The Thursday "jam" was concluded by a *What Is This Thing Called Love* spearheaded by the omnipresent Kirk and a NO rhythm section motored by the vigorous ministrations of drummer James Black.

But to begin at the beginning. On landing at the airport on the Saturday before the festival officially began, photographer Jack Bradley said to record producer/photographer Don Schlitten, "Did you expect to be met by a band?" and Schlitten, in his half-serious manner, responded, "Of course!" The next thing we heard as we entered the baggage claim area was the strains of Danny Barker's band featuring trumpeter Alvin Alcorn. We were also greeted by Doug Ramsey (WDSU-TV newscaster and WDSU-FM jazz deejay), head of the hospitality committee, and the college-student drivers of a motor pool that was available to press and musicians throughout the week. Kudos to Ramsey and his staff. Southern hospitality lives.

All this efficiency and organization must be traced back to producer Willis Conover, and it certainly carried over into the presentations at the Municipal Auditorium. Seldom, if ever, have I seen a jazz festival that flowed from one group to the next with less confusion or impingement on the performers.

Sunday afternoon's leadoff concert, billed as "Soul Session", began with an effective offstage historical narrative by

Conover that placed things in perspective. Then, from the back of the hall, came the mournful tones of *A Closer Walk With Thee* played by the Onward Brass Band as it marched down the aisle in a mock funeral procession, then simulated the graveside tribute on stage, and did the return trip with a joyous *Bourbon Street Parade*.

What followed was the only low point of an excellent program. Clarinetist Jimmy Giuffre, accompanied by guitarist John Stauber and the Concert Choir of New Orleans, worked out on a theme that was supposed to be a "neo-Gregorian chant" but which was more like an introduction to an unplayed piece. This segued into the house band doing *Amen, Motherless Child,* and then, joined by the New Orleans Gospel Ensemble, *Down By the Riverside.*

The second half got underway with the house trio, led by Byard, doing an effective slow blues. Then came Sarah Vaughan, backed by the house band, in what may have been the best individual performance of the festival: the bop scatting of *All of Me;* the bedroom eyes of *Misty,* with an able assist from Sims; the swinging, up, up and away of *On A Clear Day;* the tender *Tenderly;* the poignant *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* (a local newspaper reporter catalogued it as *That Pug-Nosed Dream*); and the straight-ahead swing of *I Cried For You,* with energizing Terry plunger. Sassy has one of today's most magnificent voices. Someone should write a musical for her that would do her great talent justice.

After her set, Miss Vaughan and the house band were joined on stage by the Giuffre Duo, the Concert Choir, the Gospel Ensemble and Onward Brass for a faster reprise of *A Closer Walk.* Although there was one point at which it sounded like two parades passing each other, the spirit prevailed for a rousing climax. As a benediction, Sarah, accompanied by pianist Dave West, gave the audience *The Lord's Prayer,* moving and satisfying to everyone's soul.

Monday was an off-day for official proceedings. On Tuesday evening, festivities resumed with a parade by a host of bands —the Onward Brass, the Olympia, the Young Tuxedo and the Congo Square among them—through the French Quarter and down to the foot of Canal Street and Mississippi where the *S.S. President* waited to take a full boatload of passengers on an abbreviated cruise, complete with music by Pete Fountain's band and the Jazzfest house combo. After viewing part of the parade as it passed our hotel, we called on the motor pool get us to the *President,* from whose decks we witnessed the end of the parade. The marching bands are one of the proudest reminders of the city's musical tradition and you have to see and hear them doing their thing to really appreciate them. There was Freddie Kohlman on bass drum driving the Onward onward. While Alvin Alcorn's horn was heard in that band, his son Sam's more modern trumpet was part of the Danny Barker-led Congo Square aggregation out of whose ranks came some surprising Dizzy Gillespie configurations.

When the bands arrived at the dock they brought with them the second-liners who danced and staged mock fights for the coins and beer cans that the people on board threw down, catching quarters deftly in their upturned umbrellas. The bands are integrated, but the kids were all black and it was a perplexing experience for a visitor. But then, so are pan-handling teenage hippies in New York's East Village.

JACK BRADLEY

The Tuxedo Brass Band: A proud reminder

Wednesday afternoon was a treat for press and performers in the form of a crawfish and beer luncheon at Pete Fountain's Storyville, followed by a bus tour of historical sites conducted by Danny Barker and Scoop Kennedy. In explaining the changing of the name of Congo Square to Beauregard Square, the witty, informed Barker pointed out that "the South is the only place where monuments are erected to defeated generals." We visited, or passed by, the birthplace of Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet, the building where Buddy Bolden died, and the supposed tomb of Voodoo Queen Marie Laveau. Surrounded by all of this, and with such distinguished tour-mates as Benny Carter, Clark Terry, and Roland Kirk, I really felt a sense of jazz history.

Wednesday evening's concert, begun inauspiciously by trombonist Jim Robinson's New Orleans Traditional Ensemble, had a good set by Dizzy Gillespie that pointed up the development as a soloist of his pianist, Mike Longo. The set involving Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan started slowly. Backed by Hinton and Dawson, Desmond was light and Mulligan more involved, but when Gerry shifted to the piano for his own *Night Lights,* Desmond came alive.

Then Byard came out, Mulligan returned to baritone, and *Take Five* and *All the Things You Are* concluded the proceedings on a definite up-beat.

Vocalist Marion Love, backed by the house trio, is an attractive girl but her style is marred by too many flat notes, a mannered approach and exaggeration of gospel smears (all in evidence on *Sunny*). She came off like a poor man's Nancy Wilson, which is twice-removed from Dinah Washington.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band was a disappointment to me, possibly because I had read so many highly complimentary reviews before hearing it. For a college band it was good, with some unique charts, but the soloists were a weak point and drummer Chuck Braugham was lifeless. Vocalist Don Smith, despite some stylistic excesses, was to me the most promising member of the organization.

Willie (The Lion) Smith was not present, as advertised on Thursday, but Eubie Blake, relaxed as if he was sitting in his living room, more than made up for him. Conversing with Willis Conover, who was seated beside him, the 86-year-old pianist-composer charmed the audience with his reminiscences, and renditions of *Lady's Dream, Spanish Venus, The Stars and Stripes Forever,* and his own *I'm Just Wild About Harry* and *Memories of You.*

Jaki Byard had been given the assignment to reinterpret some of the music of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, a New Orleans-born composer and piano virtuoso who was world-famous in the 19th century. Gottschalk's music was influenced by the same elements that gave birth to ragtime, but what Byard did with it really brought it fully into the jazz ken. By combining two pieces, *The Banjo* and *Bamboula,* he fashioned a mini-suite that was at once antique and contemporary. Hinton and Dawson assisted, with the latter's tambourine especially effective. Throughout the week, the versatile Byard reaffirmed his importance as a musical thinker and entertainer.

Papa Bue's Vikings from Copenhagen were a distinct surprise to this listener. It is a traditionalist band, but not one that sounds cornily "authentic". It plays early Ellington as well as Dixieland classics and gets solidly into the Mainstream area with swing and in-tune blowing. It boasts a fine trumpeter in Finn Otto Hansen, and a liquid-toned clarinetist in Jorgen Svare. Papa Bue anchors the horns with his trombone, and the rhythm section of Jorn Jensen (piano), Jens Solund (bass), Bjarne Petersen (banjo) and Knud Madsen (drums) is really together. Petersen's slightly-hoarse, relaxed vocals have what

used to be called a "knocked-out" quality, with a Beriganesque touch.

After Richard Davis' stint, mentioned earlier, Roy Eldridge took over for a set with the house band. *I Can't Get Started* was a thing of rare beauty, and he upset the crowd with his blues crooning on *Ain't That Just Like A Woman*. Then he was joined by Clark Terry and surprise guest Bobby Hackett in a spirited *Perdido*, replete with a barrelful of "fours" among the three trumpet wizards.

Along came Roland Kirk in a black vinyl jumpsuit to wail *Cherokee* on tenor. He had evidently planned for New Orleans, because he followed with *Creole Love Call* with clarinet and tenor, and *Make Me A Pallet On the Floor* with strich and flute. Accelerating energy as he went along, Kirk ripped things up with his talking-blowing flute style, and on *Three For the Festival* fluted his way into an uproar, made a quick switch back to the clarinet, placed its bell on the ball-like microphone and, in a wild climax, sent mike and mike-stand toppling over, followed to the floor by his gong. It was an untoppable punctuation to a set that spiralled ever upward.

Sarah Vaughan then made her second festival appearance, backed first by the house trio, then the quintet and, finally, by the Illinois band. She did *Loverman, Bluesette* and *Time After Time* with the trio, scatted with Terry on *Sometimes I'm Happy* and sang *The Lamp is Low, Watch What Happens* and *There'll Never Be Another You* with the big band. Again she was in fine voice. There were some good Benny Carter charts for the Illinois segment, but she was looser with the small groups.

The big noise on Friday was Basie. Sparked by the crisp sound and swing of drummer Harold Jones, the band sounded as strong as I've heard it in a long time. Eddie ("Lockjaw") Davis was in fine fettle on *Cherokee* which zipped along at high speed; the Count exhibited his supreme subtlety on a slow blues; *Cute* had good flute by Eric Dixon and a dapper brush solo by Jones; Richard Boone scored with his *Boone Talk;* and *Li'l Darlin'* still makes one marvel at how a band can play so slowly and *still* swing.
(Later, at a midnight dance at the Royal Orleans, Basie's crew again sounded superb—and as a dance band it has no peer.)

As good as Papa Bue's brand of traditionalism was, so bad was the brand served up by Barry Martyn from England. Clarinetist-alto saxophonist Dickie Douthwaite was unbelievably corny. I hope he was kidding on *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*. Even if he was, it wasn't amusing.

The house band cleared the air, Terry's fluegelhorn leading the way *On the Trail* with Sims in tow. They then combined for a swift version of *The Hymn*. Dawson's drums were not properly miked and I wish someone had lowered the mike for Sims—it was always at trumpet rather than saxophone level throughout the festival—because the full impact of his meaty choruses was lost.

Rita Reys' set followed, with more solid Terry and Sims, especially Zoot on *Broadway*. Then the Basie alumni—Buck Clayton, Dicky Wells, Buddy Tate, and alto saxophonist Jimmy Tyler (the latter a replacement for Earle Warren)—with the house trio and added starter Danny Barker on rhythm guitar ran through *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *St. Louis Blues*. Buck and Buddy sounded good but Wells was having trouble with his horn and an off night, and Tyler is a r&b player with no great melodic gift. I was told that everything went far better in rehearsal that afternoon. (Incidentally, Conover held rehearsals on the afternoon of each concert, and these no doubt contributed to the smoothness and success of the productions.)

After Basie and *his* rhythm section returned, the alums did *Swingin' The Blues*. Then Terry and Sims joined the four other horns, the entire Basie band came back, and a leaping *One O'Clock Jump*, in which Zoot quoted Herschel Evans, finished the evening's events with a grand flourish.

Saturday's concert, *New Orleans Mon Amour*, was devoted solely to the local musicians. Originally scheduled to be presented in two parts, afternoon and evening, it had been cut in half by the festival's board of directors, causing a lot of cramping and rescheduling. Musically, it was the weakest concert of the festival and did not draw the largest crowd, as some thought it would.

Sharkey Bonano is more of a showman than a great trumpeter but his Kings of Dixieland got a nice, floating feeling going. Vibist Godfrey Hirsch swung urbanely in a subdued Hampton manner; Harry Shields demonstrated the continuation of a great clarinet tradition; and trombonist Emile Christian demonstrated that, at 74, he is no relic. They even played *Bill Bailey*. (The night before on a midnight TV show on WDSU moderated by Doug Ramsey, and peopled by *DB's* Dan Morgenstern, Clark Terry, and Paul Desmond, and starring Danny Barker and Jaki Byard, Jaki had responded to a telephone request for the tune with, "Me no speak English.")

Pianist Armand Hug was a big let-down after many years of repute. He played a cocktail-lounge brand of slickness and his bassist, who had trouble plugging in his electric instrument, should have forgotten to. He should have also gone up *The Lazy River* instead of singing it.

Cousin Joe, accompanying himself at the piano, entertained well with songs that all had something to do with food. His good humor was followed by pianist Chuck Berlin playing *Autumn Leaves* with a Beethoven beginning and a Rachmaninoff ending. More slick pretense. Coltrane's *India* found him fixing his instrument to approximate a sitar. It sounded more like a balalaika. At least it was not overlong, and drummer James Black kept it interesting.

The Loyola University Band proved to be a very well-trained outfit. You can't really compare it with the Illinois band, because the latter has older players and a more venturesome book. However, judged in terms of what they attempted and how they succeeded, I'd have to say I enjoyed them more. The soloists were not memorable, but the first trumpeter has some fine chops and the drummer outswung Illinois vaunted counterpart by a wide margin. Alto saxophonist Al Belletto, musical director for NO's Playboy Club, did a feature with the Loyolans on *What's New* and showed off a lovely tone in a heartfelt solo. His one-time associate, pianist Fred Crane, got into some Tatum and Garner impressions in the middle of the piece, but his segment was overlong.

After intermission, trumpeter Murphy Campo, whose size and style are second-line Al Hirt, did a pedestrian set. Then pianist Bob Greene, in a tribute to Jelly Roll Morton, stopped the show. I happened to be out in the hall at the time (you can't catch everything, folks) but Dan Morgenstern told me that "he charmed the audience with *Don't You Leave Me Here* and a perfect recreation of Jelly's *Tiger Rag* from the Library of Congress sessions."

Greene was part of Johnny Wiggs' Bayou Stompers, in which the venerable cornetist was joined by clarinetist Raymond Burke, trombonist Paul Crawford, bassist Chester Zardis, Danny Barker and returning native son Zutty Singleton. Wiggs and Burke are melodists who sing through their horns and can still tell a story. Crawford is a younger disciple of the Southland tradition.

Then came the slow blues. With a rhythm section of Dave Williams, Barker and Singleton (badly-miked Zutty), a panorama of NO musicians, old and young, walked on stage, one by one, to play a chorus apiece: Louis Nelson, Warren Luening, Vernon King, Don Albert (particularly moving), Sam Alcorn, Alvin Alcorn, Murphy Campo, Johnny Wiggs, Punch Miller, Red Tyler (a Gene Ammons-style tenor), Paul Guma, Santo Pecora, Emile Christian, Frank Federico and, at a second set of drums, Freddie Kohlman. As each finished, he took his place in the line at the rear of the stage to play backgrounds. It was one of those instances where nostalgia outweighed the split notes.

At the tail-end of a set by another returning native son, Tony Parenti, in which the clarinetist played with more taste and restraint than usual, Burke, Shields, and Louis Cottrell came on to join him in *High Society*, helped immeasurably at the close by trumpeter Albert, whereupon the Onward, Olympia, Young Tuxedo and Congo Square marching bands, each to its own aisle, advanced toward the stage from the rear of the auditorium. *The Saints* it was and it ended up as a march-in, a happening that became a New Orleans version of *Ascension*.

There is much more I could regale you with, such as local group Willie Tee and the Souls with its remarkable drummer, David Lee, or the impromptu session in Bobby Hackett's suite at seven in the morning when Downtowner manager Jack Denett, an ex-drummer whose hospitality is second to none, had a piano sent up by room service. Or the Saturday afternoon session at the Cabaret Toulouse with Papa Bue's Vikings, during which some chicks who'd wandered in off Bourbon Street outdid the professional strippers who work that famous *rue*.

It was quite a week. I'm ready for Jazzfest 1970. DB

CARRYING ON WITH BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS

an interview by Joe Gallagher

Bobby Colomby

The conversation that follows occurred during a Blood, Sweat & Tears engagement at Chicago's Kinetic Playground.

Shortly before the group's first set that night, several of the members gathered in drummer Bobby Colomby's hotel room. Those present at various times were Colomby, bassist Jim Fielder, organist-pianist-trombonist-flautist-arranger Dick Halligan, trombonist Jerry Hyman, and trumpeter Lou Soloff.

JG: O.K. Let's really strive for relevance. Now . . . who were your influences?

Dick: Uhh . . . Johnny Walker?

Jerry: My mudder, my fadder.

JG: Where do you think music is going these days?

Jerry: Well, we're going to be on Lawrence Avenue.

Bobby: It's going for a walk, a long walk, on a cold autumn day, with elves.

Dick: Music goes . . .

All: Round 'n' round.

JG: What do you think of the Third Stream?

Dick: I can't swim.

(after the laughter has ebbed)

JG: The group is obviously a combination of all kinds of musical interests and motivations. Some of the guys have grown up with their main inspiration being rock, some have been inspired essentially by what you might call classical music, and others have listened mostly to jazz. Anyway, what is the common, unifying feeling of the group?

Jim: We just try to make good music, the best we can.

Jerry: When I first joined the band, I thought the music was good, but it was the prospect of a steady job. . . .

Bobby: You know what's going to happen? I'll tell you about the effect this band's going to have. As soon as we start to make a lot of money, a lot of kids are going to say "Hey, that's the secret. Get a lot of guys together, get some horns, and we can make money, too." And that's the effect we're going to have on rock 'n' roll.

Jerry: It's starting to happen already.

JG: But do you think that it's going to raise the level of the music?

Dick: There's a good chance that it will.

Jerry: Just by the greater number.

Dick: Just by introducing a sound, you widen the possibilities.

JG: I wonder whether you guys have thought about the fact that you're improving the musical environment that most young people grow up in today.

Jerry: I think that's secondary.

Jim: It's kind of coincidental, really.

JG: Would you say the group got together because you were all at a certain level of musical proficiency and you wanted to get together to play and you happened to share a liking for rock and . . .

Dick: . . . No. I would say more because rock is more saleable. Certain kinds of rock are easy to sell.

Jerry: Granite, tombstones.

Dick: No, I would say because there's a better chance of making a living, a decent amount of money.

Jerry: Yeah, without compromising yourself too much.

Dick: As long as there's some music included.

JG: But do you find that the strong intergroup and audience-group feeling of rock appeals to you? At the best moments of the other form of spontaneous music—namely, jazz—the players communicate in that same, powerfully human way. But rock musicians almost always do it.

Bobby: If you're in a jazz band, a working jazz band, you've got to solo every night, and sometimes you just don't feel like soloing on every tune. But you've got no choice, because that's what's going to take up the time of the set.

Dick: But soloing is the jazz musician's art.

Bobby: But the point is: If he doesn't feel like soloing, then you're left with nothing.

Dick: A really good jazz player plays good music even if he feels the lowest. He plays better when he feels better, sure.

Jerry: That problem is more a personal than a musical one. Anybody in any medium might have that feeling. A sculptor might not feel like sculpting.

JG: But what we're getting into right now is a comparison between jazz and rock as social phenomena, a comparison of their accessibility and appeal. I think it's true that rock would reach more people right away and that jazz is accessible but it requires more . . .

Dick: Concentration.

JG: And I think that Blood, Sweat & Tears is helping more people get attuned to jazz textures. "Texture" is a good word, because it conveys the fact that jazz, like rock, is music not just of the soloist but of the group. Like rock, jazz is communal music and can have broad appeal.

Jerry: Jazz is more subtle now because it's had more time to develop itself. I think that rock will develop itself also into a meaningful form and that possibly it may lose some of its "redeeming" social value. I don't know how redeeming it is. . . . But, for example, the Earth Opera kind of thing, doing operatic rock, is good, because these people are incorporating all kinds of ideas. Unlike jazz, rock is not an entity. Although they say that jazz takes Gospel and African and whatever the consensus of opinion is, jazz right now is pretty much an entity. Rock is relatively new and takes from a lot of other forms.

JG: I think you could say the same thing about jazz—that is, about its better players. Sure, jazz has been around longer, but Lalo Schifrin, Miles, Dizzy—these people keep the music wide open to change. To me one of the best ways to isolate the difference between jazz and rock is to hear, say, the Jazz Crusaders doing a rock tune like *Eleanor Rigby*. You hear the duple rhythm, the clear-cut changes—all dished up with a little more subtlety, a little extra intrigue. Rock is direct, and its rhythm is very duple, heartbeat-ish. Jazz is coy, and it's rhythm is usually triplet-style—it's supple . . . it swirls. To me that's the distinction. I love them both.

Jerry: You mentioned Lalo Schifrin. His *New Fantasy* is very exciting, but you can't go anywhere and hear that band perform it. When we were out on the Coast we heard Don Ellis' Band, and they sounded great. They had also recorded some Laura Nyro tunes. But they're scuffling for work.

JG: Now we're talking about appeal very graphically: who's making a real living at it.

Jerry: With young people music must have a social ingredient. At times that's more important then the music itself.

JG: Yeah, I think that young people today must feel a religious—that is, bonding—force in their music. The music they go for can't be just fascinating. It has to do something for them as people. And the beautiful thing is that Blood, Sweat & Tears and Cannonball Adderley and anybody else who's aware of people's needs can open up their heads and make jazz part of our everyday culture. It's always bugged me that jazz has been mostly the property of the "hip" few. Both rock and jazz are by nature spontaneous communication between listeners and players. It's "Right Now"—it's not "us-playing-off-a-

sheet-of-paper" but "us".

Dick: You can't really say that about us.

Jerry: That doesn't really apply to us.

JG: Somehow it does.

Jerry: Somewhat, but we do have arrangements, although they're memorized. There's as much excitement in changing things a little bit as there is in playing a symphony. It comes out differently every time.

JG: But you said it does come out differently every time.

Jerry: Yes, but so does pre-composed music, like Debussy.

Dick: Sure. There's no such thing as just following notes on paper. It's the same process, whether you're playing something that's pre-composed or improvised, as far as communicating what you're feeling at the moment to the people out there. If that's not there it's dead. Classical music is dead, or jazz is dead, or rock is dead. You can tell when something's lacking in the music. It has nothing to do with whether it's written or from the player's mind.

JG: There are a lot of patterns and riffs, but you guys also have a lot of blowing room.

Jerry: That's right.

Lou: I feel that it all depends on what kind of level you are as far as receiving music is concerned. All of the forms of music can communicate meaning to a person. The point is that the general public is unschooled as far as music is concerned, so they need a very simple music to relate to. And rock is simpler than both jazz and classical music.

Bobby: The point of rock 'n' roll—that is, the obvious beat and lyric—will never be dead. The thing is that it's heading in the direction now where it's going to try, hopefully, to get the best out of other music, which it for years has missed. It's missed jazz-concept solos. It's missed more interesting chord structures. It's missed more interesting arrangements. So our band in essence is trying to get the best out of all music and combine it with rock 'n' roll. It's also our taste. Our music is pretty much what our taste in music is. We never really sat down and strove . . . "Come on, let's do this because they'll gasp at this", or "Boy, is this commercial!" "Let's do that" or "Let's do this." There's no real genius in this band, but we know how to play.

Jerry: There are geniuses in the band, but no one is the controlling factor.

Bobby: It's really very relaxed. Let me explain. What I think you must write about more is the mentality and the whole temperament of the rock 'n' roll musician and the temperament of other musicians. There's a difference. The rock musician is in it, man, and he's very unsure. Kids think immediately in terms of "I'm gonna make it." "I'm gonna be as big as them." "I'm gonna be as big as the Beatles." "I wanna be as big" or "I wanna be as famous" or "I wanna walk down the street and have people scream . . ." But there are other ways. The majority of the people in this band were never rock 'n' roll musicians, and they never considered stuff like that—really. They considered learning their instruments, because they enjoyed playing their instruments and finding other people that enjoyed the same music that they did and getting together to play. The rock 'n' roll temperament is not geared this way. It's geared toward a real desperation thing. It's a very hard-core hurry-up kind of situation where "We've got to make it now or forget it."

JG: It's been that way.

Bobby: Rock bands don't last 12 years.

JG: Except for the Beatles.

Bobby: Well, success had a lot to do with that. And it's not the Beatles; it's certain members of the Beatles. Not all four members of that band are equal, integral parts, where in our band each one plays a role. Each one plays one ninth of the whole music of Blood, Sweat & Tears. And if any man is moved or replaced or missing, the sound of Blood, Sweat & Tears changes.

JG: It was the economic bastardization that spawned rock—a lot of promoters realizing that they could make millions producing nothing.

Bobby: Oh, sure. It was more these people than the actual kids who were doing the playing. They were the ones who really controlled the market, because they made the market. It was all created by that facet of industry, not so much kids.

JG: Sure, but kids kind of caught the disease.

Bobby: Of course, because they heard from these people, "there's work for you for so much money", and there's that money and there's that work. And they're going to believe that.

JG: But somehow out of the whole thing has come a "big beat" music that through the efforts of the kids themselves, through the efforts of musicians, is no longer just commercial vapor but a real kind of music. The bastard child becomes the upright son. And I would call it the child of jazz. I think a healthy trend now is to regard basic blues, rock, and what we usually call jazz as forms of one encompassing music. And people like Blood, Sweat & Tears are making "here-and-now" music that has an enduring value.

Jerry: I agree with you. There are some nights when the music we make is very moving. It really happens. Everything works well. The most satisfying time that I had on the band in terms of music and learning was the very first month the band was together. We were rehearsing five days a week. I'm sure that for people like Bobby and Jimmy this was going over the whole thing all over again and that there were moments when they could have pulled their hair out. But for me it was new, and I loved it. It was a learning situation. It was an education. And the more I play on this band, the more I realize how great the members are. I've learned something, either musically or personally, from every person on this band, and I actually think I'm a better person because of it. I went through a lot of hell, and I think everybody did. Inherently, band situations are removed from social confrontation of any normal, realistic sort. It becomes mass paranoia but fortunately everyone in this band is intelligent enough to realize that it can only go so far.

Bobby: That's a fact about this band that has helped us—the fact that everyone in this band is bright.

Jerry: You know, this Brecht kind of confrontation, the nonsense dialogue, the meaningless politicking—it goes on in every band. It goes on in every single band—whether its Peter Duchin, or mickey mouse bands, or Latin bands, or polka bands. It just depends on the members, how far they're going to let it go. It's inevitable, because if it didn't everything would be so soppy. It would be so agreeable that the band would just fall apart for being so limp.

(Later that evening, after BS&T's first set at the Kinetic Playground, Lou Soloff and I carried on a while.)

Lou: What's ruining jazz is that so many of the players either don't care or hate.

JG: It's such a near-sighted attitude, because it's better for you and for the music if you're getting people into what you're doing.

Lou: I love freedom, but I like to hear some love in it, too. When I hear Miles Davis' quintet play, I hear love in it. And when I hear some other players play, I don't hear love in it.

JG: And there we have one of the keys to why rock is so alive for people.

Lou: It's saying, "Let's get together." But it is all together now, and why don't people realize it—that it's all together. You know? db

Jim Fielder

Record Reviews

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

Albert Ayler

NEW GRASS—Impulse A-9175: *New Grass/ Message from Albert; New Generation; Sun Watcher; New Ghosts; Heart Love; Everybody's Movin'; Free At Last.*

Personnel: Burt Collins, Joe Newman, trumpets; Garnett Brown, trombone; Ayler, tenor saxophone, vocals; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Buddy Lucas, baritone saxophone; Call Cobbs, piano, electric harpsichord, organ; Bill Folwell, electric bass; Pretty Purdie, drums; The Soul Singers, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

For sheer shock value, this may be worth five stars. The first cut features some typically wild, free Ayler—with, however, an uncharacteristic electric bass accompanying him. Ayler then speaks his *Message*: he has received a new divine inspiration, and "the music I have played in the past I know I have played in another place and a different time."

What follows is six rhythm-and-blues tracks, most featuring Ayler vocals and tenor playing, the latter alternating between funky r&b and free (but rhythmically anchored) explorations. Some of the tenor work is delightful. Ayler's tone is absolutely unique and compelling; it answers affirmatively the question a great many people have been left with after hearing his other albums—namely, can he play his instrument? (The jury is still out on a number of the other prominent "free" players.)

Unfortunately, the vocals aren't terribly good. Not bad, but not good. His voice is slightly reminiscent of the early Jackie Wilson, but rougher and less sure. The arrangements are mostly dull, and the lyrics, especially those to *Generation, Heart Love* (what other sort is there?) and *Movin'*, are atrocious.

The tenor in *Generation* is fine—a chorus of raunchy r&b, a chorus of free playing, in rhythm, then two choruses in the upper register which relate sensibly and provocatively to the tune. *Sun* has some nice tenor work, too, particularly the opening few bars, with Ayler producing an amazingly rich, dark tone in the lower and middle ranges, which he then contrasts to some more screeching. The shrill segment is too similar to the preceding cut to be really effective, however.

Ghosts begins with Ayler chanting glossolalia extended by loop echoes. Nice effect. The tune moves to a sort of conga rhythm, and Albert takes tenor in hand and trucks right on down, demonstrating his wit with a longish quote from the Kenl Ration TV jingle, complete with variations. He stays almost entirely within the middle register on the solo, a welcome contrast to the two previous tracks.

Free is potentially the most exhilarating cut, but it sounds as if it were rather badly edited. It has an authentic Baptist meeting sound, but Ayler's tenor solo slows down in the middle, and the accumulated propulsion is thereby damaged.

Not much else to comment on. The rhythm section is good, but the other horns don't do much. The Soul Singers perform mechanically, but maybe that's what Ayler had in mind for them.

One would like to like the record a great deal more. It shows innumerable possibilities. But except for some flashes by the leader's tenor, that potential is largely unfulfilled. —*Heineman*

Nick Brignola

THIS IS IT!—Priam 101: *The Mace; Blues for Ose; Autumn Leaves; All the Things You Are; Sparky; Melancholy Baby.*

Personnel: Brignola, baritone, alto saxophones, saxello, flute, bass; Reese Markewich, piano; flute; Glen Moore, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

For his first production on his own Priam label (Box 1257, Albany, N.Y.) reed player Brignola has come up with a very tasty program of post-bop that serves as a good demonstration of his multi-instrumental prowess as well. Opportunities for multi-tracking are used to good advantage on a number of selections—*The Mace* is a Brignola baritone duet, while *Blues for Ose* finds him playing both saxello and bass—and Brignola uses his doubling skills to excellent effect on the balance of the selections, switching from horn to horn to give the pieces a good bit of color and interest.

On the surface, the album seems a fairly straightforward exercise in hard bop, with an approach that tends more towards the visceral than the lyrical, but it is saved from the routine by the leader's strong, invigorating playing and by his telling use of his several instruments.

Brignola is one of the better baritone players, with a striking command of the horn's full resources, as demonstrated on the baritone duet *The Mace*. The piece is a very good illustration of Brignola's mastery of the baritone but is above all musical, full of blistering, hard playing.

Saxello is brought to the fore in *Blues for Ose*, an extended improvisation over Brignola's own bass accompaniment. A nice, sinuous-sounding instrument well suited to blues playing—at least in Brignola's hands—the saxello has not been used much. Here its pinched, ululant sound is annealed to a conception that capitalizes on the instrument's very vocal qualities; the result is a blues improvisation that breaths and moves forward very nicely, in the main. There are a couple of hesitancies, but all in all not bad.

Brignola switches to flute—which he had been playing for only four months at the time of recording—for the beginning of *Autumn Leaves*. He plays strongly and with assurance, however, with perhaps an overreliance upon the humming-playing ploy that is telling when used as an effect but which tends to pall when used as an end; otherwise he's quite agile on the instrument and generates a tasty, well-constructed solo statement. The piece gears up to an even higher pitch of excitement when he switches to baritone for the second half, laying down a steaming, long-lined solo that bullies the melody along in an almost brusque manner. Bassist Moore and drummer Dick Berk propel Brignola along with kicking rhythm support, and Markewich comps discreetly.

Starting off on baritone on *All the Things You Are*, Brignola almost immediately goes into a lengthy set of variations on the standard but for some reason fails to get into any really deep examination of its possibilities.

Some heated exchanges between the flutes of Brignola and Markewich are developed in *Sparky*, which is the album's closest simulation of truly free playing. After a cursory head arrangement, the two embark on a series of joint improvisations that combine simultaneous extemporization, solo with responsorial work, and so on. The piece as a whole is more characterized by potential than realization; that is, it doesn't always succeed but is a manful attempt to break into a less structured kind of playing, with less premeditation and a higher energy flow.

The set ends with a long boppish exploration of *Melancholy Baby*, with Brignola on alto in a very Sonny Stittish bag. Good, meaty hard-bop playing, clean and glistening but offering few new or original insights.

The record can be ordered directly from the above address. I wish Brignola every success with his venture and hope he perseveres with the undertaking. I wonder what else is shaking in Albany. Let's hear from you again, Nick. —*Welding*

Georg Brunis

GEORG BRUNIS AND HIS NEW RHYTHM KINGS—Jazzology J-23: *None of My Jelly Roll; Yellow Dog Blues; Big Butter and Egg Man; Someday, Sweetheart; That Da-Da Strain; Everybody Loves My Baby; How Long Blues; Fidgety Feet; Pinch Me; Song of the Wanderer.*

Personnel: Carl Halen, cornet; Brunis, trombone; Frank Powers, clarinet; Clarence Hall, piano, vocal; Gene Mayl, bass, tuba; Glenn Kimmel, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Brunis had been ill, on and off, for some time before this album was made, and obviously wasn't up to par. Thus a feeling of hearing the shadow instead of the man casts a pall over the listener, as it must have done to the Ohioans on the date.

This lackluster quality is compounded by tight, dead recording, and the rather

polite (not to say insufficient) work of the rhythm section. An intelligent rhythm guitarist, or banjoist, even, would perhaps have given more bite to the proceedings. I have heard Kimmel and Hall (who contributes a good vocal on *How Long* and some wrong chords, here and there, elsewhere) play better; Mayl, a very good bassist, is no longer a strong ensemble tubaist and should be restrained from soloing on that instrument.

Halen and Powers, the unsung Cincinnatians, are the men to hear, and even they come nowhere near their capabilities (Frank told me last year that he wasn't happy with the set, and I suspect Carl may feel the same; I have heard them often and know what they can do in inspirational surroundings.)

Annotator Al Webber, an amateur trombonist who idolizes Brunis, devotes his entire liner essay to his hero. It is so rosecolored that one suspects Webber has lost his hearing, if not his mind.

George H. Buck describes Brunis' playing here as "thoughtful and relaxed", and suggests J-12 for the good ol' "dynamic and driving" Brunis. Me too, but don't expect it to take you through a time warp. If you're a Brunis fan, play your old Commodores again, and buy this album for Halen and Powers. The third star is for them. —*Jones*

Sonny Criss

ROCKIN' IN RHYTHM—Prestige 7610: *Eleanor Rigby; When the Sun Comes Out; Sonnymoon For Two; Rockin' In Rhythm; Misty Roses; The Masquerade Is Over.*

Personnel: Criss, alto saxophone; Eddie Green, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★½

My fourth time through this album, I sat down to make some notes on the things that were floating around in the back of my mind from previous hearings, and anything fresh that might crop up.

When it was over. I hadn't written a thing. I just thought, *beautiful.* It's all so together, so clean and faultless, that I couldn't single out a thing.

This is Criss' sixth LP for Prestige, and the fourth with a quartet. The first came in '66, ending what surely must be one of the world's hardest-luck recording careers.

Get somebody to start naming alto players, and the odds are you won't get Criss in the first six. Why? He's as good as any of them. (With JATP, he played alongside Charlie Parker; he has said, "It was stimulating and, for better or worse, I went *at* Bird every night.") This healthy attitude has lasted despite the indifference and bad breaks he's received. Let the nonsense cease, and recognize an *old* new star.

Rigby is the most sensible version yet; *Roses* is a Tim Hardin song Sonny heard frequently on the radio, and was urged to record by his daughter; *Rhythm* gave me the only pause in the set, for, after all these year's with Duke's versions, the chosen tempo causes the themes to sound perfunctory, as if they were being dispensed with as quickly as possible. *Sonnymoon* allots several choruses each to Cranshaw and Dawson; hear the opening of Cranshaw's last twelve bars, and how Dawson closes his series before the final head.

The missing half star is the difference between this and what they're liable to do next time. —*Jones*

Don Ellis

AUTUMN—Columbia 9721: *Variations for Trumpet; Scratt and Fluggs; Pussy Wiggle Stomp; K.C. Blues; Child of Ecstacy; Indian Lady.*

Collective personnel: Ellis, Glen Stuart, Stu Blumberg, John Rosenberg, Bob Harmon, trumpets; Ernie Carlson, Glenn Ferris, trombones; Don Switzer or Terry Woodson, bass trombone; Doug Bixby or Roger Bobo, tuba; Ira Schulman, Frank Strozier, Ron Starr, Sam Falzone, John Klemmer, John Magruder, reeds and flutes; Mark Stevens, vibes and percussion; Pete Robinson or Mike Lang, piano, clavinet, electric piano; Ray Neapolitan and Dave Parlato, basses; Ralph Humphrey and Gene Strimling, drums, percussion; Lee Pastora, conga.

Rating: ★★★½

I'm a big Ellis fan, but this isn't one of his best records. Some of the compositions, notably *Lady* and *Variations,* are handsome, and Ellis has made two important additions to the reed section in Klemmer and Strozier. Still, problems exist.

One is that Ellis at his best purveys a balance of humor and seriousness. (*Humor* as distinguished from *fun;* the latter can be coeval with high seriousness, the former not.) There is for my taste too much comedy on this album. Ellis fiddles for long moments with various settings for his amplified trumpet during his solo on *Lady,* playing just a phrase or two with each. I was at Stanford during the concert at which the cuts of *Lady* and *K.C.* were recorded, and the interlude was hysterically funny. It is, however, a kind of humor which is not repeatable often, and so anyone who wants to listen carefully to the fine music on *Lady*—especially the inspired tenor battle between Klemmer and Falzone—must put up with Ellis' musical banana peel.

Scratt is a joke, too: bluegrass in 5/4 with different sections taking typical banjo and guitar lines. The transcriptions aren't terribly faithful, however; the section writing derived from Bird's solo on *K.C.* is richer and more interesting. *Scratt* and *Ecstasy* are both short tracks, and both are expendable. The latter is a very pretty fugal piece, but it's written as a vehicle for lead trumpeter Stuart, and he's rather dull.

The major track is *Variations,* a six-section, 20-minute work some of which is staggeringly impressive. The irregularly divided segment in 32/8, which sounds like orthodox stop-time until you try patting your feet to it, is splendidly brought off, and the work's recurrent *leitmotif* is lively. It brings me, though, to the other major problem with the Ellis band: Ellis.

He has impeccable chops, a lively imagination and the ability to swing, however weird the meter. What I miss in his solos since he's had the band is the sense of internal time values. He divides measures so *damned* symmetrically—eighths or sixteenths or rests. Often, the accents are interesting, but he seems to have forgotten the merits of held notes, except in his ballad playing, and this reduces improvisational possibilities tremendously.

Lots of good things on the album. Strozier's unaccompanied intro to *K.C.* is magnificent despite a few misses in the stratospheric range of the alto. His solo with full band backing is also fine. Klemmer contributes a booting tenor excursion intelligently flavored with atonality. During his last two choruses the orchestra cooks to a boiling point behind him. (Anyone still maintaining that the band can't swing is advised to dig on this track.)

The aforementioned Klemmer-Falzone duel is gassy, too. It goes on much longer than it was supposed to—each keeps trying to get the last word, and a wonderful equilibrium between competition and support is developed. *Lady* also includes a funny, frantic, virile, virtuoso trombone spot by Ferris and a nice percussion exchange between Humphrey and Strimling. And Robinson does some most interesting things on piano and clavinet throughout the album.

The definitive version of *Variations* is still to come, though, and except for *K.C.* and the last half of *Lady,* the music is not as exciting as this orchestra is capable of producing. —*Heineman*

Janis Ian

THE SECRET LIFE OF J. EDDY FINK—Verve/Forecast 3048: *Everybody Knows; Mistaken Identity; Friends Again; 42nd St. Psycho Blues; She's Made of Porcelain; Sweet Misery; When I Was a Child; What Do You Think of the Dead?; Look to the Rain; Son of Love; Baby's Blue.*

Personnel: Miss Ian, acoustic guitar, piano, vocals; Carol Hunter, electric guitar, bass; Buddy Salzman, drums; Richie Havens, conga; Joe Price, bongos.

Rating: ★★

I dig Janis very much, especially as a lyricist. I have heard some of her newest material. And I know some of the circumstances that dictated the nature of this session.

All of which makes reviewing this album a real down. It's pretty awful, despite containing some interesting elements. There are only three truly good songs on it: *Friends, Misery* and *Son;* I include the latter on the basis of some rich, imagistic lyrics.

Friends is delightful, a loving parody of Dylan's c&w-tinged stuff, performed with exactly the right balance between mockery and conviction (except when Janis breaks up at one point). The words aren't parodic, for the most part, though they catch the flavor of Dylan in early songs like *Don't Think Twice* and *All I Really Wanna Do. And I Did, Ma,* on Janis' second album, was pure comedy, and can't be listened to very often; *Friends* invites rehearing.

Misery is one of the few hard rock things Janis has tried, and it works pretty well: good words, convincing if not overpowering vocal and interesting guitar support by Miss Hunter (who mucks up *Baby's Blue* with some saccharine, powderpuff wawa guitar fills).

Apart from that, a good arrangement here (*Identity*), a good idea there (*Psycho*), but no completely memorable cuts. Janis needs yet to learn vocal subtlety. Far too often she drops from fortissimo to pianissimo from one note to the next, a dramatic device which quickly palls, as does its converse, illustrated by the sudden volume increase when delivering the word "whore" in *Psycho.* This latter song is really a shame: it's a bitter, heartfelt and much-needed indictment of the sordid side of the music business, but the words are clumsy (because too strongly felt?).

Janis is beginning to labor images of self-prostitution, strong when she first employed them but now losing their impact. Similarly, the metaphor of a narrator (singer) needing a blind man to show him the way, which appears in *Psycho*, had worn thin eons ago.

Finally, most of the music here is retread material from earlier songs—most obviously in *Rain*, whose climactic changes are taken virtually intact from *Honey D'Ya Think*. Her new compositions are a great deal different: denser, rhythmically more natural.

But for this record, if you can find copies of the lyrics, you'll get most of what there is to get. I think the next will be considerably more representative, and representative Janis is compulsory listening.

—Heineman

Herbie Mann

MEMPHIS UNDERGROUND—Atlantic 1522: *Memphis Underground; New Orleans; Hold On, I'm Coming; Chain of Fools; Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Personnel: Mann, flute; Roy Ayers, vibraharp, conga; Larry Coryell, Sonny Sharrock, Reggie Young, guitars; Bobby Emmons, organ; Bobby Wood, electric and acoustic piano; Miroslav Vitous, Tommy Cogbill or Mike Leech, electric bass; Gene Christman, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Maybe it's unfair that I review this LP. I really don't much like Mann. Admire him tremendously—best technician on flute there is. But he doesn't move me.

I think I *can* say objectively that his very personal and instantly identifiable tone doesn't jibe well with the jazz-rock thing he's trying to do here. Too clean and pure. You don't have to growl and moan like Kirk if that's not your shot, but you do need to be significantly grittier than Mann to play *Chain of Fools*, for example.

Best thing on the sides are Coryell's solos, both on their own merits and because they limit the solo space for Sharrock, the dullest guitarist this side of Richie Havens. Coryell is marvelous on *Chain*, moving from high, pleading, dissonant runs to low, gutty resolutions, then blurred chords, then fascinating atonal runs that subside gradually but continue for a full chorus atfer you expect the solo to end, stretching the understated tension to the breaking point. Ayers follows with a fine couple choruses; his opening phrase is lovely. And there's a nice ensemble build behind Mann's return before the out chorus.

Coryell has another great statement on *Hold On*—mercuric runs balanced by B.B. King held notes, then into some fast triplets. Sharrock, as if to underscore the difference in quality, succeeds Ayers' solo by flailing away at his axe, producing a series of non-chords in not very interesting rhythmic patterns. Feh.

The leader's best work is on the shortest tracks, *New Orleans*, a 24-bar blues by Mann based on the same rhythmic riff as is *Sidewinder*. He finishes his solo with some astonishingly fast tonguing.

Battle Hymn is a 7-minute showcase for flute. The arrangement is intriguing: Mann states the melody plaintively with only a couple lengthily sustained, funereal organ chords in back; on the second chorus the bass and drums enter at the same slow tempo; on the third, Christman picks up the triplets within the slow four and Mann gets appropriately livelier, and plays an amusing bosun's-pipe kind of phrase and, in the next chorus, ends a phrase with a very funky downward slur before ritarding to the initial tempo. The problem, as usual, is that the flutist, facile and tuneful though he be, doesn't have a hell of a lot to say. In a 7-minute feature, it really shows.

As background music, then, this is a rather nice album. Some of the cuts are certainly danceable-to, as well. Apart from Coryell's contributions, however, it doesn't repay thoughtful listening.

I wonder, as an afterthought, why Mann went to the trouble of recording with a Memphis rhythm section. They keep the tempo and all, but lots of folks can do that.

—Heineman

Artie Shaw

RECREATES HIS GREAT 1938 BAND—Capitol ST 2992: *Traffic Jam; Begin the Beguine; Lover Come Back; Zigeuner; What Is This Thing Called Love; It Had to Be You; Softly As in a Morning Sunrise; Octoroon; Nightmare; Back Bay Shuffle; Jungle Drums; Copenhagen.*

Personnel: Bernie Privin, Mel Davis, trumpets; Buddy Morrow, trombone; Walt Levinsky, clarinet; Al Klink, Toots Mondello, Billy Slapin, reeds; Bernie Leighton, piano; Don Lamond, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★½

Frankie Carle

ERA: THE FORTIES—Dot DLP 25877: *Boogie Woogie; The Commando's Serenade; Air Mail Special; Where or When; Bijou; American Patrol; Pompton Turpike; It's So Peaceful in the Country; Summit Ridge Drive; Sentimental Journey; Beat Me, Daddy.*

Personnel: Cappy Lewis, Graham Young, Shorty Sherock, trumpets; Milt Bernhart, Dick Nash, trombones; Abe Most, clarinet; Willie Schwartz, Mahlon Clark, Georgie Auld, saxophones; Carle, piano; Bob Bain, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Rating: ★★

To some, the present and future represent the uncertain and the unknown, while the past is security and comfort. From this basic fact stems the ritual of re-creation, which may be divided into two broad categories: men wishing to repeat something today they did before, and men imitating today what someone else did before. These two albums fall into the latter category.

Carle covers a wide spectrum of styles in his effort, with a majority of the tracks straight dance charts reflecting Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Hal McIntyre, Charlie Spivak, Claude Thornhill et al. Given the fact that few musical pyrotechnics were exhibited in the original versions, it is not much of a challenge for any crew of pros to turn out re-creations of these sounds at will. The results should not offend anyone with a liking for the originals.

The attempts to duplicate the work of some of the major soloists of the period (Charlie Christian, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Cootie Williams) fall short of the mark, however. Abe Most is a fine musician, but his use of a plastic reed fails to produce sufficient mellowness and works against the ostensible purpose of the album. Cappy Lewis suggests Cootie with a few growls, but nothing more. Happily, Georgie Auld is on hand to assume his old role in the Goodman Sextet routine on *Air Mail*, but that's not enough to make the set worthwhile to anyone but the most confirmed nostalgia hunter.

The Shaw LP is a booby trap for buyers and critics alike. Jet set pet Rex Reed was so swept off his feet at the thought of hearing Shaw again that he published a lengthy review raving about Shaw's greatness as a clarinetist, and claiming that he'd never played better than on this LP.

Rex must have left his Reeding glasses in St. Moritz, however. He missed one slight detail (spelled out in the liner notes, which he also raved about): the clarinetist throughout is Walt Levinsky, not Shaw. Thus Reed, in effect, told the world that Artie Shaw has never played better than Walt Levinsky.

In a lot of ways, this is an utterly pointless album. Who would have thought the record-buying public would have any desire for an album on which Shaw swaps his clarinet for a baton? And why would Shaw, who has consistently scorned reminiscing about the old days, be interested in fronting a session such as this? Hearing the contemporary Artie Shaw would have been something else again, but he hasn't touched his clarinet in more than a decade.

Pointless though it may be, the album sounds great. Levinsky, a gifted musician, renders a biting imitation of Shaw, capturing the sharp, sometimes swaggering jabs on the killer-dillers (*Traffic Jam* and *Copenhagen*), and the delicate grace of the more relaxed pieces. Through it all, he succeeds in the considerable task of drawing from his instrument that highly personal tone which Shaw mastered for so many years.

Furthermore, the band captures every bit of the richness and swing that the original crew etched into the original versions, though neither those nor the new versions can match the vintage air shots issued by Victor in 1954. Reed's mind may have been in Palm Beach, but his heart is in the right place.

—McDonough

Ten Years After

TEN YEARS AFTER—Deram 16009: *I Want to Know; I Can't Keep from Crying, Sometimes; Adventures of a Young Organ; Spoonful; Losing the Dogs; Feel It for Me; Love Until I Die; Don't Want You, Woman; Help Me.*

Personnel (all albums): Alvin Lee, guitar, harmonica, vocals; Chick Churchhill, piano, organ; Leo Lyons, bass; Ric Lee, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

UNDEAD—Deram 18016: *I May Be Wrong But I Won't Be Wrong Always; Woodchopper's Ball; Spider in Your Web; Summertime/Shantung Cabbage; I'm Going Home.*

Rating: ★★★★

STONEHENGE—Deram 18021: *Going to Try; I Can't Live Without Lydia; Woman Trouble; Skoobly-Oobly-Doobob; Hear Me Calling; A Sad Song; Three Blind Mice; No Title; Faro; Speed Kills.*

Rating: ★★½

This potentially outstanding British blues-rock quartet may be heading for trouble. It seems to me in danger of losing its identity—or, rather, of adopting an uncongenial one in order to please an already enthusiastic public.

The last few times I saw them in person, Ten Years After were Alvin Lee With Rhythm Accompaniment. Lee is a spectacular technician, in a league with Bloomfield, Clapton, Beck, et. al. He doesn't have Clapton's raw force, not his gift for interesting chording, but he may well be

faster than any of them. Because he is young, however, which is to say enthusiastic, unsure as to his ultimate direction, and easily swayed by the excited but unsophisticated response of a live audience, he tends to play for approval rather than for a total commitment to musical quality.

Let's hope integrity runs high among Ten Years After, because there's an awful lot of talent there. Each of the four, especially drummer Ric Lee (no relation to Alvin), is a superb ensemble player, and the guitarist, while only an adequate singer, could become one of the major guitar stylists.

The three albums they've released show an interesting progression. The first is rather a grab-bag of blues modes, all very well performed. The session is always fun, and sometimes highly rewarding. *I Want to Know* and *Dogs* are direct progeny of Chuck Berry, most evidently so in Alvin Lee's chording and his vocal on *Dogs*.

Don't Want You is an easy-rocking country blues. Lyons plays acoustic bass, Lee a delightfully subtle acoustic guitar. His vocal is soft and rhythmically fluid, one of his best. Sonny Boy Williamson I's *Help Me* is midway between rural and urban, and Lee takes an impressive guitar solo which, however, gets too complex and busy for the tune to carry at certain points. (The cut is longer than nine minutes, and could have used editing.) His vocal is pretty good here, too, except when he comes on soft and insinuating like Jagger, and then it's very forced.

Spoonful and *Feel It* are pretty close to Chicago r&b. In comparison with the Cream version, TYA's *Spoonful* is closer to the original concept, less heavy (in both senses) but effective nonetheless. *Feel It* contains Lee's best guitar spot of the date, convincing and understated. *Young Organ* appears to have been a harbinger of the second album, a sort of house party blues, perky and bright, although Churchill's solo doesn't do much except boot the tune along. (He is never a particularly original soloist.)

It is the beat of *Young Organ*, somewhere between late swing and r&b, that pervades the second album. (It is a curious fact that when British rock groups draw from the jazz idiom, they lean toward traditional jazz. American groups borrow chiefly from the newer forms—post-bop and the so-called avant-garde.) Many of Lee's phrases directly echo typical horn charts of the '30s and '40s, and some of his lines may well be taken from solos he has heard on Basie or Herman albums.

To wit: *May Be Wrong*. After Lee's vocal, his first solo has two chorded choruses based, I think, on Basie brass riffs. Churchill follows with a surprisingly low-keyed organ statement with some effective runs except for an overworked triplet figure which he extends for an entire chorus. A short bass solo, very nice indeed. (Lyon begins most of his solos very similarly, though; cf. *Young Organ* and *Woodchopper's*.) One chorus of ensemble work that must be lifted from a big band chart, with Lee following by inventing a reed riff on guitar. It's a gassy cut.

But *Woodchopper's* is overwhelming. The tempo is way up; the melody for one chorus, and then Lee leaps out of the gate at amazing speed. Two choruses of variations on a two-bar descending figure, a contrasting chorus, then another two choruses working over a similar figure. Lyons is walking very strong in back—though at this tempo, it's running, not walking. An uninteresting organ solo, some horn figures by Lee, bass solo (same start, nice finish), and Lee again, all 75 fingers. Three choruses of 1-2-3-4-ONE-THREE, in the third of which he introduces a phrase made up of evenly accented sixteenths which he repeats intact for four choruses. The build-up is absolutely electrifying and the execution unbelievable, although perhaps three choruses would have been enough. Ric Lee is a titan throughout this and the preceding track.

Many of my rock-minded friends find this music too diluted, and some jazz loyalists have said TYA's playing lacks the color and swing of the jazz analogues to these tunes. I think these tracks are exciting as hell, an altogether viable synthesis.

The other cuts are less good, although *Home* has more incredible guitar work—Lee's articulation is bell-clear—and there are vocal interpolations of *Baby Please Don't Go* and *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On*, the latter prefaced with a convincingly incomprehensible imitation of Jerry Lee Lewis's sexy mumble. A nice, light ending to a stunning live performance.

Mice is a trivial drum exercise and *Lydia* a trivial piano exercise. Churchill

overdubs four pianos on the latter, but the resultant texture isn't rich enough for one set of 88s.

There's some more startingly fine guitar on *Calling* (a solo backed only by drums and one repeated note on bass), *No Title* and *Woman Trouble*, an attractive easy-rocking line for which Lee is indebted to Mose Allison, both for the tune and the vocal delivery. *Speed* is a booting train blues which is too short and is damaged by a trick ending, amusing the first time but draggy thereafter. And *Skoobly* is another guitar tour de force; Lee plays unaccompanied and hums along astonishingly accurately with his improvisation. (I *hope* it's improvised.) The virtuosity still knocks me out, and I've heard it several times, but I don't know yet if the musical content will hold up under further listening. I suspect not.

Stonehenge, then, is valuable mainly in that it's exactly the reverse of the over-inflated freak-'em-out approach TYA has been taking in live performances. If the spirit of independence persists in the studio, anything is possible. Meantime, the first two albums are of high quality, *Undead* is strongly recommended.

—Heineman

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

The Funky Piano of Art Hodes (Blue Note 6502)

Rating: ★★★★

Edmond Hall/Art Hodes, *Original Blue Note Jazz, Vol. 1* (Blue Note 6504)

Rating: ★★★★★

Edmond Hall, *Celestial Express* (Blue Note 6505)

Rating: ★★★★½

Sidney DeParis, *DeParis Dixie* (Blue Note 6501)

Rating: ★★½

At last the Blue Note reissues . . . those issues of love from the first, golden era (1939-1945) of a great independent jazz label . . . the records I grew up on.

But what's this? What has that giant, Liberty Records (which now owns Blue Note) done to my beloveds! That's not the *Bugle Call Rag* I've treasured for a quarter of a century . . . that's not the sound I know as Sidney DeParis' Blue Note Jazzmen . . . that's not, can't be, the *Shake That Thing* originally released, no matter what is said on the liner . . . that sound on *Sweet Georgia Brown* is worse than my by-now gray 78-rpm copy. What the hell goes on here? Answer: producer Steve LaVere has pretty well botched the job.

For example, take the DeParis album. There are two excellent tracks—*Everybody Loves My Baby* and *Who's Sorry Now*. On these, DeParis is at his best—veiled tone, good ideas, rhythmically graceful, plus the careful construction that is the hallmark of a thinking musician. His fellows on that date are of equal or greater talent: Ed Hall, Vic Dickenson, James P. Johnson, guitarist Jimmy Shirley, John Simmons, Big Sid Catlett, everybody at the top of his game. Yet the rest of the album is taken up with some unswinging, almost banal performances by a group that had only two other jazz lights of DeParis' stature in its ranks—Pops Foster and Omer Simeon—and neither seemed especially inspired. These inferior performances were recorded in 1950, making them mavericks as far as era goes. But most of all, they stink. Yet two other takes from the good DeParis session (*Ballin' the Jack* and *Call of the Blues*) are not included. And on top of that, that same personnel (with one exception) can be heard on the Ed Hall side of *Original Blue Note Jazz*. All of which makes me wonder why LaVere didn't do the obvious thing and make one great album by putting both sessions together. That way, there'd have been room for some of the really good Hodes material that is nowhere to be found among these reissues.

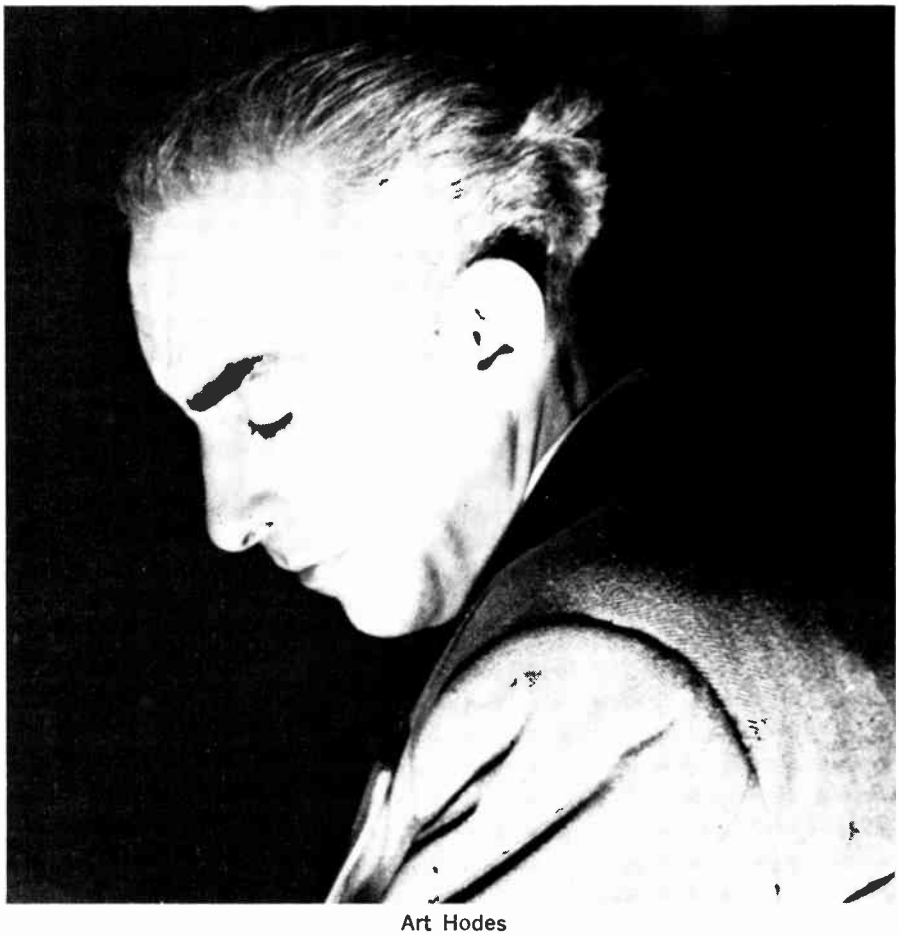
The first side of the Hodes *Funky Piano* LP is top-drawer stuff, but the second is not nearly as good, though there are a couple of diamonds among the rhinestones. Hall's *Celestial Express* album is the only one of the four that has all the originally issued versions intact, for even the best of the lot, *Original Blue Note Jazz*, has alternate, and with one exception, inferior takes of things the original issues of which were beautiful. (One of the originals, however, shows up on *Funky Piano*.)

It seems to me that the key reason for reissuing records is to show another generation of listeners just how wonderful the music was, but what's the point of issuing alternate takes if the originals are not available and the new generation thus has only second-grade performances to judge by? And if the purpose of publishing previously unissued material is to benefit people like me, who've had the original records since the '40s, then Liberty is aiming expensive packages at a damned small audience, one which fortunately also knows what the musicians looked like, since if one didn't know, he would never find out from the ludicrous attempts at "art" in which faces are sometimes distorted and pieces of names are splashed about, seldom winding up under, over, or near the face that goes with the name.

Well, all that being said, one might get the idea that I don't like these albums. That's not true—there are some really outstanding musical performances here, and I recommend all except the DeParis set to anyone who loves jazz—but I do heartily dislike the way the whole thing has been presented. I find it shameful that something worth doing is done so poorly. I really shouldn't get so carried away . . . so here's a rundown of the best tracks:

On *Funky Piano*: Two performances—*Slow 'Em Down Blues* and *Dr. Jazz*—from what I consider the best-ever Hodes session, one held in 1944 with a front line of Max Kaminsky, Rod Cless, and Ray Coniff. Everything falls into place—excellent solos (this was clarinetist Cless' best record date), coherent ensembles, and a rhythm section that drove like a battering ram, thanks to Danny Alvin's rollicking drumming. Unfortunately, the other six performances from the session, which are of equal caliber, were not included.

Other fine tracks on this album are



Art Hodes

MK Blues, which has some deep blues work by guitarist Shirley; *Jug Head Blues,* marred by—of all things!—a tape slip, but including a burry-voiced solo by trombonist Sandy Williams; *KMH Drag,* a delicate 16-bar blues featuring some light and relaxed Hodes piano, very much in the style he often uses today; and *Willie the Weeper,* which has good solo work from the almost-forgotten Bujie Centobie on clarinet and George Lugg on trombone.

The album also includes the originally issued version of *Sugarfoot Stomp,* one of the best performances on record of that warhorse, but it would have been better to couple it with the unissued master included on *Blue Note Jazz.* This second album also has performances from the same session (Hodes' next-best): *Sweet Georgia Brown, Squeeze Me,* and *Bugle Call Rag.* Only *Brown* is the originally issued version. So if you were to buy *Blue Note Jazz* and not *Funky Piano,* you'd get an inferior version of *Sugarfoot* plus two versions of *Bugle Call,* neither as good as the missing original. But you will get one hell of a version of *Squeeze Me,* at least as good as the one issued on 78 in 1945. Actually, that whole session was a corker, what with such talent as Edmond Hall, Vic Dickenson (he seldom misses, and his solos on the various takes are never the same), and Kaminsky, plus a no-holds-barred rhythm section, again spearheaded by Alvin.

Edmond Hall

Hall and Dickenson are two of the main attractions on the other side of *Blue Note Jazz,* the additional stars being DeParis (one of his best dates) and Big Sid Catlett, *the* drummer of the era. Though the instrumentation and two of the tunes (*High Society* and *Royal Garden Blues*) are those used by traditional bands, the music is closer to swing than to New Orleans. Even *Society* is taken at an easy 4/4 clip. *Garden* is not the version issued on 78, and is not as together as the original. The outstanding performances from

this date are two slow blues: *Night Shift* and *Blues at Blue Note,* both of which appear in the original versions, not unissued takes as stated on the liner. Again, Dickenson take solo honors, but Hall and DeParis are very close seconds—it's almost a triple heat.

The DeParis album's *Everybody* and *Who's Sorry* were made a year later with the same men, except that John Simmons replaces Israel Crosby on bass, and the musical quality is on the same level, though the sound is not as good.

Half the *Celestial Express* album is drawn from one of the great Blue Note sessions, a date in 1941 with Charlie Christian, Hall, Crosby, and Meade Lux Lewis on celeste. It was an attempt at chamber jazz, I suppose, but it was really too heated for politeness. On the fast things, *Celestial Express* and *Jammin' In Four,* the musicians fly at jet speed, and on the slow blues, *Profoundly Blue* and *Edmond Hall Blues,* the feeling is rooted deep in the southern earth. Christian plays without his amp on this date, the only time he did so on record. (It is said that Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, the Blue Note owners, would not allow him to plug in because they didn't like amplified guitar.) There is no sign, however, that this affected Christian adversely—he played as well on this date as on any other, which is to say he played his head off. He gets in five consecutive choruses on *Jammin',* and he's burning.

The classic from this session, of course, is *Profoundly,* here presented in both the original take and the second master (issued on 10" LP many years ago). The second version is excellent—Christian's three choruses have such a beautiful shape—but the first is a more integrated performance. On the other hand, I find Hall's solo on the second version superior to his first. The main thing is that both are available.

A few words about Israel Crosby. Given the date of this session and the lines Crosby played, I wonder if the credit heaped on Jimmy Blanton for being the father of modern bass should not be shared. The way Crosby varies his support, alternating straight time-keeping with horn-like lines (his support on the slow blues tracks is almost as interesting as the solos) certainly lends credence to the contention of shared paternity.

The other half of the album includes all the originally issued performances from Hall's 1944 session with Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Carl Kress, and bassist Johnny Williams. Again, there seems to have been an attempt at chamber jazz. This time, unfortunately, Hall came closer to succeeding. The result is some pleasant but rather shallow music. Oh, there's some majestic Wilson piano and nice chorded guitar by Kress, but neither Norvo nor Hall are at their best, and the session is rather jive. Norvo had recently switched from xylophone to vibes after years of resistance, and some of that reluctance to tackle the metal monster might still have been about.

Hopefully, Liberty will continue to reissue early Blue Note stuff, but I hope more care is taken with and more thought given to future releases. —*DeMicheal*

ROCK BRIEFS

BY PETE WELDING

CLEARANCE DEPARTMENT: I thought I'd run down a batch of albums that has been accumulating and that, for various reasons (primarily because they're moderately interesting or not interesting at all), I've not had occasion to mention before. Most of the following will be things to avoid.

In the case of **Fabulous Farquahr** (Verve Forecast 3053), the title tells all: carefully manufactured schlock-rock of a high order of surface charm but not much else. The music just doesn't withstand repeated playing, primarily because it's a pastiche and reflects no consistent point of view other than its obvious attempts to gain the ears of teenyboppers. Several attractive melodies—*Daddy I've Tried,* for example—are generally offset by lyrics that are heavyhanded or tasteless.

The Everly Brothers' **Roots** (Warner Bros. 1752) disappoints in the main, despite the best of intentions on the part of the participants and producer Lenny Waronker, that pastmaster of rockoco. The set veers among adequate performances of contemporary song fare and attempts at delineating the musical backgrounds of the Everlys (who are splendid singers), and updating their old repertoire by surrounding them with instrumentation and arrangements that purportedly give them a contemporary flavor.

Well, the updatings don't make it here. *T for Texas* is hideously pseudopsychedelicized, as is the Everlys' old hit *I Wonder If I Care as Much.* The contemporary country-and-western pieces, such as *Mama Tried, Sing Me Back Home, Less of Me,* and *You Done Me Wrong,* are OK but suffer when compared with the original performances by such as Ray Price and Merle Haggard.

The samples of folk-rock that are included, while not bad, don't really seem to be the Everlys' metier. The best things in the album are the unaffected performance of *Kentucky,* with just the Everlys' own acoustic guitar accompaniment, and the sweet, unpretentious Ron Elliot piece *Ventura Boulevard,* as well as his *Turn Around.*

In the hopes of giving new life to an album that didn't live up to sales expectations, Reprise has newly covered **Randy Newman** (6286), a set by this singer-pianist-composer that was issued before. The re-release doesn't change my initial impression. I still find Newman's orchestrations overblown and his mumbled, laconic singing hard to take but must admit that he writes some attractive pieces. Unfortunately, he doesn't seem the best interpreter of his own material, as the Everlys' fine reading of his lovely *Illinois* in their album makes clear.

Much the same is true of the performances by the Beau Brummels in their latest effort, **Bradley's Barn** (Warner Bros. 1760), which has the two remaining Brummels (guitarist-composer Ron Elliot and singer Sal Valentino) making the now-obligatory journey to Nashville to record with the cream of country instrumentalists. The basic instrumentation of four acoustic guitars and rhythm section produces a pleasant sound that seems quietly massive.

Valentino, who handles all the vocals, is a monochromatic singer who is best taken in small doses. The best thing about the album are the tunes Elliot has provided, several of which are really fine: *Love Can Fall a Long Way Down, Deep Water, Long Walking Down to Misery,* and *Turn Around,* which the Everlys do so handsomely in their set and which contrasts markedly with Valentino's mannered approach. This approach attains new levels of desultoriness on *Bless You, California,* a Randy Newman composition on which Valentino tries to emulate Newman's diffident vocal style. Parody on top of parody!

As has been remarked in this space before, there's plenty of excellent, imaginative musicianship on the rock scene but a dearth of consistent, mature songwriting, a lack which has led to the failure of many a new group.

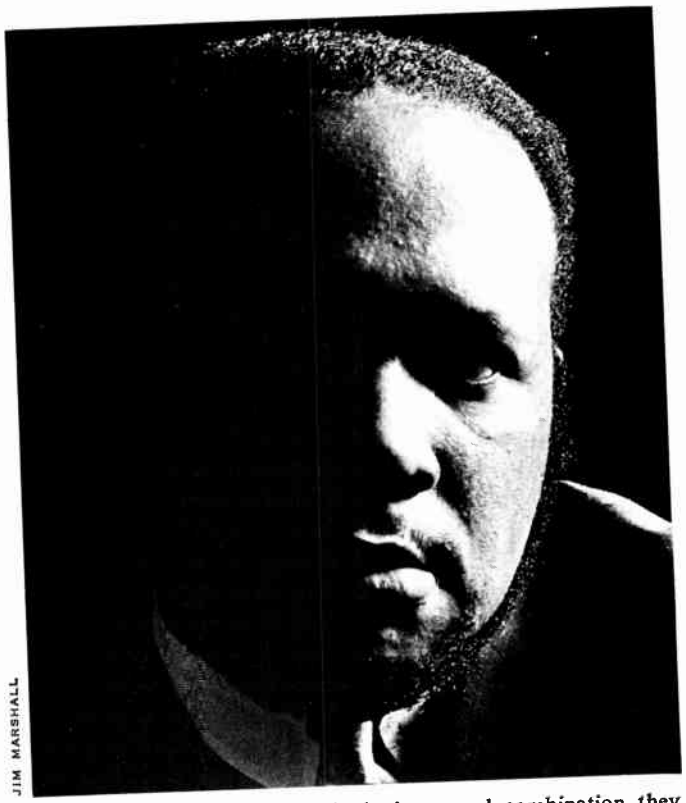
The unfortunately named **The Holy Mackerel** (Reprise 6311) boasts the usual quota of fine instrumentalists but, more important, is distinguished by the fine writing and lead singing of Paul Williams. Several of his pieces on this album are among the finest crafted songs of the recent past. Among them are *Scorpio Red, Wildflowers, Bitter Honey, 1984,* and *The Golden Ghost of Love.* Though he has yet to transcend his influences—Donovan, the Beatles, and, to a lesser degree, the Jefferson Airplane—Williams demonstrates he is well on his way. This is an impressive first album by a group that should be given every encouragement.

The Association, whose **Greatest Hits** (Warner Bros.) 1767) has just been issued is unpretentious, exuberant, and, even more important, musical. Production is first rate, but there's not much of substance on the album. *Cherish* and *Windy* are probably the grooviest items in the collection, a model of studio-contrived popular song.

A disappointing album in just about every respect is **Notes from the Underground** (Vanguard 6502). Badly produced, this record by a group that has been highly touted fails to get off the ground. Considering its song materials, arrangements and execution, I can't imagine how the group impressed anyone enough to get a recording contract. The tunes are mere strings of cliches, while the singing is among the worst I've heard from a rock group. The best they can manage is a pallid imitation of the Mothers of Invention. And couldn't Vanguard afford to have its piano tuned? This is doubly unfortunate because pianist Skip Rose is probably the band's only original soloist.

Quite a bit better is the group called **Elizabeth** (Vanguard 6501), but even here there is little that is distinctive. The groups' influences have been assimilated, but however well they sing and play they merely sound like everyone else. Though there is little that is memorable or unique about this smooth, well-executed music, Elizabeth can take pride in a modestly successful first album. DB

LES McCANN BLINDFOLD TEST


JIM MARSHALL

Born in Lexington, Ky., Leslie Coleman McCann settled in Los Angeles in 1956. He emerged from obscurity after cutting his first record in April 1960. During the next couple of years, he became the object of widespread controversy as an exponent of a brand of piano jazz to which various terms were applied: Gospel, funk, soul, blues, back-to-the-roots, etc. McCann acknowledged that almost all his relatives had sung in the church choir in Lexington, and that his musical bag was a product of his early environment.

During the middle and late 1960s, however, McCann developed technically while displaying more and more adaptability and variety in his style. He scored his first resounding success as the surprise hit of the Antibes Festival in 1962.

After numerous albums in various context, first for Pacific Jazz, then on Limelight, McCann switched to Atlantic, where his first album, released a few months ago, proved to be his biggest ever, keeping him on the national pop and/or jazz charts for 15 weeks. McCann sings on one track, *With These Hands*.

"It isn't the jazz people who are buying *With These Hands*," he says. "It's the housewives, people who listen to AM radio. Well, let's hope it leads them to buy some McCann piano records."

—Leonard Feather

1. THELONIOUS MONK. *Just A Glance At Love* (from *Monk's Blues*, Columbia). Monk, piano; Oliver Nelson, arranger. Teo Macero, composer.

That sounded like Duke Ellington, or somebody of his school—I mean the orchestra; somebody established. I couldn't really tell by the piano, although some of the little stumblings he'd do are something Duke would do.

First I thought it was Gerald Wilson, but it's someone more established. I don't think it was Monk . . . unless . . . yes, yes, that's who it is! It was the band that threw me. That's a wild comparison, but the band is either Duke's with Monk on piano, or Monk's own band.

It was nice, pleasant. Rates about three stars.

2. PHINEAS NEWBORN. *Hard To Find* (from *The Newborn Touch*, Contemporary). Newborn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, composer; Frank Butler, drums.

That's Leroy on bass—and a Contemporary recording; I can recognize that sound . . . Jack Wilson! Hampton Hawes . . . it couldn't have been Joe Castro, could it? I was waiting on Hamp to do one of his licks. He's changed so much in some ways.

I love the bass player, but I didn't like the tempo of the tune. If that *was* Hamp, I've heard him play much better; if it was Joe Castro, it didn't mean much. Rating it, for Leroy's tune, three and a half; for the performance, two.

3. OSCAR PETERSON. *On A Clear Day* (from *Girl Talk*, MPS). Peterson, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Bob Durham, drums.

That was *On A Clear Day* with Sam Jones on bass, Oscar Peterson on piano. I don't know who the drummer was. Before I comment any further, I think Sam Jones, since he's played with Oscar Peterson, he was always a good player—has become so strong and solid. I played with him in New York one night. Just unbelievable. I don't want to compare him with Ray Brown, but in many ways . . . he's a rock, he's up there, and gives you that straight foundation. Ray Brown plays much different. I think that Sam has improved 100% since he's been with Oscar —and he was always a 100% bass player!

As far as the piano is concerned, it was very good, although I didn't get the full excitement the way I like. I like to see Oscar Peterson in the clubs, so I'll say four stars.

4. TONY BENNETT. *The Gentle Rain* (from *Tony Bennett's Greatest Hits, Vol. IV*, Columbia). Al Cohn, arranger, conductor; Luiz Bonfa, guitar.

That was great! That was beautiful. The arrangement, the feeling, were beautiful. That was Tony Bennett, and he really cooked on it. I love the things he does; he's really very close to jazz. He comes in and scats with us once in a while.

I really like his voice. I'd give that four or even 4½ stars. Lovely solo guitar, too.

5. DAVE BRUBECK. *Movin' Out* (from *Blues Roots*, Columbia). Brubeck, piano, composer; Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Jack Six, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

You were trying to fool me! But I know, even though it isn't an alto and there's a different drummer. Couldn't figure out who the bass player was, but that was Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Alan Dawson.

It was alright, it was nice. As for Dave's playing, I'd rather hear him than a whole lot of these avant garde piano players. There are many times I hear Dave and like some of the things he does. He's different, rather than falling into the line where so many cats copy. Dave is always trying to have his own thing going, and he does, and so does Gerry Mulligan.

I think that's a good combination they have. Gerry's fun to be around. That song was just a little blues, so they were just getting a little groove going, and I'd rate it three stars.

6. CECIL TAYLOR. *Tales (8 Whisps)* (from *Unit Structures*, Blue Note). Taylor, piano, composer.

Take it off . . . that's enough! When I think of great music and symphonies and pianists who have everything, this one has nothing, in my opinion. . . .

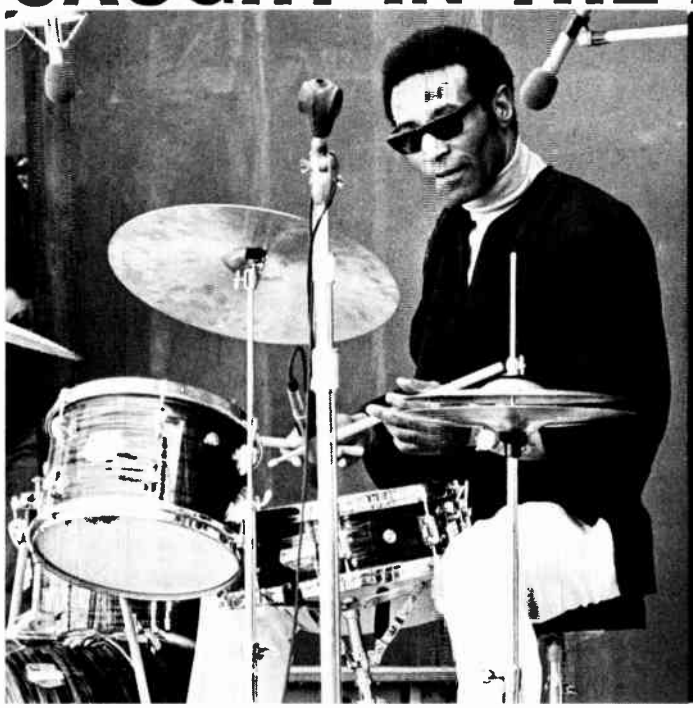
I would like to say about Cecil Taylor, if he's serious about his music, that's alright. It's different, it's just not my groove, but what gets me is that there are so many other guys copying (I don't know how you copy something like this), and call it some name like avant garde which has nothing to do with music, and has nothing to do with feeling, as far as I'm concerned. In my opinion that's what jazz is all about; swing and feeling! I've got to sit down and figure out what the hell he's doing, and that's a big waste of time when I can be listening to, say, Wynton Kelly burn. So I would say minus 30.

7. FREDDIE HUBBARD. *Lonely Soul* (from *Soul Experiment*, Atlantic). Hubbard, trumpet, composer; Gary Illingworth, organ; Gil Fuller, arranger.

Is this somebody I know? I know that sound and I can't think of who it is. The tone of that horn is beautiful, I love it. Sounds like shades of a whole lot of people —Nat Adderley, but I don't think Nat would make a record with an organ player. At times I thought it was Donald Byrd.

I liked it. It was pleasant . . . nice to listen to. It was short enough so it wouldn't get boring, the way it shifted. The arrangement was groovy, too. But I think the sound of the horn was the best. I'd give that three. db

CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Max Roach: solid enjoyment

ALLAN S. FLOOD

Sonny Rollins: man-mountain

Berkeley Jazz Festival

Greek Theater,
University of California, Berkeley

The third annual jazz festival on the Berkeley campus mirrored the fact that many forms of music belong under the name "jazz" or some other encompassing term. Sponsored by the Afro-American Student Union and the general Student Union, the festival had much to offer.

As Friday's glorious sky took on a deep glow, the trio of local pianist George Duke (John Heard, bass; Al Crecchi, drums) offered several tasteful numbers, including Wayne Shorter's *Footprints*. Duke showed the prowess and rhythmic flair that prompted Jean-Luc Ponty and Gerald Wilson to record with him and World-Pacific records to sign him.

Then it was time for Abbey Lincoln, Max Roach and the quintet, and Oakland's Downs Memorial Choir (pianist Bill Bell directing). In the tradition of *It's Time* and *We Insist—Freedom Now,* Roach had written a new score, *Troubled Waters,* which, according to the program notes "he describes . . . as traditional spirituals updated with contemporary lyrics . . . a 'now' sound." After a sanctified ensemble intro, the chorus began chanting *Wade in the Water,* over which Miss Lincoln intoned ominous refrains. The second main section (the title seemed to be *That Morning*), featured a solo by altoist Gary Bartz. The combination of sound set-up and choir blurred syllables, and there was a troublesome low rumble. But on the third section, *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord,* Miss Lincoln's voice shone. It was both smooth and bright.

There followed the more sprightly *Somebody's Knocking at Your Door* and *Singing With a Sword in My Hand.* During the latter number, the recurrent bass feedback became a nuisance and the choir was shaky, but spirits remained high. Next was a drum solo by Roach, which, like his punctuations throughout, was tasteful and clear. The choir then took up a waltz that appeared to be titled *Ain't You Got No Sweet Love In You,* with an electric piano solo by Stanley Cowell. Finally, the quintet ran through a rather catchy, boppish tune, sound-system gremlins taking it on out with them.

In sum: A good though not particularly memorable composition, performed with feeling by Roach and Miss Lincoln, with something less than rapture by the quintet members, and with something less than finesse by the choir. At the same time, it was a heartening human experience.

From the first, Archie Shepp's performance revealed his background in drama. For five minutes, while trombonist Grachan Moncur blew pensively at stage left and bassist Herbie Lewis and drummer Beaver Harris complemented him at center stage, Shepp injected cryptic saxophone commentary from backstage, until he shuffled out, sporting a gold-sparkled African cap and eyeing the crowd over pink glasses. Immediately he began ripping off loads of notes, after each flurry pulling away from his horn with a look that seemed to say "So there".

Then the quartet drew together center stage and coaxed the audience through the rabbit-hole into Wonderland. Harris and Lewis showed good hands and heads, and Moncur put his horn into fluid drive. Shepp did some superb two-handed surging at the piano, and he fractured the audience with his African-style calls (bassist Lewis responding with a resonant *basso* voice) and his impromptu poetizing.

Unmistakably, Sonny Rollins carried Friday night's show. There he was: Tenor-toting man-mountain with Mohawk cut and mustache, complemented by white turtleneck, beige jacket, and black-plaided white slacks, the spotlights spawning Saxophone Colossus silhouettes behind him. Rollins simply traversed the long row of microphones and let the music ebb and flow. It was the Sonnyland Special, including stops at *Camptown Races, I Thought about You, Sonnymoon for Two, I'm an Old Cowhand,* and—several joyous times—*St. Thomas.* After Rollins had blown his way off stage, the crowd made noise for more, and with encouragement by emcee Charles Brown, they screamed "Sonny!" until he suavely reappeared, took everybody up again for several more minutes, and left *St. Thomas* looming as he departed for good.

The crowd was eager to get into the groove of Albert King's music. His band (two tenors, organ, bass, and drums) had played one blues and had started a second before he came on, plugged in his guitar, and cut through. He was playing very thoughtfully, and his big, *human* voice soothed all. But with the set two-thirds over, King lost his equilibrium. On what was to have been a silent break, his drummer clunked through—nothing spectacularly bad, just a minor flub. But King turned around and stepped back to vent his ire. His displeasure lingered. It intensified as, to his ears, the band failed to hit the groove for *Born Under a Bad Sign.* By then, the spell was fairly well gone. On guitar, he had slipped into the Albert King lick-book, and now his singing was mostly words and notes. During the last tune of the set, whose medium-shuffle gave it automatic appeal, King apparently thought a tricky effect that he had tried hadn't come off; he pulled out the cord and began a rather despondent exit. But the crowd's generous cheering and a female festival worker with a birthday cake kept him on stage for a last wave as the band sulked off behind him.

Prefacing Saturday's drum workshop was an idiomatically adequate performance of Afro rhythms by the Black Messengers, a local quartet (three conga players, on a flute double, and a pianist, also a flute double).

Cannonball Adderley introduced the

workshop itself with the comment that the participants would not be presented in any chronological sequence, as the playing of each was part of a living tradition. Then, with genuine affection, he gave the crowd Zutty Singleton, accompanied by Pops Foster on bass and Joe Zawinul on piano. The trio swung several evergreens, Zawinul meshing beautifully, as he did in a variety of other settings throughout the afternoon. Here was naturalness and charm. Singleton and Foster, both in their 70s, evoked the audience's gratitude.

Cannon returned to make the point that a name more generic and therefore more accurage than "conga" drums would be "African" drums, and so introduced Nassauite King Errison and his instrument. Again, Zawinul lent his support, as did Adderley's new bassist, Walter Booker, his drummer, Roy McCurdy, and Herbie Hancock's bassist, Buster Williams. The ensemble did two numbers, the first standard Afro, with the unexpected rhythmic subdivisions and superimpositions but few particularly inventive patterns. Errison did make good vibrations with the audience, which the second number, a rock motif, augmented.

Tony Williams began his bit by singing, off-the-top style. His intonation was rather mysterious, but it's always fun to hear a player sing. Next, duet-partner Walter Booker, this time on electric bass, established a brief, rocky montuna, which endured for about half an hour, while Williams supplied awesome rhythmic shifts reminiscent of his work on *Filles de Kilimanjaro,* the latest Miles Davis Quintet LP. But monotony crept in slightly jarring the performance in the direction of mere technical exercise.

An incisiveness-meter surely would have shown that Max Roach was King-for-a-Day. His engaging solos—*For Big Sid, Drums Unlimited,* and *Five for Berkeley* (in 5/4)—were pre-planned, it's true, but they sounded spontaneous, and haven't most of us heard Roach wing it with the same coherence? After Roach interrupted one piece to announce to the crowd that he would have to replace a broken bass drum pedal, they applauded and sat in quiet respect. Roach's set was solid enjoyment.

With Zawinul on electric piano and Booker and Williams on basses, Roy Haynes kicked off a set filled with harmonic and rhythmic quest. Throughout, he led without pushing and enriched the ideas of his mates. Even in the wake of Roach, the sensitivity and clarity of Haynes' playing impressed.

Last, Cannon introduced Pontozo on African drums. Zawinul stayed at the electric piano, Booker and Williams held on to their basses, and McCurdy returned to the trap set. Was this going to be an anticlimax? An unknown to follow Roach and Haynes, playing a dialect that everybody had heard twice before during the afternoon? But at last here was someone who played Afro with imagination, who listened to the others and beat out original, personal patterns. The "roots" finally got their glory—a fitting ending for "An Afternoon of African Rhythms."

Before the concert proper on Saturday night came a set by the Berkeley-based group Listen. Among their tunes were reed man Bert Wilson's memorable *Lament* and an Aylerish treatment of the national anthem. With springy support from Chris Amberger and Kenny Jenkins, basses, and Jim Zitro, drums, there was strong, free blowing by trumpeter Warren Gale, flutist-clarinetist John Newfield, pianist Mike Cohen, and Wilson.

Emcee Charles Brown introduced the Herbie Hancock Sextet: tenorist-flutist Joe Henderson, sporting a Panama hat; fluegelhornist Johnny Coles, beneath a Chinese thinking cap; suited trombonist Garnett Brown; casually mod-clad bassist Buster Williams, drummer Al (Tootie) Heath, and mod-suited Hancock. On the opener, *The Eye of the Hurricane,* Coles vented brisk, smokey sounds; Henderson flew masterfully around his horn, projecting his unique hard-warm tone; and Brown bit off some enthralling staccato and closed with dramatic circular breathing. Williams' solo focused attention upon his huge, languid tone, fast fingers, and beautiful ideas. Hancock, of course, has everything going for him. Heath was all drums, including mammoth eardrums. Throughout, he was a spellbindingly perfect fit.

The audience was quick to show its

ALLAN S. FLOUD

Pops Foster and Zutty Singleton

mentioned, as well as numerous rehearsal

why the program couldn't include examples of their work, as well. (As one

The Gas Light Gang from the University of Kansas and vocalist Kay Dennis

observer has already note, it's enough to make one wonder about the placement of the apostrophe in the group's official title.)

I suspect that the most meaningful accomplishment of the J.C.O.A. lies in areas beyond the performance of music like Mantler's. Much more significant is the fact that an apparently viable organization has been set up which appears to have gained the confidence of the most talented young musicians in jazz. But the J.C.O.A. is going to have to do more than merely issue pontifical dicta about the state of jazz or produce concerts and recordings of Mike Mantler's music if it is to retain that confidence. I would have a little more faith in the wisdom of the musicians' judgments, in fact, if the group was named something like, say, the Jazz Musicians' Orchestra Inc. (Yes, the apostrophe is placed where I think it should be.) In any case, I look forward to the J.C.O.A.'s future activities (repertory or otherwise) with considerable interest. —*Don Heckman*

Ken McIntyre

Galloway Hall Auditorium,
Central State University,
Wilberforce, Ohio

Personnel: McIntyre, reeds; Tim Engles, electric bass; Sid Smart, drums.

Among the events sponsored by the Black Order of Revolutionary Enterprise during B.O.R.E. Week at Central State University was this Sunday afternoon concert by the Ken McIntyre Trio. The organization's unfortunate choice of initials had no discernible ill effect on the musicians involved: the performances were anything but boring.

For the past two years McIntyre has been almost entirely absent from the jazz scene and has devoted his time to teaching in C. S. U.'s Department of Music. During the early '60s, of course, he was known as one of the major voices of the New Music. His recordings—notably *Looking Ahead* (with Eric Dolphy), *Stone Blues*, and *The Year of the Iron Sheep*—were accorded wide critical approval and exercised a seminal influence on the innovators of the avant-garde. The nearly three hours of uninterrupted music provided at this concert offered compelling evidence that McIntyre's playing has not suffered in the interim. If anything, it is stronger and more certain of itself than ever.

Composition has always occupied a major role in his total musical expression, and all six pieces performed were originals. McIntyre opened the proceedings on alto saxophone with the aptly-titled extended improvisation, *Freedom*. It was astonishing that only three musicians (looking rather small and lonely on the broad stage) could produce such an overwhelming mountain of sound. They began at a level of intensity which seemed already climactic, and yet somehow continued to build. McIntyre used repeated figures to create tension and then resolved them with drawn-out, plaintive wails. What distinguishes his music is not its pure, primitive force—any novice "new-thinger" can snap your head back with raw power—but rather the shaping intellect which one senses behind everything he plays, deliberately flirting with chaos but finally rounding all into coherence.

McIntyre's art encompasses many moods: The wild excitement of *Freedom* was followed by a very slow, haunting ballad played on oboe, *Lois Marie*. A brief, quiet duet between bass and drums led directly into a two-part suite for flute, *Diana* and *Blanche*. These were joyous, sprightly melodies played with deep feeling by McIntyre, whose very masculine approach to the instrument is often reminiscent of the late Eric Dolphy.

His accompanists for this concert were two young Central State students. Each gave a good account of himself, although Smart's somewhat heavy-handed approach to the drums became obtrusive during McIntyre's gentle flute solo, and Engles' electric bass occasionally sounded unpleasantly fuzzy.

The only number on the program which was less than excellent was *Don't I?*, which McIntyre played on bassoon. Even his accomplished musicianship was unable to do much with the lumbering sound of this unwieldly instrument.

An instrument, on the other hand, for

JOE ALPER

Ken McIntyre

which I have always had a special fondness is the bass clarinet. No one gets around on this horn with more proficiency than McIntyre, as was demonstrated on *Witches' Brew*. Again the title was apt: this was a boiling, menacing piece taken at a furious tempo. A long, searching bass clarinet improvisation was followed by Smart's brief drum solo. Then the tempo slowed almost to a halt. McIntyre's second solo was mournful and dirge-like, exploring the woody lower reaches of his horn. The tune ended on a held, up-turned, almost pleading note from McIntyre—a well-sustained and affecting performance.

For the final number, *New Times*, McIntyre pulled out all the stops. This was a short tune, perhaps because no one could sustain this kind of totally-committed frenzy for long. The alto solo was a literal assault on the listener's sensibility: growls, banshee wails, piercing screams. And it was all *musical*. For all of his experimentation with different reeds, alto is still McIntyre's main instrument, and his fluency seems all but limitless. The piece ended with Smart attacking his drums like a man possessed and McIntyre crouching low over his horn, searching for (and finding) notes that aren't supposed to be on an alto saxophone. The young revolutionaries in the front row were stunned and limp for a moment, then stood and cheered wildly for more.

As of this writing, all of McIntyre's albums are out of print, though he can be heard on Cecil Taylor's *Unit Structures*. Someone should record this man again. There are few reed players—on or off the scene—with more to say.

—*Thomas Conrad*

Laura Nyro/Tim Hardin

Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Penn.

Personnel: Miss Nyro, piano, vocal; Hardin, guitar, piano, vocal.

This concert brought under one roof two of the finest jazz singers of the last several years. That they have chosen not to classify themselves thusly is understandable (witness the lack of recognition of Jeanne Lee, Betty Carter and Sheila Jordan).

Miss Nyro, who has enjoyed tremendous success in the last year or so with the folk-rock audiences, is a considerable talent, as she proved on this night. Aside from her delightful stage presence and rapport with the audience, Miss Nyro is a distinctive song stylist and a very important song writer.

Her songs have a dramatic flair as substantial, moving and tasteful as Kurt Weill's theater songs. She sings mostly of love and love lost and the 'stone soul' quintessence of the real and dirty city. Having absorbed the writing of Burt Bacharach, we can accept the disjointed phrasings, shifts in mood and rhythm and splendid, unorthodox harmonies that characterize the young lady's writing. Her lyrics are real, vivid and sincere, and the music is constructed to serve and embellish them. Thus her material flows beautifully despite its unorthodoxy.

Hopefully, song writing as an art will catch up with Miss Nyro and produce more songs in which music and lyrics are bound together as one natural unit.

Miss Nyro presents her compositions at the piano with no other accompaniment. Her voice and keyboard work are as tightly bound together as her melodies and chords are with her lyrics. The voice is pliant, expressive and of a wide range. It tells its stories with a power, sincerity and pure, deep, instinctive soulfulness that penetrates the most shielded heart. Strangely enough, Miss Nyro often sounds like a higher-voiced and less breathy Morgana King, though she avoids melodramatics at all times.

During her hour on stage, she astounded the audience with her best known compositions, including *Save The Country, And When I Die, Stoney End*, and *Stoned Soul Picnic*. One of her three encores was *Up On The Roof*, an old Drifters' hit which she transformed into her own.

If Laura Nyro exceeded the audience's expectations in this rare personal appearance, Tim Hardin destroyed them, and I hasten to point out that I am using "destroy" in the pejorative sense. The excep-

tional singer-songwriter has a reputation for being a far superior performer on stage than on record. Yet he stumbled onto the stage on this night and proceeded to sing pathetically, make incoherent remarks and tell stupid jokes about his friend Bacardi (rum, that is) and ruin some of his best tunes, including *Misty Roses* and *If I Were A Carpenter.*

This fiasco lasted for some 20 minutes and included a traditional encore. That encore was a pathetic tribute to, parody of, imitation of, dedication to or interpretation of Ray Charles. I could not tell exactly what it was, and probably Hardin didn't know, either.

An excellent talent like Hardin can hardly afford to make his first appearance of importance in a major city so incoherent. The audience was unquestionably offended.

When one reaches the stature of a Charles Mingus or Miles Davis or Bob Dylan, excuses can be made. But for Hardin, the disgrace remains.

Fortunately, no one was cheated, thanks to the genius of Miss Nyro. It seems a shame that Hardin had to interrupt the lovely communication between Miss Nyro and the audience by his appearance. He would have been better off not showing up.

—*Michael Cuscuna*

Michael Garrick

Central Hall, Westminster,
London, England

Personnel: Shake Keane, trumpet, flugelhorn; Art Themen, clarinet, soprano and tenor saxophones; Jim Philip, clarinet, flute, tenor saxophone; Garrick, organ; Coleridge Goode, bass; John Marshall, drums; Nell Hall, soprano soloist; The Swann Singers; the Peter Mound Choir.

It is very easy to become blasé about jazz, especially when stumbling into clubs and around concert halls is your way of life. To hear the music in a different context should be mandatory, not only for those who call themselves critics, but for any ardent enthusiast who thinks he knows it all, for only then does the essential vitality and excitement of this most virile of all musics stand out in sharp relief. When there is no backdrop of booze and bonhomie, the musicians stand alone, the music naked.

On Good Friday, I joined an interdenominational congregation at a London service-cum-concert dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King, and my complacency received a jolt from which it has not quite recovered. The musicians responsible for turning me around were led by Garrick, who is a tender pianist and thoughtful composer well known in Britain.

For some time, he has been compiling a collection of works known as *Jazz Praises* for use in the church. His credo is that "jazz music is very much the music of freedom, and its special aim is to create warm feeling and individual creativity among the performers over a wide emotional range. (I) believe that its huge potential in religious contexts remains to a great extent untapped." On this occasion, he manned his sextet alongside the Peter Mound Choir, and played the organ on three original pieces and in contemporary settings of Psalms 8 and 22.

In the gloomy, forbidding surroundings of the home of English Methodism, the three horns stood out starkly, liked jagged black lines splashed onto a virgin canvas. I was forced for the first time in I don't know how long to consider the almost indescribable audacity of the music called jazz.

There was beauty in abundance, too, for all the musicians involved are masters of the art of lyricism. They played with plenty of vigor and emotion, and the restrictions imposed by the arrangements brought out carefully constructed phrases rather than the results of hit-or-miss contemporary methods.

It was obvious from their expressions that many in the congregation had been sheltered from jazz. They regarded the musicians warily, not knowing quite what reaction was expected of them, yet they were finally turned on by the mixture of joyfulness and sorrow that was so appropriate to the occasion. The musicians *made* them listen, and ironically, probably made more converts for jazz than jazz will ever make for the church.

The hour-long service of Bible readings, prayers and an address was interspersed with musical interludes. On Garrick's *Judas' Kiss,* Themen's soulful tenor was featured. Themen is a relatively unknown musician even in Britain, only occasionally taking time off from his medical studies to demonstrate his exceptional creativity, but if there was any justice, he would be right at the top in the local jazz polls. He sang like an up-dated Stan Getz on this piece.

Prophesy was introduced by Marshall, who then booted it along into a rocking organ passage. Philip took up the cry urgently, pushing ahead into a soprano passage by Theman. Then Keane rose to take it out, bristling with emotion and juicy lyricism. His flugelhorn was especially poignant in a moving setting of Psalm 22. He is a musician who can do no wrong.

Garrick rumbled over the bass pedals to introduce *Darkness,* then experimented with the keyboard to paint an eerie picture of Crucifixion night. Themen and Philip blew clarinets on this one, dove-tailing in tandem alongside the voices before the mighty Keane inserted an elegant cup-muted obbligato. Later, he unleashed a screaming, wa-wa muted solo that had all the little old ladies shaking in their seats until he calmly modulated into another clarinet interlude, followed by a handful of choruses hummed and bowed in the Slam Stewart manner by the sturdy Goode. Keane also shone on a setting of Psalm 8, soaring masterfully and descending plangently by turns. That such a virile and tasty musician should have to make the radio orchestra scene in Germany in order to survive is the jazz world's loss, and a sad reflection on the position of beauty in the scheme of things.

Goode and Marshall were towers of strength throughout, and while the hornmen provided most of the jazz interest, without the composer this musical event never would have been. Many people have dismissed Garrick's music as effete, hinting that it has none of the poignancy of the new thing, but with standard-bearers like Themen, Keane and Philip, his ranking in the music's heirarchy need never be in dispute.

—*Valerie Wilmer*

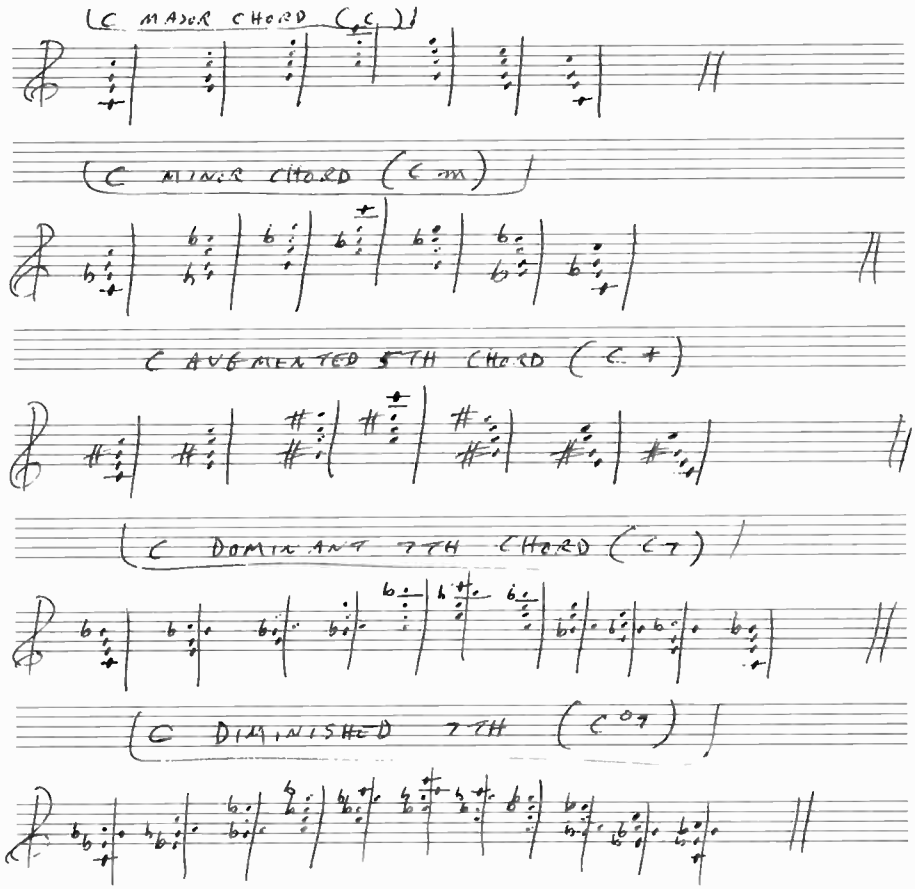
db music workshop

MALLET PERCUSSION WORKSHOP By Bob Tilles

IN OUR LAST mallet percussion workshop (DB, Feb. 20), we featured two-mallet exercises using the major scale and basic and altered chords.

Add these four-mallet exercises to the two-mallet practice routine. It is important to transpose and play in *every* key.

Five basic chords using C root



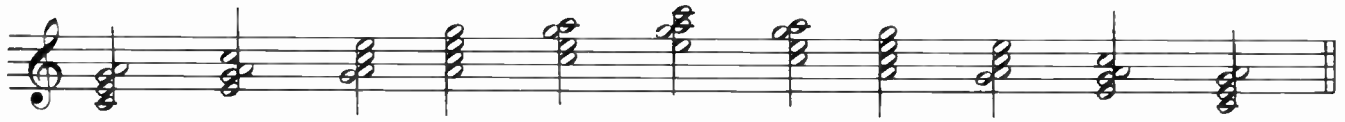
After the major scale and the basic chords have been played in every key with two and four mallets, add the altered chords to this practice routine.

First, play the following chords in two-mallet arpeggio form, then play them in the following inversion form.

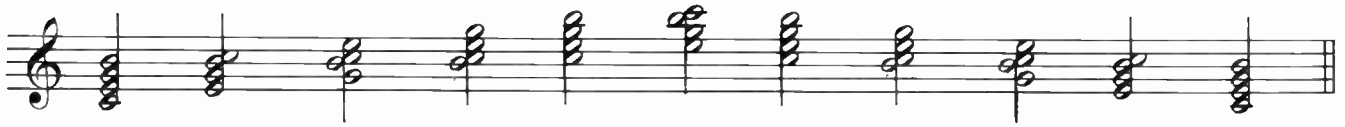
Example:

Basic chords using C root. Inversions in closed harmony position, except where notated. (An inverted chord is one whose lowest tone is one other than its root)

C Major 6th Chord (C6)

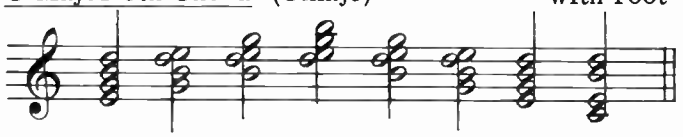


C Major 7th Chord (Cmaj7)



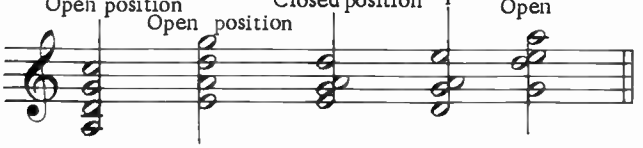
C Major 9th Chord (Cmaj9)

Cmaj9 with root



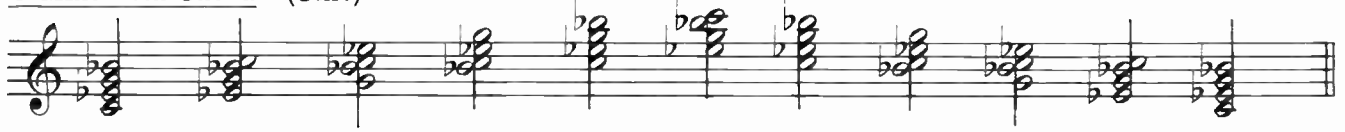
C Major 6th 9th Chord ($C6^9$)

Open position Open position Closed position Open Open



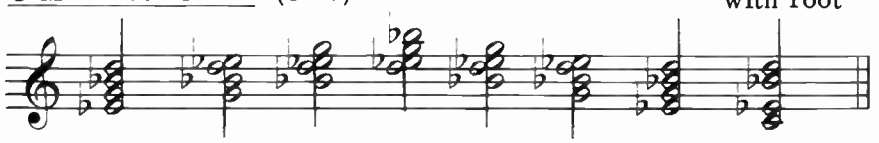
C Minor 6th Chord (Cm6)

C Minor 7th Chord (Cm7)



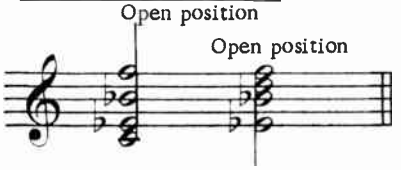
C Minor 9th Chord (Cm9)

Cm9 with root



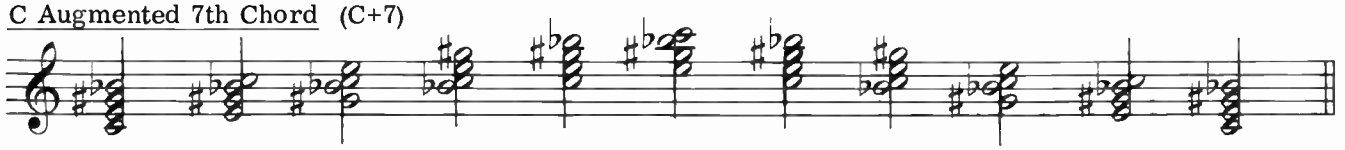
*C Minor 11th Chord

Open position Open position



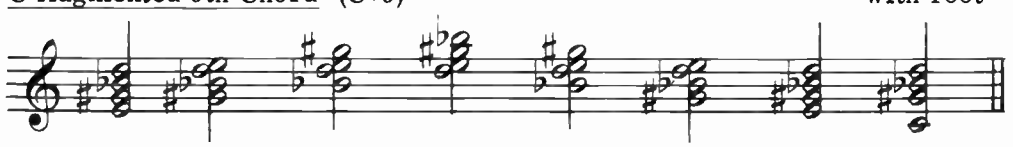
Inversions are optional

C Augmented 7th Chord (C+7)



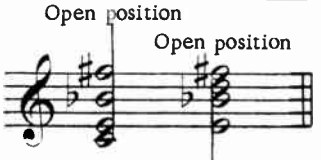
C Augmented 9th Chord (C+9)

C+9 with root



*C Augmented 11th Chord

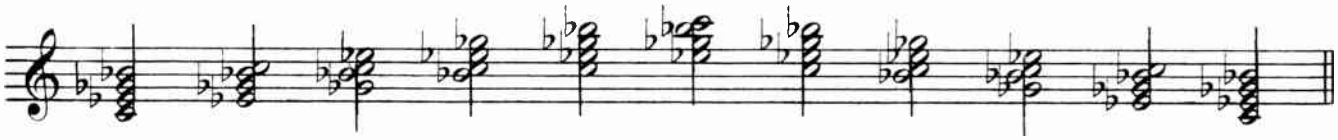
Open position Open position



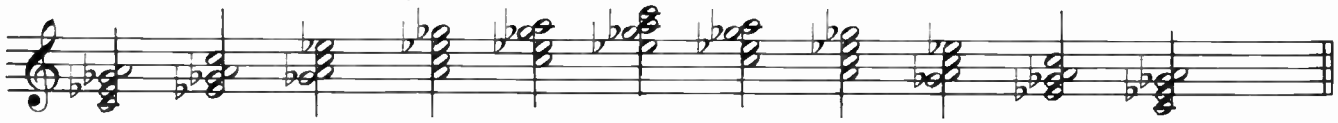
Inversions are optional

* Dominant 11th, Augmented 11th, Minor 11th, and 13th Chords are most effective when 11th or 13th is the top or lead note.

C Half Diminished 7th Chord (C⌀7)



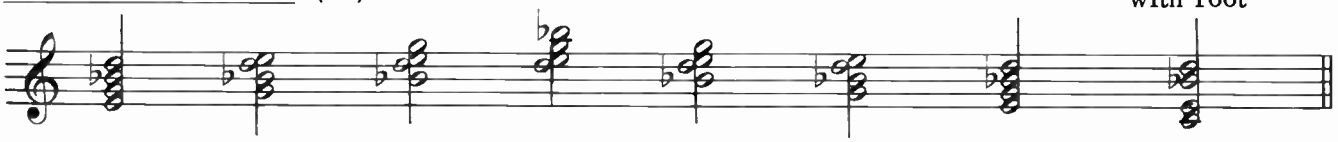
C Diminished 7th Chord ($C^{o}7$)



C Dominant 7th Chord (C7)

C Dominant 9th Chord (C9)

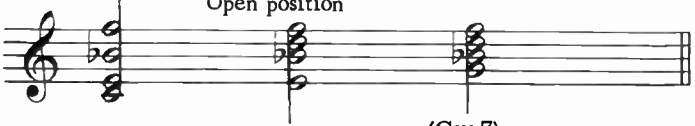
C9 with root



* C Dominant 11th Chord (C11)

Open position

Open position

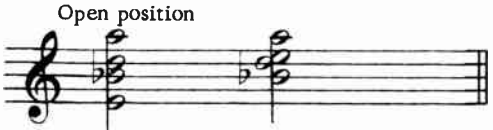


(Gm7)

Gm7 inversions optional

*C Dominant 13th Chord (C13)

Open position



Inversions are optional

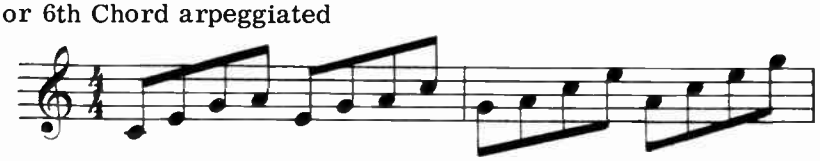
In some of the above chords you will see certain tones omitted. Experiment to find out which tones are necessary to give the chord its characteristic sound.

* Dominant 11th, Augmented 11th, Minor 11th, and 13th Chords are most effective when 11th or 13th is the top or lead note.

Transpose to all other keys (roots). (Refer to previous writing exercise)

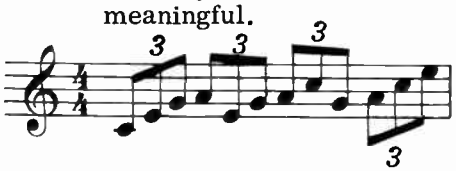
The chord instruments (piano, vibes, guitar, accordion etc.) should play these harmonic exercises in chordal or background form. The melody instruments should study each chord separately, preparatory to their playing. Besides playing the exercises at the keyboard, they should arpeggiate the chords (in tempo). When arpeggiating a chord one plays the notes of the chord one after another instead of simultaneously. Future improvization will be based on these chords.

Examples: C Major 6th Chord arpeggiated

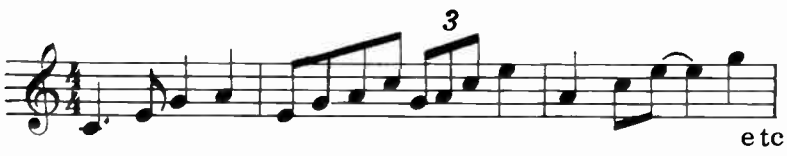


etc.

The rhythmic structure may be varied to make practicing more interesting and more meaningful.

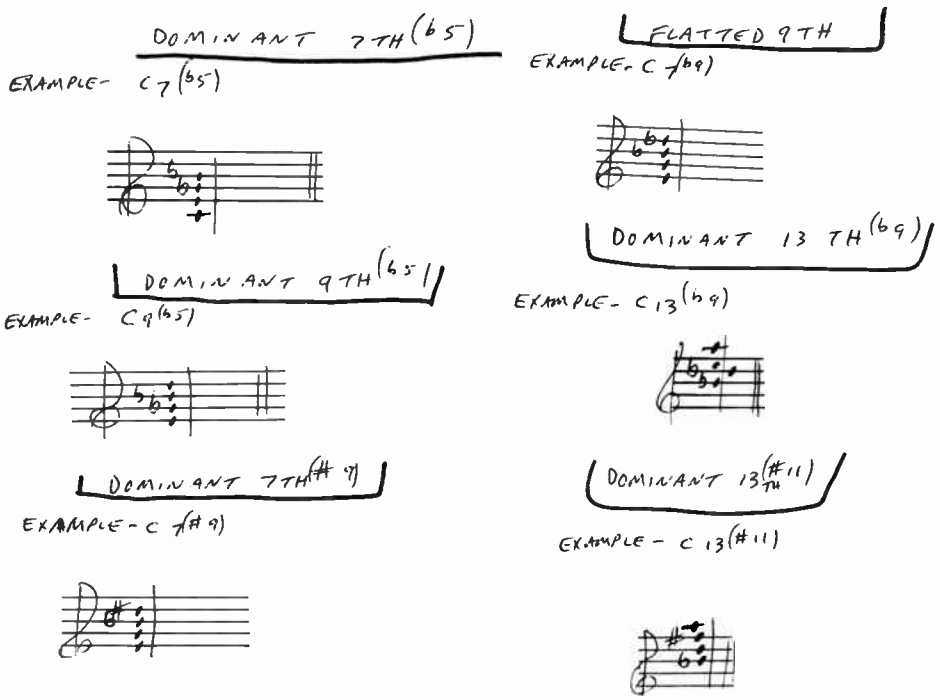


etc.



etc.

Some additional dominant 7th alterations that can be practiced in all keys are:



ADJUDICATING JAZZ UNITS

By Dr. M. E. Hall

JAZZ, FOR ME, involves the rhythmic projection of a melodic line. There are certainly other factors, but for me, this is basic. The group that eschews rhythm will never win my vote as a top jazz unit. I recognize that there are textures and tonal colors which develop jazz interest; harmonic lines which are interesting and have vitality are important; I am aware of jazz as a tension-release type of music; for me, however, the rhythmic element must be present.

Improvisation is, of course, an integral part of jazz. Generally speaking, there should be a melodic line as a point of departure for the improviser (familiarity with the original line makes evaluation a little more relative or pertinent). An improvised solo should be a personalized expression containing rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic unity and interest. In those cases wherein there is no stated melodic theme (blues), the improviser has the freedom and responsibility to provide an interesting melody rhythmically conceived. It is possible, for short periods of time, to maintain interest through strictly rhythmic projections (usually percussion); however, horn men (including piano, guitar, bass, etc.) are primarily melody players. To sustain my interest, these melodies must have rhythmic interest based on TIME.

Most free-form groups that I have heard are so "free" that I am usually unable to detect the form. To the extent that I am unable to relate melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic factors, I will react negatively.

I feel that an ensemble can be classified as a jazz unit. I speak in full awareness of those who believe that jazz is jazz only when improvised. In the case of jazz ensembles, I will be impressed by the sensitive use of dynamics; by the individual and ensemble projection of TIME which comes from within rather than being imposed by as strong rhythm section; by unique textures and colors from various instrumental combinations; the statement and use of fresh rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic ideas; and, above all, *jazz excitement*—this is the essence of the entire performance.

The leader has a tremendous responsibility. He must select appropriate materials for *this* event. He must program these materials so that the entire presentation "moves" and does not bog down or die. He must have stage presence and must present his ensemble and soloists in a showmanship manner. And finally, there must be *communication* with the audience.

At a festival these criteria, not covered in the judging sheets, may be important factors in determining the winning band:

TIME—The preciseness with which the notation is interpreted so that phrases do not "rush" or "drag". An additional factor is the unity of interpretation by the ensemble or section.

JAZZ EXCITEMENT—A stimulating performance, the arousal of interest and attention.

FRESH IDEAS—The projection of original, stimulating, and spontaneous (apparently) rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic ideas.

COLORS-TEXTURES — Concerned with the voicing or distribution of the harmony among instruments, the choice of instruments for the production of fresh and challenging sounds, and the selection of interesting harmonic sounds and progressions.

CHOICE OF MATERIALS—The selection of number for the program (very important is a consideration of the particular event for which the numbers are chosen). Are they within the ability of the group? Do they challenge the players? Are the arrangements interesting? Do they

spotlight the strong points of the band?

PROGRAMMING—Having to do with the order or sequence in which the numbers are presented. For example, does the "opener" serve in that respect, and does the final number sustain the interest level developed by the preceding numbers? Are the intervening numbers selected so that one number does not "kill" another?

STAGE PRESENCE—Does the leader and the ensemble handle itself with assurance and ease on the stage? Are the soloists and/or sections presented in a showmanship-like manner?

COMMUNICATION—Is the band able to gain and hold the interest of the audience; is there "communication" between the ensemble (and soloists) and those listening? db

POTPOURRI

(Continued from page 8)

working with his own trio and the other three touring with a concert package sponsored by MPS records, including **Lee Konitz, Milt Buckner, Albert Mangelsdorff, Gunther Lenz, Stu Martin, Mark Murphy,** and the **Dave Pike Set.** Zoller recently signed with Atlantic, and has a session in the can with **Herbie Hancock, Reggie Workman,** and **Mickey Roker.**

•

Down Beat contributor **Alan Heineman** is teaching a summer course, *Jazz and Rock: Cross Influences,* at the Cambridge, Mass. Center for Adult Education.

•

Legendary tap dancer **Baby Laurence** appears weekends with drummer **Eddie Phyfe's** trio (**Larry Eanet,** piano; **Keter Betts,** bass) and singer **Marilyn Savage** at the Diadem in Gaithersburg, Md. near Washington, D.C.

•

Trumpeter **Don Miolla,** pianist **Jay Chasin,** and drummer **Joe Mancuso** recently joined the ranks of the **Jimmy Dorsey** Band directed by **Lee Castle.**

•

Top Swiss drummer **Stuff Combe** spent a month in the U.S. studying cymbal making at the Avedis Zildjian Co., taking a crash course in teaching methods at the Berklee School, and meeting American colleagues.

MOORE

(Continued from page 16)

everywhere," he adds, referring to his New York experience since he has been back. "You can work if you travel, and I don't like to travel."

He cites the "pressure—the lack of tranquility" about New York life. "I'm happier waking up in Copenhagen. New York is exciting. There's always something happening, but a lot of it is unpleasant."

Eventually, Moore plans to return to Europe. "It is more enjoyable to play there," he reasons. "Audiences are more open-minded, and the European pace is more my pace."

But how about the lack of musical challenge? Moore replies: "The people who say that should listen to the musicians in Denmark. There are good ones on every instrument."

He is particularly annoyed with an article Michael Zwerin wrote about expatriate American musicians for the May 1968 *Esquire.* "I feel he gave a dolorous impression of the state of mind of American musicians in Europe," says Moore. "The people he wrote about, including myself, were all happy to be where we were, doing what we were doing."

Over the Christmas holidays, Moore finally made the Mississippi visit to his parents. He even played two gigs in Greenville, both at Negro dances with integrated bands. "It was nice to see the change, but the leader still feared a knife in his back," he cautions.

The last time the tenorist had been down South was when he arrived in New Orleans by boat in 1964. "That was the first time I heard 'chicken tenor'," he remembers, referring to a staccato manner of playing the instrument, "the way jazz musicians used to parody corny players. It's a definite danger when a player experiments and a lot of young players get hung up on it. They wind up hung in the thing after the instigator abandons it."

During Moore's first year back in New York there was a three-month period in which he worked weekends at ex-boxer Joey Archer's Sports Corner at 96th St. and 2nd Ave. He also played a couple of weeks at the Half Note, an abbreviated gig at La Boheme, and a Sunday session for Jazz Interactions at The Scene (*Caught in the Act, DB,* May 29). Lately, jobs have been none too plentiful: a one-nighter in Roanoke, Va.; a concert with Ray Nance for the Duke Ellington Society, and another two weeks at the Half Note.

When he does get to play, it is a very healthy Brew Moore one hears, essentially the same pure stylist as before, but with an even stronger, more definite approach.

What about the future? "It's a very unsettling prospect to live on hope," Moore replies, "which is what so many good musicians are doing. They're saying, 'Something is going to happen because it always has.'

"There are things in the oven that never seem to get baked. I hope the cycle will work out, and that swinging jazz will come back." If that happens, currently unfashionable Brew Moore will be ready. He is one of the master swingers. db

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: One rainy Sunday evening in June, the Half Note was the scene of an unusual series of vocal duets between **Anita O'Day,** appearing regularly on weekends at the club, and guest **Judy Garland.** The girls sang many "rain" songs, including, of course, *Over the Rainbow.* The week-long inhabitants of the Half Note at the time were **Brew Moore** and **Bill Berry** and their quintet. With the tenor saxophonist and the trumpeter were **Ross Tompkins,** piano; **Vic Gaskin,** bass; and **Denny Siewall,** drums . . . Singer **Esther Marrow** was opposite the **Elvin Jones** trio at the Village Vanguard for a week. The Jones boys—reedman **Joe Farrell** and bassist **Wilbur Little**—then went into La Boheme for a stay scheduled to last until Sept. 1. With them during June was the **Ray Black** Quartet with the leader on tenor saxophone; **Bill Rubenstein,** piano; **Gene Perla,** bass; and **Jimmy Lovelace,** drums . . . At Club Baron, **Art Blakey, Sonny Stitt** and **Etta Jones** held forth, while pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.** fronted a quintet at Count Basie's that included **Virgil Jones,** trumpet; **Harold Vick,** reeds; **Jimmy Garrison,** bass; and **Freddie Waits,** drums . . . **Horace Silver's** new bassist is **Jimmy Phillips,** formerly with **Willie Bobo** and **Miriam Makeba** . . . **Wild Bill Davison** and the **Jazz Giants, Teddy Wilson's** trio, and solo pianist **Muriel Roberts** opened at the Downbeat on June 13 for a six-week engagement. **Jimmy McPartland** is slated to come in for another six-weeker on July 25 with a sextet and vocalist **Annette Sanders** . . . **Ramsey Lewis** did two weeks at Plaza 9 . . . **B.B. King** was at the Village Gate during the month of June. The first week comedian **Irwin C. Watson** was opposite, followed by the 13-piece, rock-classic group from Canada, **Lighthouse,** for the remainder of the stay . . . The **Preservation Hall Jazz Band** from St. Peter St. in New Orleans will appear at Fillmore East on July 11 and 12 along with **John Mayall** and **Spooky Tooth** . . . Slugs' spotlighted the **Yusef Lateef** Quartet and the **Roland Kirk** Quartet in the first half of June . . . **Jim Harrison** and **Ernie Jackson** have shifted their *Jazz on Saturday Afternoon* and Sunday *Big Band Jazz* from Slugs' to the Village Vanguard. Drummer **Pete La Roca's** quartet started the Saturday series and **Frank Foster's Concert Ensemble** did all the June Sundays . . . Bassist **David Izenzon** has formed a new group that is supposed to make its debut at Slugs' on July 22. Personnel includes **Sam Rivers,** tenor and soprano saxophone, flute; **Monty Waters,** alto and soprano saxophone; and **Barry Altshul,** drums. Altshul is also involved with Izenzon's **Bass Revolution** which numbers **Dave Holland, Eddie Gomez, Ron McClure, Glen Moore,** and **Pete Warren** among its pluckers and bowers . . . Altshul reports that the Woodstock, N.Y. scene is active again with Sunday afternoon concerts at the Tinker St. Cinema. He is playing drums along with **Juma,** African percussion & bass; **Ali Abu Khan,** reeds; and **Earl Cross,** trumpet. All musicians are invited to come up and play. Members of the **Paul Butterfield Blues Band** have been participating. Midnight Saturday concerts are in the offing as well . . . The **Noah Howard Concert Ensemble** and **Frank Wright** Quartet played an early June concert at Carnegie Recital Hall . . . Jazz Interactions sessions at The Scene featured the groups of tenor saxophonists **Tyrone Washington** and **Dave Liebman** . . . **Sea Train** did five days at Ungano's . . . Tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron** played at an opening of an exhibit of graphic art at the Grippi Gallery on East 59th St. . . . **Tim Hardin** played Cafe Au Go Go for four days . . . The Hartford Jazz Society was host to a concert with **Grady Tate** in his vocal role, backed by **Roland Hanna,** piano; **Bob Cranshaw,** bass; and **Mickey Roker,** drums . . . **Frank Hubbell** and his **Stompers** (formerly the **Village Stompers**)

played the Breezy Point Surf Club on Long Island.

Chicago: The Plugged Nickel really swung June 4-14 with **Miles Davis'** quintet (**Wayne Shorter,** tenor and soprano saxophones; **Chic Corea,** electric piano; **Dave Holland,** bass; **Jack DeJohnette,** drums) playing set after beautiful set (long ones, too) to packed houses. On the 9th and 10th, Davis' off nights, the Nickel brought in **Buddy Rich's** big band to similar acclaim. Rich's solo Tuesday night on the *West Side Story* medley was the equal of anything he ever played. Among those in attendance on both nights was Miles Davis, taking a busman's holiday . . . The Jazz Institute's third concert on June 1 was a musical and financial success. The groups featured were the duo of pianist **Art Hodes** and bassist **Truck Parham;** the **Bunky Green** Quartet (Green, alto saxophone; **Stu Katz,** piano; **Reggie Willis,** bass; **Bucky Taylor,** drums); and the guitar duo of **Marty Grosz** and **Bob Roberts,** who were joined on some numbers by clarinetist **Frank Chace** and trumpeter **Norm Murphy.** One of the highlights of the concert occurred when Hodes asked Green to join him for a trio rendition of *Dear Old Southland.* They had just played the theme when a member of the audience materialized in the empty drum chair and proceeded to swing the group like a master. After a moment it was realized that the spontaneous sitter-in was Chicago's great drummer **Wilbur Campbell,** back on the scene once again. Most recently Campbell was in St. Louis for six months, but he is now working at Jazzville (Madison at Cicero) with organist **Don Patterson** . . . On the traditional jazz scene, the **Original Salty Dogs** wound up their gig at Sloppy Joes and played at the St. Louis Ragtime Festival. The group's tubaist, **Mike Walbridge,** realized a longtime ambition after the festival when he joined **Turk Murphy's** band . . . Jazz Ltd. celebrated its 23rd anniversary June 11 with a party-jam session that had **Art Hodes** among the participants. **Freddie Greenleaf** has joined the house band on trumpet . . . The A.A.C.M.'s weekend concert series at the Parkway Community House began in June with concerts by reedman **Anthony Braxton,** and a group led by reedman **Henry Threadgill** and bassist **Mchka Uba.** On June 27 **Richard Abrams'** group performed, while trumpeter **Leo Smith** played the following night. The afternoons of the 27th and 28th found an Abrams-led ensemble sharing the bill with the **Yusef Lateef** Quartet at the North Park Hotel. The concert's sponsor **Joe Segal** also presented Lateef during the week at the Tejar and the White Elephant Pub . . . Pianist **Eddie Higgins** is leaving his 12-year gig at the London House to go into record production, composing, and arranging . . . A special **Coleman Hawkins** Memorial was broadcast July 9 on National Educational Television's *Summer Festival.* The show consisted of the complete tape of Hawkins' last performance, made April 19 for Chicago's WTTW, along with additional material taped June 13 by the musicians who accompanied Hawkins on the first show (trumpeter **Roy Eldridge,** pianist **Barry Harris,** bassist **Truck Parham,** drummer **Bob Cousins**), plus tenor saxophonist **Franz Jackson** and vocalist **Eddie Jefferson.** The musicians reminisced about Hawkins and played *Stuffy* and an improvised *Blues for Bean* in tribute. The show was directed by **Bob Kaiser** and produced by Kaiser and *Down Beat's* **Dan Morgenstern,** who also hosted the show . . . **Bill Quinn,** *Down Beat's* former assistant editor, gave a lecture-concert May 27 at the University of Chicago with **Jimmy Ellis,** reeds; **Joseph Boyce,** vibes; **John Whitfield,** bass; Quinn, drums, and **Jimmy Hairston,** latin percussion.

San Francisco: The Both/And plans a swinging summer. After the May engagement of **Herbie Hancock's** sextet, there was a cancellation by **Freddie Hubbard's** group. The slack was taken up by the **Pace Setters,** a local group, and the Los Angeles based **Natural Soul Band.** The Hancocks returned for a week in early June. Co-owner **Delano Dean** foresees a 7-week summer schedule, with Saturday and Sunday matinees by altoist **Sonny Simmons'** group with trumpeter **Barbara Donald** and Monday nights by the **Fourth Way** (**Mike White,** violin; **Mike Nock,** piano; **Ron McClure,** bass; **Eddie Marshall,** drums). **Lee Morgan** followed Hancock, with **Frank Mitchell,** tenor sax; **Harold Mabern,** piano; **Herbie Lewis,** bass; **Mickey Roker,** drums, for two weeks, after which the **Tony Williams** Trio took over July 8. The drummer's two-week frame will be followed by **Roland Kirk** . . . Berkeley's New Orleans House recently featured the **Fourth Way** and the **Loading Zone** (**Ron Terramina,** alto sax; **Pat O'Hara,** trombone; **Paul Farso,** organ, vocal; **Steve Busfield,** guitar; **Mike Eggleston,** bass, and Chicagoan **George Marsh,** drums) . . . From May through June, Fillmore West featured an array of groups including the **Steve Miller Band; Charlatans; Credence Clearwater Revival; Cold Blood; Elvin Bishop; Mongo Santamaria; Chicago Transit Authority; Jefferson Airplane; Albert King; Grateful Dead; Aum; It's A Beautiful Day; Santana; Bangor Flying Circus; Junior Walker; The Byrds; The Who; Woody Herman; Blues Image; Ike and Tina Turner; Iron Butterfly; Spirit; Johnny Winter,** and then some . . . **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet, now with **Walter Booker** on bass in place of **Vic Gaskin,** were at the Jazz Workshop, followed by **Herbie (Memphis Underground) Mann** (**Steve Marcus,** tenor sax; **Roy Ayers,** vibes; **Sonny Sharrock,** guitar; **Miroslav Vitous,** bass; **Bruno Carr,** drums). Then came **Mose Allison, Mongo Santamaria, Bill Evans** and **Shelly Manne,** and Allison again, to be followed by **Willie Bobo** . . . The Berkeley Spring Jazz Symposium featured performances by many local groups, among them **Circuitry** (**Rahim Roach,** alto sax; **Dale Reamer,** tenor sax; **Dave Wilson,** vibes, trombone; **Howard Taylor,** bass; **Ellsworth Johnson,** drums; **Carol Wilson,** vocals); **Listen** (**Bert Wilson,** tenor, soprano; **Mike Cohen,** piano; **Kenny Jenkins,** bass; **Jim**

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Zitro, drums); the Fourth Way; the **Carl Street** Quintet; singer **Jay Colin; Bottom** (a bass trio: **James Leary; Harley White; Ortiz Walton**); singer-guitarist **Avotja;** and reed man **Mike Breen's** group, with **Pat O'Hara,** trombone; **Chris Amberger,** bass; and **Paul Smith** or **Tom Bischoff,** drums . . . Pianist **George Duke,** who has recorded with **Jean-Luc Ponty** and **Gerald Wilson,** will soon make his own albums for World Pacific . . . Former **Charles Mingus** trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer,** now with **Willie Bobo,** is a resident of Oakland and is affiliated with Black Arts Music Society, Inc. . . . Fantasy records is opening a new plant in Berkeley, spurred by the success of Credence Clearwater Revival.

New Orleans: *Jazzfest 1969* was bolstered by a cluster of related activities, including promotional concerts on Canel St. by **Phil Zito's** and **Frank Federico's** groups. The Jazz Museum prepared special exhibits focusing on early jazz greats. A luncheon held in honor of **Bobby Hackett** at the Downtowner Motel, where the cornetist was appearing during festival week with clarinetist **Raymond Burke,** attracted numerous musicians, among them **Roland Kirk, Clark Terry, Buck Clayton, Johnny Wiggs,** and pianist **Dave (Fat Man) Williams. Barry (Kid) Martyn** and the **European All Stars** played a session at the Press Club, and the week was marked by numerous jam sessions, with visiting modernist flocking to the Jazz Workshop, where **Willie Tee and the Souls** are the house band. Guitarist-bassist **Bill Huntington,** who had been working in Atlanta, returned home during the festival . . . The re-opening of the swimming pool at Audubon Park was marked by a mammoth celebration featuring the **Olympic Brass Band,** the **Young Tuxedo Brass Band,** the **Preservation Hall Band,** the **Dixieland Hall Band,** the **Gibson Brass Band,** the **Doc Paulin Brass Band,** the **Fabulous Phantoms Blues Band,** and the **Jelly Roll Morton Memorial Band.** The pool was closed almost a decade ago when integration of public facilities was ordered by a federal court . . . **Ronnie Kole's** all-New Orleans composers concert with the New Orleans Pops featured new pieces by **John Bergeron, Charles Brent, Patty Quaid,** and **Albert Aschaffenberg.**

Las Vegas: On July 11, the Tropicana will inaugurate a Summer Jazz Festival which will hopefully become an annual event. Scheduled to perform for two weeks are **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet; singer **Joe Williams** with **Ellis Larkins; Jack Sheldon,** and a local group not named at presstime. Disc jockey **Bob Joyce** will emcee . . . Joyce saluted **Benny Goodman** on his 60th birthday by devoting four hours of airtime to B.G. records, conversation with **Charlie Teagarden** and ex-Goodman contractor **George Hill,** and telephone chats with **Lionel Hampton, Russ Morgan, Ted Veseley,** and B.G. himself . . . **Frank Sinatra's** rhythm section at Caesar's Palace included pianist **Bill Miller,** guitarist **Al Viola,** and drummer **Irv Cottler. Nat Brandwynne** conducted . . . At the same time, **Vic Damone**

was at the Frontier, backed by **Joe Parnello's** big band, while **Buddy Greco** held forth at the Sands, with **Dick Palumbi** leading . . . **Sylvia Sims** made her debut at the Riviera, ably backed by the **Gus Mancuso** Quartet . . . **Ray Charles** made his second appearance at the Frontier, with **Raelettes** and big band . . . **Craig Hundley's** juvenile jazz trio came to town for the first time, playing the Sands opposite **Steve Lawrence** and **Edyie Gorme** . . . **Melba Liston** conducted for soul singer **Solomon Burke,** also at the Sands . . . Trombonist **Bill Harris** was in the pit band backing **Tom Jones** at the Flamingo . . . Drummer **Bobby Morris** handles band chores for the new International Hotel . . . Former band leader **Bobby Sherwood** is active with a semi-jazz group at the Thunderbird Hotel lounge . . . **Tony Bennett** and the **Woody Herman Herd** came to Caesar's Palace for a four-week stay in July . . . Lionel Hampton made a stop here to play the slots and a private party . . . The **Page Cavanaugh** Trio at the Sahara for four weeks . . . **Pete Fountain,** with **Eddie Miller** and **Nick Fatool,** but minus **Godfrey Hirsch,** was SRO at the Tropicana's Blue Room . . . **Sarah Vaughan** did a week at the newly re-opened Bonanza Hotel. **Red Norvo** came in for the opening, and **Kirby Stone** has been named entertainment director . . . Singer **Frank D'Rone** was at the Sahara for three weeks.

Baltimore: Tenor saxophonist **Mickey Fields** appeared with the **Groove Holmes** trio when the organist played for the Left Bank Jazz Society May 18. **The Basieites, Art Blakey,** and **Horace Silver** appeared on three succeeding Sundays . . . The **Jimi Hendrix Experience** played the Civic Center May 16 . . . **The Who** and **Led Zeppelin** were at the Post Pavilion in Columbia May 25 . . . **James Brown,** who has not appeared at the Civic Center for some time because of crowd disturbances after previous performances, played there June 1. There were 4,000 people and no problems . . . **Eric Clapton, Ginger Baker, Steve Winwood** and **Rick Gretch,** collectively known as **Blind Faith,** will be at the Civic Center July 20th.

Washington, D.C.: The Left Bank Jazz Society of Washington held its first concert in some time with **Jackie McLean** Quintet. With the alto saxist was his son, **Rene,** playing alto and tenor; pianist **Billy Galt;** bassist **Scotty Holt,** and drummer **Len White.** Two weeks later, trumpeter **Lee Morgan** led a brilliant quintet for Left Bank consisting of tenorman **Frank Mitchell;** pianist **Harold Mabern;** bassist **Victor Sproles,** and drummer **Mickey Roker** . . . The Washington Theatre Club, a resident professional acting company, has put its theatre to good use on Monday nights. Members of the club management have inaugurated a *Jazz in the Theatre* series of concerts played by the best jazz artists in the Washington area. Flutist **Lloyd McNeill** led off the series with his popular quartet; **Gene Rush,** piano; **Tom Dorsey,** bass; **Erie Gravatt,** drums. Two other performers sat in for several numbers; guitarist **Paul Garmirian** and Latin percussionist **Paul Hawkins.** Gene Rush's **Trio ESP** (Tom Dorsey, bass; **Mike Smith,** drums) was next to perform, with vocalist **Bobbie Woods** an added attraction. Well-known bassist **Marshall Hawkins** appeared next with his quintet and an ensemble of 10 singers in a stirring night of entertainment. July performances will feature **Nathan Page** (former guitarist with **Jimmy Smith**) and his quartet, and guitarist **Bill Harris** and the **Underground Quartet** . . . Trombonist **Urbie Green** and singer **Kathy Preston** shared the bill recently at Blues Alley.

Cincinnati: **Stan Kenton** and his orchestra played a one-nighter at the Miami Valey Boat Club in May . . . Tenor saxophonist **Tommy Wills** appeared with his trio at the Black Lantern Room in the Brentwood Bowl. **Jerry Davis** and **Frank DeVito** filled the drum and accordion chairs respectively . . . New Dilly's Pub is presently featuring **The Sound Museum,** composed of pianist **Dave Matthews;** tenor saxophonist **Jim McGary;** drummer **Grove Mooney;** guitarist **Kenny Poole;** and bassist **John Young.** Down the street can be heard the **Ron Enyeart** Trio, currently in Mahogany Hall. With Enyeart on drums are pianist **Sam Jackson** and bassist **Pete Bettiker** . . . The **Dee Felice** Trio recently appeared at The Imperial House South. Guitarist **Dee Garret** joined the group in May. Proven capable of attracting a large audience, the **Charles Lloyd** Quartet made another appearance at the University of Cincinnati, in Wilson Auditorium . . . **Jerry Conrad's Rythmn 'n Brass** is working at Friar Tuck's, and recently landed the studio-band gig for singer **Nick Clooney's** new mid-afternoon television show on WCPO-TV . . . Herbie's Lounge is currently featuring the **Gooch Organ Trio** . . . Pianist **Lee Stolar,** bassist **Alex Cirin,** and drummer **Phillip Paul** recently have been working at The Living Room and soon will move into the Buccaneer Lounge.

Dallas: The Brigand Bar, extension of the Thieves Den Restaurant, opened June 6 with a name jazz policy, long missing from the Dallas club scene. **Terry Gibbs** was the initial two-week attraction, backed by the local trio of **Phil Kelly,** drums, **Billy Michaels,** bass, and **Dan Hollis,** piano. Owner **Jim Stecker** announced plans to follow with such headliners as **Lionel Hampton, Herbie Mann, Dorothy Donegan, Marion McPartland** and **Earl Grant.** Gibbs, incidentally, commuted each week to LA for his Monday big band sessions at the Mission Hill Inn . . . Tenor man **David (Fathead) Newman** returned home in June for a two-week engagement at Curtis Cokes' Arena, following another former Dallasite, vocalist **Melba Moore,** who appeared on the same bill with **Monk Montgomery** and the **Three Sounds.** The third Montgomery brother, **Buddy,** is the current attraction through July 13 at the former welterweight champ's plush, new club, with **Gloria Lynn** to follow . . . **Blood, Sweat & Tears,** scratched from early Longhorn Jazz Festival releases, has been reinserted into the lineup for the Dallas, Austin and Houston performances

July 18-19-20 . . . Back in Dallas after a lengthy stay in Kansas City is pianist-arranger **Dave Zoller,** currently in free-lance jingle writing. His wife, vocalist **Bettye Pierce,** joins the **Paul Guerrero** trio July 14 at the Rafters Club. The Zollers, who were KC Jazz Festival regulars, will be reunited, gig-wise, in late-fall at the Marriott's Sirloin and Saddle Club . . . **Aretha Franklin** was to lead off a tripleheader concert June 14 at the Soul Bowl in Dallas' Market Hall with **James Cleveland** and his Gospel Singers to follow Sunday afternoon and **Ray Charles** and **Johnny Taylor** scheduled that night . . . A pair of North Texas State musicians, bassist **Bob Brenner** and trombonist **Tom Malone,** joined the bands of **Buddy Rich** and **Woody Herman,** respectively, at semester's end. Both appeared locally with the **Gloria Watkins** Trio . . . Club Chateau, of the Chateubriand Restaurant, has returned veteran **Ernie Johnson** to the bandstand with singer **Joyce Wilson, Lou Cook,** bass and son **Dale Cook,** drums... Singer **Bobby Doyle** appeared for an all-too-brief week at the Loser's recently . . . **James Clay** has been appearing Sundays at Fort Worth's Flamingo, not at the Dallas Marriott, as was erroneously reported here . . . In Houston, the **Dukes of Dixieland** closed recently at the ornate La Bastille club off Market Square. House group there is the **Sound Tracks,** featuring **Kenny Lund,** piano; brother **Dennie Lund,** organ and guitar; and **Nick Ortega,** drums . . . Houston's **Contemporary Brass Quintet** recently concluded 37 Young Audience Inc. jazz concerts for area elementary schools. Personnel includes: **Bob Parker,** trumpet (leader); **Joe Gallardo,** trombone, piano; **Tony Campise,** tenor, flute; **Arni Egilsson,** bass and **Bob McGrew,** drums.

Toronto: Business was booming at the Colonial Tavern with the return of **Dizzy Gillespie** and company (**James Moody, Michael Longo, Jimmy Merritt, Candy Finch**). Opening night was highlighted by a vocal session by **Salome Bey** with the band . . . **Marian McPartland** played a one-week date at the Town, accompanied by bassist **John Amadio** and drummer **Stan Parry** . . . **Maxine Sullivan** sang at the same spot the week before, marking her first Toronto appearance in a decade . . . **Rob McConnell's Boss Brass,** a 17-piece band, played a return date at the Savarin Lounge with record crowds once again showing up . . . **Henry Cuesta's** quintet led off the free noon hour concerts at the Art Gallery of Ontario, which also featured the **Fred Stone** Sextet, **Trump Davidson's** Dixieland band, and the **Phil Antonacci** quintet. The O'Keefe centre also featured noon hour concerts with groups led by **Teddy Roderman, Lou Snider, Ray Sikora, Phil Nimmons** and **Chico Valle** . . . A 30-piece orchestra of Canadian musicians, led by **Ron Collier** and featuring **Duke Ellington,** will appear at the Freedom Festival in Detroit on July 2. The program will recreate the works of Canadian composers Collier, **Gordon Delamont** and **Norman Symonds,** with Ellington as soloist, recorded by Decca a year ago in Toronto.

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